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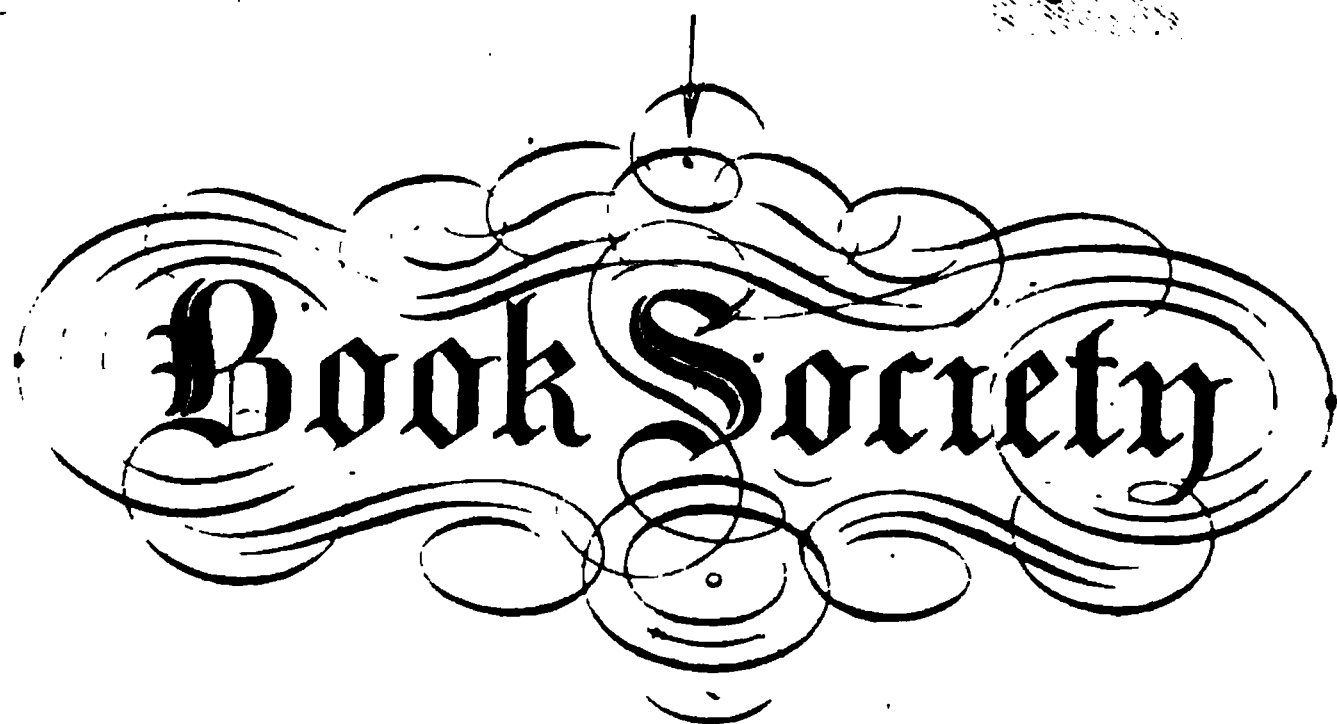
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**Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the  
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PLATE.

THE ILISSUS, from the Elgin Marbles, to be placed as a Frontispiece.

THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXV.

JANUARY, 1822.

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

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WE had the imprudence to request of a learned Scotchman the explanation of a few difficult northern words, which our readers may encounter on their way through the first tale of Lyddalcross, and we have been punished and intimidated by an array of usages and authorities from which we have singled out the following.

### KANE, or CANE, or KAIN.

The payment in produce or *kind* made by a vassal to his lord; by a farmer to his master; hence *kane-grain*, *kane-fowls*, *kane cattle*.

"To death we've dearly paid the *kane*—  
Tam Samson's dead."—BURNS.

"It was but the last week that syne  
The laird got all to pay his *kain*."—ALLAN RAMSAY.

"For Campbell rede, but Myrie ran,  
And sore he paid the *kain*, man."—OLD SONG.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,  
That I have coft to day;  
I'd paid my *kane* seven times to hell,  
Ere you'd been won away."—TALE OF TAMLANE.

### SUNKET.

On the word Sunket our friend has been equally prolix, but we shall abridge his muster of northern authorities by a brief explanation.—In Suffolk *suncate* signifies a dainty, and may probably be the same with *juncate* or *junket*, a sweetmeat according to Shakspeare. *Sunket* means provisions of any kind, and is usually applied in Scotland to refreshments.

### LUCKEN BROWS.

A person, the hair of whose eye-brows is connected over the nose, is called *lucken-browed*; and anciently the looks of such a one were reckoned "*unsonsie*" or ominous.—Jamieson, the learned and accurate Jamieson, has missed this singular word in his dictionary, but it is in common use among the lowland Scotch.



"If I. E. L. had written her "Stanzas" before the appearance of Lord Byron's, their merit would have been unquestionable.

We would advise all our Correspondents to try themselves on new subjects, or on such strains as less obviously suggest unfavourable comparisons. If they find themselves *unable* to write well, unless excited by the recollections of poetry which they admire, their judgment should then have influence enough to deter them from writing at all.

---

G.'s Muse should use Steer's opodeldoc, which is allowed to be excellent for "*strains*."

---

Lion's Head is really touched with the modest manner in which R. N. E. tenders *her* Fragmenta; but, although they are not without merit, that merit is not strong enough to allow of a reference to the Printer.

---

We cannot pledge ourselves for the insertion of three Sonnets, by H. B. M. R. and H. L., but they are on our books as candidates for the next vacancy.

---

To Y. and Y. No.—A word to the Y.'s!

---

We have "shut the Lion's Mouth," as D. has requested.

---

L. sends us "a Scene from Memory, *from* the French."—We suppose L.'s Memory is "in French."

---

A. B. F.'s "Hymn, in imitation of Wordsworth," would be a sad drop in the Lake School, and Lion's Head is unfortunately obliged to decline giving it the opportunity of being "said or sung," by the Readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

---

It would be, perhaps, difficult to say *no* to Maria, or Anne F——: it is barely possible to refuse their verses.

---

We cannot book a place for "Night's Journey:" let her apply at the Saracen's Head.

---

Y. E. S. is our creditor for kind intention. There is a promise in his poetry, that we hope to see realized. H. L. would probably write better if he wrote less.

---

The author of an anonymous epistle, has our thanks for the expression of his opinion. We beg that he will make our compliments to his Uncle.

Christopherus is *inflamed* as requested :

J. B. "On the Management of Harriers" is deferred till the Dog-days ;  
and

Homo's "Sonnet to Eve" is out of date.

A Correspondent has sent us some lines "On Winter," which, with much gravity, he informs us are meant for burlesque.—The following are certainly serious.

Riding on the storm, he shies  
Hail and snowballs from the skies.  
And the earth, all over white,  
Is very bad for a weak sight :  
But spectacles made of green glass  
Will make it look again like grass :  
And you shall dream of making hay  
In the middle of Christmas day :  
And think you spy green gooseberries budding  
In all the eyes of a raisin pudding.

The Messiah is a very sublime subject ; and A. Y. Z. must not wonder therefore at his want of success.

A. A. A.—H. alias L.—M. N.—W. W.—Guido.—B.—John Raw.—T. C.  
—K. L.—W. B. \* \* \* \* \*—D.—J. E. L.—Paul Drowsy.—A. B. F.—R. M. E.  
—E. K.—Teman.—Y.—S. H.—and the Captive—are for various reasons inadmissible.

We have received the following letter.

SIR,—

After reading the other day, that Pope could have extracted poetry out of a warming pan, it occurred to me that I could, perhaps, wring a verse or two out of a bell, or strike a few stanzas out of a brass knocker. Whether I have succeeded, I leave to be judged from the following :

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

1.

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—  
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :  
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

2.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,  
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :  
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

3.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;  
For the moment will come when such comers must go :  
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—  
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

*Tom Hood*

We received in the beginning of the month the following letter from a Correspondent, calling himself Pragmaticus:

“ Mr. Editor,—It appears to me that your mode of spelling is not so precise as to show a decided attachment to any system. If I am right, you will, perhaps, have the less objection to receive the suggestions of one who has made Orthography his study, if such a word may be allowed on so trifling a subject. Let me, without further preamble, recommend for your adoption the following rules:

1st. That all participles (agreeably to a very high authority) shall double the consonant before *ing* or *ed*, only when the penultimate syllable is *emphatic*, and composed of a single vowel, as in *compelling*, *repelled*, *acquitted*, &c. But when the penultimate is formed of a single vowel, *not* emphatic, then that the *single* consonant be preserved, as in *galloping*, *riveting*, *traveling*, *reveling*, &c.

2d. That the substantives formed from these verbs be spelt in the same manner, that is, with the consonant double, or otherwise, as the emphasis may require; for instance, *traveler*, *reveler*, *repeller*, *compeller*, &c.”

Our Correspondent must excuse us from inserting the remainder of his Letter; a Committee of “*Devils*” having sat upon it, and reported it “*frivolous and vexatious*.” We have partly adhered to the above rules in the present Number; and may, perhaps, adopt them as our standard for the future.

---

Now we are on the subject of innovation, we beg to acquaint our readers, that from the commencement of this year the Monthly Register will be comprized in the last sheet of each Number, which is paged separately, in order that the whole may be bound together at the end of each volume.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

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N<sup>o</sup> XXV.

JANUARY, 1822.

VOL. V.

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**The Twelve Tales of Lyddalcross.**

INTRODUCTORY.

COME turn your footsteps to wild Fancy's land,  
To haunted Lyddal, Solway's fairy strand ;  
To the charm'd ground where grey tradition tells  
Of the dread lair where the old wizard dwells,  
Who milk'd men's flocks, and drown'd the herds in Dryfe,  
And coost seven witch-knots on proud Willie's wife ;  
The blessed well where the sick pilgrim drinks,  
The mermaid-water where the gay ship sinks,  
The heath where flits the grisly ghost,—the glen  
With spectres throng'd and fiery shapes of men.  
We'll pull the ragwort on which witches prance,  
Through the sick air, to quaff the wines of France ;—  
We'll dance upon the greensward upland, where  
The elfin minstrels sooth'd the wintry air  
To summer sweetness, while the dewy weet  
Show'd the starr'd sparkling of ten thousand feet.  
Of the fierce Kelpies, too, we'll talk—the lords  
Of Lyddal's pools, and Dryfe's more deadly fords ;—  
Of spectre-lights which glimmer far and nigh,  
Lights of the grave where all who live must lie ;  
Of elfin lights ;—in all the lights which gleam  
Down dim tradition we shall find a theme.

On themes, too, sweeter shall we muse, and talk  
With whispering maidens in the twilight walk ;  
With peasants revel ; converse hold, and quaff  
Ale berry-brown, and sing, and leap, and laugh ;—  
Paint the grave humour and the witty grace  
Of Scotland's keen and England's honest face.  
Pause 'mid our mirth, and sigh above the shroud  
Where princely Percys lie and Musgraves proud ;  
The gallant Selbys wild of wit and will,  
The Dacres hot, the Harclax hotter still :  
Nor shall the Douglas be forgot,—the wight  
And witty Gordons, Lindsays gay and light ;  
The Maxwell, too, whom Nithsdale matrons mourn,  
Smote low and bleeding by the Dryfesdale thorn ;

And Scott, a name which while the greenwood grows,  
 While Skiddaw towers, and silver Solway flows,  
 While eyes love light, and ladies lover-story,  
 Shall shine in martial might and minstrel glory ;  
 And bold Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's fiery knight,  
 Dimm'd now and shining with diminish'd light.  
 And Halliday, what muse but thinks of thee,  
 The wight, the witty, friendly, frank, and free ;  
 And ancient Lyddal, thou whose lineage long  
 Has cherish'd northern oral lore and song ;  
 And all the names in olden tale renown'd,  
 Sung in romance on fancy's charmed ground ;—  
 On these we'll muse, stretch'd on the sunward sod,  
 Erewhile by mailed knight and fairy trod,  
 Swathed in the shepherd's maud—around, around,  
 Will gray tradition pour her fitful sound,  
 And charm us up old visions haught and high,  
 Reveal'd to none save ours, or the GREAT WIZARD's eye.

The stream of Lyddal, in winding down the romantic border vale on which it confers its name, partly encloses a small, round, woody mount, or knoll, once occupied by a fortress or tower, the residence of the ancient and warlike name of Lyddal. This fortress, during the eventful times of the English and Scottish wars, acknowledged for captains many of the martial names of Cumberland and Dumfriesshire. If the winds of Lyddal fanned the pennons of the Percys, the Musgraves, the Mordaunts, the Selbys, the Dacres, and the Harclas ; they also in succession waved the banners of the Scotts, the Maxwells, the Johnstones, the Hallidays, and the Lyddals. And tradition does not fail to inform us, that the same breeze which blew on the loyal pennons of these redoubted border chieftains, blew more than once with equal gentleness on the banners of the marauding Grahames, Armstrongs, and Jardines, fairly displayed on the summit of Lyddal tower. Nay ; to one of these temporary lords of Lyddal is ascribed the famous war-cry in the onset at Ancram-moor, " Every man for his ain hand, and God for us a' ; " and a border family still show a gold girdle, with an embossed sword, which in that memorable day forsook the side of Sir Brian Latoun, and attached itself to the side of Richard Armstrong, lord, for the time, of the towers of Gillknockie and Lyddal.

But disuse, says the poet, will rust the brightest sword ; so time will sap the strength of the strongest wall. The castle of Lyddal was silently dismantled by the long peace which

followed the first Stuart to the English throne ; and though it held up its head for a season, during the great civil war, it gradually lost its martial appearance ; and soon after the accession of the Hanoverian branch of the Stuarts, when the wars which filled our towns with fire, and flooded our hearths with blood, were carried to foreign lands, it reduced its exterior to the peaceful look of domestic repose, and national tranquillity. This quiet sustained a slight interruption by the march of the Highland host, in 1745, when the mutilated tower was occupied as a magazine by a retainer to the chief of the clan Macpherson. On the retreat of the rebels from England, orders were given to blow up the magazine, and this service was entrusted to a clansman, much better skilled in the virtues of sword-blades and dirks, than in the powers of twenty barrels of gunpowder. He made his way to the door, and throwing a blazing turf, which he plucked from a peasant's hearth, among the barrels, quietly awaited the result. The tower was shattered from turret to foundation-stone, and the astonished clansman thrown three acres broad from the spot where he stood. He started to his feet, much singed, and but little hurt, and shaking the fire from his kilt and plaid, exclaimed with a snort : " Tamn ye ! put ye're hasty elding " (fuel.)

Walter Lyddal, to whom this tower pertained at the time of the highland incursion, was the last of the ancient and immediate race, and altogether a remarkable person. In

his youth, he was renowned over the whole border for the beauty of his person, for his skill in all manly exercises, and for the undaunted bravery of his nature. He was in love with a young lady, of the ancient family of the Selbys, and won her affection from many opulent and noble rivals. They met and plighted their vows, and broke a ring between them at the foot of Lyddalcross, an ancient monument of stone held in superstitious veneration by the peasantry; but their affections were crossed by false friends, or by their own evil fortunes. He flew to a foreign land, and the loss of her lover, and the disasters which the fatal rebellion of 1715 brought on her family, conducted the lady to an untimely grave. Walter Lyddal returned to his native land, but he was no longer the gay and the fiery youth, whose bravery kept the border-riders in awe, and influenced the hearts of many noble maidens. He abolished the ancient state and splendour of his house—turned his deer-herds to the mountains, permitted no one to call him lord, and exchanged the mantle, and hat, and heron plume, worn by many of the romantic youths of that period, for a lowland bonnet, and a shepherd's maud. The sword and pistols, the common badges of gentle birth, and which personal safety often demanded, were exchanged for a simple staff; and for the sound of the trumpet, and the marshalling of armed men,—he had now the music of the shepherd's pipe, and the management of numerous flocks, which he delighted to lead out to pasture among the romantic hills of his native land.

This transformation was beheld with sorrow and pity by the ancient dependants of the name of Lyddal; they had ever been accustomed to associate the name with the sword, and the spear, with chivalry and feats of arms, and sighed to see the descendant of the heroes of their fathers' tales and songs degenerate into a feeder of flocks. The rustic minstrels of the north made ballads "of scoff and of scorn" on this unhappy degeneracy, but nothing would rouse him from his lethargy. Even when the highland host took forcible possession of his residence, and made it

into a magazine, he offered resistance neither in word nor deed, but seated himself on a little hill, and looked unconcerned on the strange array of warriors as they passed. When his home—the ancient dwelling of his race was blown to the air, he was only observed to remove with much anxiety the rubbish from the old stone cross which stood beside the tower; and pulling an emblem or token from his bosom, he walked round and round the ancient monument, muttering words which sounded like a prayer, and of which the name of Selby could alone be distinguished.

After the retreat of the Highlanders, the house was speedily re-built, and the name was changed to Lyddalcross; a name which the peasantry, out of love for the proprietor, allowed it to retain. As he advanced in years, his attachment to a pastoral life became more and more decided; he sometimes admitted visitors from among the gentle friends of his father's house; but he heard of titles and rank conferred on names long in rivalry with his own with perfect indifference, and drove out his flocks to pasture, and consorted with peasants and shepherds, like one who had never aspired at distinction, or prayed for ladies' love. But he was no churl, though churls were his companions; his heart was ever kind, and his hand was ever open. His hearth, during winter, blazed the brightest of all border hearths; his hall was crowded with the wretched and the indigent, and his tables loaded with the abundance which his extensive estates supplied. To a race of beings whom the sordid feelings of the present portioners of the earth have shut up in alms-houses and cells, "the moping idiot, and the madman gay," his house was ever open, and his table ever spread. His large fire was commonly flanked by a couple of these wanderers,—to whose residence in a family, the merciful proverb of the north imputed half the good fortune that befel; nor did the incumbents think of removing, till perhaps the arrival of others, equally deranged, but more intractable than themselves, drove them from the chimney-cheek. The new occupants again in their turn were

dispossessed, more by force than entreaty, by others of their brethren of the district.

To those fond of observing the revival of the rude hospitality of our ancestors,—a view of the evening fire-side of Lyddalcross would have given no small pleasure. The halt, the lame, and the blind; those who felt distress, or counterfeited misfortune; the young and the aged, the soldier from the wars, and the mariner from the waves, all were there. The soldier's wife, with her children, and her story of distress, and the last letter she received from one who would never more write again; the blue gown mendicant, the privileged lifter of every door-latch, and the chronicle of the district; the strolling seller of ballads and tales, those wandering booksellers, whose traffic in abridged romances, legends, and songs, has been long cut up by the periodical venders of visionary reforms, and leading articles in the practice and morals contained in the impure pages of Paine; and though last, not the least important, the pleasant packman, whose tact in selling snoods of silk, and kirtles of callimanco, had rendered him a standard favourite on the border; all considered Lyddalcross as a refuge and a home.

These various and discordant materials of fire-side felicity the proprietor knew well how to manage, and perhaps no person ever possessed equal skill in extracting information and amusement from such intractable matter. He entered into the peculiar habits and feelings, and singularities of each individual, and distributed little marks of attention and notice, with such a graceful, but yet frugal hand, that all felt pleased, went away satisfied, and returned with joy. He suited himself to the whimsical and capricious humours of the crazy and demented; and with the old mendicants, he entered deeply into the spirit and history of past times, and conversed on family feuds, domestic misfortunes, national quarrels, and stories steeped deep in popular belief and superstition. On those who possessed the gift of storytelling in the greatest perfection, the laird's favours not only dropt, but were absolutely showered; and, to tell the

truth, to go to Lyddalcross, without some real or well-feigned story, was to expose the visitant, not to expulsion, but to the mortification of a seat distant from the fire, and cold cheer at the supper table.

Of all this the travelling people of the neighbouring districts were perfectly aware, and amply indulged the aged laird in this harmless propensity, so that the Tales of Lyddalcross became famous, like the minstrelsy of old, all over the north countrie. The shepherd maiden sang at bught and bridal the songs of Lyddalcross, and the mendicant tale-teller justified in remote parishes any departure which he made from the direct line of established narrative, by declaring "such is the way at Lyddalcross;" so that this mansion became as famous for the cleverest versions of traditional story, as the Ballantyne press is at present for the finest editions of popular books.

How I became acquainted with Walter Lyddal is a tale easily told, and to me, at this distant day, there is pleasure in relating it. In the early part of my life, I was pursuing my way along the border towards Carlisle, with the carelessness of one who had not learned to set value upon time, and to whom an hour of lingering by an old castle wall, or a couple of hours pondering around the circumference of a Danish or Roman entrenchment, were moments numbered by joy. It was nigh the close of harvest, and the sun had nearly an hour to shine, when, after pursuing the curves and freaks of a pure and beautiful brook, I came within sight of the house of Lyddalcross; I stood looking on the romantic scene before me, conjuring up as I gazed the forms of the heroes of old, whose names and deeds had rendered this valley famous in story. So deeply was I engaged among the imaginary heroes of the Round Table, the wizard Merlin, the enchanter Walter de Soulis, and, descending down the stream of traditional chivalry, among the English and Scottish knights and minstrels, who tilted and battled, and sang on the streamlet banks, that I scarcely observed the approach of two men, who seemed engaged in very earnest conversation.



They were travelling merchants or pedlars, one was old and bent, with a look of particular shrewdness and calculation; the other was young, but there was a forecast in his looks, and a spirit of consideration in his eye, which foreboded that he would become an accomplished person in his way. Of this his hoary companion seemed to be aware, from the particular pains which he took to school him in his craft or calling, and prepare him for making his "first foot, or entrée," at Lyddalcross, with honour and emolument. "And now William," said the old pedlar, "having settled the mystery of merchandize, have ye got a tale to tell to the laird of Lyddalcross, to secure ye a cozie seat at the fire, and the choicest comfort at his supper-board? Let me tell ye, my man, never be wanting in your tale; better want an inch of your ellwand. Ye maun have a tale of love and witty courtship for the maidens, a tale of mirth for the young men, and a tale of devotion, weel larded with scripture warrant, and the death-bed saws of saints, for the old and devout. But for the Laird of Lyddalcross, ye maun have an auld-world tale of blood-spilling, and hership and spulziement; or something anent witches, and wizards may be. There was auld Margaret Humlock, yere mother's nearest neighbour, as uncannie a cummer as a man may talk about; ye can readily spirit up some sinful story anent her, and may be, my lad, tell nae falsehoods for all that; she was a fearful woman: or a tale of fairy-rade and revelry-age; better than a', and more becoming for one of thy years." "Ah, Simon," said he to the senior, "let me alone for a cunning tale, and a grave face. I vow I have as rare a tale to tell as the ears of an old man may covet." "Hast thou indeed," responded Symon, in a tone that seemed intended to reprove the presumption of the youth, "it will be something notable gif it be brewed in thy own brain; let me have a tasting on't, my bairn; repeat me a bit, and repeat it deliverly." "Repeat to thee my tale; my chiefest of all tales," answered Willie; "my sooth man I'm nae sic simpleton; ye would tell't for your ain, and win the warm cheer, and the cozie seat frae

the laird, and leave me a cauld and supperless seat, and a bed in the barn, under an ell-deep of damp sacks." "Aweel, aweel, keep it thyself," said the senior, whose temper the insolence of the youth seemed unable to ruffle. "But what tempts thee to think I would steal one of thy 'quoth he' and 'quoth I' stories; and wi' sic a gallant collection of my own. I shall tell a tale to-night, sic as has nae been heard in Lyddal tower since the banner of Johnie Armstrong, the freebooter, floated oore its rafters. But let us forward, else some daft and demented carlin will catch the warmest nook before us; and ye maun ken, the laird never moves the seat of a crazy bodie; no, for the fairest tale ever invented and tauld. Ye need nae wonder at that; he has a fellow-feeling, Willie, my man; he's tarred with the same stick, as the corbie-crow said to the raven." And forward the two companions hastened, leaving me much interested in the singular laird of Lyddalcross.

I had heard of Walter Lyddal, for the unhappy tale of his youthful days had flown far and wide; and I had also heard of his return to Scotland, of the remarkable style of rude hospitality in which he lived, and the curious characters which it was his delight to assemble about him. As I recalled these matters to my mind, two women, cloaked and hooded, with long walking sticks in their hands, advanced along the road, and the theme on which they turned the current of conversation was the same which at that time employed my own thoughts. "Aweel and aweel," said one old cummer, showing from below her hood, as she spoke, a long gray eyelash, and lucken brows, "aweel, its a wonderous weel told tale; but its too common, Marion, its too common; it looks too like yesterday to pass for a bairn of fern-year. A tale like that will never win the notice of the laird, nor win a pound of hawslock wool to make hose for your good man. I see ye're green at this gear; sae hearken hinnie, and I will school thee. It is now some sax and twenty years, come summer, since I began to feast on the fat of Lyddalcross; mony's the good stone of gimmer-wool I have gained by

cannie management, and mony's the happy and gladsome night I have spent at his fire-side. It was nae sae in auld times, I have heard my douce good man say, low as he now lies in Wamphray kirkyard, with the green grass growing aboon one of the whitest and manliest brows the sun ever shone on; it was nae sae, he said, when the hall of Lyddalcross, instead of hanging full of the sides and spaulds of sheep, and deer hams, and kippered salmon, and teats of wool, and hanks of yarn, was gleaming from floor to rafter with the swords and the bucklers of mighty men. The horn that now blows the shepherd to his sunkit on the hill side, had it been set to a Lyddal's lip, would have touted out two hundred helmets, with as mony bauld Lyddals and Hallidays, all on their barbed steeds, with their mail coats on, and their swords by their sides. But times, hinnie, are sadly altered now, and a man has to toil and sweat, and turn over dirty acres, from sunrise to sun-set, for a handful of meal and a pint of skimmed milk. A man in the auld times would mount his horse at the gloaming, and clink into his wife's lap, sometime ere midnight, the golden gauds of some baron's lady; he lived, lass, by the bow and the spear, and reaped a richer and a readier harvest in ae night, than a farmer will reap now in seven years. But as I was saying, mony a happy night have I spent at the hearth of Lyddalcross; but for every night of howff and shelter have I rewarded him with some cannie auld-farrand tale. Sae all that ye have to do is to glide in at the gate like a ghaist, with a 'peace be here,' and 'health t'ye laird of Lyddalcross;' and should ony ane say, 'away ye strange quean, the laird disnae ken ye,' ye maun make answer: 'Eh, sirs, but that's the first unkindly word woman ever heard at Lyddalcross. The auld Lyddals had a frank hand, and a weel plenished board for their dependants; it's altered days indeed. I heard my grandsire say, that when the auld lords of Lyddal feasted the nobles and the princes, the venison smoked like Lyddal mount in a mist, and the wine ran as red as ever the Lyddal ran with English blood,

mair by token three parishes feasted on the crumbs after the feast, and got drunk on the remnant wine.' Say this, or something like this, and I'll be your warrant; only ye'll have yere tale to tell, or yere ballad to sing nevertheless:" and continuing this amusing admonition, the two cummers descended into the valley, and proceeded towards the house.

To resist the wish of visiting Walter Lyddal, after listening to these conversations, was impossible; so I descended into the valley, and approached the house, not without apprehension that I might fail in the curious trial of introduction to the warmest seat, and the choicest cheer. The door appeared to be guarded by a gray-headed domestic, who, on observing an utter stranger in the path, came forward to meet me: "Ye'll be wanting to look at Lyddal mount, Sir, and the Saxon cross, whilk my master calls Lady Selby's cross," said the retainer of the last lord of Lyddal; "or ye may be wanting," added he, in a lower tone, but of equal kindness, "food and fire, and shelter." I looked round the ancient mount, and the Saxon cross, and rewarding my conductor with a small gratuity for his trouble, prepared to pass the threshold; he whispered in a confidential tone, in which he perhaps wished me to think that my notice of him was not forgotten: "Your food will be the richer, Sir, and your bed softer, and your welcome warmer, if ye can tell some brave auld-world tale to cheer the heart of my kind auld master; for, the saints help him! he kens of nae comfort now, save what comes frae strange lips."

I entered, and found a large and roomy hall, already peopled with motley guests, while a huge fire in the middle of the floor shared the glory of illuminating the place with the last ray of the descending sun. Tale and ballad had already begun, for a wandering dealer in legends and songs endeavoured, as I advanced, to obtain a warmer seat, and augment his evening cheer, by singing the following song, of which he carried six dozen of printed copies, at the rate of seven songs for a penny.

## THE AULD MAN.

1.

Down Lyddal glen the stream leaps glad ;  
 The lily blooms on Lyddal lea ;  
 The daisy glows on the sunny sod ;  
 The birds sing loud on tower and tree :  
 The earth laughs out, yet seems to say,  
 Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

2.

The minstrel trims his merriest string,  
 And draws his best and boldest bow ;  
 The maidens shake their white brow-locks,  
 And go starting off with their necks of snow.  
 I smile, but my smiling seems to say,  
 Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

3.

The damsels dance ; their beaming eyes  
 Shower light and love, and joy about ;  
 The glowing peasant answers glad,  
 With a merry kiss, and mirthsome shout.  
 I leap to my legs, but well-a-day,  
 Their might is gone, and my locks are gray.

4.

A maiden said to me with a smile,  
 Though past thy hour of bridal bliss,  
 With hoary years, and pains, and fears,  
 A frozen pow, and a frosty kiss,  
 Come down the dance with me, I pray,  
 Though thy blood be thin, and thy locks be gray.

5.

Sweet one, thou smilest ; but I have had,  
 When my leaf was green, as fair as thee  
 Sigh for my coming, and high-born dames  
 Have loved the glance of my merry ee ;  
 But the brightest eye will lose its ray,  
 And the darkest locks will grow to gray.

6.

I've courted till the morning star  
 Wax'd dim ere came our parting time ;  
 I've walk'd with jewel'd locks, which shone  
 I' the moon when past her evening prime ;  
 And I've ta'en from rivals rich away  
 The dame of my heart, though my locks be gray.

The audience applauded the song, but I was too glad of the opportunity which its singing gave me of contemplating Walter Lyddal, to give that regard to the rhyme which probably it merited. The representative of this ancient border name was seated on an antique settle, or couch of carved oak, placed apart from the crowd, and cushioned deep with sheep skins. He was muffled up to the chin in a dark gray cloak, formed from the wool of his own flocks ; his head was bare, and sprinkled about the temples with long white

hairs. His form was perfectly erect, but the weight of sixty-five years, many of them full of sorrow, had done much to pull down a stately and powerful frame, and had given a palsied and tremulous motion to the hands and head. He rested him over a staff, and his large dark and inquisitive eyes roamed incessantly among the strange faces which thronged his hearth. Dogs of the chase, and shepherd's curs, and curs of low degree, lay stretched on the floor, while the beams and walls were hung with dried flesh and fish, and all the pre-

served and pickled dainties of a pastoral establishment.

At last the old man fixed his eyes on me, and making something like an effort to rise, said: "You are welcome, Sir, to Lyddalcross; welcome to such cheer as a frail old man can give you. For the days are far away that were once here when I had three fair sisters to make a stranger's seat soft, and minister to his cheer. These days are all gone, Sir, so even come and draw yere seat near me, and tell any strange tidings ye may have heard; for I am one who hears nought, save what the kindness of strangers gathers for my gratification." Two of his dogs, as he spoke, came and caressed me like an old acquaintance; while one of the domestics, who evidently did not confound me with the mendicants who thronged the floor, placed a seat for my accommodation: so down I sat, without farther ceremony; and thus I addressed the old man. "I have sought your hearth, and accept your welcome, and I doubt not to find the truth of the ancient Dumfries-shire proverb, 'Aught's gude frae the hand of a Lyddal.'" "And so ye're a quoter of old proverbs," said the laird to me; "I like ye all the better for that; the man who can apply a good old proverb with discretion is no' a man to be met with under every blue bonnet; and that's a proverb too. Halbert, bring hither the drinking loom of Lyddalcross, the ancient fairy cup; and bring it full of wine: keep your ale for the self-sufficient citizens of cannie Carlisle; this is a lad of better mettle, his face reminds me of old acquaintance and firm friendship, and we shall taste wine together this night, were it only in honour of his looks."

The old domestic advanced with the wine cup and the flagon; and the laird, seizing the former by the two massy ears, placed it beside him, poured it full of wine, and eyeing me for a moment, renewed his discourse. "I ken ye well, your name is Halliday, descended from Thomas Halliday, the sister's son of Sir William Wallace, the bauld and homely Halliday; one of thy ancestors was Walter Halliday, marshal of the English minstrels to Edward the Fourth; thy grandfather and I in the days of

our youth were soothfast friends, and the Lyddals and Hallidays have ridden side by side in battle when Eden water ran red with blood; it's an old name and a good," and elevating the cup as he spoke, he drained the wine at a draught. The cup was instantly replenished, and placed in my hands; and even while I raised it to my lips, no wise slow in doing honour to my entertainer, I could not help admiring the exquisite beauty of the sculpture with which its sides were adorned. The artist had represented a fairy procession, and the elfin people on horseback and foot moved along to the sound of supernatural minstrelsy. The earth seemed green under their feet, the sky sparkled with stars above them, and the whole romantic scene seemed charmed into life and beauty.

"It is a bonnie cup," said my entertainer, "and has belonged to the name of Lyddal since the harrying of Holmcultrum-house, when the strife was between Bruce and Baliol. The common people, who seldom err in traditionary matters, aver it to be the work of elves, and call it the fairy cup of Lyddalcross. But I keep ye from your wine, Sir, and ye'll admire the vessel not the less when ye have proved its contents." I obeyed, and emptied a cup of wine which was worthy of wetting the lips of Queen Mab herself. "Laird of Lyddal," I said, "if the cup be beautiful, the wine is delicious; and I much question if more exquisite wine ever sparkled in the cup when presented to the Princess of Fairy-land herself, by the hands of ELPHIN IRVING, who was seven years cup-bearer to the elves, in the vale of Corriewater." "Seven years cup-bearer," said Walter Lyddal, chaffing his huge hands together with joy, "seven years cup-bearer to the Queen of Elfland; I never heard of the tale before. I'll warrant it's an odd one and a wild:—Elphin Irving! I have never heard of the youth, so take another tasting of wine, and tell me, and have the discretion to speak out, for my hearing is less sharp than it should be. But, first, let me tell ye the use and wont of Lyddalcross. I dwell apart from mankind, and my main delight is in listening to traditional stories; tales which are full

of the failings and the feelings, the beliefs, the superstitions, the sins, and the actions of man: my hearth is crowded, as ye may see, with curious old-world sort of people like myself, and many a well-imagined story is related for my edification.

Such is the use and wont of my hall. If ye lacked invention and knowledge in old matters, the name of Halliday should float ye over family rules; yet, for the sake of old friendship, let me hear the tale of **ELPHIN IRVING, the FAIRIES' CUP-BEARER.**"

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TALE THE FIRST.

**ELPHIN IRVING, THE FAIRIES' CUPBEARER.**

The lady kilted her kirtle green  
A little aboon her knee,  
The lady snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's gane to the good green wood  
As fast as she could hie.

And first she let the black steed pass,  
And syne she let the brown,  
And then she flew to the milk-white steed,  
And pull'd the rider down:  
Syn e out then sang the queen o' the fairies,  
Frae 'midst a bank of broom,  
She that has won him, young Tamlane,  
Has gotten a gallant groom. *Old Ballad.*

The romantic vale of Corriewater, in Annandale, is regarded by the inhabitants, a pastoral and unmingled people, as the last border refuge of those beautiful and capricious beings the fairies. Many old people, yet living, imagine they have had intercourse of good words and good deeds with the "good folk," and continue to tell, that in the ancient of days the fairies danced on the hill, and revelled in the glen, and showed themselves like the mysterious children of the deity of old among the sons and daughters of men. Their visits to the earth were periods of joy and mirth to mankind, rather than of sorrow and apprehension. They played on musical instruments of wonderful sweetness and variety of note, spread unexpected feasts, the supernatural flavour of which overpowered on many occasions the religious scruples of the presbyterian shepherds, performed wonderful deeds of horsemanship, and marched in midnight processions, when the sound of their elfin minstrelsy charmed youths and maidens into love for their persons and pursuits; and more than one family of Corriewater have augmented the numbers of the elfin chivalry. Faces of friends and relatives, long since doomed to the battle-trench, or the deep sea, have been recognized

by those who dared to gaze on the fairy march. The maid has seen her lost lover, and the mother her stolen child; and the courage to plan and achieve their deliverance has been possessed by, at least, one border maiden. In the legends of the people of Corrievale there is a singular mixture of elfin and human adventure, and the traditional story of the Cupbearer to the Queen of the Fairies appeals alike to our domestic feelings and imagination.

In one of the little green loops, or bends, on the banks of Corriewater, mouldered walls, and a few stunted wild plum-trees, and vagrant roses, still point out the scite of a cottage and garden. A well of pure spring-water leaps out from an old tree-root before the door, and here the shepherds, shading themselves in summer from the influence of the sun, tell to their children the wild tale of Elphin Irving, and his sister Phemie; and, singular as the story seems, it has gained full credence among the people where the scene is laid.

"I ken the tale and the place weel," interrupted an old Scottish-woman, who, from the predominance of scarlet in her apparel, seemed to have been a follower of the camp, "I ken them weel, and the tale's as



true as a bullet to its aim, and a spark to powder. Oh bonnie Corriewater, a thousand times have I pulled gowans on its banks wi' ane that lies stiff and stark on a foreign shore in a bloody grave:" and sobbing audibly, she drew the remains of a military cloak over her face, and allowed the story to proceed.

When Elphin Irving and his sister Phemie were in their sixteenth year, for tradition says they were twins, their father was drowned in Corriewater, attempting to save his sheep from a sudden swell, to which all mountain streams are liable; and their mother, on the day of her husband's burial, laid down her head on the pillow, from which, on the seventh day, it was lifted to be dressed for the same grave. The inheritance left to the orphans may be briefly described: seventeen acres of plow and pasture land, seven milk cows, and seven pet sheep, (many old people take delight in odd numbers;) and to this may be added, seven bonnet-pieces of Scottish gold, and a broad sword and spear, which their ancestor had wielded with such strength and courage in the battle of Dryfe-sands, that the minstrel who sang of that deed of arms, ranked him only second to the Scotts and Johnstones.

The youth and his sister grew in stature and in beauty. The brent bright brow, the clear blue eye, and frank and blythe deportment of the former, gave him some influence among the young women of the valley; while the latter was no less the admiration

of the young men, and at fair and dance, and at bridal, happy was he who touched but her hand, or received the benediction of her eye. Like all other Scottish beauties, she was the theme of many a song; and while tradition is yet busy with the singular history of her brother, song has taken all the care that rustic minstrelsy can of the gentleness of her spirit, and the charms of her person.

"Now I vow," exclaimed a wandering piper, "by mine own honoured instrument, and by all other instruments, that ever yielded music for the joy and delight of mankind, that there are more bonnie songs made about fair Phemie Irving than about all other dames of Annandale, and many of them are both high and bonnie. A proud lass maun she be, if her spirit hears; and men say, the dust lies not insensible of beautiful verse; for her charms are breathed through a thousand sweet lips, and no farther gone than yesternorn, I heard a lass singing on a green hillside what I shall not readily forget. If ye like to listen ye shall judge; and it will not stay the story long, nor mar it much, for it is short, and about Phemie Irving:" and accordingly he chaunted the following rude verses, not unaccompanied by his honoured instrument, as he called his pipe, which chimed in with great effect, and gave richness to a voice which felt better than it could express.

#### FAIR PHEMIE IRVING.

##### 1.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,  
With all thy groves flowering;  
Green is thy glen, Corrie,  
When July is showering;  
And sweet is yon wood,  
Where the small birds are bowering,  
And there dwells the sweet one  
Whom I am adoring.

##### 2.

Her round neck is whiter  
Than winter when snowing,  
Her meek voice is milder  
Than Ae in its flowing;  
The glad ground yields music  
Where she goes by the river,  
One kind glance would charm me  
For ever and ever.

## 3.

The proud and the wealthy  
 To Phemie are bowing ;  
 No looks of love win they  
 With sighing or sueing ;  
 Far away maun I stand  
 With my rude wooing,  
 She's a flow'ret too lovely  
 To bloom for my pu'ing.

## 4.

O were I yon violet,  
 On which she is walking ;  
 O were I yon small bird,  
 To which she is talking ;  
 Or yon rose in her hand,  
 With its ripe ruddy blossom ;  
 Or some pure gentle thought,  
 To be blest with her bosom.

This minstrel interruption, while it established Phemie Irving's claim to grace and to beauty, gave me additional confidence to pursue the story —

But minstrel skill, and true love tale, seemed to want their usual influence, when they sought to win her attention; she was only observed to pay most respect to those youths who were most beloved by her brother; and the same hour that brought these twins to the world, seemed to have breathed through them a sweetness and an affection of heart and mind which nothing could divide. If, like the virgin queen of the immortal poet, she walked "in maiden meditation fancy free," her brother, Elphin, seemed alike untouched with the charms of the fairest virgins in Corrie. He plowed his field, he reaped his grain, he leaped, he ran, and wrestled, and danced, and sang, with more skill, and life, and grace, than all other youths of the district; but he had no twilight and stolen interviews: when all other young men had their loves by their side he was single, though not unsought; and his joy seemed never perfect, save when his sister was near him. If he loved to share his time with her, she loved to share her time with him alone, or with the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air. She watched her little flock late, and she tended it early; not for the sordid love of the fleece, unless it was to make mantles for her brother, but with the look of one who had joy in its company. The very wild creatures, the deer and the

hares, seldom sought to shun her approach, and the bird forsook not its nest, nor stinted its song, when she drew nigh; such is the confidence which maiden innocence and beauty inspire.

It happened one summer, about three years after they became orphans, that rain had been for awhile withheld from the earth, the hill-sides began to parch, the grass in the vales to wither, and the stream of Corrie was diminished between its banks to the size of an ordinary rill. The shepherds drove their flocks to marshy lands, and lake and tarn had their reeds invaded by the scythe, to supply the cattle with food. The sheep of his sister were Elphin's constant care; he drove them to the moistest pastures during the day, and he often watched them at midnight, when flocks, tempted by the sweet dewy grass, are known to browse eagerly, that he might guard them from the fox, and lead them to the choicest herbage. In these nocturnal watchings he sometimes drove his little flock over the water of Corrie, for the fords were hardly ankle-deep, or permitted his sheep to cool themselves in the stream, and taste the grass which grew along the brink. All this time not a drop of rain fell, nor did a cloud appear in the sky.

One evening, during her brother's absence with the flock, Phemie sat at her cottage door, listening to the bleatings of the distant folds, and the lessened murmur of the water of Corrie, now scarcely audible beyond its banks. Her eyes, weary with



watching along the accustomed line of road for the return of Elphin, were turned on the pool beside her, in which the stars were glimmering fitful and faint. As she looked she imagined the water grew brighter and brighter; a wild illumination presently shone upon the pool, and leaped from bank to bank, and suddenly changing into a human form, ascended the margin, and passing her, glided swiftly into the cottage. The visionary form was so like her brother in shape and air, that starting up she flew into the house, with the hope of finding him in his customary seat. She found him not, and impressed with the terror which a wraith or apparition seldom fails to inspire, she uttered a shriek so loud and so piercing as to be heard at Johnstone bank, on the other side of the vale of Corrie.

An old woman now rose suddenly from her seat in the window-sill, the living dread of shepherds, for she travelled the country with a brilliant reputation for witchcraft, and thus she broke in upon the narrative: "I vow, young man, ye tell us the truth upset and down-thrust. I heard my douce grand-mother say, that on the night when Elphin Irving disappeared, disappeared I shall call it, for the bairn can but be gone for a season, to return to us in his own appointed time,—she was seated at the fire-side at Johnstone bank; the laird had laid aside his bonnet to take the book, when a shriek mair loud, believe me, than a mere woman's shriek, and they can shriek loud enough, else they're sair wranged,—came over the water of Corrie, so sharp and shrilling, that the pewter-plates dined on the wall: such a shriek, my douce grand-mother said, as rang in her ear till the hour of her death, and she lived till she was aught and aught, forty full ripe years after the event. But there is another matter, which, doubtless, I cannot compel ye to believe, it was the common rumour that Elphin Irving came not into the world like the other sinful creatures of the earth, but was one of the Kane-bairns of the fairies, whilk they had to pay to the enemy of man's salvation every seventh year. The poor lady-fairy,—a mother's aye a mother, be she Elve's flesh or Eve's flesh—hid her Elf son beside the christened flesh

in Marion Irving's cradle, and the auld enemy lost his prey for a time. Now hasten on with your story, which is not a bodle the waur for me. The maiden saw the shape of her brother—fell into a faint, or a trance, and the neighbours came flocking in:—gang on with your tale, young man, and dinna be affronted because an auld woman helped ye wi't."

It is hardly known, I resumed, how long Phemie Irving continued in a state of insensibility. The morning was far advanced, when a neighbouring maiden found her seated in an old chair, as white as monumental marble; her hair, about which she had always been solicitous, loosened from its curls, and hanging disordered over her neck and bosom, her hands and forehead; the maiden touched the one and kissed the other, they were as cold as snow: and her eyes wide open were fixed on her brother's empty chair, with the intensity of gaze of one who had witnessed the appearance of a spirit. She seemed insensible of any one's presence, and sat fixed, and still, and motionless. The maiden, alarmed at her looks, thus addressed her:—"Phemie, lass, Phemie Irving, dear me, but this be awful! I have come to tell ye, that seven of your pet sheep have escaped drowning in the water; for Corrie, sae quiet and sae gentle yestreen, is rolling and dashing frae bank to bank this morning. Dear me, woman, dinna let the loss of world's gear be-leave ye of your senses. I would rather make ye a present of a dozen mug-ewes of the Tinwald brood myself; and now I think on't, if ye'll send over Elphin, I will help him hame with them in the gloaming myself. So, Phemie, woman, be comforted."

At the mention of her brother's name she cried out, "Where is he? Oh, where is he?"—gazed wildly round, and shuddering from head to foot, fell senseless on the floor. Other inhabitants of the valley, alarmed by the sudden swell of the river, which from a brook had augmented to a torrent, deep and impassable, now came in to inquire if any loss had been sustained, for numbers of sheep and teds of hay had been observed floating down about the dawn of the morning. They assisted in reclaim-

ing the unhappy maiden from her swoon; but insensibility was joy; compared to the sorrow to which she awakened. "They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away," she chaunted, in a tone of delirious pathos; "him that was whiter and fairer than the lily on Lyddal-lee. They have long sought, and they have long sued, and they had the power to prevail against my prayers at last. They have ta'en him away; the flower is plucked from among the weeds, and the dove is slain amid a flock of ravens. They came with shout, and they came with song, and they spread the charm, and they placed the spell, and the baptized brow has been bowed down to the unbaptized hand. They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away; he was too lovely, and too good, and too noble to bless us with his continuance on earth; for what are the sons of men compared to him?—the light of moon-beam, to the morning sun; the glow-worm, to the eastern star. They have ta'en him away; the invisible dwellers of the earth. I saw them come on him with shouting and with singing, and they charmed him where he sat, and away they bore him; and the horse he rode was never shod with iron, nor owned, before, the mastery of human hand. They have ta'en him away over the water, and over the wood, and over the hill. I got but ae look of his bonnie blue ee, but ae, ae look. But as I have endured what never maiden endured, so shall I undertake what never maiden undertook, I will win him from them all. I know the invisible ones of the earth; I have heard their wild and wondrous music in the wild woods, and there shall a christened maiden seek him, and achieve his deliverance." She paused, and glancing around a circle of condoling faces, down which the tears were dropping like rain, said, in a calm and altered, but still delirious tone—"Why do you weep, Mary Halliday? and why do you weep, John Graeme? Ye think that Elphin Irving; oh, its a bonnie, bonnie name, and dear to many a maiden's heart as well as mine; ye think he is drowned in Corrie, and ye will seek in the deep, deep pools for the bonnie, bonnie corse, that ye may weep over it, as

it lies in its last linen, and lay it, amid weeping and wailing, in the dowie kirk-yard. Ye may seek, but ye shall never find; so leave me to trim up my hair, and prepare my dwelling, and make myself ready to watch for the hour of his return to upper earth." And she resumed her household labours with an alacrity which lessened not the sorrow of her friends.

Meanwhile the rumour flew over the vale that Elphin Irving was drowned in Corriewater. Matron and maid, old man and young, collected suddenly along the banks of the river which now began to subside to its natural summer limits, and commenced their search; interrupted every now and then by calling from side to side, and from pool to pool, and by exclamations of sorrow for this misfortune. The search was fruitless: five sheep, pertaining to the flock which he conducted to pasture, were found drowned in one of the deep eddies, but the river was still too brown from the soil of its moorland sources to enable them to see what its deep shelves, its pools, and its overcharging and hazely banks concealed. They remitted farther search till the streams should become pure, and old man taking old man aside, began to whisper about the mystery of the youth's disappearance; old women laid their lips to the ears of their coevals, and talked of Elphin Irving's fairy parentage, and his having been dropt by an unearthly hand into a Christian cradle. The young men and maids conversed on other themes; they grieved for the loss of the friend and the lover, and while the former thought that a heart so kind and true was not left in the vale, the latter thought, as maidens will, on his handsome person, gentle manners, and merry blue eye, and speculated with a sigh on the time they might have hoped a return for their love. They were soon joined by others who had heard the wild and delirious language of his sister: the old belief was added to the new assurance, and both again commented upon by minds full of superstitious belief, and hearts full of supernatural fears, till the youths and maidens of Corrievale held no more love trystes for seven days and nights, lest, like Elphin Irving, they should be carried away

to augment the ranks of the unchristened chivalry.

It was curious to listen to the speculations of the peasantry. "For my part," said a youth, "if I were sure that poor Elphin escaped from that perilous water, I would not give the fairies a pound of hiplock wool for their chance of him. There has not been a fairy seen in the land since Donald Cargil, the Cameronian, conjured them into the Solway for playing on their pipes during one of his nocturnal preachings on the hip of the Burnswark hill." "Preserve me, bairn," said an old woman, justly exasperated at the incredulity of her nephew, "if ye winna believe what I both heard and saw at the moonlight end of Craigyburnwood on a summer night, rank after rank of the fairy folk; ye'll at least believe a douce man and a ghostly professor, even the late minister of Tinwaldkirk: his only son, I mind the lad weel with his long yellow locks and his bonnie blue eyes, when I was but a gilpie of a lassie, *he* was stolen away from off the horse at his father's elbow, as they crossed that false and fearsome water, even Locherbrigg-flow, on the night of the Midsummer fair of Dumfries. Aye, aye, who can doubt the truth of that; have not the godly inhabitants of Almsfieldtown and Tinwaldkirk seen the sweet youth riding at midnight, in the midst of the unhallowed troop, to the sound of flute and of dulcimer; and though meikle they prayed, naeboddy tried to achieve his deliverance." "I have heard it said by douce folk and sponisible," interrupted another, "that every seven years the elves and fairies pay kane, or make an offering of one of their children to the grand enemy of salvation, and that they are permitted to purloin one of the children of men to present to the fiend; a more acceptable offering I'll warrant, than one of their own infernal brood that are Satan's sib allies, and drink a drop of the deil's blood every May morning. And touching this lost lad, ye all ken his mother was a hawk of an uncannie nest, a second cousin of Kate Kimmer, of Barflosan, as rank a witch as ever rode on ragwort. Aye, Sirs, what's bred in the bone is ill to come out of the flesh." On these and similar topics, which a peasantry, full of ancient tradition

and enthusiasm, and superstition, readily associate with the commonest occurrences of life, the people of Corrievale continued to converse till the fall of evening; when each seeking their home, renewed again the wondrous subject, and illustrated it with all that popular belief and poetic imagination could so abundantly supply.

The night which followed this melancholy day was wild with wind and rain; the river came down broader and deeper than before, and the lightning, flashing by fits over the green woods of Corrie, showed the ungovernable and perilous flood sweeping above its banks. It happened that a farmer, returning from one of the border fairs, encountered the full swing of the storm; but mounted on an excellent horse, and mantled from chin to heel in a good grey plaid, beneath which he had the farther security of a thick great-coat, he sat dry in his saddle, and proceeded in the anticipated joy of a subsided tempest and a glowing morning sun. As he entered the long grove, or rather remains of the old Galwegian forest, which lines for some space the banks of the Corriewater, the storm began to abate, the wind sighed milder and milder among the trees; and here and there a star, twinkling momentarily through the sudden rack of the clouds, showed the river raging from bank to brae. As he shook the moisture from his clothes, he was not without a wish that the day would dawn, and that he might be preserved on a road which his imagination beset with greater perils than the raging river; for his superstitious feeling let loose upon his path elf and goblin, and the current traditions of the district supplied very largely to his apprehension the ready materials of fear.

Just as he emerged from the wood, where a fine sloping bank, covered with short green sward, skirts the limit of the forest, his horse made a full pause, snorted, trembled, and started from side to side, stooped his head, erected his ears, and seemed to scrutinize every tree and bush. The rider too, it may be imagined, gazed round and round, and peered warily into every suspicious looking place. His dread of a supernatural visitation was not much allayed, when

he observed a female shape seated on the ground at the root of a huge old oak-tree, which stood in the centre of one of those patches of verdant sward, known by the name of "fairy rings," and avoided by all peasants who wish to prosper. A long thin gleam of eastern day-light enabled him to examine accurately the being who, in this wild place and unusual hour, gave additional terror to this haunted spot. She was dressed in white from the neck to the knees; her arms, long, and round, and white, were perfectly bare; her head uncovered, allowed her long hair to de-

scend in ringlet succeeding ringlet, till the half of her person was nearly concealed in the fleece. Amidst the whole, her hands were constantly busy in shedding aside the tresses which interposed between her steady and uninterrupted gaze, down a line of old road which winded among the hills to an ancient burial ground.

As the traveller continued to gaze, the figure suddenly rose, and wringing the rain from her long locks, paced round and round the tree, chaunting in a wild and melancholy manner an equally wild and delirious song.

#### THE FAIRY OAK OF CORRIEWATER.

##### 1.

The small bird's head is under its wing,  
The deer sleeps on the grass;  
The moon comes out and the stars shine down,  
The dew gleams like the glass:  
There is no sound in the world so wide,  
Save the sound of the smitten brass,  
With the merry cittern and the pipe  
Of the fairies as they pass.—  
But oh! the fire maun burn and burn,  
And the hour is gone and will never return.

##### 2.

The green hill cleaves, and forth, with a bound,  
Comes elf and elfin steed;  
The moon dives down in a golden cloud,  
The stars grow dim with dread;  
But a light is running along the earth,  
So of heaven's they have no need:  
O'er moor and moss with a shout they pass,  
And the word is spur and speed—  
But the fire maun burn and I maun quake,  
And the hour is gone that will never come back.

##### 3.

And when they came to Craigyburnwood  
The Queen of the fairies spoke;  
"Come, bind your steeds to the rushes so green,  
And dance by the haunted oak:  
I found the acorn on Heshbon-hill,  
In the nook of a palmer's poke,  
A thousand years since; here it grows!"  
And they danced till the greenwood shook—  
But oh! the fire, the burning fire  
The longer it burns, it but blazes the higher.

##### 4.

"I have won me a youth," the Elf-queen said,  
"The fairest that earth may see;  
This night I have won young Elph Irving  
My cup-bearer to be.  
His service lasts but for seven sweet years,  
And his wage is a kiss of me."  
And merrily, merrily, laugh'd the wild elves  
Round Corrie's greenwood tree.—  
But oh! the fire it glows in my brain,  
And the hour is gone and comes not again.

## 5.

The Queen she has whisper'd a secret word,  
 "Come hither my Elphin sweet,  
 And bring that cup of the charmed wine,  
 Thy lips and mine to weet."  
 But a brown elf-shouted a loud loud shout,  
 "Come, leap on your coursers fleet,  
 For here comes the smell of some baptized flesh,  
 And the sounding of baptized feet."—  
 But oh! the fire that burns, and maun burn;  
 For the time that is gone will never return.

## 6.

On a steed as white as the new-milk'd milk  
 The Elf-queen leap'd with a bound,  
 And young Elphin a steed like December snow  
 'Neath him at the word he found.  
 But a maiden came, and her christened arms  
 She linked her brother around,  
 And called on God, and the steed with a snort  
 Sank into the gaping ground.—  
 But the fire maun burn and I maun quake,  
 And the time that is gone will no more come back.

## 7.

And she held her brother, and lo! he grew  
 A wild bull waked in ire;  
 And she held her brother, and lo! he changed  
 To a river roaring higher;  
 And she held her brother, and he became  
 A flood of the raging fire;  
 She shrieked and sank, and the wild elves laughed  
 Till mountain rang and mire.—  
 But oh! the fire yet burns in my brain,  
 And the hour is gone and comes not again.

## 8.

"Oh maiden, why waxed thy faith so faint,  
 Thy spirit so slack and slaw?  
 Thy courage kept good till the flame wax'd wud,  
 Then thy might began to thaw;  
 Had ye kissed him with thy christen'd lip,  
 Ye had won him frae 'mang us a'.  
 Now bless the fire, the elfin fire,  
 That made thee faint and fa';  
 Now bless the fire, the elfin fire,  
 The longer it burns it blazes the higher."

At the close of this unusual strain the figure sat down on the grass, and proceeded to bind up her long and disordered tresses, gazing along the old and unfrequented road. "Now God be my helper," said the traveller, who happened to be the laird of Johnstonebank, "can this be a trick of the fiend, or can it be bonnie Phemie Irving, who chaunts this dolorous sang? Something sad has befallen that makes her seek her seat in this eerie nook amid the darkness and tempest: through might from aboon I will go on and see." And the horse, feeling something of the owner's

reviving spirit in the application of spur-steel, bore him at once to the foot of the tree. The poor delirious maiden uttered a yell of piercing joy as she beheld him, and with the swiftness of a creature winged, linked her arms round the rider's waist and shrieked till the woods rang. "Oh, I have ye now, Elphin, I have ye now," and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp. "What ails ye, my bonnie lass?" said the laird of Johnstonebank, his fears of the supernatural vanishing, when he beheld her sad and bewildered look. She raised her eyes at the



sound, and seeing a strange face, her arms slipped their hold and she dropped with a groan on the ground.

The morning had now fairly broke: the flocks shook the rain from their sides, the shepherds hastened to inspect their charges, and a thin blue smoke began to stream from the cottages of the valley into the brightening air. The laird carried Phemie Irving in his arms, till he observed two shepherds ascending from one of the loops of Corriewater, bearing the lifeless body of her brother. They had found him whirling round and round in one of the numerous eddies, and his hands clutched and filled with wool showed that he had lost his life in attempting to save the flock of his sister. A plaid was laid over the body, which, along with the unhappy maiden in a half lifeless state, was carried into a cottage, and laid in that apartment distinguished among the peasantry by the name of the chamber. While the peasant's wife was left to take care of Phemie,—old man and matron, and maid, had collected around the drowned youth, and each began to relate the circumstances of his death, when the door suddenly opened, and his sister, advancing to the corse with a look of delirious serenity, broke out into a wild laugh and said: "O, it is wonderful, its truly wonderful! that bare and death-cold body, dragged from the darkest pool of Corrie, with its hands filled with fine wool, wears the perfect similitude of my own Elphin! I'll tell ye—the spiritual dwellers of the earth, the Fairyfolk of our evening tale, have stolen the living body, and fashioned this cold and inanimate clod to mislead your pursuit. In common eyes this seems all that Elphin Irving would be, had he sunk in Corriewater; but so it seems not to me. Ye have sought the living soul, and

ye have found only its garment. But oh, if ye had beheld him, as I beheld him to-night, riding among the elfin troop the fairest of them all; had you clasped him in your arms, and wrestled for him with spirits and terrible shapes from the other world, till your heart quailed and your flesh was subdued, then would ye yield no credit to the semblance this cold and apparent flesh bears to my brother. But hearken—on Hallowmass-eve, when the spiritual people are let loose on earth for a season, I will take my stand in the burial ground of Corrie, and when my Elphin and his unchristened troop come past with the sound of all their minstrelsy, I will leap on him and win him, or perish for ever."

All gazed aghast on the delirious maiden, and many of her auditors gave more credence to her distempered speech than to the visible evidence before them. As she turned to depart she looked round, and suddenly sank upon the body with tears streaming from her eyes, and sobbed out, "My brother! Oh, my brother!" She was carried out insensible, and again recovered; but relapsed into her ordinary delirium, in which she continued till the Hallow-eve after her brother's burial. She was found seated in the ancient burial-ground, her back against a broken grave-stone, her locks white with frost-rime, seemingly watching with intensity of look the road to the kirk-yard: but the spirit which gave life to the fairest form of all the maids of Ammandale was fled for ever.—Such is the singular story which the peasants know by the name of Elphin Irving, the Fairies' Cupbearer; and the title, in its fullest and most supernatural sense, still obtains credence among the industrious and virtuous dames of the romantic vale of Corrie.

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### DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the

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other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the

D

country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best

dancer, I was saying, in the county; till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a

great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunt-

ed and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was,—and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever. ELIA.



## CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

*Lives of the Poets.*

## No. III.

## CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY:

AN account of Christopher Anstey, written by his second son, is prefixed to the handsome edition of his works, printed at London, in 1808. He was born on the thirty-first of October, 1724, and was the son of Doctor Anstey, rector of Brinkley, in Cambridgeshire, a living in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge; of which the Doctor had formerly been fellow and tutor. His mother was Mary, daughter of Anthony Thompson, Esq. of Trumpington, in the same county. They had no offspring but our poet, and a daughter born some years before him.

His father was afflicted with a total deafness for so considerable a portion of his life as never to have heard the sound of his son's voice; and was thus rendered incapable of communicating to him that instruction which he might otherwise have derived from a parent endowed with remarkable acuteness of understanding. He was, therefore, sent very early to school at Bury St. Edmunds. Here he continued, under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, till he was removed to Eton; on the foundation of which school he was afterwards placed.

His studies having been completed with great credit to himself, under Doctor George, the head-master of Eton, in the year 1742 he succeeded to a scholarship of King's College, Cambridge, where his classical attainments were not neglected. He was admitted in 1745 to a fellowship of his college; and, in the next year, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He now resided chiefly in the University; where his resistance to an innovation, attempted to be introduced into King's College, involved him in a dispute which occasioned the degree of Master to be refused him. That College had immemorially asserted for its members an exemption from the performance of those public exercises demanded of the rest

of the University as a qualification for their degrees. This right was now questioned; and it was required of the Bachelor Fellows of King's, that they should compose and pronounce a Latin oration in the public schools. Such an infringement of privilege was not to be tamely endured. After some opposition made by Anstey, in common with the other junior Fellows, the exercise in dispute was at length exacted. But Anstey, who was the senior Bachelor of the year, and to whose lot it therefore fell first to deliver this obnoxious declamation, contrived to frame it in such a manner, as to cast a ridicule on the whole proceeding. He was accordingly interrupted in the recitation of it, and ordered to compose another; in which, at the same time that he pretended to exculpate himself from his former offence, he continued in the same vein of raillery. Though his degree was withheld in consequence of this pertinacity, yet it produced the desired effect of maintaining for the College its former freedom.

While an undergraduate, he had distinguished himself by his Latin verses, called the *Tripes Verses*; and, in 1748, by a poem, in the same language, on the Peace; printed in the Cambridge Collection.

His quarrel with the senior part of the University did not deprive him of his fellowship. He was still occasionally an inmate of the College; and did not cease to be a Fellow, till he came into the possession of the family estate at his mother's death, in 1754.

In two years after, he married Anne, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury-Hall, in Hertfordshire, and the sister of John Calvert, Esq. one of his most intimate friends, who was returned to that and many successive Parliaments, for the borough of Hertford. "By this most excellent lady," say

his biographer, with the amiable warmth of filial tenderness, "who was allowed to possess every endowment of person, and qualification of mind and disposition which could render her interesting and attractive in domestic life, and whom he justly regarded as the pattern of every virtue, and the source of all his happiness, he lived in uninterrupted and undiminished esteem and affection for nearly half a century; and by her (who for the happiness of her family is still living) he had thirteen children, of whom eight only survive him."

This long period is little chequered with events. Having no taste for public business, and his circumstances being easy and independent, he passed the first fourteen years at his seat in Cambridgeshire, in an alternation of study and the recreations of rural life, in which he took much pleasure. But, at the end of that time, the loss of his sister gave a shock to his spirits, which they did not speedily recover. That she was a lady of superior talents is probable, from her having been admitted to a friendship and correspondence with Mrs. Montague, then Miss Robinson. The effect which this deprivation produced on him was such as to hasten the approach, and perhaps to aggravate the violence, of a bilious fever, for the cure of which, by Doctor Heberden's advice, he visited Bath, and by the use of those waters was gradually restored to health.

In 1766 he published his *Bath Guide*, from the press of Cambridge; a poem, which aiming at the popular follies of the day, and being written in a very lively and uncommon style, rapidly made its way to the favour of the public. At its first appearance, Gray, who was not easily pleased, in a letter to one of his friends observed, that it was the only thing in fashion, and that it was a new and original kind of humour. Soon after the publication of the second edition, he sold the copy-right for two hundred pounds to Dodsley, and gave the profits previously accruing from the work to the General Hospital at Bath. Dodsley, about ten years after his purchase, candidly owned that the sale had been more

productive to him than that of any other book in which he had before been concerned; and with much liberality restored the copy-right to the author.

In 1767 he wrote a short *Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock*; and the *Patriot*, a Pindaric Epistle, intended to bring into discredit the practice of prize-fighting.

Not long after he was called to serve the office of high-sheriff for the county of Cambridge. In 1770 he quitted his seat there for a house which he purchased in Bath. The greater convenience of obtaining instruction for a numerous family, the education of which had hitherto been superintended by himself, was one of the motives that induced him to this change of habitation.

The *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers* appearing soon after his arrival at Bath, and being by many imputed to a writer who had lately so much distinguished himself by his talent for satire, he was at considerable pains to disavow that publication; and by some lines containing a deserved compliment to his sovereign, gave a sufficient pledge for the honesty of his declaration.

In 1776, a poem entitled *An Election Ball*, founded on a theme proposed by Lady Miller, who held a sort of little poetical court at her villa at Batheaston, did not disappoint the expectations formed of the author of the *Bath Guide*. It was at first written in the Somersetshire dialect, but was afterwards judiciously stripped of its provincialism.

About 1786 he entertained a design of collecting his poems, and publishing them together. But the painful recollections which his task awakened, of those friends and companions of his youth who had been separated from him by death during so long a period, made him relinquish his intention. He committed, however, to the press, translations of some of Gay's Fables, which had been made into Latin, chiefly with a view to the improvement of his children; an *Alcaic Ode to Doctor Jenner*, on the *Discovery of the Cow-pock*; and several short poems in his own language. "His increasing years," to use the words of his son, "stole imperceptibly on the even

tenor of his life, and gradually lessened the distance of his journey through it, without obscuring the serenity of the prospect. Unimpeded by sickness, and unclouded by sorrow, or any serious misfortune, his life was a life of temperance, of self-denial, and of moderation in all things; and of great regularity. He rose early in the morning, *ante diem poscens chartas*, and was constant on horseback at his usual hour, and in all seasons. His summers were uniformly passed at Cheltenham, with his family, during the latter part of his life; and upon his return to Bath in the autumn, he fell habitually into the same unruffled scenes of domestic ease and tranquillity, rendered every day more joyous and interesting to him by the increase of his family circle, and the enlargement of his hospitable table; and by many circumstances and occurrences connected with the welfare of his children, which gave him infinite delight and satisfaction."

At the beginning of 1805, he experienced a sudden and general failure of his bodily faculties, and a correspondent depression of mind. The little confidence he placed in the power of medicine made him reluctantly comply with the wishes of his friends, that he should take the opinion of Doctor Haygarth. Yet he was not without hope of alleviation to his complaints from change of air; and, therefore, removed from Bath to the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, in Wiltshire. Here, having at first revived a little, he soon relapsed, and declining gradually, expired in the eighty-first year of his age, without apparent suffering, in the possession of his intellectual powers, and, according to the tender wish of Pindar for one of his patrons—

ὕψιν, Ψαῦμι, παρισταμένων,

in the midst of his children.

He was buried in the parish church of Walcot, in the city of Bath, in the same vault with his fourth daughter the wife of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, and her two infant children.

A cenotaph has been erected to his memory among the poets of his country in Westminster Abbey, by his eldest son, the Rev. Christopher Anstey, with the following inscription:—

M. S.  
 Christopheri Anstey, Arm.  
 Alumni Etonensis,  
 Et Collegii Regalis apud Cantabrigienses olim Socii,  
 Poetæ,  
 Literis elegantioribus adprimè ornatl,  
 Et inter principes Poetarum,  
 Qui in eodem genere floruerunt,  
 Sedem eximiam tenentis.  
 Ille annum circiter  
 MDCCLXX.  
 Ras suum in agro Cantabrigiensi  
 Mutavit Bathoniâ,  
 Quem locum ei præter omne dudum arrisisse  
 Testis est, celeberrimum illud Poema,  
 Titulo inde ducto insignitum:  
 Ibi deinceps sex et triginta annos commoratus,  
 Obiit A.D. MDCCCV.  
 Et ætatis suæ  
 Octogesimo primo.

To this there is an encomium added, which its prolixity hinders me from inserting.

A painter and a poet were, perhaps, never more similar to each other in their talents than the contemporaries Bunbury and Anstey. There is in both an admirable power of seizing the ludicrous and the grotesque in their descriptions of persons and incidents in familiar life; and this accompanied by an elegance which might have seemed scarcely compatible with that power. There is in both an absence of any extraordinary elevation or vigour; which we do not regret, because we can hardly conceive but that they would be less pleasing if they were in any respect different from what they are. Each possesses a perfect facility and command over his own peculiar manner, which has secured him from having any successful imitator. Yet as they were both employed in representing the fortuitous and transient follies, which the face of society had put on in their own day, rather than in portraying the broader and more permanent distinctions of character and manners, it may be questioned whether they can be much relished out of their own country, and whether even there, the effect must not be weakened as fatuity and absurdity shall discover new methods of fastening ridicule upon themselves. They border more nearly on farce than comedy. They have neither of them any thing of fancy, that power which can give a new and higher interest to the laughable itself, by mingling it with the marvellous, and which has placed Aristophanes so far above all his followers.

When Anstey ventures out of his

own walk he does not succeed so well. It is strange that he should have attempted a paraphrase of St. Paul's eulogium on Charity, after the same task had been so ably executed by Prior. If there is anything, however, that will bear repetition in a variety of forms, it is that passage of scripture; and his verses, though not equal to Prior's, may still be read with pleasure.

The Farmer's Daughter is a plain and affecting tale.

His Latin verses might well have been spared. In the translation of Gray's Elegy there is a more than usual crampness; occasioned, perhaps, by his having rendered into hexameters the stanzas of four lines, to which the elegiac measure of the Romans would have been better suited. The *Epistola Poetica Familiaris*, address-

ed to his friend Mr. Bamfylde, has more freedom. His scholarship did him better service when it suggested to him passages in the poets of antiquity, which he has parodied with singular happiness. Such is that imitated in one of Simkin's Letters:

Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire?  
Or a god do we make of each ardent desire?  
from Virgil's

Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,  
Euryale? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?

a parody that is not the less diverting from its having been before gravely made by Tasso:

O dio l'inspira,  
O l'uom del suo voler suo dio si face.

On the whole, he has the rare merit of having discovered a mode of entertaining his readers which belongs exclusively to himself.

## BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

### SELECTED FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

I FORGET who it was, that, on beholding some stupendous monument of the labour and ingenuity of former times, exclaimed, "How much less durable is man than his own works!" There is much general truth in this remark; yet there is one class of human labourers so very far without the pale of its application, as, indeed, to form an exemplification of the direct reverse of it. The industrious persons to whom I allude are our living dramatists. By "living dramatists," I do not mean Shakspeare, Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, and others, who, in a higher sense of the phrase, may be so termed; but the *bonâ fide* eating, drinking, walking, (I had nearly said thinking) and scribbling gentlemen, who still go on adding to our stock of *rational* pleasures; the immortals who serve as a sort of posterity to themselves, by having, some of them, outlived, by at least ten years, the eternity of fame they promised themselves twenty or five-and-twenty years ago. To a poet, how frightful is the idea of falling into absolute nothingness, and leaving "not a rack behind!" How melancholy to behold his own column of renown, erected with so

much labour, stone upon stone, mouldering in decay, and sinking into oblivion; "to see fame," as the Irishman said, "walk away with itself." How agonizing the reflection, in his own particular case, that "man is much *more* durable than his own *works*!" These considerations have operated powerfully on my mind: and it is with the humane intention of sparing the *élite* of our cotemporary dramatic geniuses a portion of this moral suffering, that I have undertaken the task of collecting a few of their scenes, and ensuring them a perpetuity of fame by enshrining them in the pages of the London Magazine.

But, besides this, I have another object in view in this enterprize, one of more extensive utility, namely, that of assisting the progress of such of the rising generation as may be ambitious of increasing our stock of dramatic literature. Cotemporary fame is fickle; the *chef-d'œuvre* that brings all London together at the beginning of the season, is forgotten long before the end of it; and thus the young aspirant to dramatic honours is left destitute of the models by which alone his taste ought to be

formed, and without which, as his constant guides, success is hopeless. Would he compose a rural, agricultural, Sunday-schoolical, farcical, melodramatical, comedy, all about love and murder, in the style of M—rt—n; a naval and military loyal effusion, in five acts, à la D—bd—n; a genteel comedy, à la Sk—ff—n; a sweet opera, in the manner of D—m—d; or a wonder-stirring melodrama in all styles, or in no style; which way shall he look for assistance? The glorious models offered for imitation by these worthies, alas! are already scattered, lost, and forgotten; and he must either follow the impulses of his own taste and genius,—write from his own pure inspirations—or lean on the arm of Congreve and Sheridan, now too weak even to support themselves; and neither of these alternatives is likely to prove to his advantage in his dramatic career. It is for this purpose, as well as to save them from the oblivion in which a few weeks would otherwise have involved them, that I collect together a few slips and patterns of the favourites (not of the day, but) of yesterday, and deposit them in a museum, where the student may, at his ease, contemplate the finest models, in the various branches of dramatic composition, which modern times have afforded.

“And why not,” (says the first person that happens to take up this paper) “why not allow a young writer to follow the impulses of his own taste and genius?” Because, if you did, he would exhibit human nature as he finds it—ordinary men and women, of common proportions, having neither more nor less than one head, two arms, and two legs each. “Well?”—well; and at *Bartholomew fair* such beings would not draw a halfpenny; there you must exhibit giants or dwarfs, monsters having something extraordinary in their conformation—two heads, or eyes in their stomachs. “I am speaking of our national, patent, *legitimate-drama* theatres; you reply with *Bartholomew fair*.”—’Tis all one. “But Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan—why not allow them to serve as models?” Because Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, are *out of fashion*. “And why are they out of fashion?”

For the same reason that truth is out of fashion with an habitual perverter of it; that the charms of nature, fresh green fields, and clear blue skies, yield no pleasure to a debauchee who has wallowed sixty years of his existence in the vilest dissipation the town affords; or that light delicate-flavoured Burgundy seems insipid to the palate of a dram-drinker. I believe I make myself intelligible; so “question me no further.” The days are gone when an English audience could find delight in five acts composed of nothing better than such absurdities as a probable plot, natural characters, wit, and common sense. I shall not pretend to decide whether the public taste is better or worse than it was; I merely assert that it is changed; and that what satisfied the *audiences* of our good old play-writers would not now satisfy the *spectators* of our modern play-wrights. The public has removed its seat of judgment from where it was formerly placed, to a point as distant from it as pole is from pole, though an inch may compass the space between—from the ear to the eye. But I meant to say only a few words as an introduction to the following scenes, and I am wandering into a preface. The public taste is such as it is. Many causes have contributed to make it so; and none more effectually than the *genius* of our modern dramatists.

I have already stated my motives for making the following collection; it would be useless to recapitulate them. The scenes which will be given are from original and unpublished manuscripts. Each is so deeply imbued with the peculiarities of its respective author, his beauties, and the characteristics of his style, that it will be needless to give his name at length—his initials only will be added to the title of his work. I may, perhaps, occasionally subjoin a note, or short commentary, for the purpose of pointing out any latent beauty, or placing it in a more advantageous light, or exhibiting those less obvious peculiarities by which the particular author under consideration is distinguished from his compeers.

Without further delay, I present the reader with



## No. I.

OF A SERIES OF SPECIMENS OF THE  
LIVING DRAMATISTS,  
BEING A SCENE FROM VIRTUE'S HARVEST HOME,  
*A Comedy, in Five Acts, by T—— M——, Esq.*

Characters . . . . . { LORD BLUEDEVIL.  
LORD DASHTOWN.  
SQUIRE CHEVYCHACE.  
FARMER WHEATSHEAF.  
LADY ROSEVALLEY.  
DAME WHEATSHEAF.

*Scene.*—The interior of Farmer Wheatsheaf's cottage. In a corner of the apartment hangs a side of bacon. On a table in front is seen Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Cheshire cheese, and a brown jug. Through the opening at the back, a farm-yard, with pig-stye, hen-coop, dunghill, several ploughs,\* plough-shares, plough-tails, plough-men, plough-boys, &c.

*Enter FARMER WHEATSHEAF, followed by DAME WHEATSHEAF.*

*Farmer.* I tell 'ee, deame, it be o' noa youse; I wonna do't.†

*Dame.* What! not if my lord do tell 'ee?

*Farmer.* (Firmly.) Noa; for there be another Lord (pointing upwards) as do tell I not.

*Dame.* Why then, Gaffer, as sure as eggs bean't bacon, you'll be clean out of my lord's books.

*Farmer.* Books! Lookee, deame; thof I be nought but Gaffer Wheat-

\* A person observing that there was always a deep interest in Mr. M——n's plays, another replied, "True; but it is always the agricultural interest."

† The decline, or, strictly speaking, the fall of the British drama has been attributed to the present uniform state of society. The collision of ranks and interests, it is said, has so smoothened and polished us, and rendered one human being so exactly like another, that the dramatic painter can no longer find prominent and characteristic materials for the employment of his pencil. But I suspect that those who utter this complaint draw their notions of society, not from an observation of society itself, but from the pictures which pass for true representations of it on the stage; and I am of opinion that society is very little to blame in the matter. There was plenty of character in the year 1500, but there was no MOLIERE. SHAKSPEARE found characters as long as he chose to look for them, so did CONGREVE in his time, so did SHERIDAN much later, so does KENNY now. Even REYNOLDS, who with an extraordinary talent for observation unluckily combined a very coarse taste, exhibited, in his earlier productions, many lively and natural sketches. PICARD, DUVAL, and some other of the best French dramatists, even up to this very moment, occasionally find a character which has escaped the search or observation of former writers, or which, at least, had not been exhibited in all the various points of view of which it was susceptible, and in which a skilful artist might place it. The fact is, that matter is not wanting for those who know where to look for it, or how to use it where they have discovered it, but that—I will illustrate what I was going to say by an anecdote. I one day called on a portrait painter, who complained bitterly to me of his want of patronage. "To be candid with you," said I, "you seldom catch a likeness, and never give character to your portraits." "And whose fault is that?" replied he: "likenesses now-a-days are damn'd hard to catch—faces are not what they were in Sir Joshua's time." The truth is, my friend was a bad painter.

But as a compensation for the absence of character (properly so called) from the modern drama, we have *dialect*. The honour of the invention of this easy and palpable expedient is, I believe, due to the author of "Virtue's Harvest Home." To hold the mirror up to—*Yorkshire*, is the precept by which the efforts of this gentleman have been invariably guided. Farmers and clod-hoppers, from the East Riding or the West Riding, from Somersetshire or from Devonshire, are his eternal models. He is the very Shakspeare of the farm-yard. His clod-poles are clod-poles from top to toe. Imitation, however, is dangerous; and his success in the clod-hopper line has tempted so many unskilful adventurers to follow him, that I almost curse the hour when a sentimental plough-boy, or a pathetic team-driver, was first introduced on the stage.

sheaf, there be *one* book I do vally more nor any other. Do thee know, missus, what that book do zay?

*Dame.* Noa; I can't zay as I do.

*Farmer.* More sheame vor thee, deame, more sheame vor thee, I zay. Then I'll tell 'ee. It do zay—Thou shalt commit no murder.

*Dame.* Truly and zoa it do, Gaffer, and zoa it do.

*Farmer.* I ha' gotten a bit o' a notion as how that be plain spoken enough, deame; and I wanna kill him \* vor all the lords——

*Dame.* (*Greatly agitated.*) Kill him! kill whoa, Gaffer?

*Farmer.* (*Still more agitated than Dame.*) Don't ask I, don't ask I any thing about it.

*Dame.* Well, I won't, I won't. (*Aside.*) Ifackins! I must know all about it though. But only tell I who is to be killed, Gaffer.

*Farmer.* (*If possible, more agitated still.*) Killed! whoa talked o' killing! Killing be murder, and murder be——. Dom thee, hold thy tongue, missus; hold thy dom tongue, wool'ee? My brean do turn round, just for all the world like the sails o' yon windmill.

*Dame.* Be a bit cool, Gaffer; be a bit cool.

*Farmer.* (*Recovering himself.*) Lookee, deame, if I were to do zoa—— I should never be able to do zoa. (*Striking his bosom.*) †

*Dame.* No more thee would, Gaffer; no more thee would. Never care what my lord do zay. Come, gi' thy old deame a buss.

*Farmer.* First o' all, deame, can thee do zoa? (*Striking his bosom.*)

*Dame.* (*Hesitating.*) Noa—yes—I——

*Farmer.* O deame, deame!

*Dame.* (*Collecting herself.*) Yes, Gaffer, thof we be poor——I can do zoa. (*Striking her bosom.*)

*Farmer.* Then thee beest my old deame after all. (*They rush into each other's arms.*)

*Dame.* But here do come my lord.

*Farmer.* (*More agitated than ever.*) Do he! do he! But why do I tremble zoa? I ha' gotten a clear conscience yet o' while. O deame, deame! the clearest pond in my lord's garden be thick and muddy to a clear conscience; and the straightest hop-pole in the whole county be not half so upright as an upright heart. (*He removes the side of bacon, and discovers a secret door, through which they pass.*)

*Enter LORD BLUEDEVIL.* *His countenance is pale and haggard; he has one hand in his bosom, the other in his breeches-pocket.*

*Lord B.* Yes, it is decided. The hated thing that breaks my rest, and interrupts my feverish and agitated slumbers, must be——destroyed. If still this obstinate and headstrong loon refuse to perpetrate the deed, again the hand of Bluedevil, that hand already saturated with the crimson stream of life, must be dipped and stained, nay, plunged and empurpled in gore. But no: Wheatsheaf must be the agent of my vengeance. On earth

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\* Mr. M—n is often praised for the *serious* interest he contrives to throw into his comedies; and the praise bestowed on him is not unmerited; for most of his comedies are as *serious* as rape, robbery, and murder, can make them. Folly, in all its varieties, the lesser vices, and the comic side of the greater ones, alone employed the pens of our elder writers of comedy; but the MODERN THALIA, with laudable industry, takes cognizance also of high crimes and misdemeanours. The snivelling hussey has had the address to steal her sister's bowl and dagger; and seldom appears in public without a pocket-handkerchief at her nose. For my own part, I like to cry at a comedy; but as there are many persons who still entertain sundry prejudices in favour of old-fashioned definitions, and whose fancy it might be well, and would be easy, to humour, why does not Mr. M—n give his productions the title of Five-act Melodramas? For (I just whisper it in your ear) such they are.

† Three gentle taps: not like the pert rat-tat-tat of an apprentice on Sunday, but the signal of a lover at his mistress's window—a sort of passing call, to know whether conscience is at home. This certain test of virtue is very liberally employed in all our author's plays, and never fails of exciting applause.

he is my tenant and my slave ; in hell—ha ! save me from the thought—in hell he'll be my equal ! No matter ; reflection comes too late ; my hand, already heavy with the weight of blood, can rise with murderous and fatal aim no more. What, ho ! within there ! \*

*Enter WHEATSHEAF.*

*Farmer.* Be it your honour's lordship do please to call ?

*Lord B.* (*Signs to farmer to approach.*) Nearer, still nearer, I say ; what fear'st thou ?

*Farmer.* Fear, my lord ? Saving your lordship's presence, I ha' nothing to be afeard on. A man—is a man ; and zoa long as he can do zoa— (*striking his bosom,*) he needn't fear ony body, I do take it.

*Lord B.* (*Groans deeply.* †) Ah ! he cuts me to the soul ! No more of this. Listen to me, farmer. Thou know'st this world contains one living creature hateful to my sight. (*Mysteriously.*) Thou know'st the rest, too. ‡

*Farmer.* (*Looking cautiously about.*) My lord—

*Lord B.* Listen, and reply not. Ere earth be canopied by the shades of night—(*More mysteriously.*) Thou understand'st me.

*Farmer.* (*Trembling, and grasping his own hair.*) My lord—

*Lord B.* Silence. Hast thou decided ?

*Farmer.* (*Irresolutely.*) My lord—

*Lord B.* Peace ! (*Draws his hand from his breeches-pocket, and gives the farmer a piece of money.*) This is the reward of thy obedience.

*Farmer.* (*Looking at the money.*) My lord—

*Lord B.* Enough. (*Draws his other hand from his bosom, and delivers to the farmer a knife.*) This is the instrument which must rid me of my tormentor.

*Farmer.* I do tremble zoa, and the words do stick in my throat for all the world like the teeth of a rake in a gravelly zoil.

*Lord B.* Quickly decide.

*Farmer.* (*Attempts to strike his bosom, but fails.*) I can't do zoa.

*Lord B.* No more of this trifling.

*Farmer.* (*Throws down the money.*) Dom thee, lie there. (*Strikes his bosom gently.*) I can do zoa a little better now. (*Throws down the knife.*) Dom thee, lie there, too. (*Strikes his bosom violently.*) My lord, I ha' decided : I can do zoa as well as ever.

*Lord B.* What means all this ?

*Farmer.* I'll tell'ee what it do mean : Thee beest a lord—but can thee do zoa ? (*Striking his bosom.*)

*Lord B.* I understand ; thou refusest me ! Then await my vengeance.

*Farmer.* Vengeance ! I tell'ee what : saving your lordship's presence, thof I be poor the sun do shine over my head ; when I do sow the seed on my ground, the corn do grow ; and if the ears do be full, and the crop do be good, I do get as much an acre for my harvest as your lordship's honour do for yours.

*Lord B.* He plants a dagger in my heart. (*Groaning piteously.*) §

*Farmer.* (*Taking Lord Bluedevil kindly by the hand.*) And I tell'ee what : when I do lay down my head at night, I can do zoa ; (*striking his bosom ;*) and thof you be a lord, if you did but know the pleasure of doing zoa—but be a man, my lord—here be somebody coming—here, take a good book to comfort you. (*Gives him the Pilgrim's Progress.*)

\* This speech is very strongly written, as I have heard it said of many other of the serious parts of the same author's comedies. Undoubtedly he often exhibits great power of (melodramatic) writing.

† Peculiarity of the MODERN THALIA.

‡ Similar scenes of confidence, between lords and clod-hoppers, are common in our author's plays.

§ More COMEDY ! !



*Enter DAME WHEATSHEAF, hastily.*

*Farmer.* Dom thee, what dost thee want here?

*Dame.* Ifackins! what dost thee want here! why, here be my Lady Rosevalley, and my Lord Dashtown, and Squire Chevychace, and a mort o' fine folks, coming up to farm.

*Farmer.* Then let 'em come and welcome, deame; for thof we be poor, we be honest.

*Lord B.* (*Sinks into a chair, and rests his head on the table.*) Oh! for a cordial to cheer my sinking heart.

*Dame.* We ha' gotten no cordials; but ye be heartily welcome to a draught o' good home-brew'd yeale.

*Farmer.* Hold thy dom fool's tongue, wool'ee, missus?

*Enter LADY ROSEVALLEY, LORD DASHTOWN, SQUIRE CHEVYCHACE, and several Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Lady R.* I declare I never was so fatigued in my life. One would imagine people never sat down in these wild regions; for there appears to be no preparation for such an event. (*Looking about the room, but not perceiving Lord Bluedevil.*)

*All.\** (*Laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord Dash.* Damme, you are right, my lady; damn'd right. Give me Bond-street for a morning's airing, and leave country rambles to country clod-poles. Eh, farmer? (*Tapping farmer on the shoulder.*)

*Lady R.* Vastly well indeed. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha!

*All.* (*Laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha!

*Farmer.* I don't rightly understand what you may mean by clod-pole, my lord; but look'ee, my lord; (*striking his bosom;*) can you do zoa?

*Lord Dash.* Yes, farmer; and, damme, though I'm a man of fashion, damme, I'm not without a heart, damme.

*Squire Chev.* Yoicks, tally-ho! broke cover! turned up Old Bluedevil here.

*Lady R.* Merciful powers! he seems grief-worn and exhausted: give him air. (*They all crowd about him.*)

*Farmer.* (*Taking Lady Rosevalley aside.*) And well he may be. O miss,—my lady, I should say; if I thought you were as good as you're pratty—but stop—can you do zoa? (*Striking his bosom.*)

*Lady R.* O farmer, I can, indeed; indeed I can.

*Dame.* (*Aside.*) Mercy on me! I hope she's not going to fall in love with my Gaffer: 'twouldn't be the first time a fine young lady has fallen in love with a farmer at first sight.†

*Farmer.* Can you? then I'll tell'ee. (*Mysteriously.*) You must know, that my lord ———

*Lord B.* (*Rushing wildly forward.*) Spare me, spare me the dreadful trial. Fiends—torments—furies—serpents hissing and whizzing in my ears—darkness—the shades of night—the gloom of despair.—Be silent as the grave, I charge thee!—no,—I charge thee, speak!—Blazon the horrible design—let it be shouted and gazetted to the execrating world.‡ I would have instigated him to———ha!———

*Farmer.* To murder!

\* The audience is not necessarily included in this direction. It is with regret I allow, that in scenes of this kind, in which he endeavours to represent the *things* of fashion—where, in short, he attempts to imitate Reynolds, Mr. M—n totally fails. Mr. Reynolds, till he began to write *Exiles* and *Virgins of the Sun* (in imitation of him), displayed such a fund of whim, so extraordinary a facility at catching the passing follies of the day, such an inexhaustible vein of gaiety, easy and unforced gaiety, as atoned for many of the faults by which his pieces were disfigured. Mr. M—n's *serious comedy* (I repeat it) is very serious indeed: but justice forces me to acknowledge, that his attempts at pleasantry are, in general, laboured and heavy.

† As in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*.

‡ More strong writing.

All. Murder! whom?

Farmer. (*Dashing a tear from one eye, and looking compassionately with the other.*) A poor old cock, that has crowed afore his gate five years come Michaelmas. But I hadn't the heart to do it.

Lord B. Support me. Farmer, draw near: it shall not die. O, farmer, thou hast given peace to my heart, and quiet to my conscience. Thou hast taught me, that where vice exists, there virtue cannot be; and that a virtuous tenant is happier than a guilty landlord.

Farmer. But, my lord——(*pointing to his bosom,*) you understand me?

Lord B. Yes, farmer; and I may now proudly boast, that I also——(*striking his bosom,*) can do so.

Farmer. (*Coming forward.*) And yet, tho' I zay it as' shouldn't zay it, unless our koind friends shed the sun-shine of their smiles, to ripen our harvest, we cannot hope—to do zoa.

(*All the characters strike their bosoms, and the curtain falls.*)

## OSMYN,

### A PERSIAN TALE.\*

#### PART II.

If you are one that loves to sit by fires  
O' winter nights, listening to gossips' tales;  
Or sights by mariners seen on midnight decks,  
When seas are roaring; or old soldiers' songs;  
Or pilgrim wonders brought from holy shores  
Where the brown Arab rides, and Turkish spears  
Undiadem the Greek; come, list to me!

THE sun was wheeling up his golden sphere,  
Whelming the twilight stars—the scatter'd rear  
Of night's blue legions. Earth was bath'd in rose.  
The west was wall'd with hills, whose crowning snows  
Hung high in morn, unmelted by its beams.  
Solemn the echo of the thousand streams  
That down their sable sides, like strings of pearl,  
Glitter'd and shook in every passing whirl  
Of the light dallying wind, then rush'd a river  
Proud and deep channel'd: many an empty quiver,  
And shield and helmet-crest in carnage dyed,  
And broken spearshaft eddy'd down that tide.  
Darkly the blood of battle stain'd the foam  
As it danced onwards to the cavern'd dome,  
Delved in the bosom of the precipice,  
Where toss'd from bed to bed, with flash and hiss,  
The cataract its freight of corpses bore.

Young Osmyn stood upon the sanguine shore  
Rapt in the feverish, dim imaginings  
That sorrow on the youthful spirit brings—  
The midnight of the mind. So stood he mazed;  
And as upon the crowded stream he gazed,  
Sweeping the dead beneath the gloomy arch,  
He thought he saw a living army's march;  
And then he would have follow'd, and defied  
The sadness of his spirit in the tide  
Through sick world-weariness. A feeble gleam,  
Catching his eye's droop'd beauty, broke the dream.  
He saw a targe among the sedges thrown,  
It bore a diamond cypher—'twas his own!  
Then, like the sudden lifting of a shroud,  
Or the night's awful countenance when the cloud

\* For the First Part, see No. XII. for December, 1820, vol. ii. p. 618.

Melts in the wind—the fearful past was clear.  
 Upon that champaign, morn had seen him rear  
 His royal banner for the Persian throne,  
 The banner that the evening saw undone.  
 Press'd to that bank, and cumber'd with the dead,  
 He made his final desperate stand, and shed,  
 Till spear and shaft were gone, the Turkman's gore ;  
 Then plunged within the stream, and felt no more.—  
 But softer memories came : he ask'd the wave  
 For what sweet vale beyond it left the cave.  
 Along the mountain ridge he strain'd his eyes,  
 And thought upon his Peri Paradise !

He stood alone ;—the satrap and the slave  
 Lay round him : What was earth ? A mightier grave !  
 He wander'd like the final wreck of man.  
 The jackall, with his jaws gore-dripping, ran  
 Sporting around the wanderer in wild rings :  
 The vulture on the corpse upraised his wings,  
 Then, cower'd again upon his ghastly food :  
 The wolf glared on the man of solitude ;  
 Then with strange fearlessness, that seem'd to feel  
 A ruin'd presence, tore his way through steel,  
 And gorged upon his check'd repast of blood.

The mists roll'd off ; the sudden sunbeams show'd  
 The heron-plumage waving o'er his tent,  
 That, with its tapestries gold and ruby blent,  
 Look'd like the cloud-pavilions, when the sun,  
 Grown old, reposes on his western throne.  
 All now was desolate its halls around ;  
 The ever-echoing trumpets, and the sound  
 Of the imperial crowding chieftainry,  
 Were gone : he saw upon the champaign lie  
 Peasant and noble, mouldering bone by bone,  
 And felt in soul that he was all undone.

But plunderers had been busy there : the floor  
 Glitter'd with fragments that the victor tore  
 From the gem-crust'd throne, and starry roof ;  
 And blood was smoking still ; the sullen proof  
 Of the barbarian's quarrel for the spoil.

He heard a distant cry : the wild turmoil  
 Came near, the clash of swords, and shout and ban.  
 He grasp'd a spear, and rush'd amid the clan ;  
 Their arrows shower'd upon him, and he fell,  
 Calling for death in mercy. But their yell  
 Told that they knew their captive. On the ground  
 They chain'd him, dropping blood from many a wound ;  
 Then sprang upon their rugged steeds, and bore  
 The prince where camp'd their Turkman emperor.

Their march stray'd on through ways of dreariness,  
 Deserts of yellow quagmire, where the press  
 Of the fleet hoof broke up the quivering soil,  
 Plunging them bridle-deep. With desperate toil  
 They reach'd the GHAUT, and upwards urged their steeds ;  
 Rousing the panther from his bed of reeds,  
 And sending, like an arrow from the string,  
 The rushing eagle, that with turning wing  
 Hover'd above them, screaming for his prey :  
 They climb'd (the thunders pioneer'd their way)  
 Up precipices, plunged in cataract-streams,—  
 Were lost in valleys where the noon-day's beams

Twinkled and vanish'd, like the sticky lamp  
Hung in a watch-tower, when the autumnal damp  
Saddens the night ; at length their weary track  
Wound upwards, till the thin and floating rack,  
Surging in silver at their feet, was rent ;  
And downwards, seen through the pure element,  
As in the bottom of a crystal sea,  
Tissued the earth imperial pageantry.  
There lay the Turkman camp : with chargers spur'd,  
And barbarous shouts, down rush'd they, like the bird  
Of Himmaleh, the thunder-bearing king,  
That tempests the still'd ocean with his wing,  
And clouds the day-light as he stoops from heaven.

'Twas morning on the brow ; but yellow even  
Was shining on them as they reached the plain.  
The panting steed was breathed ; and fix'd the vane ;  
For now had come the hour of Moslem prayer ;  
And, flushing in the western purple glare,  
Myriads of proud dark faces were upraised  
With silent lips, and solemn eyes, that gazed  
As if they saw a parting God. The Sun  
Died in the west ; the evening rite was done.  
Then torch and cresset sent their colour'd rays  
Through the tent-curtains ; and the wood-fire's blaze  
Show'd the rude warriors in their loosen'd mail,  
Listening with eager ears to jest and tale  
Of Indian mimes, that in their circle bow'd,  
Subtle as tigers crouch'd ; then clanging loud,  
With lifted arms, the cymbals' quivering rims,  
Writhed, serpent-like, their lithe and glossy limbs.

Thus pass'd they many a furlong, and the tents  
Still cluster'd round them. The chained elephants  
Lifted their trunks, and roar'd, as they pass'd by :  
The muzzled bloodhounds set up ban and cry :  
The dromedaries, flung their loads beside  
Like stranded barks, heaved up : with eye of pride  
And red, small nostril snuffing the cool air,  
The Arab charger bounded from the lair,  
His rider's weedy bed. Anon a lamp  
Rose on their eyes, as when the vapoury swamp  
Sends up its meteor, rivaling the moon.  
Above the Sultan's tent that glory shone.

They reach'd the central camp : the centinel  
Gave the more piercing challenge ; and the swell  
Of the chill breezes labour'd heavily  
Through the thick crowding standards, that on high  
Lifted their folds, then sank them, like the wings  
Of mighty night-birds. There in lingering rings,  
Sitting upon their chargers, with their swords  
Dropping from sleepy fingers, watch'd pale hordes,  
Longing to see the waning of that lamp ;  
For there the chieftains of the imperial camp  
Were gather'd to the feast of victory.

The captive's name was told : a sudden cry  
Burst through the proud pavilion ; and its porch  
Thicken'd with wonderers ; and the wind-toss'd torch  
Glanced on a waving sheet of fiery eyes  
And swarthy brows, turban'd with scarlet dyes,  
And turquoise helm'd. 'Twas tenfold victory  
To see that captive in their bondage lie.  
Yet murmurs rose, and pityings, through the crowd,

As they beheld him dragg'd along, earth-bow'd  
 By chains that scarce his sinking limbs could trail.  
 The robbers' hand had stript his golden mail;  
 And in his naked side an arrow's barb  
 At every step dropp'd blood upon his garb.  
 He spake not; but his heavy eye complain'd,  
 With pain and travel drowzed: his arms were chain'd;  
 And idled by his side the scymetar  
 That once had smote them like an evil star.

That night the festival had lasted long,  
 Joyous with Tartar games: the wrestler strong  
 Had show'd his naked majesty of limb;  
 The juggler play'd his wonders; and the mime  
 Stoop'd to reluctant mirth the features grim  
 Of the throned lords of war; and, last of all,  
 The Almai's jewel'd dance had witch'd the hall.

The dance was ended, and the banquet done.  
 Deep rang the trumpet from the Sultan's throne—  
 The captive's death-sign; and a giant slave  
 Flourish'd the falchion o'er him. Osmyn gave  
 One look to Heaven, and then his weary eye  
 Sank from man's face for ever. One last sigh  
 Was for his love. He kiss'd his bugle's rim,  
 Rapt in the fantasies, delicious, dim,  
 That hopeless passion leaves to kill the mind;  
 And pray'd for life a moment, but to wind  
 That horn in memory of the Peri grove.  
 The echo whisper'd, sweet as tales of love  
 Shed in a maiden's ear. The crowd were spell'd!  
 The sound arose, around the hall it swell'd,  
 Grew fierce and fiercer, grew a whirlwind's roar!  
 With a strange sudden shattering on the floor  
 His chains fell off: thick lightnings fill'd the dome,  
 A mass of solid splendour, gem and plume  
 Glaring in wild white flame on every brow,  
 All terrible distinctness: still the blow  
 Hung o'er him; but the headsman look'd a stone:  
 Each chief seem'd spell'd, a statue on his throne.  
 The captive sprang within the canopy,  
 And dragg'd the struggling Sultan out to die.  
 Down cleft the scymetar his turban star.  
 The conqueror gazed upon his dying glare;  
 Then flung the head along the cloth of gold.  
 A dying thunder-peal through midnight roll'd.  
 And the rich curtain rose to sounds of wings,  
 And fragrance cool, as when the twilight flings  
 Its pinions o'er the earth, dew-bath'd: the throne  
 Bore a veil'd Vision! mantled with a zone  
 Silvery and slight as moonbeams. Osmyn felt  
 The madness of the moment; and he knelt,  
 And pour'd his burning soul in passion's sighs.  
 Slow rose the veil, and show'd the starry eyes  
 And lips like opening roses,—'twas his love!  
 Then with sweet smile the Peri soar'd above,  
 Kindling the air with radiance, and was gone.  
 Silence and darkness sate upon the throne:  
 And Osmyn, with a wild and desperate tread,  
 Rush'd through the camp; the mighty spell had spread;  
 And all its myriads look'd a host of stone.  
 He pass'd away—unheard, unseen, alone!

## The Early French Poets.

ANTOINE HEROET, AND MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca.*

ANTOINE HEROET, how strange soever his name may now appear, in his own day was thought worthy of being put in competition with Clement Marot, who has had the better fortune of being still at least talked of. Joachim du Bellay, in his *Defence and Illustration of the French Language*, in which he has spoken of both more than once, informs us of the qualities by which each of them had attracted his own particular set of admirers. One man, says he, will tell you that he likes Marot, because he is easy, and not far removed from the matter of common discourse; another, that Heroet pleases him, because his verses are learned, grave, and elaborate. It has happened as might be expected—the natural vein of the one has outlasted the erudition of the other.

Heroet may properly be called a metaphysical poet. Johnson, with some latitude of expression, has given that name to Cowley, and some of the other wits in Charles the Second's time; and, with still less propriety,

has considered those writers to be followers of Marino, who is very lavish in his descriptions, and much disposed, in Ovid's manner, to play upon his words, but not at all metaphysical: for it is possible that a writer may be highly metaphysical, and yet free from conceits; as he may be full of conceits, and yet not in the least open to the charge of being metaphysical.

*La Parfaite Amie*, The Perfect Mistress, the first poem in Heroet's collection, is in a strain of excessive Platonic refinement throughout. But he has clothed his abstruse conceptions in language that is utterly devoid of affectation, and besides nearer to that of the present day than Marot's. I have selected an allegorical story out of the second book, which, however mysterious the allusion in it may be, is yet, for the cleanness of the expression, (if I may be allowed such a phrase), comparable to some of the choice passages in our dramatic writers of Elizabeth's age.

On dit que pleine est une iale de biens,  
D'arbres, de fruits, de plaisante verdure,  
Qu'en elle ha fait son chef-d'œuvre Nature.  
Et qu'immortelz les hommes y vivans  
Sont, tous plaisirs, et delices suyvens.  
Là ne se rend, ny jamais n'ha esté  
Froideur d'yver, ny la chaleur d'esté.  
La saison est un gracieux printemps,  
Ou tous les plus malheureux sont contens.  
De son bon gré terre produit le bien,  
On ne dit point entre eux ny tien, ny mien.  
Tout est commun, sans peine, et jalousie,  
Raison domine, et non pas fantaisie.  
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il veult demander,  
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il fault commander;  
Ainsi chascun ha tout ce, qu'il demande,  
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'ha faire commande.  
Cette ysle là se nomme fortunee,  
Et comme on dit, par Royne est gouvernee,  
Si bien parlant, si sçavante et si belle,  
Que d'un rayon de la grand' beauté d'elle  
Tous les pais voisins sont reluisans.  
Quand elle voit arriver courtisana,  
(Comme y en ha de si tres curieux,

Qu'ilz n'ont aucun danger, devant les yeux)  
 Et aspirer à la felicité,  
 Qu'elle promest à ceux de sa cité,  
 Les estrangers faict ensemble venir,  
 Lesquelz devant que vouloir retenir,  
 Envoye tous dormir quelque saison.

Quand assez ont dormy selon raison,  
 On les resveille, et viennent devant elle :  
 Bien ne leur sert excuse ne cautelle ;  
 Ny beau parler, ny les importuns cris :  
 Dessus leurs frons sont leurs songes escrits.  
 Qui ha les chiens, et les oyseaux songé,  
 Ha promptement de la Royne congé :  
 On les renvoye avecques telles bestes.  
 Qui ha resvé d'estre rompeur de testes,  
 D'entretenir guerre, et sedition,  
 Honneurs mondains, extreme ambition,  
 Semblablement est de la court banny.  
 Qui ha le front pasle, mort, et ternity,  
 Moustrant desir de biens, et de richesse,  
 De luy ne veult la Royne estre maistresse.

Bref, des dormeurs nul en l'isle retient,  
 Sinon celuy, quand esveillé revient,  
 Qui ha songé de la grand' beauté d'elle :  
 Tant de plaisir ha d'estre et sembler belle,  
 Que tel songeur en l'isle est bien venu.

Tout ce discours est pour fable tenu :  
 Mais qui premier l'ha faict, et récité,  
 Nous ha voulu dire une verité.

*Opuscles d'Amour, par Heroet, La Borderie, et autres Divins Poetes. A Lyon, par Jean de Tournes, 1547, p. 46.*

There is an isle  
 Full, as they say, of good things ; fruits and trees  
 And pleasant verdure: a very master-piece  
 Of Nature's ; where the men immortally  
 Live, following all delights and pleasures. There  
 Is not, nor ever hath been, winter's cold  
 Or summer's heat: the season still the same,  
 One gracious spring, where all, e'en those worst used  
 By Fortune, are content. Earth willingly  
 Pours out her blessing: the words " thine " and " mine "  
 Are not known 'mongst them: all is common, free  
 From pain and jealous grudging. Reason rules,  
 Not Fantasy: that every one knows well  
 What he would ask of other ; every one,  
 What to command: thus every one hath that  
 Which he doth ask ; what is commanded, does.

This island hath the name of Fortunate ;  
 And, as they tell, is govern'd by a Queen  
 Well spoken, and discreet, and therewithal  
 So beautiful, that, with one single beam  
 Of her great beauty, all the country round  
 Is render'd shining. When she sees arrive  
 (As there are many so exceeding curious  
 They have no fear of danger 'fore their eyes)  
 Those who come suing to her, and aspire  
 After the happiness which she to each  
 Doth promise in her city, she doth make  
 The strangers come together ; and forthwith,  
 Ere she consenteth to retain them there,  
 Sends for a certain season all to sleep.



When they have slept so much as there is need,  
 Then wake they them again ; and summon them  
 Into her presence. There avails them not  
 Excuse or caution ; speech, however bland,  
 Or importunity of cries. Each bears  
 That on his forehead written visibly  
 Whereof he hath been dreaming. They, whose dreams  
 Have been of birds and hounds, are straight dismiss'd ;  
 And, at her royal mandate, led away,  
 To dwell thenceforward with such beasts as these.  
 He, who hath dream'd of sconces broken, war,  
 And turmoils, and seditions, glory won,  
 And highest feats achieved, is, in like guise,  
 An exile from her court ; whilst one, whose brow  
 Is pale, and dead, and wither'd, showing care  
 Of pelf and riches, she no less denies  
 To be his queen and mistress. None, in brief,  
 Reserves she of the dreamers in her isle,  
 Save him, that, when awaken'd he returns,  
 Betrayeth tokens that, of her rare beauty,  
 His dreams have been. So great delight has she,  
 In being and in seeming beautiful,  
 Such dreamer is right welcome to her isle.

All this is held a fable ; but who first  
 Made and recited it, hath in this fable  
 Shadowed a truth.

Another passage, in the third book of this poem, is curious, as it shows what the prevalent taste in female beauty was at that time.

Amour n'est pas enchanteur si divers,  
 Que les yeux noirs face devenir verds,  
 Qu'un brun obscur en blancheur clere tourne,  
 Ou qu'un traict gros du visage destourne :  
 Mais s'il se trouve assis en cœur gentil,  
 Si penetrant est son feu, et subtil,  
 Qu'il rend le corps de femme transparent,  
 Et se presente au visage apparent  
 Je ne scay quoy, qu'on ne peut exprimer,  
 Qui se faict plus que les beautés aimer. (P. 58.)

Love is not such a strange enchanter  
 That he can change a black eye to a hazel,  
 Or turn dark brown into a pearly white,  
 Or shape a grosser feature into fineness.  
 And yet, when seated in a gentle heart,  
 So subtle and so piercing is his fire,  
 He makes a woman's body all transparent ;  
 And, in her visage, doth present to view  
 I know not what, that words cannot express,  
 Which makes itself be more, than beauty, loved.

This is one of the many instances, in which the early French poets have spoken of the "yeux verds," "green eyes," (which I have taken the liberty of translating into hazel,) as being admired above all others. So we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

An eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

The next poem, by Heroet, is formed on the fiction, in Plato's *Ban-*

quet, of the *Androgynon*: a poetical epistle to Francis I. is prefixed to it.

His other pieces are much in the same style.

I have learnt nothing more concerning this writer than that he was made Bishop of Digne by Francis I. that he was, nevertheless, like Marot, suspected of Calvinism; and that he died in the year 1568.

In this same volume (which, by the way, is printed in a running type of



uncommon neatness, and is in De Bure's *Bibliographie*,) at p. 237, is a poem entitled, *Nouvel Amour*, which I find, by a manuscript note, to be by the *Sieur Papillon*, though the writer of the note must be mistaken in saying (as he does), that it is extracted from a similar book,

printed at Paris, 1551, in 16mo. as that date is posterior to the date of the present volume.

There is a fine description in it of the trouble throughout all nature, at a quarrel between Venus and her son. It ends thus:—

En lamentant, puis la terre s'ouvrit,  
Et de noirceur sa face elle couvrit.  
Dessus les tours apparurent les fees,  
En robes d'or, et d'argent estoffees :  
Et murmuroient entre elles rudement,  
Craignant de veoir perir le firmament.  
Et fut ouy en ce temps miserable,  
Trois fois un son, horrible, espouvantable,  
De gros marteaux, de chesnes, et de fers,  
Du plus profond abisme des enfers. (P. 263.)

Earth with a dismal scream was severed ;  
And gathering darkness o'er her visage spread.  
Upon the tops of towers the fays were seen  
To trail long robes of gold and silver sheen ;  
And mutter'd, as they pass'd, their uncouth wonder,  
Fearing the firmament should fall asunder.  
And thrice was heard, in that ill-omen'd day,  
A sound, that might the stoutest heart affray,  
Of heavy hammers, clanking chains; and bars,  
That mix'd in deepest hell their horrid jars.

The dispute is settled by the intervention of Jupiter.

At p. 269, there follows a letter in rhyme, called *Le Discours de Voyage de Constantinople*, envoyé dudit lieu à une *Damoyselle de France*, par le *Seigneur de Borderie*.

"An account of a Voyage to Constantinople, sent from the said place to a young French Lady, by the *Seigneur de Borderie*." On their way, among other places, they touch at Athens.

Nous n'eusmes pas un demy jour loysir,  
De voir ce lieu, ou prenons grand plaisir,  
Voyant encor de la cité superbe  
Les fondemens tous entiers, couvres d'herbe.  
Leur grand dessein assez donnoit entendre,  
Qu'elle pouvoit grand espace comprendre.  
Ayant aussi un theatre apperceu,  
Que le long temps desmolir n'avoit sceu ;  
Sur grands piliers de marbre bien assis,  
Seize de long, et de fronc six à six,  
Duquel les Grece avoient faict à leur guise,  
De Saint André une nouvelle Eglise ;  
Ayant un mur au dedens faict en cerne,  
Que l'oeil jugeoit assez estre moderne. (P. 318.)

"We had not half a day's leisure allowed us to see this place, where we were much delighted, beholding the foundations of the noble city entire, and covered with grass. Their extensive traces sufficiently marked the great space which it has comprized. We perceived also a theatre, which length of time had not been able to demolish, upon great pillars

of marble, handsomely placed, sixteen lengthwise, and, in front, six by six. The Greeks, after their fashion, had made of it a church, dedicated to Saint Andrew; having a round wall within, manifestly of modern construction."

The remainder is, for the most part, equally humble with this extract.

## MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

MELLIN de Saint Gelaïs is commended by Joachim du Bellay, in that poet's address to the reader prefixed to his own works, for having been the first who distinguished himself as a writer of sonnets in the French language. He left only seventeen of them. At least, I find no more in the collection of his poems,

published soon after his decease. But it was a prolific race, and in a short time multiplied exceedingly.

Two out of these seventeen will, I dare say, satisfy the reader as to quantity. And for the quality, I can assure him they are not the worst of the batch.

Il n'est point tant de barques à Venise,  
D'huîtres à Bourg, de lievres en Champagne,  
D'ours en Savoye, et de veaux en Bretagne,  
De Cygnes blancs le long de la Tamise,  
Ne tant d'Amours si traitent en l'Eglise,  
De differents aux peuples d'Alemaigne,  
Ne tant de gloire à un Seigneur d'Espaigne,  
Ne tant si trouve à la Cour de faintise,  
Ne tant y a de monstres en Afrique,  
D'opinions en une Republique,  
Ne de pardons à Rome aux jours de feste,  
Ne d'avarice aux hommes de pratique,  
Ne d'argumens en une Sorbonique,  
Que m' amie a de lunes en la teste.

*Oeuvres Poétiques de Mellin de S. Gelaïs. Lyon. Par Antoine de Harsy, 1574, p. 84.*

So many barks are not for Venice bound;  
Nor oysters, Bourg can show; or calves, Bretagne;  
Or Savoy, bears; or leverets, Champagne;  
Or Thamis, silver swans, his shores around:  
Not amorous treaties so at church abound,  
Or quarrels in the Diet of Almaine,  
Not so much boasting in a Don of Spain,  
Not so much feigning at the Court is found:  
Monsters so numerous hath not Africa,  
Nor minds so various a republic bred,  
Nor pardons are at Rome on holyday,  
Or cravings underneath a lawyer's gown,  
Or reasonings with the doctors of Sorbonne;  
As there are lunes in my sweet lady's head.

*De Monsieur le Dauphin.*

Vous que second la noble France honore,  
Pouvez cueillir par ces prés florissans,  
Oeillets pour vous seul s'espanouissans,  
Esclos ensemble avec la belle Aurore,  
Pour vostre front le rosier se collore,  
Dont les chapeaux si haut lieu oongnoissans,  
Forment boutons de honte rougissans,  
Sachant que mieux vous appartient encore.  
Ceinte de liz la blanche Galathee  
Ses fruits vous garde en deux paniers couverts,  
L'un d'olivier, l'autre de laurier verds.  
Ainsi chantoit des Nymphes escoutee  
La belle Eglé dont Pan oyant le son,  
Du grand Henry l'appella la chanson. (P. 87.)

*On the Dauphin.*

Thou, who art second in our noble France,  
Mayst cull at will, along each blooming mead,  
These pinks, whose hues for thee alone are spread,  
First opening with the morning's early glance;

For thee the rose-bush doth his top advance,  
 Whose coronals, with buttons vermeil-red,  
 Blush all for shame to hold so high their head,  
 Trusting yet more thy pleasure to enhance.  
 The milk-white Galathea, lily-crown'd,  
 For thee in panniers twain her fruits doth screen,  
 One veil'd with olive, one with myrtle green.  
 Thus sang fair *Ægle*, while the nymphs around  
 Smiled as they listen'd ; and Pan heard the song,  
 And to great Harry bade the notes belong.

The Sonnet was not the only form of composition adopted by Saint Gelais from the Italian tongue. He borrowed from it the Ottava Rima also.

In the Chant Villanesque (p. 235) he has counterfeited the charm of a rustic simplicity with much skill.

Mellin was supposed to be the natural son of Octavien de Saint Gelais, Sieur de Lunsac, and Bishop of Angoulême, and was born in 1491. The father, besides his own original works, among which the *Vergier d'Honneur* was one, was the Author of Translations into French verse of the *Æneid*, several books of the *Odyssey*, and the *Epistles* and *Ars*

*Amandi* of Ovid. His profession did not restrain him from much freedom both in his life and writings. He is said to have bestowed great pains on his son's education, who profited as well as could be hoped under such a guide and tutor ; for he learnt to write verses better than his father, but with a sufficient portion of ribaldry in them. Mellin had a high reputation in the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was abbot of Recluz, and royal almoner and librarian.

A copy of verses directed to Clement Marot (p. 176) when they were both in ill health, shows his regard for that poet. It begins,

Gloire et regret des Poetes de France,  
 Clement Marot, ton ami Saint Gelais,  
 Autant marri de ta longue souffrance,  
 Comme ravi de tes doux chants et lais, &c.

Glory and regret of the poets of France, Clement Marot ; thy friend Saint Gelais, who is as much grieved by thy long suffering, as he is charmed by thy songs, and lays, &c.

Both he and Clement celebrated the restoration of Laura's tomb, at Avignon, by Francis I.

He addresses also Hugues Salel, of whom we shall soon hear more ; though they had not yet made an acquaintance with each other.

His conduct towards Ronsard was somewhat ungenerous ; but that poet, with his characteristic generosity, forgave more than once the ill offices

which Saint Gelais was supposed to have done him at court.

His talent for epigrammatic satire was so much dreaded, that "*Gare à la tenaille de Saint Gelais ;*" "*'Ware of Saint Gelais pincers,*" became a proverbial saying.

He was celebrated for his skill in Latin poetry, and composed the following verses, when near his end.

Barbite, qui varios lenisti pectoris æstus,  
 Dum juvenem nunc sors, nunc agitabat amor ;  
 Perfice ad extremum, rapidæque incendia febris  
 Qua potes infirmo fac leviora seni.  
 Certe ego te faciam, superas evectus ad auras,  
 Insignem ad Cytharæ sidus habere locum.

Harp, that didst soothe my cares, when opening life  
 With love and fortune waged alternate strife,  
 Fulfil thy task : allay the fervid rage  
 Of fever preying on my feeble age ;  
 So, when I reach the skies, a place shall be,  
 Near the celestial lyre, allotted thee.

He died at Paris, in 1559. His works were re-edited, with additions, in that city, in 1719 ; as I find in De Bure's *Bibliographie*.

## HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou virgin bliss the seasons bring,  
Thou yet beloved in vain ;  
I long to hail thee, gentle Spring,  
And meet thy face again.  
That rose-bud cheek, that sunlit eye,  
Those locks of fairest hue,  
Which zephyrs wave each minute by  
And show thy smiles anew.

Oh ! how I wait thy reign begun,  
To gladden earth and skies ;  
When, threaten'd with a warmer sun,  
The sullen Winter flies ;  
When songs are sung from every tree,  
When bushes bud to bowers,  
When plains a carpet spread for thee,  
And strew thy way with flowers.

Ah ! I do long that day to see  
When, near a fountain side,  
I loiter hours away by thee,  
With beauty gratified ;  
To look upon those eyes of blue  
Whose light is of the sky,  
And that unearthly face to view  
Which love might deify.

I long to press that glowing breast,  
Whose softness might suffice  
As pillow for an angel's rest,  
And still be paradise.  
And, oh ! I wait those smiles to see,  
To me, to nature, given ;  
Smiles stol'n from joy's eternity,  
Whence mortals taste of heaven.

Oh ! urge the surly Winter by,  
Nor let him longer live ;  
Whose suns creep shyly down the sky  
And grudge the light they give.  
Oh ! bring thy suns, and brighter days,  
Which, lover-like, delight  
To hasten on their morning ways,  
And loth retire at night.

Oh ! hasten on, thou lovely Spring ;  
Bid Winter frown in vain :  
Thy mantle o'er thy shoulders bring,  
And choose an early reign.  
Thy herald flower, in many a place,  
The daisy, joins with me ;  
While chill winds nip his crimped face,  
He smiles in hopes of thee.

Then come ; and while my heart is warm,  
To sing thy pleasures new,  
Led onward by thy lovely arm  
I'll hie me through the dew ;  
Or meet thy noon-day's sober wind  
Thy rearing flowers to see,  
And weave a wreath, of those I find,  
To Nature and to Thee.

JOHN CLARE.

## LEISURE HOURS.

No. V.

*Introductory to a Translation from the Homeric Hymns.*

ON THE ENGLISH STANDARD HEROIC:

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE FRENCH DRAMA.

I REMEMBER a little book, aiming at a great deal of precision and attaining to a good deal of dryness, (*brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio*) entitled "Les beaux arts réduits à un même principe." It was written by Batteux, a member of the French Academy, who, they say, died of a broken heart, because his "Cours Élémentaire" for the military school (in forty-five volumes; mercy on us!) did not succeed. In this treatise on the fine arts, (which, I recollect, includes "La danse,"—a truly national classification) he endeavours to show that the Greeks and Latins possessed no real advantage over the moderns in the admeasurement of their verse by regulated quantities: and he adduces the instance—

*Semotique prius tarda necessitas,  
Lethi corripuit gradum.*

contending that if the dactylic harmony of *corripuit gradum* be expressive, the harmony of *tarda necessitas* must be misplaced, and by consequence faulty. It is not easy to answer this: and it appears certain that the Greeks and Latins by leaving four feet out of the six optional, felt the difficulty, and were more attentive to the time than the foot; to the rhythm than the metre. The object of the writer is to prove that the mere sound of the words, syllables, or even letters, and the greater or less distinctness of the cadences,\* produce equivalent results in modern versification, (as for instance, in the concert between the sound and the object of thought) to those effected by the quantities of the ancient metres. It is well observed by Batteux that, "languages are not made by system, and since they have their source in human nature itself, they must in a variety of points resemble each other." It follows that there will seldom be found a deficiency in

any language without a compensation: that if a language has not the same laws of harmony as another, the laws peculiar to itself will supply the same resources and operate the same effects, in relation to the ear native to that language, as are arbitrarily and unphilosophically thought to depend on the adaptation of particular and exclusive means. The musical expression of modern verse is not less genuine and founded in nature, than that of ancient verse, although in the latter, the means, by which the harmonical effect is attained, are more instantly obvious, and harmony appears more reduced into a system. The verse in *Athalie*,

*Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence*  
has a perceptibly graver march than this in *Esther*:

*Jeunes et tendres fleurs, par le sort agitées.*

When Milton speaks of the river of life, which—

*Rolls o'er Elysian flowers its amber stream,*  
the English ear is soothed with a sensible smoothness of melody, quite as satisfying and real as was perceived by the ear of a Roman in the line of Virgil,

*Florat, irriguunque bibant violaria fontem.*

It follows that were it practicable to amalgamate the laws of one language with those of another, or to ingraft the Latin harmony of quantities, by a sort of factitious assimilation and associative effort of the memory, upon the harmony which results from emphatic accentuation merely, (in addition, be it understood, to the rhythmical proportion of syllabical arrangement) the work would be one of supererogation. The attempt is, in my judgment, hopeless, as to any purpose of real melody at least, even if we allow

\* Notwithstanding the unemphatic character of the French language, and the apparent equable stress on the syllables which make up their complement of twelve times, to a French ear some cadences are more sensible than others.

that the general effect of harmony can be made perceptible to the ear. We have indeed syllables naturally long and others naturally short; and some will slide easily enough into a dactylic combination; as in the verse of the "Vision of Judgment,"

Grēen ās ā strēam īn thē glēn whōse pūre  
ānd chrīsōlīte wātērs :

but if a few of our weak syllables are thus complying, others are no less intractable: and the dactyls, in numerous lines of the poem, can only be analysed by dint of somewhat desperate scanning and proving. It is not always easy to detect which are the dactyls and which are the spondees; and the same syllables, the weak vowels for instance, are forced to do double duty: they are both long and short, alternately, according to the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the poet. It is plain, that to the popular eye and ear, such measures can contain no more distinguishable properties of symmetrical sound than Lowth's version of Isaiah; which is only not prose because it is distributed into verse-like lines: while to the learned, accustomed to the copiously diversified metre of Virgil (who, by the bye did not begin every line with a jumping dactyl) the impression conveyed must be that of a systematic violation of every principle of true harmony. The attempt is like the "yoking of foxes." If "the Vision of Judgment" had not offered as striking a contrast as is well conceivable, in all other respects besides rhythm, to the "Joan of Arc," the weight of its lame feet were fully sufficient to prevent it from soaring: corpus onustum

*Hexametris vitia animam quoque prae-  
vat una.*

- \* Batteux was clearly right in insisting that the modern language possessed *equivalents* to the advantages of the ancient, and in avoiding to recommend a direct and mechanical imitation of their measures; which is substituting the mimicry of the mocking bird for musical passion. We may demonstrate the same truth by examples drawn from our own poets, as he has done by instances from his:

our heroic alexandrine (of which more by and bye) may compete with the Homeric hexameter in copiousness of harmony; the metre of Collins in the "the Ode to Evening" supplies us with an adequate English alcaic; and the adonic of Sappho is equalled in its effect by repeated parallels in the lyrical poetry of Burns.

What Mr. Southey perhaps felt was a dissatisfaction at the confined compass and homotonous character of the English standard heroic. It has little of extent in scale, or body in sound; and is too slender to represent adequately the epic verse of the ancients. It seems to rank in dignity little above the Phœnian iambics. The old writers of rhymed couplets, and the best writers of blank verse in succeeding eras, (by which I mean the versifiers on the model of Milton and Akenside) imitate with success the ancient involution of period by prolonging the pause in the sense and shifting it through alternate lines; but the single verses are deficient in *grandiloquence* of harmony: and the advantage of a more continuous and comprehensive line is possessed by our neighbours, though we persist in voting it anapestic, in the teeth of the prolonged and measured recitation of the French actors.

It must be admitted that our brevity of measure is in some degree compensated by our affluence, if such it may be called, in monosyllabic words. We are thus enabled to condense more matter; but something at the expense of rhythmical richness and sonorous harmony. Sweetness and force,\* indeed, are often attained by verses wholly consisting in monosyllables. I shall offer some examples of this from a writer, who, from his having employed a similar structure of versification to that of Pope, is often inconsiderately ranked with him as an unfaithful and inefficient translator; but who, on the contrary, even when most paraphrastical, has seized with singular happiness and power the sort of pathos and declamatory energy which characterize his original.

The following verses, collected

\* Pope stigmatizes them as necessarily nerveless and mean: yet one of the best couplets he ever wrote is made up of little else:

*Yet tyrant as he is, to see these eyes  
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies.—Pind.*



from Rowe's *Lucan*, may, I think, be classed among the most favourable instances, which occur in our poetry, of the use of monosyllables.

But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,  
And still the less they know, they fear the more. (b. 3.)

The storm, that sought their ruin, proved them strong,  
Nor could they fall who stood that shock so long. (b. 5.)

Do I not read thy purpose in thine eye?  
Dost thou not hope and wish *c'en* now to die?  
And can I then be safe? yet death is free. (ibid.)

Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er,  
And spare the world since I can lose no more. (b. 7.)  
Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great? (ibid.)

She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,  
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there. (b. 8.)

Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate? (ibid.)

There may they still ingloriously be good,  
None can be safe in courts who blush at blood. (B. 8.)

And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.

He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,

And loved peace best when he was forced to arm.

Unmoved with all the glittering pomp of power,

He took with joy, but laid it down with more.

That the effect of compression, and consequently of nerve, is produced by these spontaneous lines, will not, I think, be disputed: yet it must be felt that the following verses would be less stately, if wholly monosyllabic:

The base, the slavish world will not be taught

With how much care their freedom may be bought:

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,  
Still liberty is galled by Tyrants' bands;  
And swords in vain are trusted to our hands.

Oh Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!

Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!

Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,

And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave. (B. 4.)

The French poetry is by no means sparing in monosyllables; but its standard line, commensurate with the verse of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, facilitates the employment of polysyllabic words. In translating their tragic poets into English, we are enabled to cope with their versification by the aid of the dissyllabic close of our dramatic blank-verse: but their lines allow of a wider comprehension of sense than our rhymed couplet, and their measure altogether is more solemn and sonorous.

Co Dieu, maitre absolu de la terre et des cieux,

N'est point tel que l'erreur la figure à vos yeux,

L'Eternel est son nom; le monde est son ouvrage:

Il entend les soupirs de l'humble qu'on outrage:

Juge tous les mortels avec d'égales lois;

Et du haut de son trône interroge les rois.\*

Racine, *Esther*.

One word of French tragedies. I should regret if my attempt to do justice to their versification were to involve me in an implied admiration of the French poets, by whom I, of course, mean their dramatists. It is their drama that the French intend, when they stand up in praise of their poetry. We never hear a Frenchman speak of the *Henriade*, unless pushed hard on the score of national epic poems. He then produces this flat copy of the *Æneid* and the *Pharsalia*, with St. Louis and Cupid, and

\* The great defect of French versification seems to me the lax admission of identical rhymes: which occur in their best authors.

*Les coupables mortels*

Se baignent dans le sang et tremblent aux autels.—*Voltaire, Oreste*.

Toi qui fis en naissant honneur à la nature,

Sans avoir des vertus que l'heureuse imposture.—*Crébillon, Triumvirat*.

Il conduit les mortels; il dirige leurs pas

Par des chemins secrets qu'ils ne connoissent pas.—*Ibid.*

Where the difference of meaning in the two words seems to be thought sufficient, "That's villainous."

the novel personified abstractions of Discord and Policy to make up a machinery, *selon les règles*. We have at least a dozen better epics: and if we had only Glover's Leonidas, we might smile at the epic pretensions of France. It is his *theatre* that a Frenchman has to set against the Epic Helicon of England. He has nothing else to produce against the works of Milton and Shakspeare united: a fearful odds!—The *plays* of the French, in fact, are *their* epic poems. They are not properly plays: they are oratorical and narrative pieces; or, in a word, what is understood by dramatic *poems*: he who does not understand the difference between a dramatic poem and an absolute drama, may be assured he has no sensibility to dramatic imitation. The French dramatists do not imitate; they describe. They seem to consider that the “dignity of illustrious names and the greatness of their interests,” which Corneille supposes to account for the success of his tragedy of *Scitorius*, is the all in all of tragedy: and that if Mithridates, King of Pontus, walk in upon the stage with a forest of feathers, half the business is done. The object is to represent an action; to relate a story; and to say fine things in fine verses. They think only of putting Livy or Justin into scenes: their characters figure as characters only, that is, as historic personages: we know no more of them than we did before: their medals would give us quite as minute an insight into the real persons, as their speeches. We hear them announce political maxims, and we see into their state intrigues: above all, we see them make love in a very courtly and ingenious manner; but they all reason, and declaim, and make love alike: certain common-place axioms and generalities are all that we can get from them. In Shakspeare, the persons of the drama are distinguishable one from another, in nothing more than in the difference of their diction. Not merely the *sentiments* of Richard III. and of Macbeth differ, but their *diction* is different. When Henry VI. soliloquizes in Shakspeare, we know something more of him than as Henry VI: but in the French historic heroes we have no general reflections, no incidental thoughts, nothing that does not bear

at once upon the main business and help to carry the story forward: all is therefore out of nature; for even in a great design the mind flies to common objects and indifferent topics, and relaxes the fatiguing bent of intense purpose. This Shakspeare well understood and exemplified; and this the French dramatists never understood at all, and could not exemplify. When Hotspur describes the foppish lord who demanded his prisoners, we have more than the *fact*: we see into the manners and temper of the speaker; the splenetic mind and sarcastic spirit of an individual man; not a mere public character in history. So when he impatiently asks if his horse is brought to the door, and if it is “a cropp-eared roan?” this is like the circumstantial traits we meet with in books of memoirs; and the trifling of Lady Percy helps on the same illusion of real life; while the contrast between the female softness and prettiness, and the spleenful abstraction of the really perhaps affectionate, but outwardly rough, soldier, is in itself picturesque and essentially poetical. How much better is this than a pompous description of a war-horse, which would equally suit every hero that ever backed a charger, and a page and a half of prosing sentimental common-place! The condemnation of the French stage, (not as a mirror of human passions, for to that it has no pretensions) but as a picture of history, is at once pronounced in the fact, that Crébillon found it necessary to make *Catiline* in love, and oblige him to stab himself at his mistress's feet.

They who have hastily given credit to the statements of French critics, will be struck with some surprise at the total dearth of invention which pervades their best productions. Their want of originality seems in a ratio to the overweening conceit of their own importance. “Il ne s'agit que de rendre *Electre* tout à fait à plaindre: et je crois y avoir mieux réussi que Sophocle, Euripide, Eschyle, et tous ceux qui ont traité le même sujet.” So says Crébillon: and this is the way with them all. He has managed this business of making *Electra* an object of pity (as if Euripides had not done so) by making her in love. Thus we have



the ruling interest of the play, and the unity of character (yet the French talk of unities!) broken and confounded. Racine has played exactly the same trick with the chaste and austere Hippolitus; and Nahum Tate, stimulated by this example, laid violent hold on *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, and insisted that, if he condescended to restore that obsolete old poet to the stage, they must both absolutely forget their respective fathers and fall in love. Voltaire admits, that the Greeks knew their business better in this instance; but he pretends, that the French have other beauties. He does not tell us, that some of their chief beauties have been pilfered from the Greeks. As for instance, the exclamation of Phædra, on which every Frenchman is so eloquent; "c'est toi qui l'as nommé."

Ἰππολύτου ἀνδρᾶς; σοῦ τὰδ' οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.

Say'st thou Hippolitus?—

Thou speak'st, not I.

Racine would have borrowed, if he dared, the love-sick delirium of Phædra:

ἔ, ἔ,  
Πῶς ἄν δροσερᾶς, &c.

Ah me!

How can I slake my thirst from limpid waters

Of spray-fresh fount, and lay me down to rest  
In the green meadow, under alder-trees!

This is diluted into

Dieu! que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts!

It is wonderful how coy their poets are of any painting from nature. *Claude*, and *Poussin*, and *Salvator Rosa* might have studied from Shakspeare; yet he never lost himself in the merely descriptive poet. Where is there anything in the whole French drama like the care of *Philoctetes*? Where is there anything in passion and in imagery like his sublime farewell to the waves of the ocean, that burst in upon his solitude and sprinkle his forehead with their spray? They have absolutely nothing: they could have nothing like it: we have the *Tempest* and *Cymbeline*. We might search through their plays in vain for any passage fresh with rural imagery. Equally hopeless would be the scrutiny after passages of meditative wisdom; reveries and self-

questionings, that turn the heart back upon itself, and enlarge the boundaries of the science of mental philosophy. We meet with none of those profound sentiments which are laid up in the memory, and which pass into moral apothegms, and are stored up with the aphoristical wisdom of a nation. Yet how common are these in the Greek tragedies! How common in the dramatic histories of Shakspeare!—What, and where then, are the beauties which the French dramatists possess independent of the Grecian? They have contrived, forsooth, to surpass the Greeks in the unity of time! At Athens, be it acknowledged, the spectators were required to believe, that while the chorus sang an ode, *Theseus* had marched on an expedition, fought a battle, sacked a town, and was now come back at the head of his victorious army. Have they no other beauties? Oh yes, hear *Voltaire*. They consist in "a *clashing* of passions, a *conflict* of opposite sentiments, *spirited speeches* of enemies and rivals, quarrels, threats, mutual complaints, interesting disputes, where everything is said that *should* be said, *situations* well *managed* and *brought about*:" all this, he tells us, "would have amazed the Greeks." I have no doubt of it: it amazes us at least.

Voltaire, in his wish to vilify Shakspeare, by whom he was puzzled and enraged, belies him by asserting that Hamlet is made to sing drinking-songs with his uncle at table: but under Shakspeare, whom he both blasphemes and admires, "his genius is rebuked:" and his taste, in which he excelled both Racine and Crebillon, compelled him, in spite of his prejudices and his envy, to do homage to the sublimity of Hamlet's ghost. He might have recognized here, and in the witches of Macbeth, a genius resembling that which produced the chorus of *Furies* and the ghost of *Clytemnestra*: and it might have occurred to him, that among his own countrymen he might find *translations* from the Greek dramatists, but no *parallels*; not a single tragic production, at once independent of the Greeks, and congenial in power of conception. Shakspeare did not *steal their cloaths*; but he combined in his single person many

traits of mind and fancy common to the *three* great masters. If the Greeks have *Orestes*, we have HAMLET: if they have *Hecuba*, we have CONSTANCE: if they have *Clytemnestra*, we have LADY MACBETH: if they have *Iphigenia*, we have CORDELIA; if they have *Alcestis*, we have IMOGEN: if they have *Ædipus*, we have OTHELLO.

To return from this digression: the experiments made with the standard rhymed couplet, by breaking it into continuously intermingled periods, like blank verse, or simply by distending it into recurrent triplets and alexandrines, (the starch and fastidious proscription of which, by some of our critics, has crippled the decasyllabic couplet, even in the little liberty which it had), these several revolutions and restorations in its structure seem to argue a consciousness of its inadequacy to subjects requiring compass and variety of measure. It appears, therefore, to be matter of reasonable regret, that the long metre, which had been dignified by the example of some of our most celebrated old poets, should have fallen into disuse. Many reasons offer themselves why they should be revived

for occasional purposes, in preference to neglecting the resources of our native language and poetry, and attempting to ingraft upon it an uncongenial and anomalous system of harmony. These measures are venerable from illustrious precedent and from antiquity: they are in themselves magnificent and comprehensive: they are indigenous in the language: they have been recently, on some occasions, applied, with complete success, to the naturalization of the ancient warlike and romantic ballads of Spain. In fact, in their revived use, they possess an advantage which did not belong to their original structure. Their resolution into alternate lyric numbers attaches to them, by association, a certain lyrical quality, when re-cast in their primitive form: at the same time that the plenitude of the rhythm, resulting from the extended line, invests them with an heroic character. This combination seems to point them out as a well adapted medium for those mythical subjects which are treated of in the hymns of classical antiquity: how far the principle may be well grounded, I hope to enable your readers to judge in my next paper.

AN IDLER.

### NEAPOLITAN PRIESTS.

THE Abate Minichino, who played so considerable a part in the late Revolution of Naples, is a native of Nola, a large town about fourteen miles from Naples. He was deeply engaged with the patriots in 1799, in consequence of which he was banished. During his exile, he resided chiefly in France; he, however, visited England, and remained some time in London; and, as his family was very poor, he suffered all the miseries attendant upon extreme poverty, but at length, he contrived to obtain a decent subsistence by giving lessons in the Italian language. When the French government was firmly established in the kingdom of Naples, Minichino was no longer compelled to remain in exile, and he returned to his country in 1807. In the autumn of 1819, we were at Nola, on a visit at the house of a Neapolitan gentleman, and during our stay, we went one day to dine with a com-

pany, of which Minichino was one: of course, we had not the smallest idea of the important rôle he was about to play, but we were much struck by the strangeness of his appearance, and the striking peculiarity of his manner. He was worse dressed than the generality of Neapolitan priests; his figure was tall and gaunt; and his meagre and yellow face, drawn into innumerable wrinkles, declared him about sixty years of age. He wore a pair of brass spectacles, through which glimmered his dark grey eyes, and his wide mouth was continually puckering up, or quivering. After dinner, he entered into conversation with us; his voice was harsh, and his way of speaking hurried and ungraceful: he said nothing that could attract particular observation; we remember he talked about Pope's Essay on Man, (*Il saggio del Pope*,) expressed a great admiration of England,

and its political institutions, and said the English women were very pretty.

It is something curious in Neapolitan history, that priests have been engaged, either as projectors, or active promoters, in almost all the revolutions which have taken place in that country: in the dark ages, the clergy as a body possessed a decisive influence, not only in Naples, but in all the states of Europe, and held a casting voice in the politics of earth; and indeed, according to their own account, and if the expression be not irreverent, in the politics of heaven also: we shall not go back to so distant a period, but will mention a few instances of individuals, and of attempts, not, we hope, so remote as to be uninteresting.

In 1600, during the government of the Spanish Viceroy, the Count of Lemas,—a Dominican friar, the celebrated Tommaso Campanella, was known as one of the earliest and most redoubtable enemies to the Peripatetics, against whose doctrines he wrote many volumes, as being the friend of the reformer Giordano Bruno, (a native of Nola, who, less fortunate than Campanella, paid the forfeit of his opinions in the flames, at Rome.) Campanella was a man of great knowledge, and great fervour: he projected a plan for a revolution in Calabria, the object of which was to overthrow the government existing at that time, and to establish a republic of his own invention. He had been liberated from the inquisition at Rome, in 1597, and had been ever afterwards confined in a little monastery at Stilo, in Calabria, his native place: there he began his machinations, by giving out that from the aspect of the planets, which he perfectly understood, he had discovered that great events were about to be ushered into the world, and that a very important crisis was at hand. His first proselytes or adherents were the monks of his own society; they were soon joined by *Religieux* of other societies, and of other orders, who spreading themselves about, affirmed, both in the pulpit and in private, that Campanella possessed powers superior to ordinary mortals; in fact, that he was a sort of Messiah, come to deliver them from the usurpation of the Spaniards, and to give

them liberty and happiness. An immense number of partisans was soon gained, and not a few barons and prelates favoured the enterprize in secret. Campanella's most valuable coadjutor was Dionisio Ponzio, also a Dominican friar, a man of great eloquence and courage. Their operations were carried on for some time with prudence and profound secrecy: their plan was to arm a certain force, to obtain possession of the fortresses, and to invite the Turks, (who were continual visitors on the coasts of southern Italy,) to assist them in driving out the Spaniards. Every thing was settled: the Turks agreed to land an armament in the month of September, when the revolution was to be declared, and its partisans to proceed to action. A secret, pregnant with danger and confided to many, must, in the common course of human affairs, be confided to some whom no oaths, nor prospect of contingent advantage can bind; in effect, two of the conspirators revealed every thing to the government, which instantly dispatched a general with authority and ample means to crush the plot and destroy its conductors. The general began by imprisoning some of the conspirators, and putting others to the torture, in order to obtain a full confession, and to ascertain the extent of the conspiracy and the persons concerned in it. This was done in great secrecy, and one after another silently disappeared; but the conspirators soon unraveled the mystery, and consequently, Campanella Ponzio, and others who were most deeply implicated, took to flight; they were, however, nearly all taken. Campanella was arrested on the coast, disguised as a sailor, and Ponzio was seized at Monopoli, a maritime town in Apulia, just as he was upon the point of embarking.

Eight or ten of the conspirators were put to death, to serve as examples, and many of the monks were horribly tortured: Ponzio, in the midst of the most dreadful torments which ingenuity sharpened by malice could invent, remained undaunted, and resolutely refused to utter a word. Campanella, less firm, but more ingenious, made such a strange and puzzling deposition, and behaved in such a distracted manner, as to convince every one that he was insane,

and it was ordered, therefore, that he should be kept in solitary confinement; from this, by another effort of ingenuity, he got liberated, repaired to France, and died in Paris, in 1639. If the conspiracy had not been so timely discovered, it would, most probably, have succeeded, and the Spaniards would have been driven from the kingdom; for on the 14th of September, but a few days after measures to defeat them had been carried into effect, a powerful Turkish fleet, according to the agreement made with Campanella, appeared off the coast; but not finding the co-operation which was expected, and, indeed, learning at length the failure of the plan, it sailed away.

In 1636, during the government of the Viceroy, Count Monterey, another conspiracy was detected, at the head of which was an Augustine monk, called Frate Epifanio Fioravanti of Cesena. When arrested, and put to the torture, he confessed that he had been long in correspondence with the French, and that he had formed a large party who had intended to seize the strong posts of the kingdom, and open the way for the entrance of the troops of France. His principal coadjutor was one

Pietro Mancino, (Peter the left-handed,) a notorious captain of banditti. The Frate Campanella, before-mentioned, was then residing at Paris, and took an active part in the same affair.

In the revolution of Mas' Aniello, the person of most importance, after the surprising leader, was a priest: this was Don Giulio Genoino, who at the time the disturbance broke out was in prison, in consequence of having been engaged in a prior conspiracy: he was old and infirm, but his faculties were by no means impaired, and he still retained all the energy of his character. Almost the first person to whom Mas' Aniello disclosed his designs, was a Carmelite monk, Frate Savino, who furnished money to arm the Lazzaroni, and children with sticks, &c.

During the ill-fated republic of 1799, many of the patriotic clubs were headed by priests: the person who produced the counter-revolution was Cardinal Ruffo, who put himself at the head of the Calabrese, and fought battles, and laid sieges; so that Europe, (as Count Orloff observes,) heard, with surprise, of an army led by a priest at the close of the 18th century.

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### ON IMITATION.

THE eccentric Lord Monboddo once endeavoured to prove that men were a species of untailed monkeys; and would, perhaps, have established his hypothesis, if he had not been his own contradiction. He was too much of an original to be classed with natural mimics—instinctive imitators—as those animals are characterized. He would have been a man amongst monkeys, or a monkey amongst men.

But there is much plausibility in his Lordship's whimsical theory, for a well dressed monkey, with his posterior appendage in his pocket, might almost be taken for a man—a descendant perhaps of the pilose Esau—and as readily preferring his pottage to his primogeniture.

If I were not to be a man I would rather become one of these—the most homogeneous of animals, than any other: for I could almost persuade myself—as they seem to do—that I was

only a second-hand Adamite. The change would not be the most abrupt of transitions. There is M——, who, if it could take place in the dark, would scarcely be conscious of his transmigration.

M. is one who passes amongst his friends and acquaintance for the greatest original; but, in verity, he is only the best of mimics. He will quote the trick of an eye—the habit of a lip—and the posturing of an eyebrow; he will dash you off a flesh-and-blood likeness of a man, till it be absolutely “more like than the original.” But here his talent ends: out of himself he is every thing, and any thing, but of his own he hath no character. He cannot take himself off. It must be flattering to the monkeys, as it is mortifying to men, that we partake so much of their spirit—but they must laugh still more in their sleeves (when they have them) at our unintentional and un-

conscious habits of imitation. Originality only takes a tithe of mankind—the rest are mere homographs—men that only multiply each other. Their manners, sentiments, and opinions, or rather themselves, are but casts of some original: there go nine of them to a character.

Next to a man with a soul, I like a man with a self: not always the same, but changing colours, like aameleon, in different lights;—a man that is shot,—like my aunt Tabitha's two-coloured gown; not dyed, but tinted in the warp and woof of his original fabric.

As for L——, he is but a semi-original; for he is always making fac-similes of himself. If you see him once you never see him again, or you seem never to have lost sight of him. He is like a man upon canvas: his very action is like a painted motion—a bird flying—or a gun going off—which are the same whenever and all the while you look at them—as if time were at a stand. They who frequent the public meetings in the metropolis will easily recognise L, by his habitual exordium: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." I remember once losing a day and a dinner through him—and it would have been the only time that I dipped my hand in the dish with a nobleman. I had engaged myself to his lordship's viands on Friday, (a red-letter day in my card-rack calendar) and his hospitality was to be on table at seven for eight, and at eight, as I understood, for ten of us.

On Thursday afternoon I had seen L. at his own office, at which time he was performing a kind of regular drill exercise, which always preceded his departure for his country seat at Hampstead.

On Friday at the same hour I was at the same spot, and the scene had not varied by so much as the twist of a finger. Time ebbed back with me to Thursday. I went to the tavern—thence to the theatre—to bed at twelve, and rose the next morning at nine o'clock on Saturday.

I believe I as seldom repeat myself as most persons, but I may not be assailed from the charge of a worse and wilful kind of imitation of others, if not in matter, at least in manner. There was one especial oc-

casion (would that I could forget it) when I endeavoured to *supply* my ingenious and respected friend R.—Vain thought! as if by becoming, as it were, his material ghost, I could be his joyous, witty, and excellent spirit! When I dined with him, I believe for the first time, at a friend's table, I was delighted with his right merrie conceits, and the happy tone of his conversation; and I wished, which has since been realized, that the born friendship of that night might be of age in somewhat less than twenty-one years. After the cloth was removed, he read to us a copy of verses so lively and humorous, that the very table vibrated to our mirth, and the purple-faced wine, as if in sympathy with our merry cheeks that wrinkled over it, kept

Venging in successive rings.

I think—I am sure I did not envy him these tokens of applause, for there is no genius of the present day whom I more sincerely admire—but I believe I longed for his manner of making so many persons happy.

That very night I invoked the muses in my night cap, and at two o'clock in the morning I found myself at the fag-end of five stanzas, each of which was wound up by some inversion of meaning approaching to a pun. I had nothing left, therefore, but to wish for the day—not the dawn—but the day which was to bring me an occasion of repeating *my* verses; and it came, I remember, in less than a fortnight, as if on purpose. It brought me to the same table, and the same party—with the exception of R. or rather of myself; for, on this occasion, I intended to *supply* him. At the same time, that is to say, just after the second circumambulation of the decanters, I pulled forth my paper, and began to read; but, alas! the points were only greeted with meek and melancholy smiles, and if I was indeed like R. I read to other guess sort of people. Perhaps *they* were too original to laugh twice at the same kind of thing; but they certainly did not at all repeat themselves; and I learned, what I should have known before—that we have more chance of our own than of any other man's originality.

COGIN.



## DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

*Fie upon 't.*

*All men are false, I think. The date of love  
Is out, expired, its stories all grown stale,  
O'er-past, forgotten, like an antique tale  
Of Hero and Leander.* JOHN WOODVIL.

ALL are not false. I knew a youth who died  
For grief, because his Love proved so,  
And married with another.  
I saw him on the wedding day,  
For he was present in the church that day,  
In festive bravery deck'd,  
As one that came to grace the ceremony.  
I mark'd him when the ring was given,  
His countenance never changed ;  
And when the priest pronounced the marriage blessing,  
He put a silent prayer up for the bride,  
For so his moving lip interpreted.  
He came invited to the marriage feast  
With the bride's friends,  
And was the merriest of them all that day :  
But they, who knew him best, call'd it feign'd mirth ;  
And others said,  
He wore a smile like death upon his face.  
His presence dash'd all the beholders' mirth,  
And he went away in tears.

*What followed then ?*

Oh ! then  
He did not, as neglected suitors use,  
Affect a life of solitude in shades,  
But lived,  
In free discourse and sweet society,  
Among his friends who knew his gentle nature best.  
Yet ever when he smiled,  
There was a mystery legible in his face,  
That whoso saw him said he was a man  
Not long for this world.—  
And true it was, for even then  
The silent love was feeding at his heart  
Of which he died :  
Nor ever spake word of reproach,  
Only he wish'd in death that his remains  
Might find a poor grave in some spot, not far  
From his mistress' family vault, " being the place  
Where one day Anna should herself be laid."

\* \* \*

## AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LATE REV. DR. BARRETT,

VICE-PROVOST OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE object of this memoir was born in Dublin, in the year 1753, and was the son of a clergyman in rather confined circumstances. After receiving the usual rudiments of a classical education, he entered college about the year 1773, as a non-decremented pensioner ; and passing through the usual routine of prelimi-

nary instruction, he obtained a fellowship in 1778. In 1791, he became a member of the senior board, and in 1792, librarian, having enjoyed the office of assistant during the preceding eight years. His habits, at all times retired, became decidedly cenobitical before he had passed his prime. Until the last twenty years,

however, he occasionally ventured beyond the walls of the college, to dine with a gentleman of the Irish bar to whom he was much attached, but always on the express condition that *there should be no ladies present*. The following was a favourite question of his, and was proposed by him to myself at one Hebrew examination:—  
 “What other *mainin*,” (meaning) “has *rosh* besides *caput*?” —  
 “Why it means *pison* (poison); and there’s a passage in Scripture which is translated what *head’s* above the head of a woman—but it ought to be —what *pison’s* above the *pison* of a woman.”

After he relinquished this anti-aesthetic indulgence, he became a voluntary prisoner, never passing the college gate, except when he happened to be appointed one of the Lent preachers, and when he went to the Bank to receive the interest on his myriad of debentures. These were, indeed, so numerous, that the clerks, relying on his integrity, and shrinking from the Herculean task themselves, gladly allowed him to mark them himself. One of the junior fellows (at present in the enjoyment of a college living) has been known to borrow a debenture, in order to have an excuse for accompanying the Doctor to the Bank, and witnessing the operation. Once, and once only, was he known to undertake a long journey; and that was on the occasion of a law-suit relative to college property, which obliged him to transplant himself to the county of Kerry, one of the most remote parts of Ireland, and to him an *ultima Thule*. Many stories are in circulation relative to his progress, such as his mistaking geese for swans, and not knowing what pigs were. But these, or the most of them, I regard as mythical. Whatever may be said of the goose and swan story, the other is evidently overstrained, for he had a most retentive memory, and had seen pigs in his boyhood.

He usually walked in the Fellows’ garden, the park, or the courts of the college, encumbered with the weight of his entire wardrobe, consisting of a coat, vest, and breeches (brown in reality, but by courtesy black), a shirt (black in reality, but by courtesy white), hose, and no cravat. At home he sat constantly without the

coat, the waistcoat being furnished with sleeves. On the occasion of a fellowship examination, his appearance was very remarkable, and it was no easy matter to become convinced of his identity; for he never failed to wash his hands and face on such occasions, and vacancies occur in Dublin College almost every year, or at least every two years. This phenomenon, added to the assumption of a clean gown (which, however, he always exchanged for the old and unctuous one on removing from the theatre or examination-hall to the Commons’ hall), improved his exterior so much, that he might actually have passed for a handsome old man. But the disposition of his locks was not unlike the radiation of a bunch of radishes, and such curls as fell off (for his hair had in latter years but a precarious tenure,) he always attached with hair-pins to the back of his head.

It was once well-said and feelingly deplored in one of our most celebrated journals, that we cannot “quote a nose, hitch a note of admiration upon a lady’s cheek, or put the turn of a countenance between inverted commas.” This inconvenience bears hard upon one who attempts to record the jests of the late Vice-Provost of Trinity College. The necessity of expressing (if it were practicable) the *vultum habitumque hominis* comes with full force upon his mind, when he essays to commit to paper a biography which should be *declaimed*, not *written*. For, besides the impossibility of delineating in cold black and white the dwarfish figure of the doctor, and the beaked nose of his face, (not very unlike the print of Gray, and therefore bordering somewhat on the parrot cast,)—by what witchery of the goose-quill could that voice be heard by the eye through the medium of a piece of paper,—that dry, gritty, *angular* voice, which was so essentially and intimately grotesque, that the utmost rigidity of muscle was hardly proof against the effect it produced in uttering the most indifferent sentences? And how shall I succeed in conveying even the most remote idea of that peculiar articulation, interrupted, yet continuous, often hurried, but always emphatic, with which the sentences which I shall have occa-



ston to cite impinged upon the tympanum of the auditors? I must at least waff myself of whatever compromise the compositor will be kind enough to afford in the way of dashes and dots (as substitutes for crotchets and semibreves,) and also beg that he will scrupulously adhere to the orthography (if it be not a misnomer), by which I shall endeavour to picture forth the doctor's malpractices in pronunciation.

From a host of anecdotes, many true and many false, it shall be my care to cull a few of those (*quorum pars magna fui*) which best tend to exhibit the peculiar features of his mind, and the leading characteristics of his disposition; and I shall conscientiously separate truth from fiction, and, as it were, filter away every thing equivocal or overcharged. And I must in the outset protest against the immoderate and unjustifiable use of the expression "do you see me now?" with which most retailers of those anecdotes, tinctured as it would seem with too much of an *improvisatore* style, interlard the phrases attributed to him. I was, during one period of my college life, obliged to confer much with the Vice-Provost as librarian, and I have never heard him utter the phrase in question. Nor have I ever heard him swear, although I have no doubt of the veracity of those who have at times assured me that they had heard him. That which was truly unique in his diction, (which was by no means felicitous), was a habit he had acquired of assigning a reason for every thing. "Put" (the *u* being pronounced as in *but*), "Put," said he one day to one of the porters who were attending at table, "the-cover-upon-the-cowled-mutton . . . not-to-keep-it-from-gettin-cowled . . . because-its-cowled-already . . . but-to-keep-the-flies-from-it." "You're Sir K . . .," said he, addressing a bachelor of arts, "because-you've-taken your degree."

His ruling passion is alleged to have been the love of money, with what truth I shall not here enquire; for this is no time to scrutinize his foibles, when his bones are scarcely yet settled within the grave. It is certain that he was no stranger to those kindlier feelings of which the mere miser is incapable. I have seen

his cats, and cocks, and hens, passing out of the hall-door before him in the morning, and himself patting them, and giving directions to his collegewoman about them. When his former and favourite old woman, Catty, was on her death-bed, nothing could exceed the humanity with which he provided for her necessities. It is even said, that he complied with her request of having masses said for her soul, and that he paid for them out of his own pocket.

That the erudition of Dr. Barrett should be almost without a parallel might be expected from his habits of complete seclusion, added to a memory of a power little short of miraculous, even in matters the most trivial. The following anecdote I had from the mouth of Sir Charles Ormsby, a barrister, some years deceased. This gentleman, having occasion to call upon him after a lapse of twenty years, during which the doctor had never seen him, was not only addressed by name, but by his college designation: "Ormsby—*primus* . . . how-do-ye-do?" Another gentleman, who had entered college on the same day, nearly forty years ago, took occasion, although unacquainted, to visit him during his last illness, and was immediately accosted with—"Aye, you're H\*\*\*\*\* . . . you entered college—the same day with me . . . I-got-first-place, and-you-got-eleventh." The following instance exhibiting quickness of perception, in addition to memory, was communicated to me by a friend eminently skilful in numismatic affairs, and one of those least likely to be obliged to have recourse to extraneous aid in decyphering coins. The piece of money and the interpretation, with the remark annexed in the doctor's handwriting, are now lying before me. "The affair of the coin was this," writes my friend, "I could not decypher it, nor could any of the friends who understood the Greek character in which the epigraph was given, and whom I consulted. W\*\*\*\*\* however, offered to consult Barrett, and went down at the moment to College: he met Jack in the square, who, on the instant that he glanced his eye on the piece, which is by no means in good conservation, strung off the inscription:—"Inscription, ΑΥΤΟΚΡ·Μ·ΙΟΥΛΙ·ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥΣ·ΣΕΒ·

That is, *Αυτοκρατωρ Μαρκος Ιουλιος Φιλιππος σεβαστος*, or, the Emperor Marcus Julius Philippus Augustus. He killed Gordian in Syria, where he was made Emperor, in 244." This comment he added in the same breath with the explanation of the legend, and wrote both down at the request of the enquirer.

Of the limited range of enjoyments to which the Vice-Provost was necessarily restricted from his habits of monachism those of the table were not the least prominent. In drinking he was remarkably abstemious, but his manducating propensities developed themselves in no equivocal manner. Faithful to the Commons' bell, he opened his hall-door at three o'clock every day, and the ceremony of closing it was so attractive in the eyes of those disposed to gratify their risible inclinations, that groups might frequently be observed assembled in the court for the purpose of witnessing the complicated process. After pulling the door to, he used to swing from the handle for the space of some seconds, and then run a tilt against the pannels, almost in the manner of a battering-ram, until he became satisfied by the result of repeated ordeals that no straggler about college could gain admission without co-operation from within. He then tucked up the skirts of his gown, and, in a pace rapid for a man of his years, proceeded across the court towards the dining-hall. On one occasion, many years since, some mushrooms were served up in a very scanty quantity, as they were only just coming into season. The Vice-Provost devoured them all; and some of the fellow-commoners, indignant at the appropriation, were determined to punish him. A whisper accordingly began to circulate that the mushrooms had been of a rather suspicious appearance, and most probably of a deleterious nature. When the buzz, thickening as it approached the head of the table, reached the ears of the Vice-Provost, his agony was extreme, and his cries for assistance not to be withstood. A draught of oil was accordingly procured, which he was obliged to swallow as an emetic, and the triumph of the avengers was complete.

In wit and repartee he was by no means deficient. One day, at Com-

mons, Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, one of the junior fellows, distinguished for his classical attainments, took occasion to ask the Doctor in a bantering tone how he would translate the opening of Cæsar's Commentaries — *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*, and instantly received the following retort: — "Why . . . I-suppose-I'd-say—All Gaul is *quartered* into three halves, *Misther* \*\*\*\*\*." A jib (or newcomer in college), unacquainted with the person of the Vice-Provost, dazzled his eyes one day with a looking-glass, upon which the Doctor having detected the delinquent, fined him and his brother ten shillings each *for casting reflections on the heads of the College*.

His regularity in attending to college business was extreme. It is on record, that a poor soldier was once near undergoing a flogging, in consequence of the neglect of some duty while absorbed in the perusal of Baron Munchausen. Tom Jones was more fatal to Jacky Barrett, (the Doctor's familiar designation throughout college). Some years since I was acquainted with the son of a clerical gentleman, who still enjoys a living in the county of Galway, and had been a student of Trinity college while Barrett was a junior fellow. At that time the Doctor was much addicted to the perusal of novels, of which Mr. \*\*\*\*\* possessed an ample store, the use of which was proffered to Dr. Barrett, and eagerly accepted. One baleful day, his attention was so engrossed by the adventures of the hero above-mentioned, that he actually forgot, until too late, to repair to the College Chapel (where he was reader for the week), and thereby incurred the penalty of seven shillings. When I heard of this circumstance, it instantly struck me, that an affair which had borne so hard upon both his character and purse could not readily have been effaced from a memory of almost superhuman tenacity; and the buoyancy of youth will, perhaps, plead my excuse, when I avow, that I was malicious enough to form a plan for probing his feelings on the subject. About this period I held a situation in the library, vested in the scholars of the college, which furnished me with a pretext for interrogating the librarian relative to cer-

tain unclassed novels which lay upon one of the shelves. I approached to consult him; and, feigning to be recollecting some of the names, stated, in a tone of hesitation, that I believed Tom Jones was of the number. Electric was the impression which the bare mention of Fielding's hero made upon the Vice-Provost. He was instantly in a passion. "No... there's not Tom Jones....there's *Pether-Wilkins-and-such* novels...but-there's-not-Tom-Jones....Tom-Jones is in Fielding's-works-in-the-library...but-not-there."

To the usages of polished society he was of course a stranger. One day a contemporary of his came into the library, and grasped his hand in a manner rather too cordial for his capacity of physical endurance. "Why-do-you-squeeze-*wan's*-hand-so?" he ejaculated—"you-put-me-to-pain." On another occasion he called "*Ben.....sin*," (Benson, the library porter,) at the instant in which a venerable Roman Catholic clergyman was entering the library. From the distance, and the circumstance that this gentleman was uncovered, he was mistaken by Dr. Barrett for the porter; and as, being an infirm man, he walked slowly up the library, the Doctor turned to me and said—"See-how-slow-the-rascal-comes." By this time the priest, still unrecognised, was within a few paces of us, when Dr. Barrett, looking full in his face, pronounced, in accents of cast iron, or rather, bell-metal:—"Can't-you-*conthrive* ..... to-walk a little-slower?" When convinced of his mistake, he made no sort of apology to the clergyman, although he passed close to the spot where we were standing, but poked his head as before into the catalogue, which he had been consulting as it lay upon the table.

Although naturally shrewd, his simplicity was at times remarkable. Benson (himself a character), and the doctor were standing one day at the same side of the oblong library table, when the former was desired by the latter to *put* (*u* as in *but*) a book into one of the shelves in a stall at the other side of the table, and exactly opposite to the place where they were standing. The porter, being obliged to walk round, took the book with him, a heavy tome, from the

Vice-Provost's hand, laid it upon the table, and slowly commenced his circuit. The doctor, not perceiving the drift of his movements, vociferated after him:—"How-can-you-*put-up-the-book*...without the book?" "I'm goin, Sir," answered the porter, without turning his head. "But-how-can-you-*put-up-the-book*.....without-the-book?" bellowed the dignitary, with continually increasing choler. "I'm goin, Sir," growled the immitigable Benson, without mending his pace. The outcries of the Vice-Provost, who was now almost foaming with rage, were in vain. Benson, with imperturbable gravity moved on, until, having completed his orbit, he coolly lifted the volume from the table, and deposited it in its place, leaving the astonished Vice-Provost convinced of the practicability of *putting up a book without a book*.

While he was once examining a class of graduates, in the Hebrew Psalter, one of them, being insufficiently prepared, was prompted by his neighbour. It was the 114th psalm that he was endeavouring to translate, and he had got as far as "the mountains skipped like rams," when the professor perceived what was going forward, and interrupted the proceeding with the following most extraordinary adversative proposition:—"Why-the-mountains-skipped-to-be-sure...but, Sir \*\*\*\*\* you're *promptin*."

Not long before his death he put the question to Mr. \*\*\*\*\* , who was sitting with him, which of the fellows would be *sorryest* for him, in the event of his dying? Mr. \*\*\*\*\* replied, that he, for one, would be sorry, and that he was confident the feeling would be general. "Aye,...but-who'll-be-*sorryest*?.....I'll-tell-you-who'll-be-*sorryest*...It'll be Tom \*\*\*\*\* ,...for-he'll-lose-nine-hundhert-guineas." To explain this, it may be necessary to mention, that the situation of senior lecturer for the ensuing year (the emoluments of which are estimated at about 1000*l*.) would have reverted to Dr. \*\*\*\*\* had the Vice-Provost survived a few days longer. In consequence of his demise it devolves upon Dr. \*\*\*\*\* , the new senior fellow.

A cause of considerable importance to the University of Dublin was decided against the Lord Primate, on

the evening of last Thursday, a few hours after the death of Dr. Barrett. He was sitting in his arm chair, attended by his nurse and college-woman, and conversing with them on the subject of the law-suit, when the hand of death seized him. He hung down his head, and departed as composedly as Hervey. So little aware was he of the proximity of his decease, that he had a short time before ordered a beef-steak pye for dinner. His disease was a dropsy, and he died in the 69th year of his age.

Reports are, of course, various, as to the particulars of the Doctor's will. It is certain that his own family inherit the smallest part of the spoil. To his brother he has bequeathed 50*l.* a year: to one of his nieces, a widow, 100*l.* a year, with a reversion to her children: to each of two others, 30*l.* a year. To each of his executors, he has left a legacy of 500*l.* to indemnify them for their trouble: to his college-woman, it is believed, 100*l.* a year. The head porter of the University has succeeded to a handsome bequest, which some exaggerate to 1000*l.* a year; but which is more probably two or three hundred. This was a debt of gratitude. About ten or twelve years since, some workmen conspired to murder and rob the Vice-Provost, and had actually removed some slates from the roof of his building, in order to gain admission by night. The plot was detected and prevented by the activity of the head porter, who ever after watched over him with unremitting vigilance, and was, in fact, notwithstanding the difference of rank, his most confidential friend up to his last moments. The bulk of his property, amounting to something between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds, he has left, as he expresses it in his will, "to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked."

But it is time to turn from these perishable memorials, which, however vividly imprinted upon the minds and memories of those who had intercourse with the subject of this memoir during his life-time, must with them decay, to those more durable records which attest the extent of his research, and the depth of his erudition. The published works of Dr. Barrett are three in number:

1. An Enquiry into the Origin of the Constellations that compose the Zodiac, and the Uses they were intended to promote.

2. An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift.

3. *Evangelium secundum Mattheum ex Codice Rescripto in Bibliotheca Collegii SS<sup>ae</sup> Trinitatis juxta Dublin.*

A brief notice of these works may not be unacceptable.

The object of the Enquiry into the Origin of the Constellations that compose the Zodiac may best be stated in the words of the Author:

When the champion of modern infidelity speaks of the volume of Creation, and pretends to set it up in opposition to these Holy Scriptures which the divine goodness has caused to be written for our learning, he uses a language to whose real meaning he is an utter stranger; and which manifests only the abhorrence he very naturally feels to a religion which promises no impunity to crimes, and holds forth no indulgence to the vicious. Conscious that he can pretend no title to its glorious rewards, his wishes are all limited to the single object of escaping, if possible, from that wrath to come which it reveals against all ungodliness of men. Hence we find him eager to degrade himself to the level of the brutes that perish, and willing to acknowledge no other instructor in religion, except that which speaks to them equally as to him, or rather, which in his opinion speaks to none.

As nothing can bestow comfort and consolation to such a mind, but that which banishes the fears of death and judgment to come, it is his interest to appeal to a volume, which to his apprehension is silent on these momentous concerns; and to argue himself into the belief, that the will of God revealed in the Scripture, is rendered unnecessary by such a communication; and, consequently, that no such Revelation has been vouchsafed. Let us, on the contrary, mindful of the injunctions of our Lord to search the Scriptures, and convinced that they alone are able to make us wise unto salvation, make this sacred volume our sole director in all our researches, and with undeviating steps trace out, in all their fruitful train of consequences, the truths which it teaches. Such enquiries will, I am convinced, terminate in proving that the most perfect conformity subsists between the truths which the Christian religion teaches, and the volume of nature, when interpreted and illustrated by this unerring guide, without whose aid we could discover no religious truth whatever; and, in particular, will prove that it also displays those great incentives to obedience,—death, and a future judgment. And hence, instead of that



conclusion which a writer of the same stamp would impose on mankind, that the truths of Christianity are to be derived from certain figures on the sphere, we shall be enabled to invert it, and to draw the conclusion directly opposite, which is, that the latter are to be derived from the former, and that it is only by considering what religion teaches, we can ever hope to arrive at any rational explication of those figures.

To the discussion of this subject, as curious as it is important, Dr. Barrett devoted a volume of considerable length; and the host of authorities, quoted or adverted to in every page, evince the labour which he expended in the pursuit of truth, of which he was always the staunch and uncompromising advocate.

In undertaking to furnish out an *Essay on the Early Life of Swift*, the doctor ventured out of his depth, and the work he produced remains a standing evidence of his utter want of tact, and of the extreme simplicity of his mind. Deeply conversant with books, and acquainted with the writings of both ancients and moderns, to a degree seldom equalled, there were two volumes of which he was wholly and necessarily ignorant—that of nature, and that of man. Hence, in the treatise under consideration, technical expressions, such as "*buttery books*," "*chapel-hall-surplice*," &c. appear—the meanings of which are unknown beyond the walls of college. Throughout this work also, that peculiarity of his character, an inaptitude for discrimination necessarily induced by his habits which caused him to estimate all the incidents of life as of equal importance, is plainly discernible. In short, it may not be too bold to assert—that the *Essay on the Early Life of Swift* bears, in one sense, a strong similitude to two works, to which it would appear at the first blush the acmé of absurdity to compare it,—the *Arabian Tale of Antar*, and the *Story of "Deirdre,"* one of the early Fenian legends which exist in the Irish language. From sources so *Antipodean* the same conclusion may be obtained—that man, untutored by that intercourse with polished and refined society, where alone the knowledge of mankind can be obtained, is, in all ages, and in all countries—whether erudite or illiterate—the same simple

and unsophisticated being. And Dr. Barrett, living in the 18th century, and the resident of a metropolis, was, in many respects, as much in a state of nature as the ancient Arabian of the desert, or the early savage that had his abode amid the forests of Ireland, at a period when—to use the words of old Geoffrey Keating—the whole isle was "covered with wood, except the plains of *Moynalta*."

But the work upon which rests the fame of the late learned Vice-Provost, as a scholar, antiquary, and biblical critic, is the "*Evangelium secundum Mattheum ex Codice Rescripto in Bibliotheca Collegii S<sup>cti</sup> Trinitatis juxta Dublin*." This curious fragment, written in what is called the Uncial character, was, by dint of extreme perseverance and extreme skill, decyphered by Dr. Barrett.

The value which the University of Dublin set upon this discovery is attested by their having caused the fragment of St. Matthew to be engraved upon tablets of brass; and the combined testimony of those best qualified to give an opinion on the subject, demonstrates that the discovery was eminently serviceable to the cause of biblical literature.

The mortal remains of this most erudite and most eccentric character have been this day deposited in the church yard of Glasnevin, a sequestered and interesting village to the NW. of Dublin, where his mother is interred. It is classic ground. He reposes in the same cemetery with Dr. Delany, the celebrated contemporary of Dean Swift. A venerable mansion within the precincts of the Dublin society's botanic garden, which adjoins the village, was once the residence of Tickell, the poet. It is, at present, inhabited by Professor Wade, and is a favourite resort, during the mornings of summer, of those who love to pursue the study of botany in the most delightful of all situations for the purpose. Until a comparatively late period, a terrace branched off through the garden, from the rear of this house, which was the favourite promenade of Addison, who resided in this neighbourhood during his abode in Ireland. It was from him called "*Addison's Walk*." At the upper end of

the village are ten elm-trees, which were planted under the direction of one of those worthies who adorned the metropolis of Ireland, and, in particular, the vicinity of Glasnevin,

while the facetious Dean of St. Patrick's was in the height of his career. They are called "Apollo and the Nine Muses." X. x.

Dublin, Nov. 18, 1821.

## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VI.

THE country between Leghorn and the ancient city of Pisa is flat and fertile; and here, for the first time, we observed buffaloes employed in agricultural labours. We could find no wine-house on the road, although it is a distance, we believe, of something more than fourteen miles,—a striking indication of the slackness and inactivity of communication. Before entering the town, we passed a navigable canal, on which were many of the boats employed in carrying goods and passengers to Florence, and other parts of Tuscany: this canal here joins the Arno. Pisa is not now crowded with vessels, as it was in the days of its glory, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; indeed, none but small vessels can enter the Arno from the sea, for its mouth is now choaked up. We at length reached the bridge by which we enter the city: we paused a moment, and looking along the famous Arno, saw it lined with fine quays, and bestrode by several bridges; the bed of the river seems to have sunk, and its waters are muddy and turbulent. The palaces which run along the quays are large, and—empty; one sees every where those sad inscriptions: "Si loca," and "Appartamenti ad affittare."

Long before reaching Pisa, we saw its famous tower, leaning frightfully to one side, and somewhat resembling the truncated shaft of a doric column in the act of falling. On reaching it, we found it to be a tube open to the sky, and not crossed by floor or rafter, or any architectural support, in its whole depth. On the outside, a spiral colonnade goes round and round in ascending rings to the top, where some eight bells are mounted in breaches or forks, constructed for the purpose, and are rung by means of ropes which pass from the fly-wheels, in

the usual manner, and descend through the shell to the bottom. As this tower is well known, we need say no more of it than that it is constructed in most vile taste, and that a thing so ugly and unmeaning would certainly never have attracted much observation but for its singular distortion from the perpendicular. The effect of this distortion is very perceptible in ascending; on one side, the visitor is thrown against the shell, and on the other against the columns; where, as the body of the tower recedes under the platform, nothing can be seen between the spectator and the ground; it seems as though one were lifted up in the air, and the physical effect is curious and unpleasant. One can of course have no doubt of the solidity of a fabric which has withstood a double cause of decay, time and deformity; but the common principles by which we estimate our security are so much at variance with the inconvenient sensations produced by the awkward and strained position which the body assumes, in consequence of the sloping of the platform, and by the eyes descending precipitately to the ground, without any thing to break the fall, that, though the mind may be satisfied, it is still difficult to divest ourselves of a corporeal sense of unsafety.

There are two opinions respecting the fantastic deformity of this tower; the first is, that the artist who built it determined, in order to obtain fame, to erect an edifice which should be stable and lasting, though built in violation of the fundamental rules of his art. It would have been a pity if such an original genius had been suffered to do any thing of inferior merit, and thus lessen his extraordinary reputation; and probably it was for that reason that the Pisans determined that this should be his last

work, and confined him in a prison for the remainder of his life; the story, indeed, assigns a baser motive for his supposed detention, saying it was "because he might not build such a curiosity in any other city." The second opinion is, that the obliquity of the tower has been produced by a lapse in the soil; and, indeed, Forsyth says, that the observatory, and a belfry in the neighbourhood, have declined in the same manner. We did not ascertain the fact. It must be granted, this opinion seems the more probable; it is fair to suppose that even though the architect might think proper to make an experiment upon the ugly and irregular, he would still have preferred comfort to uneasiness, and would surely have made his platforms parallel to the horizon, so that the visitor would not need to wish his legs would shift alternately from short to long, as he wound up the ascent. It may deserve to be remarked, with reference to the obliquity of other buildings, that the baptistry, and the cathedral, the first probably thrice, the second ten times the weight of the leaning tower, and both situated within a few paces of it, do not appear to have swerved the breadth of a line from the perpendicular. Of these two buildings we shall say nothing, since we can say nothing new; they both, however, merit the traveller's attention.

The Campo Santo is a large cloistered rectangle, faced with Gothic arcades, and inclosing a cemetery. The cloisters nearly all round are painted in fresco, and these paintings, though they have been ex-

posed to the open air for four centuries, are but little injured. Their subjects are sometimes taken from Scripture, sometimes from the legendary lives of saints, but occasionally they embody the wildest phantoms of Catholic theology, and demonology. Painters of old had a pretty wide range of subjects; earth, heaven, and hell; men, angels, and devils.\*

In these frescoes, all these subjects frequently enter into one picture; we remember one particularly, where there was on earth a gaping multitude marveling at a saint; men, women, and children, religious and secular, exulting in heaven among bands of angels, and ditto ditto groveling in hell, tormented by hundreds of devils, tailed and horned in the regular manner. There was a monk, in the same picture, in a very ticklish situation, being at the same time pulled different ways by an angel and a devil; the former trying to carry him up to Heaven, the latter tugging him down to hell. The devil seemed to have the best of it. The old Italian painters and writers were accustomed to treat the clergy with very little ceremony; indeed the Italians, with all their reverence for religion, neither have, nor have ever had much reverence for its professors: in this they are very different from the Spaniards and Portuguese, who at any period would have been ready to burn any man who dared to say such shocking things of the religieux as Boccaccio and others have said, or to place them in such disgraceful or ludicrous situations as those so often chosen for them by Italian painters. The chief treasures

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\* The frescoes of the Campo Santo from their immense size will easily admit a large number of figures, and a variety of subjects, but we once had the pleasure of seeing all the subjects we have enumerated wedged, as it were, into a picture which did not measure more than twenty-two inches by sixteen. We met with this little jewel in an Auberge in Haute Bourgogne, where we stopped one morning to breakfast. This picture was divided into three compartments, — earth, heaven, and hell: on the earth, there was a battle between the French and English; or rather there had been a battle, for the English were seen in the distance scampering away as fast as their legs would carry them, and the French were masters of the field. On the left hand side, the French soldiers, all young and gay and without a scratch, their swords drawn, their guns shouldered, and their flags, inscribed with *mille Victoires*, flying in the air, were seen marching up a staircase to heaven; where the Almighty, dressed in a flame-coloured robe de chambre turned up with blue, was waiting to receive them; on the opposite side, the English soldiers, without flag or gun or sword, old, ragged, and maimed, and half of them on crutches, were hobbling down a ladder to the devil. We observed a few anachronisms, and other blemishes, in this excellent picture; but, as we would not be invidious, we shall not mention any more than that some of our generals, known by their names being written under them, were put in hell by anticipation; and that the English soldiers spoke French.



of the Campo Santo are contained in a chapel at one end: there are several pieces of the earliest painters, the very first essays of the arts after their introduction; it is the infancy of painting, and it is an infancy of no promise. The figures are tame, stiff, ungraceful, ill-coloured things; without motion, without passion, without meaning, looking as though they were asleep with their eyes open; the faces are generally round and pretty, but they are never shaded or lighted up by thought. Gold is lavished over them with a prodigal hand; sometimes on grounds, sometimes in ornaments on robes and girdles, and always with a bad effect. These pictures are all done on boards, as indeed all the early pictures are, whence probably is derived the Italian denomination for a picture, *tavola*. The painters of these pictures were the legitimate successors of the Greek daubers who came into Italy about the beginning of the 13th century. In Italy painting was afterwards carried to the highest pitch of excellence: in Greece it seems to have remained almost stationary. We saw not long ago, several pieces by a living Greek artist, a man of some reputation in his own country, and really they were counterparts to those in the Campo Santo; the same hard lines, the same want of design, the legs tied together, the arms fastened to the sides, the same gold grounds, the same tone and colour. We must not forget to observe that there are, in the little chapel of which we have been speaking, several pieces of considerable merit, and belonging to the best age of painting. In the cloisters there are several old sarcophagi and some modern monuments; in a corner is one of plain white marble, erected to the memory of Pignatti, a native of Pisa, the author of "Favole," and of many elegant didactic miscellaneous poems, all of which are written in a very amiable spirit. After walking several times round the cloisters, we at length left the sacred ground, regretting that we could not devote more time to the examination of this extraordinary place. On returning towards our lodging, we passed a shop, where a great quantity of ornamental figures, worked in alabaster, attracted our attention: we entered the shop, and

had some conversation with the master, whose name is Rapiori; he is a clever fellow, and an excellent workman; nay more, he is an artist, for some of his pieces would really do honour to a sculptor; but, though very ingenious and industrious he is poor, and we suppose will always remain so, unless he can find his way to a richer city than Pisa. The poverty of the place compelled him to employ himself generally upon trifling things of little price, and, as he could not avoid feeling they were unworthy of his talents, he had sunk into the true artist's melancholy; he told us the best alabaster is dug at Castellina Maritima, but that he often used that found at Valterra, though rather yellow, because it was cheaper. There are few things which an artist feels more bitterly than being obliged to use inferior materials.

Pisa is one of the cheapest cities in Italy, and it is said to be very healthy, but it is sad and silent: there is no bustle, no throng of men, no thunder of trade, and almost every face wears a grave and melancholy air: it would be a very agreeable residence for students, and would be particularly advantageous for those who purposed to travel into Greece, as there is a college of Greeks here, a great many students, and every facility for acquiring a knowledge of modern Greek. The amiable old Bishop of Pisa is an admirable Greek scholar, and is easy of access; he expressed the rather singular opinion that modern Greek would by cultivation become superior to the ancient. We talked with one of the Greek students, of whom there are a great number in Pisa, a young man full of animation and intelligence; he was born on the promontory of Leucadia. There are a great many Greeks studying in different parts of Europe; it is said 100,000; one meets them every where: this system has probably produced the revolution, and if it be persevered in, the Turks, we apprehend, must finally succumb. We slept at Pisa at an excellent inn, and the next morning, when we rose, we found the day fine, but the wind still contrary; after a little debate, we determined that the vessel would not sail that day, and that therefore we might as well go and see Lucca. The re-

gular coach road to Lucca is about fourteen miles, but as we travelled by the *Cavalli di San Francisco*, we went by a short cut, not exceeding eight miles, across the mountain of San Giuliano, which, by the bye, is the one to which Dante refers in the following passage of his *Conte Ugolino*:

Questi pareva a me maestro e donno,  
Cacciando 'l lupo e i lupicini al monte,  
Perchè i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.\*

*Inferno, Canto xxxiii.*

We found the ascent steep and breathing, and the side of the mountain stony and naked. From the summit the view is extensive, and rather fine; a wide plain, cut here and there by narrow canals, or by the Arno, stretches backward to the sea, the City of Leghorn standing on its extremest edge; before and beneath us lay Lucca, walled and ramparted, and the Lucchese territory all fertile, and all well cultivated. We descended by a path as rough as that by which we had got up, and soon reached the gates of Lucca; on entering, two half-soldier and half-citizen looking fellows, with rusty guns on their shoulders, stopped us, and asked for our passports. We were rather disconcerted by this question, but, after a moment's consideration, we answered we were Englishmen; that our passports were in the police at Leghorn; that we had been to see Pisa, and had come on to have a peep at *his* city, without supposing that a passport was at all necessary. "How," said the fellow, "don't you know that this is a different state? a different government?" We told him we had not once thought of that circumstance, but that if we had, we still should not have thought a passport necessary. The clown thought this was a slight on his government, or else a disrespect of the laws of states; he knitted his brow, pronounced an emphatic word of two syllables, which often salutes the ear of the traveller in Italy, and even talked about our being sent back to

Leghorn with an escort; here, however, his brother in arms, who was either of a gentler or of a more covetous disposition, *prit le mot*, observed we were *Viaggiatori Inglesi, galanteuomini, &c. &c.* and that, perhaps, permission might be obtained for our entrance. We slipped a few paoli into his hands, and begged him to see what could be done: he retired within the gate, and in a short time returned, accompanied by a tall meagre personage, who after some tedious questions settled the following preliminaries: 1st, That we should leave our names, qualities, whence we came, whither we were going, &c. &c. in writing, with him: 2d, That we should take an officer with us to the inn at which we put up. All this was agreed to; and we entered, with a corrected sense of its importance, into the serene city of Lucca. Our first care was to satisfy our hunger; our walk over the mountain had given us, as they say, a charming appetite, indeed too charming, for it kept us at table a couple of hours; and here, once for all, we may observe what a pity it is that travellers are not exempted from the common imperfections of humanity, such as hunger, thirst, drowsiness, and fatigue. How provoking and how humiliating it is to detect ourselves thinking about roast fowl, or fish, or mutton cutlets, while in the very act of entering an old and magnificent city; but so it is, with shame and sorrow we confess it, we feel all those vulgar wants just like any common person; we have no particular dispensation, not we. It was so late before we could spare time to stalk up and down, and stare about us, that we can say but little of Lucca: it is more populated than Pisa, and its palaces and buildings are still grander, still more *signorili*. The walls, for which it is famous all over Italy, run round the city, and being level and extremely broad, form a fine run for carriages, and an excellent promenade, and command

\* This one, methought, as master of the sport,  
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,  
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight  
Of Lucca to the Pisan.

*Cary's Translation.*

On this passage a solemn commentator on Dante observes, that such is really the fact that if Mon. S. Giuliano were removed the inhabitants of either city might see the towers of the other. Such silly observations are not uncommon among commentators.

very pleasant views of the neighbourhood, the whole of which is most admirably cultivated. The women are pretty, and there is an air of *douceur* and politeness in every body one meets. While we were walking about, the beat of two or three crazy drums announced the *Uscita* of the reigning Princess from her palace: she passed us in a shabby old carriage, the blinds of which were drawn, so that we had not the pleasure of seeing her. She was going to visit some favourite church. Every person to whom we spoke about her complained that she was for ever in church, or else closeted up with a parcel of priests; that she was a devotee, and a devotee of a gloomy creed; but this is the family complaint.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we set off for Pisa, returning the same way by which we came; and as we met with no adventure worth relating on our return, you may as well imagine us at once in the very point whence we set out, to wit, strolling up and down in the square before the Governor's house, at Leghorn.

We soon became very anxious for the sailing of the vessel, but we found the captain was just as unwilling, as we were willing, to go: in fact, he was loitering about here in order to pick up some freight. As this fellow's character opened upon us, we found it composed of very pretty elements; cowardice, falsehood, and dishonesty; avarice, meanness, and insolence; nature had made him obstinate in his designs, and habit had made him patient of reproach, indifferent to the scorn and ill-will with which he was looked upon by all who knew him; he "kept the even tenour of his way," praying, lying, swearing, and cheating, in infinite good humour with himself, and armed in apathy that the sting of ridicule could but rarely pierce. He told us one day, when we were quarrelling with him, that if he chose he could set up his rest at the Torre del Greco, his native place, and *walk about with a gold-headed cane in his hand* for the remainder of his life; and, said he, "though you think nothing of me, in my own town I am looked upon as a *little king*." We have no doubt that this was true,

for he had five vessels of his own on the sea; three were employed in fishing at the mouth of the Tiber, and two were employed in commerce; the cargo of his vessel, consisting of rice and cheese, belonged to himself, and he had several bags of dollars on board, which he had not had occasion to employ; but notwithstanding his hoard of dirty gain, he was haunted by a strong and fixed unwillingness to take up the smallest part of it for his pleasures: he would never buy a cigar, though he was fond of smoking; to be sure, he never scrupled to beg or to steal one, and while we were with him he was never absolutely driven to extremity: his business often took him to the Café, where he sometimes had occasion to remain two or three hours, but he never had the spirit to order a whole glass of punch at once, though, perhaps, in that time he drank eight or ten half glasses. We were, of course, very impatient to be gone, and our impatience increased every hour, for we had no amusement to divert our thoughts from the consideration that we were most miserably wasting our time. Leghorn seems the very home of vulgarity and dulness; it contains nothing fine in art or nature, no antiquity, no curiosity; the only thing which deserves any attention is the English burial ground, where marble tombs, in the green shade of solemn cypresses, serve as memorials of the pride which clings to man's heart in his darkest hour, which follows him to the "narrow house," and makes him seek distinction even in the dust. There is a plain and modest monument here to which every Englishman repairs: a thousand names are scratched upon it, sure, though unsightly testimonials, that no common dust lies there. Poor Smollett! the ocean rolls between his country and his grave; but, perhaps, he is fortunate, for here he will be remembered, and there he will not be forgotten. On the opposite side lies his wife; we would rather have seen them together, but it matters not much. We never remember Smollett without calling to mind the fine verse in which he personifies Independence, and which seems to us to be worth pages of most modern poetry:

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share :  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;  
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the  
 sky.

Few persons could say this with more truth than Smollett; but we forget ourselves; we have no time to talk about poetry. There is an epitaph here, which is, perhaps, the most ridiculous one that was ever inscribed on marble; it is one written by a lady for herself, and placed there in compliance with her express and positive directions: we shall not copy it, for we have no wish to scandalize or give pain to any lady; but we must say, we should be glad if some "Old Mortality" would kindly go and erase this record of folly, so that if people more thoughtless, or more merry than we, should ramble thither, they may not be tempted to affront the jealous ghost by involuntary *éclats de rire*. The burial-ground is really very touching, and very pretty; and one would be quite contented with it if one had not seen the *Perc de la Chaise*, which, in its own kind, we must fairly confess we do not hope to see equalled. It is the most remarkable object in all France, and it is the most singular outbreak from national character that we ever witnessed.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to spend time in a more unprofitable manner than that in which we spent ours at Leghorn: the place was so stupid, the weather so dreadfully bad, and our companion so unintellectual; he had gone to Pisa and Lucca to oblige us, and he thought, after such an effort as that, it was our duty in turn to oblige him, which we did, by ——— what? by doing nothing. We could not walk about, we could not write, we could not read; we blush to remember how our time was wasted. In the morning we rose at nine, and went to the Café Minerva, an excellent café it is, by the bye, there we sipped our chocolate, read the papers, or listened to the Babylonish conversation, now Turkish, now Greekish, Italian, English, or French: anon, our eyes rest upon a whiskered infidel, who, in the pride of his heart, takes cigar after cigar, smoking each out in four and a half, or five whiffs, and while clouds roll from his mouth, like the thick and smoky breath of a volcano,

he looks round in solemn scorn upon the effeminate people of these parts, who cough, and spit, and pant, during the prodigious performance. In making our escape from this, we overhear at the door a whispering bargain about some *contrabbando*, or, perhaps, a modest difference of opinion, touching the value of a commodity, agitated between the buyer and seller, the offer and the demand bearing the proportion of 10 to 20, or 5 to 15. On coming out, we probably met with our captain, and amused ourselves in quarreling with him for an hour, and soon after noon, by some chance or other, we constantly found ourselves seated in a snug box in the Trattoria del l' Orso: our cares vanished amid the odours of flesh, and fish, and fowl, or were lost among the rush-bound flasks of Tuscan wine.

But let us make an end of this history of unwilling jollity and sloth: our captain at length informed us he was ready to go, and that the vessel was clearing out of the harbour. We went on board, and in the evening the captain came, bringing with him two passengers, one a native of the Torre del Greco, captain of a vessel employed in the coral fishery off the coast of Barbary; the other an Englishman, perhaps the strangest that ever wandered so far from the white cliffs of his native shore. This odd creature did not understand a word of any language but his own, and of that little more than the jargon of his own county; he thought Italy far below Yorkshire in natural beauty, and Florence inferior to Scarborough. What had possessed him with the itch of travel we know not, but the man had travelled, and not a little; he had been in France, Germany, and Denmark, and he was going to Russia, but being advised by the mate of a vessel trading in the Baltic to go to Constantinople, he had turned his face southward, and had arrived hither on his way. Of all that he had seen he remembered nothing but the petty and the useless: he had no memory for mountains or seas, for characters or manners, but he could recollect in a moment how much he lost on a given evening at put, or loo, or *twenty-one*, at Scarborough, or Elsinore, or Florence. The perversity of this man's understanding was so extraordinary, that while all that



was grand or beautiful glanced away from his memory without making any impression, the absurd and the monstrous ate into it like aquafortis, and remained fixed for ever. Almost every tale which he told us was evidently the extravagance of some grave jester, but our honest friend treasured it up as the most precious gem of history or science, and we apprehend before he returns to Scarborough he will have stock enough to set up for a western Sindbad. The silliness of this man was at first diverting enough, but mere fatuity soon grows tiresome;—the German, however, never ceased to be amused with a credulity which revolted from no absurdity, which could believe that the reason why

the fires of Vesuvius could not be seen in the day was that they were lighted up in the evening and put out in the morning, &c. &c. Their conversations were sometimes amusing enough, but most commonly consisted merely of outrageous lies on the one side, and thick-headed simplicity on the other. The drollest as well as the silliest things that took place were the conversations which—the Englishman, would resolutely hold with the captain, while after supper we sat smoking round the cabin fire; the apropos and malapropos remarks and replies which passed between them, neither understanding a word the other said, often afforded us a hearty laugh.

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SARDANAPALUS, THE TWO FOSCARI, AND CAIN,  
BY LORD BYRON.\*

"ONCE a jacobin, always a jacobin," was formerly a paradox; "but now the time gives it proof." "Once an aristocrat, always an aristocrat" might pass, with as little question, into a proverb. Lord Byron, who has sometimes sought to wrap himself in impenetrable mystery, who has worn the fantastic disguises of corsairs, gisours, and motley jesters, now comes out in all the dignity of his birth, arrayed in a court suit of the old French fashion, with the star glittering on his breast, and the coronet overtopping his laurels. The costume only has been changed, the man has been the same from the first. He has played off his most romantic vagaries from mere recklessness of will, in legitimate defiance of the world. When he sneered at human glory, at patriotism and virtue, put religion aside as an empty name, and scoffed at immortality as a "tale that is told," his rank gave him confidence and success. If he ranged over the mournful scenes of classic desolation, and called up the spirit of their old magnificence, he appealed almost exclusively to aristocratic sympathies. If he sought to represent the violence of passion as justifying its own excesses—to command admiration for the darkest spirits—or to bid a proud defiance to all

established opinions and prejudices, he dared scarcely less as a lord than as a poet. In his very scorn of kings and rulers, there has been little regard for the common sorrows of the people; but a high feeling of injured dignity, a sort of careless ferocity, like that of Cataline amidst his hated foes and his despised supporters. On a lonely rock amidst the storm, in the moonlight shadows of the Colosseum, or pensively musing on the sad and silent shores of Greece, his nobility is ever with him. And now this Alcibiades of our literature, who has set all rules at defiance, who thought it sport to drag the critics "panting after him in vain," whose whole course has been one marvelous deviation from the beaten track of laureled bards, comes forth with his eulogies on Pope, and is pleased to patronize the unities! He who breathed about "Manfred" its mighty mysticism, and there mingled in splendid confusion the spirits of various superstitions, now appears as the champion of dramatic coherence after the straitest sect in criticism. The "chartered libertine," who has made humanity a jest—who has scoffed not only at the forms and creeds of the pious, but at all which raises man above the dust on which he tramples—to whom the spirit of

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\* *Sardanapalus*, a Tragedy; *The Two Foscari*, a Tragedy; *Cain*, a Mystery. By Lord Byron. London. Murray, 1821.

poetry even in himself has been a thing to mock at—now plays the rhetorician's part; discovers ethical poetry to be the finest thing in the world; and the author of that piece of shallowest philosophy, the *Essay on Man*, to be the first of ethic poets! This is the natural course of a man who has great powers, and great pride, with rank to sustain his excesses, and without that presiding and majestic faculty which would enable him to be master in his own heart, and to dispose into harmonious creations the vast elements within him. His present change, from the wild to the austere, is not the result of any principle harmonizing his faculties; but only a rash excursion into another style. Like a military adventurer drunk with glory, he rushes with half his forces into a strange country, trusting to his fortune and his name to defend him.

There are two of Lord Byron's characteristic excellencies which he never leaves behind in his most fantastic expeditions, and which he has accordingly brought into his new domain of classic tragedy. One of these is his intense feeling of the loveliness of woman—his power, not only of picturing individual forms, but of infusing into the very atmosphere which surrounds them the spirit of beauty and of love. A soft roseate light is spread over them, which seems to sink into the soul. The other faculty to which we allude is his comprehensive sympathy with the vastest objects in the material universe. There is scarcely any pure description of individual scenes in all his works; but the noblest allusions to the grandeurs of earth and heaven. He pays "no allegiance but to the elements." The moon, the stars, the ocean, the mountain desert, are endowed by him with new "speech and language," and send to the heart their mighty voices. He can interpret between us and the firmament, or give us all the sentiment of an everlasting solitude. His power in this respect differs essentially from that of Wordsworth, who does not require an over-powering greatness in his theme, whom the "meanest flower" can move to sweetest thoughts, to whom all earth is redolent with divinest associations, and in whose lowliest path beauty is

ever present, "a simple product of the common day."

We believe that we may safely refer to one or other of these classes of beauty and grandeur almost every passage in the tragedies before us which deserves a place in the memory. Excepting where these occur, the plays appear to us "coldly correct, and critically dull." They abound in elaborate antitheses, frigid disputations, stately common places, and all the lofty trifling of those English tragedies which are badly modeled on the bad imitations of the Greeks by the French. There is little strongly marked character, little picturesque grouping, and scarcely any action. For pages together of laboured dialogue, the fable makes no progress—but the persons develop their own characters with the most edifying minuteness. We almost wish the rule of our law, that no man shall be a witness for or against himself, were rigidly applied to the drama. In the French courts of justice, and on the French stage, the rule is otherwise; but we need not desire to imitate the taste of our neighbours in criminal jurisprudence or in tragedy.

The poverty of the piece, on the striking history of *Sardanapalus*, has really surprised us. It afforded such room for towering luxury, such hints for the embodying in the person of the hero a mighty hunger and thirst after enjoyment, such fitting space for a great picture of Assyrian pomp, ennobled by the striking spectacle of the brave sensualist leaping from the dreamy deliciousness of his regal couch into a fiery grave, that we anticipated from the title a splendid wonder. How would some of our old poets have rioted in such a theme! How would their verses have breathed of the spicy east—how would they, with liberal hand, have showered on us "barbaric pearl and gold"! But Lord Byron has been a very niggard of his Asiatic stores. His hero is a gentle epicurean philosopher, who is slothful on system, buries himself in his palace in mercy to his subjects, and is actually distinguished only from the class of sovereigns by his love for a lady to whom he is not married, and his neglect of his Queen. His tremulous abhorrence of even necessary bloodshed is utterly out of

character in an oriental sensualist who can have no sense of the value of human existence, and is belied by the very carelessness with which he resigns his own. There is no feeling of luxury communicated to the mind of the reader; for the whole pomp hinted at in the course of the play, if faithfully copied, would hardly furnish one scene for a Covent Garden show. Even its catastrophe does not astonish or appal us; but happens almost as a thing of course. How little action it comprises, may be shortly known by a mere recapitulation of its scenes. The first act is occupied by the attempt of Salemenes, the brother of the Queen, to rouse Sardanapalus to a sense of his danger, and to prevent him from supping in a pavilion on the Euphrates; and, by some fond discourses between the King and his favorite Myrrha, an Ionian slave. In the second, a priest and a nobleman hold long and leisurely conversations about a scheme of dethroning the King—are detected by Salemenes, and rescued by the King from his sword, forgiven, and ordered to their satrapies: they renew their plots—and the King and Myrrha return to their philosophy and their love. The third act shows us the breaking out of this conspiracy. Sardanapalus is alarmed in the midst of a banquet, and, throwing off his weakness, arms himself for the combat, which rages with various success, till the rebels are driven from the city. In the fourth act, Myrrha is discovered watching the troubled slumbers of the king, who, on waking, relates to her a frightful dream, which is the most ambitious piece of writing in the play; but it seems to us quite artificial and frigid.

Salemenes then begs his brother-in-law to grant his sister an interview, in which her patience and enduring love revive his old affection within him. This is the most beautiful and affecting scene in the play; but too long to be extracted. After another scene with Myrrha, beginning in coldness and ending in love, and a consultation with Salemenes on the posture of affairs, the monarch hastens again to battle. The fifth act opens with the following speech of Myrrha, who is gazing on the sun as it rises:—

*Myrrha. (At a window.)* The day at last has broken. What a night Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven! Though varied with a transitory storm, More beautiful in that variety! How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope, And love and revel, in an hour were trampled By human passions to a human chaos, Not yet resolved to separate elements.— 'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise, So bright, so rolling back the clouds into Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains, And billows purpler than the ocean's, making In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth, So like we almost deem it permanent; So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul, And blends itself into the soul, until Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not, Know not the realms where those twin genii (Who chasten and who purify our hearts, So that we would not change their sweet rebukes For all the boisterous joys that ever shook The air with clamour), build the palaces Where their fond votaries repose and breathe Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale Enough of heaven to enable them to bear The rest of common, heavy, human hours, And dream them through in placid suffering; Though seemingly employed like all the rest Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling, Which our internal, restless agony Would vary in the sound, although the sense Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

The greater part of this speech is very beautiful, though the description of the sun rolling back the vapours is apparently imitated from a magnificent scene in the second book of Wordsworth's *Excursion* which far surpasses it; and the closing lines are obscure. Salemenes is brought in to die; Sardanapalus enters defeated; news arrives that the Euphrates has swept down the bulwark; and the king, after providing for the safety of his friends, and ordering a funeral pyre to be heaped round the throne, dismisses all but Myrrha, who resolves to die with him. Nothing is then left them but to perish: Sar-



*Sardanapalus* ascends the throne, and *Myrrha* fires the pile and prepares to rush into the flames, when the curtain falls. We will give the close of this scene, that the reader may decide on the justice of our opinion respecting its singular feebleness.

*Sardanapalus.* Then  
We but await the signal.  
*Myrrha.* It is long  
In sounding.  
*Sardanapalus.* Now, farewell; one last  
embrace.  
*Myrrha.* Embrace, but not the last;  
there is one more.  
*Sardanapalus.* True, the commingling  
fire will mix our ashes.  
*Myrrha.* And pure as is my love to  
thee, shall they,  
Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly  
passion,  
Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet  
irks me.  
*Sardanapalus.* Say it.  
*Myrrha.* It is that no kind hand will  
gather  
The dust of both into one urn.  
*Sardanapalus.* The better:  
Rather let them be borne abroad upon  
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,  
Than be polluted more by human hands  
Of slaves and traitors; in this blazing pa-  
lace,  
And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,  
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt  
Hath piled in her brick mountains, e'er  
dead kings,  
Or king, for none know whether those proud  
piles  
Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis:  
So much for monuments that have forgotten  
Their very record!  
*Myrrha.* Then farewell, thou earth!  
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia!  
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far  
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer  
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one,  
were of thee!  
*Sardanapalus.* And that?  
*Myrrha.* Is yours.  
(*The trumpet of Pania sounds without*)  
*Sardanapalus.* Hark!  
*Myrrha.* Now!  
*Sardanapalus.* Adieu, Assyria!  
I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,  
And better as my country than my king-  
dom.  
I satiated thee with peace and joys; and  
this  
Is my reward! and now I owe thee no-  
thing,  
Not even a grave. (*He mounts the pile.*)  
Now, *Myrrha*!  
*Myrrha.* Art thou ready?  
*Sardanapalus.* As the torch in thy grasp.  
(*Myrrha fires the pile.*)

*Myrrha.* "Tis fire! I come.  
(*As Myrrha springs forward to throw her-  
self into the flames, the Curtain falls.*)

Can any thing be more ill-timed than the moralizing of the dying king about the Egyptian pyramids? The last thought in the speech, too, is taken from Fuller, the Church Historian, who quaintly observes, "the pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." When we consider, that this play is nearly twice the length of any acted tragedy, we shall scarcely wonder that these incidents, expanded into such a length, are weakened by the plenitude of words. The following little dialogue, respecting the irruption of the river, may serve as a specimen of the expansive art of writing:—

*Pania.* With your sanction  
I will proceed to the spot, and take such  
measures  
For the assurance of the vacant space  
As time and means permit.  
*Sardanapalus.* About it straight,  
And bring me back as speedily as full  
And fair investigation may permit  
Report of the true state of this irruption  
Of waters.

The "Two Foscari" is founded on the interesting story of the Son of a Venetian Doge, who was suspected of murder, and sentenced to exile; and who returned to his beloved home, only to be tortured and sent back into banishment, where he died broken hearted. Lord Byron has only taken the latter part of the tale: his piece opens with the sufferings of the young Foscari, after his return, and contains no incidents, except the repetition of his tortures, his second sentence of banishment, his death, and the deposition and death of his father. There is no character in it, except that of the old Doge, who is admirably depicted;—the quiet dignity, the deep, silent agony, scarcely perceived amidst the careful discharge of his great office, the noiseless attention to all forms and observances, while his aged heart is breaking; and the withering of the last support at the toll of the bell for the installation of his successor, form a fine Titian-like picture. But young Foscari, and his wife Marina, are merely the creatures of circumstance, excepting that he is a gentle, and she a vociferous sufferer. There

are a few splendid speeches, and many choice felicities of expression in this piece ; but, like *Sardanapalus*, it is far too much diluted. The reflections of poor *Jacopo Foscari*, on looking on the sea, while enjoying a short respite from torture, are very picturesque and intense. The guard opens a window in the prison, and addresses him :—

*Guard.* There, sir, 'tis  
Open—How feel you ?

*Jacopo Foscari.* Like a boy—Oh Venice !

*Guard.* And your limbs ?

*Jacopo Foscari.* Limbs ! how often have they borne me

Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have skimm'd

The gondola along in childish race,  
And, masqued as a young gondolier, amidst  
My gay competitors, noble as I,  
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,  
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,

Plebeian as patrician, cheer'd us on  
With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,  
And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,

Even to the goal !—How many a time have I  
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,

The wave all roughen'd ; with a swimmer's stroke

Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,

And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,

Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er  
The waves as they arose, and prouder still  
The loftier they uplifted me ; and oft,  
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down  
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making  
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen  
By those above, till they wax'd fearful ;  
then

Returning with my grasp full of such tokens  
As show'd that I had search'd the deep :  
exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep

The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd  
The foam which broke around me, and pursued

My track like a sea-bird. I was a boy then.

*Guard.* Be a man now : there never was more need

Of manhood's strength.

*Jacopo Foscari (looking from the lattice.)*

My beautiful, my own,  
My only Venice—this is breath ! Thy breeze,

Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face !

Thy very winds feel native to my veins,  
And cool them into calmness !

"*Cain, a Mystery*," is altogether of a higher order than these classical tragedies. Lord Byron has not, indeed, fulfilled our expectations of a gigantic picture of the first murderer ; for there is scarcely any passion, except the immediate agony of rage, which brings on the catastrophe ; and Cain himself is little more than the subject of supernatural agency. This piece is essentially nothing but a vehicle for striking allusions to the mighty abstractions of Death and Life, Eternity and Time, for vast but dim descriptions of the regions of space, and for daring disputations on that great problem, the origin of evil. Lucifer meets Cain, doubting and troubled, and "breathes his spirit in his ear," till he consents to accompany him through the abyss of space to Hades. There he sees the phantasms of an earlier and mightier world, destroyed by the crushing of the elements. He returns to earth, but his soul is unfitted for devotion ; his prayers are impious, and his sacrifice is scattered to the winds ; he rushes with wild rage to pull down the altar of his accepted brother, and kills him, because he resists his purpose. The ground-work of the arguments, on the awful subjects handled, is very common place ; but they are arrayed in great majesty of language, and conducted with a frightful audacity. The direct attacks on the goodness of God are such as we dare not utter or transcribe. They are not, perhaps, taken apart, bolder than some passages of Milton ; but they inspire quite a different sensation, because, in thinking of *Paradise Lost*, we never regard the Deity, or Satan, as other than great adverse powers, created by the imagination of the poet. God is only the name for the King of Heaven, not for the Father of all. The personal identity which Milton has given to his spiritual intelligences,—the local habitations which he has assigned them,—the material beauty with which he has invested their forms,—all these remove the idea of impiety from their discourses. But we know nothing of Lord Byron's Lucifer, except his speeches ; he is invented only that he may utter them ; and the whole appears an abstract discussion, held for its own sake, not maintained in order to pre-

serve the dramatic consistency of the persons. He has made no attempt to imitate Milton's plastic power;—that power by which our great poet has made his Heaven and Hell, and the very regions of space, sublime realities, palpable to the imagination, and has traced the lineaments of his angelic messengers with the precision of a sculptor. The Lucifer of "Cain," is a mere bodyless abstraction,—the shadow of a dogma; and all the scenery over which he presides is dim, vague, and seen only in faint outline. There is, no doubt, a very uncommon power displayed, even in this shadowing out of the ethereal journey of the spirit and his victim, and in the vast sketch of the world of phantasms at which they arrive; but they are utterly unlike the massive grandeurs of Milton's creation. This is one of the eloquent exclamations of Cain as he proceeds:

*Cain.* Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether! and  
Ye multiplying masses of increased  
And still increasing lights! what are ye?  
what

Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
The leaves along the limpid streams of  
Eden?

Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye  
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
Through an aerial universe of endless  
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,  
Intoxicated with eternity?  
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatso'er ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatso'er  
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,  
(If that they die) or know ye in your might  
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in  
this hour

Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

The region of the phantoms thus  
appears to Cain:—

*Cain.* What are these mighty phan-  
toms which I see  
Floating around me?—they wear not the  
form

Of the intelligences I have seen  
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,  
Nor wear the form of man as I have  
view'd it

In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,  
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my chil-  
dren's:

And yet they have an aspect, which, though  
not

Of men nor angels, looks like something,  
which,

If not the last, rose higher than the first,  
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full  
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable  
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear  
not

The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,  
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is  
Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful  
As the most beautiful and mighty which  
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce  
Can call them living.

We are far from imputing inten-  
tional impiety to Lord Byron for this  
"mystery;" nor, though its language  
sometimes shocks us, do we apprehend  
any danger will arise from its  
perusal. The difficulty on which it  
founds its "obstinate questionings"  
has often recurred to every mind ca-  
pable of meditating; it is equally felt  
in every system, except absolute  
Atheism; and, if it is reverently  
pursued, serves, while it baffles our  
scrutiny, to make us feel all the high  
capabilities, and intense yearnings,  
of our own immortal nature.

## ODE OF CASIMIR

### TO HIS LYRE.

Thou child of the boxtree, that flexile combined  
Thy string'd frame sonorous, my lute! hang thou high  
On the poplar that lofty upturns to the wind  
Its lightly twitch'd leaves, while all blue laughs the sky.

The shrill east's hissing gale shall but dally with thee,  
O'er thy quivering chords as it murm'ringly skims;  
Let me lean back my neck at the root of the tree,  
And stretch on this bank's mossy verdure my limbs.

Ha! clouds—sudden clouds! how the heaven is o'ercast!  
How dreary the echo! the crashing of rains!  
Up and hence!—human joys, thus ye come, thus are past,  
And only the print of your footstep remains!

OLEN.

LETTERS FROM LONDON TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

THE LEITH SMACK.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I recollect reading, about four years ago, a little book written by J. Jamieson, called, I think, "A Voyage to London, in a Berwick Smack," and a very amusing little book it was: whether the author actually encountered the adventures of which he gives so interesting a narrative, or coined them in a journey round his study table, I cannot pretend to decide; the effect of them is equally good on his readers either way. My adventures, however, in a voyage to London in a Berwick Smack, will not be liable to any doubts on the score of authenticity; and when you see Jamieson, you may give him my compliments, and say, that if I possessed his powers of description, I would publish a second voyage, which, I have little doubt, would drive its elder brother clean out of the field; and, what is more, I would head my work with a "challenge to the whole world" to question the truth of my narrative.

To make sure of being perfectly safe in the latter particular, I shall avoid all mention of dates and numbers, and confine myself to facts, persons, and circumstances; a precaution of which I am sure my readers will perceive the prudence, and appreciate the motive. You cannot, I suppose, controvert the fact of my embarkation in the Smack, Capt. S., with some twenty or thirty people; and still less, if possible, can you controvert my having sailed with her for London. Of the persons, I believe, you had a rough glance at the pier head; but they will be sketched more amply to you, along with the circumstances with which they were all more or less connected.

We had got fairly into the German ocean before our acquaintance was of that social description which allows of unreserved communication of sentiments on any subject; and had reached Holy Island before any of us ventured more than a thought at the character of his fellow. The third morning, however, discovered us to ourselves, and one of us found that his fellow-passengers consisted, *inter alios*, of two French officers

(unknown to each other), a player, and his wife and four children, the renowned P—, and his wife and family, a Cockney traveller,—a leather merchant, and a boot-maker, who, for their own good reasons, paired in the voyage,—a writer's clerk, from Forfarshire, and a being of whom to this hour none of us could learn either name, character, or business, but who of common consent was called, nobody knew why, *the Doctor*.—We only wanted an Irishman and a parson to make a party for a novel; and mentioning the word brings to my recollection a little prim sentimentalist of a female, who, from the same *faculty* that conferred the diploma on the Doctor, received exclusively the honorary appellation of "Miss."

We made a most agreeable company after dinner; L. (the player) and his wife, are as well-bred people as I ever met; Mr. and Mrs. P. are equally so: one of the Frenchmen, M. Rotte, played the violin and sang; the other abounded in juggling, legerdemain, and diablerie: Holmes, the Cockney, was a would-be wit; the leather-merchant was a fool; the writer, a man of humour; the boot-maker, a simpleton; and the Doctor, a compound of them all. These qualities, or qualifications, of my companions, were, as you may suppose, elicited generally from their behaviour during the whole voyage; but the commencement of my observation of them was on an occasion of which you will readily admit the fitness, namely, during the conversation, or rather the debate, for such it often became, after dinner. Our topics were, at first, of that ordinary common-place class that naturally arise out of the indefinite sort of talk which the appearance of the decanters, and the disappearance of the ladies and children, always produce—politics, wines, ladies, battles, books, &c. till the boot-maker, tanner, French conjuror, and others, dropped off, and left Mr. Coram the writer, and the Frenchman, in a keen dispute about the Scottish church worship; P. and I being at that time listeners.—Now, what were the sides

that these doughty polemics adopted upon the question, "Whether the public worship of the kirk of Scotland is consonant with its belief in the Divinity and Omnipotence of the object of its adoration?" The quill-driver, you suppose, maintained lustily the affirmative, and the Frenchman *bah'd* and *mondieu'd* the idea of the term *worship* being at all applied to our service. Quite the reverse! The quill-driver had been reading Gay's "good Lord of Bolingbroke," and consequently had imbibed the principles, without fully comprehending the arguments, of that learned nobleman: the Frenchman had fallen in love with the daughter of a clergyman, and had regularly squired her to the parish church on Sundays; and thus the scribbler's reason, as he thought it, had overcome his prejudice,—and the Frenchman's prejudice had overcome his reason; for at bottom he was clearly a free-thinker. The kirk was most uncereemoniously handled by Coram. Your stickler to one fixed form of worship, in preference to another, can be argued with; but a denouncer of all public worship is like a declaimer against all sorts of medicine—you leave him to die without pity; and though I believe M. Rotte's sincerity in his praise of our establishment was to the full as questionable as his adversary's irreverence was unbecoming, yet the latter had almost my abhorrence, while the former had barely my contempt. The debate was about closing with a "weel a weel, Mr. Rotte, ye'll gang your way to heaven, and I'll gang mine; and gin we meet o' the road, I'll warrant we'll no cast out about the means we took to come till't;" when the theme was taken up by that strange creature the Doctor. He had sat silent and unobserved, and really by me unseen, since the removal of the cloth; and the effect of his now poking in his lank sallow face among us was like that of a knuckle of veal after a sirloin of beef; one is surprised at its appearance, vexed at not being able to partake of it, yet unwilling to let it go away without being tasted. M. Rotte had just assented to Coram's summing up, when—"So the end is gained a'important the means, Monsieur," issued from a voice of an in-

describable structure; a cracked clarionet, a half-penny whistle, and a trombone, present themselves as possibly able to give you an idea of the sound; but to complete it, I think, you must add the rattling of a bullet in a copper-kettle, for the Doctor was a Northumbrian. As not one of his hearers was prepared for this salute, and not one could tell whether it was meant assentingly, ironically, or disputaciously, the consequence was, that after an awkward pause of staring hesitation we burst unanimously into a loud laugh! The Doctor, however, was not to be driven from his point by such a rebuff; for after we had confirmed him in the belief that the laugh was at him by our eagerness to lay it upon other matters, he took up the cudgels on the side of the Frenchman, with such an apparent zeal, that I began to think, either that he was one of that respectable body at whom Coram had levelled his jeers, or, at least, that he was earnest and conscientious in the side which he adopted. "The question seems," said he, after some previous debate, "to be, whether a church that has made herself what she is by the determined spirit of her founders, and maintained her principles by the zeal and piety of her clergy, in defiance of the persecutions of all her enemies; whether, ye see, this church has framed a mode of public worship worthy of its Almighty object. A poet of your country, Sir, (to Coram) has called religious pride, "in all the pomp of method and of art," poor in comparison with the simple devotions of a cotter and his family by their own fireside; what shall we call it in comparison with an assemblage of Christians who have no fire to warm them but the flame of their own bosoms?—hem!—the inference is irrefragable."—Now, what did he mean, Frank?—whatever he meant, the effect of what he said was again a loud laugh from his auditors; the face, the voice, above all the concatenation of *rs* in his sentence, fairly upset our gravity, and drove the Frenchman bursting out of the cabin. Coram was on his way after him, and a general move was taking place at table, when a smart black-whiskered fellow of a footman entered, and, in broken English, pro-



sented Colonel St. Etienne's compliments, and requested the favour of our company to a ball upon deck.—An interruption of a much less agreeable kind would have been most welcome; you may guess whether that of Colonel St. Etienne's valet was so or not.—It was received by the Doctor, however, with a most ungracious *pish*, and, instead of accepting the invitation, he skulked away to his birth, with a Tacitus and a raw turnip, on both of which he seemed to feed with some avidity.

A very elegant little *parterre* appeared upon deck, where we found the rest of the company assembled.—The master of the ceremonies, Colonel St. Etienne, welcomed us *like a Frenchman*; (you recollect Handel's "like a prince,") that is, he bowed us along with assurances of his thanks for the honour, &c. while he laughed in his sleeve at our *bêtise* in believing him. He then requested Mr. L.'s permission to ask Mrs. L. to commence the ball, by walking a waltz with him, which being granted much more readily than I had imagined, the Colonel proceeded to avail himself of it, and in an instant appeared upon the floor with Mrs. L. who, however, had demurred to a waltz, but consented, as we were informed, to a minuet. They walked it beautifully; and *en passant*, I beg to ask, whether there is any comparison between the very best dance of the very best *modern* school, and the elegance of the old court minuet. A country dance of seven couples followed.—Where the women came from, or who they were, I know not; but they appeared quite genteel, and precedence was strictly attended to. Mr. P. and Mrs. L. led off; the other couples seemed well enough matched, the fourth being, by the master's express arrangement, your humble servant and Miss. We had kept it up till near nine o'clock, when an occurrence of a very painful nature, while it lasted, spoiled our enjoyment for the rest of the evening. The musicians (by-the-bye I have not told you that we mustered two violins and a harp)—the musicians had just given that nondescript kind of twirl which announces the dance at an end, when, before the consequent buzz of conversation could commence, we distinctly heard a heavy

plunge into the water, at the stern of the vessel, and simultaneously a scream of horror. There is always a second or two of dead silence, a momentary stupor of a terrible nature, before people fly to discover the cause of an alarm; in that moment all possible circumstances, and chiefly those of an aggravated nature, suggest themselves to the mind; but rarely does the true cause of dread occur to any one. The sailors were the first to shout, "a man overboard," while the Captain and Mate ordered and assisted in the lowering of the boat.—She was afloat in an instant, manned by the Captain, three sailors, M. Rotte, and Mr. P.—The scene I witnessed upon deck was really pathetic: it is wonderful how strongly one is affected by a plain, simple, unbrought-about incident, a genuine burst of nature, unaided by situation, surprise, or previous excitement.—Mrs. L. had been sitting nearest the part of the vessel whence the sound proceeded, and having lost sight of her youngest girl for some little time, the thought of her child being the sufferer had struck her, as she afterwards expressed it, like a flash of lightning, and elicited from her the scream, which, more than any thing else, had horrified us. During the interval of lowering the boat, all hands appeared above, Doctor included, yet little Susan L. was not among them; her father could hardly support himself, and her mother was just sinking, as I thought, into a swoon, when the little cherub appeared from the boat which stands upon deck, and, unconscious of the uneasiness she had caused, cried, "Mamma!"—I will not attempt to describe what followed, Frank, because I am sure I should bombast it; the circumstance of parents finding a child, which both had given up for lost, makes a very pretty tale in many a pretty book; but I question if any of them ever had more effect on their hearers than this simple incident had upon our company. The child was a most fascinating creature, and indeed the whole family were remarked for their peculiarly engaging manners.

We were again in the dark then as to the person who had gone overboard, for no one doubted that some one had so gone; and we now recol-

lected a stupid pert little girl of nine or ten years old, who had been repeatedly checked in climbing about the cables, seats, &c. She was in the care of no one, though the steward seemed to have adopted her as his protégée during the voyage; and she it was who was now doomed to the waves. Holmes (the cockney) was the first to name her, and he was seconded by all the sailors, one of whom did not scruple to say that "he seed the bit lassie hinging at the starn-post." Our anxiety was extreme about her—the boat had made no discovery, and we were giving up the poor little girl for lost, when a remark of Holmes's (a dry-witted odd sort of fellow, by the way) confirmed me in a suspicion, that he knew the whole cause of the alarm, if he was not the framer of it; he had been more than usually silent during the stir, and the coldness of his observations must have struck every body. The boat was still seen in the gloom, about 100 yards off; and was, as we thought, on her return to the vessel; the girl was still *unfound*, as Holmes said, and we all concluded that she was lost for ever. But at that instant we heard a loud laugh from those in the boat, and the captain calling out that they had found the body, begged a warm bed to be prepared for it. Holmes desired him not to be uneasy, for he was a member of the Humane Society, and would undertake to revive a drowned body, though as dead as mutton. Before we could discern what they had found, we saw the living body which we had lost making her way out from among some cables, sails, &c. where she had been lying fast asleep for the last hour. The poor girl was most unmercifully rated, and very unjustly, when one thinks of it; Holmes, in particular, was ludicrously severe upon her for being *only* asleep when they all thought her dead. As the boat neared, he congratulated them upon having found the *lost sheep*, and assisted the sailors in handing up—what?—a side of mutton which had dropped, or been cut from the stern, where, with many other matters, it had been hung for air!! Mr. and Mrs. L. grew very grave, and Holmes grew very facetious; but there was a coldness between the whole

company and him for a long time after, in spite of his droll sayings: we forgave the fellow, however, for his impudence; and when we had told the boat-party of our alarm, we found them rather of his way of thinking, that we had made fools of ourselves. "Come, cook," said the captain, "hang up the haunch," "Ay," said Holmes, "hang him up—he must have some more *capers* before he goes to pot;" and many such *saucy* remarks. The event served us for supper talk; but we parted for the night rather displeased with each other.

The next morning, however, seemed to dawn favourably for a renewal of our sociality; and the day passed without a gloom. My time was principally taken up by P. and L. whose conversation was really most attractive. The former is a thorough man of the world, in as far as being above the liability of being imposed upon by its arts can give right to that title. The latter is a gentleman, complete in all but purse. You have seen his works, and you have seen the powers of his mind in those masterly personifications of dramatic character which were the admiration of our city for two winters. P. is not at all of a literary turn, but good society has given him knowledge enough never to appear ignorant to the degree which puts one in pain; and his superior acquaintance with real life renders him not only a fit but a desirable companion for most ranks of respectable people. I have received general invitations to visit both of these gentlemen in London, of which I shall most certainly avail myself. We had a little joviality at night (being Saturday), and more than one of us fell sacrifices to the rosy God. I wonder if the proverb "*drunkenness reveals what soberness conceals*," be as correct as proverbs generally are; if it be, we are a sad set of dissemblers, because almost every man's nature undergoes a thorough change under the influence of drink; the taciturn become talkative, the peaceable uproarious, the dull lively. I vow I suspect the proverb a little in particulars; but in the main it is right, else proverb it had never been.

If I recollect Jamieson's book aright, he had a parson on board with him, by whose and Jamieson's



influence, as he sets forth, the Sunday at sea was passed in public worship by crew and passengers, to the great edification of both, and to the admiration of their accompanying vessels. Sorry am I to say, that on Sunday the very reverse was the case, in the party of which I am the historian—consider, two Frenchmen, a deist, a polemic, and some half dozen free-thinkers! The Frenchmen seemed to be more than usually gay, and St. Etienne actually proposed a little dramatic scene for the evening, but was over-ruled by the captain. We walked, talked, sang, played, and romped about, however, rather more than previously.

After the ladies had retired for the night, the Doctor and M. Rotte were about renewing their controversy; and a third person, of some note as it afterwards appeared, took occasion to pass a very well worded reprobation of our mode of spending the Lord's day. How irresistible are the admonitions of sincerity! there was not one among us who entirely subscribed to this man's opinions, but not one of us who did not receive his statement of them with real respect for him and them: I would give you a specimen of his oratory, for such his hints became; but I am afraid I could not separate the extremes from the reasonable, and so might injure the whole.

Traveling by sea loses sadly in comparison with land, in point of adventures; in the latter, you have a continual change of objects, you sleep every night in a different bed, you wake to new scenes and faces, and your time is an agreeable variety of place, circumstances, and subjects. In a voyage you never move out of the circumscribed limits of a plank; you behold the same objects from your outset to your arrival; *de facto*, your travels are no further than from your abode to the ship's side, and accordingly you are debarred from all opportunity of observation, from variety of incidents (the very essence of amusement), except in so far as the company you meet creates it. Only think what glorious scenes one must encounter in a journey to London, like Roderick Random, and Strap; but yet I am not certain, that if Hudibras had lived in the 18th, instead of the 17th century, he would not have sent his hero to London in a

smack, in place of a waggon: and I think I may safely assure the first novelist who means to transplant a northern hero to the capital, that a smack is by far the most likely conveyance of the two, for incidents of all sorts; and when it is considered how well *the road* is now known, and how little variety can be expected from what every body is acquainted with, there can be little doubt that Messrs. the Novelists will thank me for the hint.

I wonder how Dr. Johnson would have behaved in a company like ours, when they reminded him of the place he preferred to "a ship:" the idea occurred to me almost every time we were among our elegancies, for let me tell you, these are neither trifling nor scarce in any passage vessel now-a-days; and in the present instance, they were peculiarly plentiful and choice. Of room, we have abundance; of food, we have an incredible variety, and all kinds of amusements; we can be retired, or we can join the company as we incline, each person having a little chamber to himself, clean to a degree, and fitted up with the utmost neatness, and with every comfort that any house on shore can bestow. In short, hating sea sickness, and occasional foul weather, neither of which was among us to any extent, a Leith smack is a moving hotel, where the guests live together as at a watering place.

But a voyage would not be complete without a storm, or an alarm of some serious kind; and thankful am I, a true historian, that there is no temptation to me to invent one, there having happened to us, on Tuesday evening, just as decent a touch of the terrible as any prose writer need wish. The day had been unsettled and squally, and to use the sailor's phrase, "the grey meere's tail was i' the clouds." As it was not boisterous, however, it did not impede our usual gambols, except by occasional squeamishness among the females. We were approaching Yarmouth Roads; I forget, or rather I never knew how the wind stood; but we were moving very rapidly through the water, the breeze evidently increasing, and the air darkening to an alarming degree. Whether to keep the passengers quite at ease by affecting carelessness, or to drive away

uneasiness from his own breast; I know not, but about five o'clock the captain sat down to the backgammon board, on deck, with Mr. L.; the mate was at the helm; the passengers one or other were walking about, sitting, reading, and so forth; while I was playing with the children, and trying to make them keep their feet: the breeze had lasted long enough to accustom us to it, and to abate, if not dispel, that secret involuntary terror which a heavy sea, and the lean of the vessel leeward always excite in fresh-water folks, so that at the moment I am describing, I do not think that danger was dreamt of by any individual on board. At that awful moment, however, we struck on a bank, with a shock that drove every moveable article, alive and dead, several feet from its position; while a wave, dashing against the weather bow, whelmed the cabin skylight overboard, loosened the door way, and swept a heap of stools, tables, and boxes into the deep. "*Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum*," cries, screams, crashes, and every sort of confusion ensued; we were inundated to the very stern-post; several of those on the weather side were absolutely floated to leeward, while the water rushed in rivers down the cabin window, bearing all before it. The vessel *eased* so much to that side, that every soul on board was in momentary expectation of being swallowed up in the yawning gulf below. It was horrible, horrible; I cannot tell you my feelings—death was in every face: some were lying apparently dead in the pool upon deck; some were scrambling to gain the weather side; here was a father, there a child, here a wife, there a husband; the two families were strewed about in all directions; the looks, the shrieks, the despair in every countenance, were far, very far beyond the powers of description: I look upon it, Frank, that every individual of us felt, as far as mental sensation goes, the pangs of death in their direst degree. It is in vain for me to write more about this dreadful shock; I cannot make it equal to the truth, and any attempt at *effect* would be as abortive as unworthy. When the senses of the captain and sailors returned, which, to do them justice, was not much above half a minute

of time, they proceeded to right the vessel, and make signals to the shore. We were about two miles distant from the town of Yarmouth, whence accordingly boats were sent out to our assistance, but before their arrival, the danger had gone by; the first distinguishable voice was that of the captain calling "all hands on the lee-bow," possibly less intelligible to most of those to whom it was directed, than if it had been Greek; and consequently attended to by none correctly. The wind had abated a little, and the rain now came down; the surf about us was very strong, and upon the bow of the vessel we could see the sand quite uncovered, the tide being at ebb. The captain assured us in the most solemn manner that there was not a spark of danger, but that if we had any *feet*, boats were at hand to convey every passenger on board to Yarmouth, at the ship's expense. We had either that confidence in the skill of S. or that terror of a pinnacle in a high sea, that not a person thought of moving, to the great discontent of the Yarmouth boatmen, who were now getting the vessel over the bank, and who did what they could to terrify us out of a couple of guineas a piece, for boat hire: from all that I could observe of these people, they were quite distressed at our want of distress, and seemed actually to abuse us for not having been half sunk before they arrived. Though the danger was over, the confusion and terror were not, and the latter were heightened by the flapping of the main sail in the wind, the surf, the boats, and the cries of the sailors; and, spite of all assurances of safety, none of the passengers felt safe.

It was at this period of the drama that a scene took place which at once divested it of all pretensions to the character of tragedy, and by its broad extravagance made us as rich a melodrama, as the utmost efforts of Messrs. Hook, Dimond, and Co. could have manufactured. A voice was heard from the fore cabin uttering in the deepest notes of dolor, "Where is he? Where is he? bring me till him, my ain bairn, my laddie, my darling laddie; he wad na mair wi' the scorners, but the Lord's will be done: but dinna part us, dinna part us." The figure which now

was seen issuing from the hatchway, was that of an old woman in a large bodied gown flung behind, check apron, coloured neckkerchief, all of the ancient cast, with a cap which must have been out of date in 1785; grey hair rolled in thick folds on a shrivel'd forehead; small blue eyes, and a peculiarly animated countenance for her age—an old woman, Frank, whom you have seen, and who, perhaps, was the first being in the world whom I saw; Nelly Handyside, my Nurse. How she came where she was, and why, you must ask her: so it was and is, that for my sins she is doomed to torment my life out with her attachment, and I am doomed not to have courage to throw her into the sea, though God knows, I am guilty of more heinous crimes than saying that I wished her at the bottom of it. Judge if I had reason;—she rushed like a sybil under the influence of an incantation, right across the deck, and singling me from the company, who were just beginning to calm a little, flung her withered old arms about my neck, sobbing and blubbering out, “Na, na, my bairn, my ain bairn, it winna be; twa and twenty year the gither mauna be parted now, we’ll gang down thegither as we cam up—my lamb. Neither wonder than we gang to the bottom; it couldna be ither wi’sic graceless reprobates:” and so forth. It was in vain that I tried to quiet, threaten, or command her; she seemed resolved that the ship should sink, and no power on earth could persuade her to the contrary: I was hugged, tugged, and slobbered about, till my temper was almost gone; and her eternal ejaculations for mercy on our souls, and her downright abuse of every body within her sight, were to the last degree provoking. Take a sample, “Aye, ye sit fu crouse now wi your sangs on the Lord’s day, ye wicked heathen, but ye’ll may’be sing another sang or mornin; Lord deal mercifully wi’ thy ain folk! Ye wad daur the Lord on his ain day wi your profane courses, an ye maun drag the innocent amang ye to perdition,—but the Lord’s no unmindful of his ain in tribulation. Na, na, my bairn, we’ll no be set amang the goats; but Lot couldna save Sodom, and we maun gang down like the lave: but woe to the scoffer in the

evil day, for great shall be the wrath to come.” I think it was Lord Shaftsbury who first calls ridicule the test of truth; he would have been much more correct had he said of temper: what have my forebears, or what have I done, that I should be pre-ordained to submit to the laugh of a crowd of people through the mental exuberations of a disordered fanatic? and why am I held, by a stupid affection for a person who is my torment, from ridding myself of her for ever? but there it lies; she will not leave me, and I cannot set her off! S’death, Frank, were you ever laughed at? Were you ever gibed, jeered, and joked by a parcel of witlings? Were you ever beset with an old woman as I was? And what do you think, they have the face to say that I returned the old woman’s endearments; that I was melted by her attachment; and the more staid and sensible of them commend my nature, forsooth! But you have not heard the whole; while Nelly was pulling me about, we were every instant in danger of being upset together by the motion of the ship, so that, sometimes we were close together, and sometimes wide apart; her arms, however, still keeping their purchase, as the captain called it, and her tongue its creaking, when I was set upon by another family appendage, who, though not quite so obstreperous or unruly as Nelly, vies with her, I believe, in affection for her master (for which by the bye she hates him cordially), Hector, the old house dog! Was this to be borne, Frank? Nelly’s arms on one side, and Hector’s paws on the other. We looked, as Holmes afterwards told me, exactly like the King’s arms over Mr. Hunter’s shop door on the south bridge; our voices made such a trio as, I believe, never was heard by mortal ear: “for God sake let me go, Nelly; down Hector; Nelly be quiet; kennel up, you rascal; we are quite safe Nelly,—let me go—take off the dog, will you,”—answered by barks on both sides, “Hout na! I’se no let ye go, ye cam into the world whare ye’re now, and ye maun e’en gang out o’t sae; down, ye great tyke. Let ye go indeed; I wonder wha wad get ye, gin I let ye go, trow! Ay, ye may look (to the people) an ye may laugh; as the fool thinks the bell chinks—down Hec!”—Bark

went Hector; groan went Nelly; laugh go the auditors; down go we in a heap! There were now no bounds to the laughter. It is incredible how soon the sorrow of the last moment was changed into mirth. I may say, that but for this broad scene of the ludicrous, we should have been buried in the vapours for the rest of the voyage; but, however much one likes to see mirth and hilarity restored, the most facetious of us demur to the restoration at our expence. After our tumble, Nelly was lifted almost by force and put into bed. The cause of her furor, for I can call it nothing else, was the ungodly conduct of the men in the fore-cabin, where she had occasion to be a good deal with the other servants on board, taken along with that of the passengers on Sunday, and partly our having sung and played music. I had sent her a glass of Younger's ale after dinner, and I was told she was fast asleep when the vessel struck; most probably she had waked from some hideous dream, and acted upon it as a reality. Hector seemed to think the whole was a mighty good frolic, and I had just sense enough left to appear to think so too;—yet I was deucedly roasted; and how I am to come on with Nelly as a housekeeper, in London, I tremble to think!

We got towed over the bank about midnight, and the pumps were at work night and day till our arrival in the Thames. Our terrors were now converted into subjects for jokes; and, bating the long accounts of sea dangers, which all present, more or less, had come through, we talked of nothing else than the oddness of each other's behaviour in the time of the alarm. It had happened to me to light upon the Doctor almost immediately after the danger was over: he also had apparently been asleep; he lay on the ground bed in the passage between the two cabins, and when I came upon him, he was poking his bald long head out of the aperture, which he had drawn so sparingly, that his head only could get out: in his left hand he kept the place of the book he was reading, and in his right he held an enormous raw turnip which he had just begun to munch. He asked me what was the matter, and on my expressing surprise at his being ignorant of it, he replied

by sending his tusks into the turnip, with a cranch that set mine on edge; he kept mumbling and muttering over his food, and seemed as voracious as if he had not tasted meat for twelve hours: his strangely shaped head, the white lank bony fingers in which he held the immense lump of vegetable,—and, above all, the merciless gnash of his teeth into it, brought to my mind all the horrors of Ugolino, and really there was no small resemblance.

Every body had, of course, something more dreadful and more marvellous to tell than his neighbour; and thus the time passed till Wednesday at noon, when we cast anchor, for the tide, at a place called Purfleet, on the Thames; they told us some indistinct story of the name having been given by Queen Elizabeth ("my poor fleet,") in the time of the Armada: it was the first bit of English ground on which I ever set foot, and that may *damn* it to everlasting fame, if nothing else will. Holmes, P., and some two or three more of us hired a wherry for an hour or so, and landed there. It is an old kind of place; you see a church in the middle of an apparently good glebe, and cottages around it; the steeple does not rise above the real surface of the ground, being built in a chalk pit: it has a very picturesque effect upon a stranger; and the structure of the cottages, the neat little plots of garden, the river, and all that, set those sensations afloat in my breast upon which you and I had so much sage disquisition before my departure:—of these in due time.—We returned to the ship, after having got imposed upon in a purchase of a pound of eels from some boatmen.

The river, from a little way below Woolwich, presents a perfect forest of masts; its windings, warehouses, works, seats, hospitals, storehouses, depth, breadth, length, and strength are—all to be found in the picture of London, where you may have a full, true, and particular account of the whole of them, for the small charge of ——— shillings. Thank God, I am restricted by our agreement to an account of the *personel* and *morale* of London, not of the *materiel*. So pray purchase a plan of it, and the picture aforesaid, if you mean to follow my narrative, for I really will not set

forth more than I am under compact to do.

We landed last night; I slept in this house, which is a comfortable hole enough, and where I find the charges are much below my calculation,—an agreeable disappointment. If you are not tired now, my dear

Frank, I am, and in all conscience I may be; I have devoted the best part of the morning to this epistle. Tell Sandy not to forget my Erskine and Stair; give my respects to your mother and sisters, and believe me, &c.

*Cock and Lion, Wapping.*

## THE PIRATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.\*

THIS is not the best, nor is it the worst (the worst is good enough for us) of the Scotch Novels. There is a story in it, an interest excited almost from the first, a clue which you get hold of and wish to follow out; a mystery to be developed, and which does not disappoint you at last. After you once get into the stream, you read on with eagerness, and have only to complain of the number of impediments and diversions thrown in your way. The author is evidently writing to gain time, to make up his complement of volumes, his six thousand guineas worth of matter; and to get to the end of your journey, and satisfy the curiosity he has raised, you must be content to travel with him, stop when he stops, and turn out of the road as often as he pleases. He dallies with your impatience, and smiles in your face, but you cannot, and dare not be angry with him, while with his giant-hand he plays at push-pin with the reader, and sweeps the rich stakes from the table. He has, they say, got a *plum* by his writings. What have not the public got by reading them? The course of exchange is, and will be, in our favour, as long as he gives us one volume for ourselves, and two for himself. Who is there that has not been the better, the wiser, and happier man for these fine and inexhaustible productions of genius? The more striking characters and situations are not quite so highly wrought up in the present, as in some former instances, nor are they so crowded together, so thickly sown. But the genius of the author is not exhausted, nor can it be so till not a Scotch superstition, or po-

pular tradition is left, or till the pen drops lifeless and regretted from its master's hand. Ah! who will then call the mist from its hill? Who will make the circling eddies roar? Who, with his "so potent art," will dim the sun, or stop the winds, that wave the forest-heads, in their course? Who will summon the spirits of the northern air from their chill abodes, or make gleaming lake or hidden cavern teem with wizard, or with elfin forms? There is no one but the Scottish Prospero, but old Sir Walter, can do the trick aright. He is the very genius of the clime—mounts in her cold grey clouds, dips in her *usquebaugh* and whiskey!—startles you with her antique Druid spells in the person of Elshie, or stirs up the fierce heat of her theological fires with Machriar and Kettle-drumle: sweeps the country with a far war-cry to Lochiel, or sighs out the soul of love in the perfumed breath of the Lily of St. Leonard's. Stand thou, then, Meg Merrilies, on the point of thy fated rock, with wild locks and words streaming to the wind; and sit thou there in thy narrow recess, Balfour of Burley, betwixt thy Bible and thy sword, thy arm of flesh and arm of the Spirit:—when the last words have passed the lips of the author of Waverley, there will be none to re-kindle your fires, or recall your spirit! Let him write on then to the last drop of ink in his ink-stand, even though it should not be made according to the model of that described by Mr. Coleridge, and we will not be afraid to read whatever he is not ashamed to publish. We are the true and liege subjects of his pen, and profess our ultra-fealty

\* The Pirate, by the author of "Waverley, Kenilworth," &c. Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.



in this respect, like the old French leaguers, with a *Quand même*.

The Pirate is not what we expected, nor is it new. We had looked for a prodigious row—landing and boarding, cut and thrust, blowing up of ships, and sacking of sea-ports, with the very devil to pay, and a noise to deafen clamour,

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder.

We supposed that for the time "Hell itself would be empty, and all the devils be here." *There be land pirates and water pirates*; and we thought Sir Walter would be for kicking up just such a dust by sea, in the Buccaneers, (as it was to be sailed) as he has done by land in Old Mortality. *Multum abhudit imago*. There is nothing or little of the sort. There is here (bating a sprinkling of twenty pages of roaring lads, who come on shore for no use but to get themselves hanged in the Orkneys,) only a single Pirate, a peaking sort of gentleman, spiteful, but not enterprising; in love, and inclined to take up and reform, but very equivocal in the sentiments he professes, and in those he inspires in others. Cleveland is the Pirate, who is wrecked on the coast of Zetland, is saved from destruction by young Mordaunt Mertoun, who had been so far the hero of the piece, and jilts him with his mistress, Minna, a grave sentimentalist, and the elder of two sisters, to whom Mertoun had felt a secret and undeclared passion. The interest of the novel hinges on this *bizarre* situation of the different parties. Sir Walter (for he has in the present work leisure on his hands to philosophize) here introduces a dissertation of some length, but not much depth, to show that the jilting of favoured, or half-favoured lovers, comes by the dispensation of Providence, and that the breed of honest men and bonny lasses would be spoiled if the fairest of the fair, the sentimental Miss, and the prude (contrary to all previous and common-place calculation), did not prefer the blackguard and the bravo, to the tender, meek, puny, unpretending, heart-broken lover. We do not think our novelist manages his argument well, or shines in his new Professor's chair of morality. Miss Polly Peachum, we do

indeed remember, the artless, soft, innocent Polly, fell in love with the bold Captain Macheath; but so did Miss Lucy Lockett too, who was no chicken, and who, according to this new balance of power in the empire of love, ought to have tempered her fires with the phlegm of some young chaplain to the prison, or the soft insinuations of some dreaming poet. But as our author himself is not in a hurry to get on with his story, we will imitate him, and let him speak here in his superfluous character of a casuist, or commentator on his own narrative.

Captain Cleveland sate betwixt the sisters, was sedulous in his attentions to both, and Mordaunt was so placed, that he could observe all, and hear a great deal, of what passed between them. But Cleveland's peculiar regard seemed devoted to the elder sister. Of this the younger was perhaps conscious, for more than once her eye glanced towards Mordaunt, and, as he thought, with something in it which resembled regret for the interruption of their intercourse, and a sad remembrance of former and more friendly times; while Minna was exclusively engrossed by the attentions of her neighbour; and that it should be so, filled Mordaunt with surprise and resentment.

Minna, the serious, the prudent, the reserved, whose countenance and manners indicated so much elevation of character—Minna, the lover of solitude, and of those paths of knowledge in which men walk best without company—the enemy of light mirth, the friend of musing melancholy, and the frequenter of fountain-heads and pathless glens—she whose character seemed, in short, the very reverse of that which might be captivated by the bold, coarse, and daring gallantry of such a man as this Captain Cleveland, gave, nevertheless, her eye and ear to him, as he sate beside her at table, with an interest and a graciousness of attention, which to Mordaunt, who well knew how to judge of her feelings by her manner, intimated a degree of the highest favour. He observed this, and his heart rose against the favourite by whom he had been thus superseded, as well as against Minna's indiscreet departure from her own character.

"What is there about the man," he said within himself, "more than the bold and daring assumption of importance which is derived from success in petty enterprises, and the exercise of petty despotism over a ship's crew?—his very language is more professional than is used by the superior officers of the British navy; and the wit which has excited so many smiles,



seems to me such as Minna would not formerly have endured for an instant. Even Brenda seems less taken with his gallantry than Minna, whom it should have suited so little."

Mordaunt was doubly mistaken in these his angry speculations. In the first place, with an eye which was, in some respects, that of a rival, he criticised far too severely the manners and behaviour of Captain Cleveland. They were unpolished, certainly; which was the less consequence in a country inhabited by so plain and simple a race as the ancient Zetlanders. On the other hand, there was an open, naval frankness in Cleveland's manners—much natural shrewdness—some appropriate humour—an undoubting confidence in himself—and that enterprising hardihood of disposition, which, without any other commendable quality, very often leads to success with the fair sex. But Mordaunt was farther mistaken, in supposing that Cleveland was likely to be disagreeable to Minna Troil, on account of the opposition of their characters in so many material particulars. Had his knowledge of the world been a little more extensive, he might have observed, that as unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, in taste, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons, who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other.

A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies, in the wise dispensations of Providence, that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds, should be kept up through society at large. For, what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome? and, is it not evident, that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed, (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind,) must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalized in person and disposition as so many ourang-outangs? When, therefore, we see the "gentle joined to the rude," we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life;—which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood, transmitted from the other, and preserves to the offspring the affectionate care and pro-

tection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances and unions—missorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once, and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them a necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.

When, indeed, we look a little closer on the causes of those unexpected and ill-suited attachments, we have occasion to acknowledge, that the means by which they are produced do not infer that complete departure from, or inconsistency with, the character of the parties, which we might expect when the result alone is contemplated. The wise purposes which Providence appears to have had in view, in permitting such intermixture of dispositions, tempers, and understandings, in the married state, are not accomplished by any mysterious impulse by which, in contradiction to the ordinary laws of nature, men or women are urged to an union with those whom the world see to be unsuitable to them. The freedom of will is permitted to us in the occurrences of ordinary life, as in our moral conduct; and in the former, as well as the latter case, is often the means of misleading those who possess it. Thus it usually happens, more especially to the enthusiastic and imaginative, that, having formed a picture of admiration in their own mind, they too often deceive themselves by some faint resemblance in some existing being, whom their fancy as speedily as gratuitously invests with all the attributes necessary to complete the *beau idéal* of mental perfection. No one, perhaps, even in the happiest marriage, with an object really beloved, ever found all the qualities he expected to possess; but in far too many cases, he finds he has practised a much higher degree of mental deception, and has erected his airy castle of felicity upon some rainbow, which owed its very existence only to the peculiar state of the atmosphere.

Thus Mordaunt, if better acquainted with life, and with the course of human things, would have been little surprised that such a man as Cleveland, handsome, bold, and animated,—a man who had obviously lived in danger, and who spoke of it as sport, should have been invested, by a girl of Minna's fanciful character, with an extensive share of those qualities, which in her active imagination, were held to fill up the accomplishments of a heroic character. The plain bluntness of his manner, if remote from courtesy, appeared, at least, as widely different from deceit; and, un-

fashioned as he seemed by form, he had enough both of natural sense, and natural good-breeding, to support the delusion he had created, at least so far as externals were concerned. It is scarce necessary to add, that these observations apply exclusively to what are called love-matches; for when either party fix their attachment upon the substantial comforts of a rental, or a jointure, they cannot be disappointed in the acquisition, although they may be cruelly so in their over-estimation of the happiness it was to afford, or in having too slightly anticipated the disadvantages with which it was to be attended.

Having a certain partiality for the dark Beauty whom we have described, we have willingly dedicated this digression, in order to account for a line of conduct which we allow to seem absolutely unnatural in such a narrative as the present, though the most common event in ordinary life; namely, in Minna's appearing to have over-estimated the taste, talent, and ability of a handsome young man, who was dedicating to her his whole time and attention, and whose homage rendered her the envy of almost all the other young women of that numerous party. Perhaps, if our fair readers will take the trouble to consult their own bosoms, they will be disposed to allow, that the distinguished good taste exhibited by any individual, who, when his attentions would be agreeable to a whole circle of rivals, selects one as their individual object, entitles him, on the footing of reciprocity, if on no other, to a large share of that one's favourable, and even partial esteem. At any rate, if the character shall, after all, be deemed inconsistent and unnatural, it concerns not us, who record the facts as we find them, and pretend no privilege for bringing closer to nature those incidents which may seem to diverge from it; or for reducing to consistency that most inconsistent of all created things—the heart of a beautiful and admired female.

Suffice it to say, that we differ from this solution of the difficulty, ingenious and old as it is; and to justify that opinion, ask only whether such a man as Cleveland would not be a general favourite with women, instead of being so merely with those of a particularly retired and fantastic character, which destroys the author's balance of qualities in love? Indeed, his own story is a very bad illustration of his doctrine; for this romantic and imprudent attachment of the gentle and sensitive Minna to the bold and profligate Captain Cleveland leads to nothing but the most disastrous consequences; and the opposition between their sentiments

and characters, which was to make them fit partners for life, only prevents the possibility of their union, and renders both parties permanently miserable. Besides, the whole perplexity is, after all, gratuitous. The enmity between Cleveland and young Mertoun (the chief subject of the plot) is founded on their jealousy of each other in regard to Minna, and yet there had been no positive engagement between her and Mertoun, who, like Edmund in *Lear*, is equally betrothed to both sisters—in the end marrying the one that he as well as the reader likes least. Afterwards, when the real character of this gay rover of the seas is more fully developed, and he gets into scrapes with the police of Orkney, the grave, romantic Minna, like a true Northern lass, deserts him, and plays off a little old-fashioned, unavailing, but discreet morality upon him. When the reader begins to sympathise with “a brave man in distress,” then is the time for his mistress with “the pale face and raven locks” to look to her own character. We like the theory of the *Beggar's Opera* better than this: the ladies there followed their supposed hero, their *beau idéal* of a lover, to prison, instead of leaving him to his untoward fate. Minna is no NUT-BROWN MAID, though she has a passion for outlaws, between whose minds and those of the graver and more reflecting of the fair sex there is, according to the opinion of OUR GREAT UNKNOWN, a secret and pre-established harmony. What is still more extraordinary and unsatisfactory in the progress of the story is this—all the pretended preternatural influence of Norna of the Fitful-Head, the most potent and impressive personage in the drama, is exerted to defeat Cleveland's views, and to give Minna to Mordaunt Mertoun, for whom she conceives an instinctive and anxious attachment as her long-lost son; and yet in the end the whole force of this delusion, and the reader's sympathies, are destroyed by the discovery that Cleveland, not Mertoun, is her real offspring, and that she has been equally led astray by her maternal affection and preternatural pretensions. Does this great writer of romances, this profound historiographer of the land of visions and of second sight, thus

mean to qualify his thrilling mysteries—to hack out of his thrice-hallowed prejudices, and to turn the tables upon us with modern cant and philosophic scepticism? That is the last thing we could forgive him!

We have said that the characters in the *Pirate* are not altogether new. Morna, the enchantress, whom he is “so fond” at last to depose from her ideal cloudy throne of spells and mystic power, is the Meg Merrilies of the scene. She passes over it with vast strides, is at hand whenever she is wanted, sits hatching fate on the topmost tower that overlooks the wilderness of waves, or glides suddenly from a subterraneous passage, and in either case moulds the elements of nature, and the unruly passions of men, to her purposes. She has “strange power of speech,” weaves events with words, is present wherever she pleases, and performs what she wills, and yet she doubts her own power, and criticises her own pretensions. Meg Merrilies was an honest witch. She at least stuck true to herself. We hate any thing by halves; and most of all, imagination and superstition piecemeal. Cleveland, again, is a sort of inferior *Gentle Geordie*, and Minna lags after Effic Deans, the victim of misplaced affection, but far, far behind. Wert thou to live a thousand years, and write a thousand romances, thou wouldst never, old True-penny, beat thy own *Heart of Mid Lothian*! It is for that we can forgive thee all that thou didst mean to write in the *BEACON*, or hast written elsewhere, beneath the dignity of thy genius and knowledge of man’s weaknesses, as well as better nature! Magnus Troil is a great name, a striking name; but we *ken* his person before; he is of the same genealogy as the Bailie Braidwardine, and other representatives of old Scottish hospitality: the dwarf Nick Strumpfer is of a like familiar breed, only uglier and more useless than any former one: we have even traces, previous to the *Pirate*, of the extraordinary agriculturist and projector, Mr. Timothy Yellowley, and his sister, Miss Barbara Yellowley, with pinched nose and grey eyes; but we confess we have one individual who was before a stranger to us, at least in these parts, namely, Claud Halcro, the

poet, and friend of “Glorious John.” We do not think him in his place amidst dwarfs, witches, pirates, and *Udallers*; and his stories of the Wits’ Coffee-house and Dryden’s poetry are as tedious to the critical reader as they were to his Zetland patron and hearers. We might confirm this opinion by a quotation, but we should be thought too tedious. He fills up, we will venture to say, a hundred pages of the work with sheer impertinence, with *pribble prabble*. Whenever any serious matter is to be attended to, Claud Halcro pulls out his fiddle and draws the long bow, and repeats some verses of “*Glorious John*.” Bunce, the friend of Cleveland, is much better; for we can conceive how a strolling-player should turn gentleman-rover in a time of need, and the foppery and finery of the itinerant stage-hero become the quarter-deck exceedingly well. In general, however, our author’s humour requires the aid of costume and dialect to set it off to advantage: his wit is Scotch, not English wit. It must have the *twang* of the uncouth pronunciation and peculiar manners of the country in it. The elder Martoun is a striking misanthropic sketch; but it is not very well made out in what his misanthropy originates, nor to what it tends. He is merely a part of the machinery: neither is he the first gentleman in these Novels who lands without an introduction on the remote shores of Scotland, and shuts himself up (for reasons best known to himself) in inaccessible and solitary confinement. We had meant to give the outline of the story of the *Pirate*, but we are ill at a plot, and do not care to blunt the edge of the reader’s curiosity by anticipating each particular. As far, however, as relates to the historical foundation of the narrative, the author has done it to our hands, and we give his words as they stand in the *Advertisement*.

In the month of January 1724-5 a vessel, called the *Revenge*, bearing twenty large guns, and six smaller, commanded by John Gow, or Goffe, or Smith, came to the Orkney Islands, and was discovered to be a pirate, by various acts of insolence and villainy committed by the crew. These were for some time submitted to, the inhabitants of these remote islands not possessing arms nor means of resistance; and

so bold was the captain of these banditti, that he not only came ashore, and gave dancing parties in the village of Stromness, but, before his real character was discovered, engaged the affections and received the troth-plight of a young lady, possessed of some property. A patriotic individual, James Fea, younger, of Clestron, formed the plan of securing the buccaneer, which he effected by a mixture of courage and address, in consequence chiefly of Gow's vessel having gone on shore near the harbour of Calhoun, on the Island of Eda, not far distant from a house then inhabited by Mr. Fea. In the various stratagems by which Mr. Fea contrived finally, at the peril of his life, they being well armed and desperate, to make the whole pirates his prisoners, he was much aided by Mr. James Laing, the grandfather of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq. the acute and ingenious historian of Scotland during the 17th century. Gow, and others of his crew, suffered, by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty, the punishment their crimes had long deserved. He conducted himself with great audacity when before the Court; and, from an account of the matter, by an eye-witness, seems to have been subjected to some unusual severities, in order to compel him to plead. The words are these: "John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the Judge ordered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whip-cord, till it did break; and then it should be doubled, till it did again break, and then laid three-fold, and that the executioners should pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a great deal of boldness." The next morning, (27th May, 1725,) when he had seen the preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of Court, that he would not have given so much trouble, had he been assured of not being hanged in chains. He was then tried, condemned, and executed, with others of his crew.

It is said, that the lady whose affections Gow had engaged, went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight which she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor, the faith which she had plighted to the dead. This part of the legend may serve as a curious commentary on the beautiful tale of the fine Scottish ballad, which begins,

There came a ghost to Margaret's door, &c.  
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The common account of this incident further bears, that Mr. Fea, the spirited individual, by whose exertions Gow's career of iniquity was cut short, was so far from receiving any reward from Government, that he could not obtain even countenance enough to protect him against a variety of sham suits, raised against him by Newgate solicitors, who acted in the name of Gow, and others of the pirate crew; and the avicious expences, vexatious prosecutions, and other legal consequences, in which his gallantry involved him, utterly ruined his fortune and his family; making his memory a notable example to all who shall in future take pirates on their own authority.

Of the execution of these volumes we need hardly speak. It is inferior, but it is only inferior to some of his former works.—Whatever he touches, we see the hand of a master. He has only to describe actions, thoughts, scenes, and they everywhere speak, breathe, and live. It matters not whether it be a calm sea-shore, a mountain-tempest, a drunken brawl, "the Cathedral's choir and gloom," the Sybil's watch-tower, or the smuggler's cave; the things are immediately there that we should see, hear, and feel. He is Nature's Secretary. He neither adds to, nor takes away from, her book; and that makes him what he is, the most popular writer living. We might give various instances of his unrivalled undecaying power, but shall select only one or two with which we were most struck and delighted in the perusal. The characters of the two sisters, daughters of Magnus Troil, and the heroines of the tale, are thus beautifully drawn:

From her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely pencilled brows, which showed she was, on one side, at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale,

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the true natural complexion of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character. When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe, or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and showed plainly how warm it beat, notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition, which her countenance



and demeanour seemed to exhibit. If strangers sometimes conceived that these fine features were clouded by melancholy, for which her age and situation could scarce have given occasion, they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance, that the placid, mild quietude of her disposition, and the mental energy of a character which was but little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences, was the real cause of her gravity; and most men, when they knew that her melancholy had no ground in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent on more important objects than those by which she was surrounded, might have wished her whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural and unaffected seriousness, she should change that deportment for one more gay. In short, notwithstanding our wish to have avoided that hackneyed simile of an angel, we cannot avoid saying there was something in the serious beauty of her aspect, in the measured, yet graceful ease of her motions, in the music of her voice, and the serene purity of her eye, that seemed as if Minna Troil belonged naturally to some higher and better sphere, and was only the chance visitant of a world that was scarce worthy of her.

The scarce less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent Brenda, was of a complexion as differing from her sister, as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown which receives from the passing sun-beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth, which, in her innocent vivacity, were frequently disclosed; the fresh, yet not too bright glow of a healthy complexion, tinging a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but even more finely moulded into symmetry—a careless, and almost childish lightness of step—an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister, though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite, might be of a more intense as well as a more reverential character.

The dispositions of these lovely sisters were not less different than their complexions. In the kindly affections, neither could be said to excel the other, so much were they attached to their father and to each other. But the cheerfulness of Brenda mixed itself with the every-day business of life, and seemed inexhaustible in its profusion. The less buoyant spirit of her sister appeared to bring to society a contented wish to be interested and pleased with what was going forward, but was ra-

ther placidly carried along with the stream of mirth and pleasure, than disposed to aid its progress by any efforts of her own. She endured mirth, rather than enjoyed it; and the pleasures in which she most delighted were those of a graver and more solitary cast. The knowledge which is derived from books was beyond her reach. Zetland afforded few opportunities, in those days, of studying the lessons bequeathed

By dead men to their kind;

and Magnus Troil, such as we have described him, was not a person within whose mansion the means of such knowledge was to be acquired. But the book of nature was before Minna, that noblest of volumes, where we are ever called to wonder and to admire, even when we cannot understand. The plants of those wild regions, the shells on the shores, and the long list of feathered clans which haunt their cliffs and eyries, were as well known to Minna Troil, as to the most experienced of the fowlers. Her powers of observation were wonderful, and little interrupted by other tones of feeling. The information which she acquired by habits of patient attention were indelibly rivetted in a naturally powerful memory. She had also a high feeling for the solitary and melancholy grandeur of the scenes in which she was placed. The ocean, in all its varied forms of sublimity and terror—the tremendous cliffs that resound to the ceaseless roar of the billows, and the clang of the sea-fowl, had for Minna a charm in almost every state in which the changing seasons exhibited them. With the enthusiastic feelings proper to the romantic race from which her mother descended, the love of natural objects was to her a passion capable of not only occupying, but at times of agitating her mind. Scenes upon which her sister looked with a sense of transient awe or emotion, which vanished on her return from witnessing them, continued long to fill Minna's imagination, not only in solitude, and in the silence of the night, but in the hours of society. So that sometimes when she sat like a beautiful statue, a present member of the domestic circle, her thoughts were far absent, wandering on the wild sea-shore, and amongst the yet wilder mountains of her native isles. And yet, when recalled to conversation, and mingling in it with interest, there were few to whom her friends were more indebted for enhancing its enjoyments; and, although something in her manners claimed deference (notwithstanding her early youth) as well as affection, even her gay, lovely, and amiable sister was not more generally beloved than the more retired and pensive Minna.

So much for elegant Vandyke portrait painting. Now for something in the Salvator style. Norma, the

terrific and unhappy Norna, is thus finely introduced :

So saying, he drew a stool to the fire, and sate down without further ceremony. Dame Baby stared, " wild as grey goss-hawk," and was meditating how to express her indignation in something warmer than words, for which the boiling pot seemed to offer a convenient hint, when an old half-starved serving woman, the sharer of her domestic cares, who had been as yet in some remote corner of the mansion, now hobbled into the room, and broke out into exclamations which indicated some new cause of alarm.

" O master ! " and " O mistress ! " were the only sounds she could for some time articulate, and then followed him up with, " The best in the house—the best in the house—set a' on the board, and a' will be little aneugh—there is auld Norna of Fitful-head, the most fearful woman in all the isles ! "

" Where can she have been wandering ? " said Mordaunt, not without some apparent sympathy with the surprise, if not with the alarm, of the old domestic : " but it is needless to ask—the worse the weather, the more likely is she to be a traveller. "

" What new tramper is this ? " echoed the distracted Baby, whom the quick succession of guests had driven well nigh crazy with vexation. " I'll soon settle her wandering, I shall warrant, if my brother has but the soul of a man in him, or if there be a pair of joughs at Scalloway. "

" The iron was never forged on stithy that would hauld her, " said the old maid-servant. " She comes—she comes—God's sake speak her fair and canny, or we will have a ravelled hasp on the yarn-windica. "

As she spoke, a woman tall enough almost to touch the top of the door with her cap, stepped into the room, signing the cross as she entered, and pronouncing, with a solemn voice, " The blessing of God and Saint Ronald on the open door, and their braid malison and mine upon close-handed churls ! "

" And wha are ye, that are sae bauld wi' your blessing and banning in other folks' houses ? What kind of country is this, that folks cannot sit quiet for an hour, and serve heaven, and keep their bit gear thegither, without gangrel men and women coming thigging and sorning aye after another, like a string of wild-geese ? "

This speech, the understanding reader will easily saddle on Mistress Baby, and what effects it might have produced on the last stranger can only be matter of conjecture ; for the old servant and Mordaunt applied themselves at once to the party addressed, in order to deprecate her resentment ; the former speaking to her some words of Norse, in a tone of intercession,

and Mordaunt saying in English, " They are strangers, Norna, and know not your name or qualities ; they are unacquainted, too, with the ways of this country, and therefore we must hold them excused for their lack of hospitality. "

" I lack no hospitality, young man, " said Triptolemus, " *misericordis succurrere disco*—the goose that was destined to roost in the chimney till Michaelmas, is boiling in the pot for you ; but if we had twenty geese, I see we are like to find mouths to eat them every feather—this must be amended. "

" What must be amended, sordid slave ? " said the stranger Norna, turning at once upon him with an emphasis that made him start—" *What* must be amended ? Bring hither, if thou wilt, thy new-fangled coul-ters, spades and harrows, alter the implements of our fathers from the ploughshare to the mouse-trap ; but know thou art in the land that was won of old by the flaxen-haired Kempions of the north, and leave us their hospitality at least, to shew we come of what was once noble and generous. I say to you beware—while Norna looks forth at the measureless waters, from the crest of Fitful-head, something is yet left that resembles power of defence. If the men of Thule have ceased to be champions, and to spread the banquet for the raven, the women have not forgotten the arts that lifted them of yore into queens and prophetesses. "

The woman who pronounced this singular tirade, was as striking in appearance as extravagantly lofty in her pretensions and in her language. She might well have represented on the stage, so far as features, voice, and stature were concerned, the Bon-duca or Boadicea of the Britons, or the sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other fated Pythoness, who ever led to battle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her features were high and well formed, and would have been handsome but for the ravages of time, and the effects of exposure to the severe weather of her country. Age, and perhaps sorrow, had quenched, in some degree, the fire of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost approached to black, and had sprinkled snow on such part of her tresses as had escaped from under her cap, and were dishevelled by the rigour of the storm. Her upper garment, which dropped with water, was of a coarse dark-coloured stuff, called Wad-maral, then much used in the Zetland islands, as also in Iceland and Norway. But as she threw this cloak back from her shoulders, a short jacket, of dark blue velvet, stamped with figures, became visible, and the vest, which corresponded to it, was of crimson colour, and embroidered with tarnished silver. Her girdle was plaited with silver ornaments, cut into the shape of planetary signs—her blue apron was embroidered with similar devices, and covered



a petticoat of crimson cloth. Strong thick enduring shoes, of the half-dressed leather of the country, were tied with straps like those of the Roman buskins, over her scarlet stockings. She wore in her belt, an ambiguous looking weapon, which might pass for a sacrificing knife or dagger, as the imagination of the spectator chose to assign to the wearer the character of a priestess or of a sorceress. In her hand she held a staff, squared on all sides, and engraved with Runic characters and figures, forming one of those portable and perpetual calendars which were used among the ancient natives of Scandinavia, and which, to a superstitious eye, might have passed for a divining rod.

Such were the appearance, features, and attire of Norna of the Fitful-head, upon whom many of the inhabitants of the island looked with observance, many with fear, and almost all with a sort of veneration. Less pregnant circumstances of suspicion would, in any other part of Scotland, have exposed her to the investigation of those cruel inquisitors, who were then often invested with the delegated authority of the privy-council, for the purpose of persecuting, torturing, and finally consigning to the flames, those who were accused of witchcraft or sorcery. But superstitions of this nature pass through two stages ere they become entirely obsolete. Those supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers, are venerated in the earlier stages of society. As religion and knowledge increase, they are first held in hatred and horror, and are finally regarded as impostors. Scotland was in the second state—the fear of witchcraft was great, and the hatred against those suspected of it intense. Zetland was as yet a little world by itself, where, among the lower and ruder classes, so much of the ancient northern superstition remained, as cherished the original veneration for those affecting supernatural knowledge and power over the elements, which made a constituent part of the ancient Scandinavian creed. At least, if the natives of Thule admitted that one class of magicians performed their feats by their alliance with Satan, they devoutly believed that others dealt with spirits of a different and less odious class—the ancient dwarfs, called, in Zetland, *Trows* or *Drows*, the modern fairies, and so forth.

Among those who were supposed to be in league with disembodied spirits, this Norna, descended from, and representative of a family which had long pretended to such gifts, was so eminent, that the name assigned to her, which signifies one of those fatal sisters who weave the web of human fate, had been conferred in honour of her supernatural powers. The name by which she had been actually christened was carefully concealed by herself and her parents; for to the discovery they superstitiously annexed some fatal consequences. In these

times, the doubt only occurred whether her supposed powers were acquired by lawful means. In our days, it would have been questioned whether she was an impostor, or whether her imagination was so deeply impressed with the mysteries of her supposed art, that she might be in some degree a believer in her own pretensions to supernatural knowledge. Certain it is, that she performed her part with such undoubting confidence, and such striking dignity of look and action, and evinced, at the same time, such strength of language, and such energy of purpose, that it would have been difficult for the greatest sceptic to have doubted the reality of her enthusiasm, though he might smile at the pretensions to which it gave rise.

We give one more extract in a different style; and we think the comic painting in it is little inferior to Hogarth's.

Now the fortunate arrival of Mordaunt, in the very nick of time, not to mention the good cheer which he brought with him, made him as welcome as any one could possibly be to a threshold, which on all ordinary occasions, abhorred the passage of a guest; nor was Mr. Yellowley altogether insensible of the pleasure he promised himself in detailing his plans of improvement to his young companion, and enjoying what his fate seldom assigned him—the company of a patient and admiring listener.

As the factor and his sister were to prosecute their journey on horseback, it only remained to mount their guide and companion—a thing easily accomplished, where there are such numbers of shaggy, long-backed, short-legged ponies running wild upon the extensive moors, which are the common pasturage for the cattle of every township, where shelties, geese, swine, goats, sheep, and little Zetland cows, are turned out promiscuously, and often in numbers which can obtain but precarious subsistence from the niggard vegetation. There is, indeed, a right of individual property in all these animals, which are branded or tattooed by each owner with his own peculiar mark; but when any passenger has occasional use for a poney, he never scruples to lay hold of the first which he can catch, puts on a halter, and, having rode him as far as he finds convenient, turns the animal loose to find his way back again as he best can—a matter in which the ponies are sufficiently sagacious.

Although this general exercise of property was one of the enormities which in due time the factor intended to abolish, yet, like a wise man, he scrupled not, in the mean time, to avail himself of so general a practice, which, he condescended to allow, was particularly convenient for

those who (as chanced to be his own present case) had no ponies of their own on which their neighbours could retaliate. Three shelties, therefore, were procured from the hill—little shagged animals, more resembling wild bears than any thing of the horse tribe, yet possessed of no small degree of strength and spirit, and able to endure as much fatigue and indifferent usage as any creatures in the world.

Two of these horses were already provided and fully accoutred for the journey. One of them, destined to bear the fair person of Mistress Baby, was decorated with a huge side-saddle of venerable antiquity—a mass, as it were, of cushion and padding, from which depended, on all sides, a housing of ancient tapestry, which, having been originally intended for a horse of ordinary size, covered up the diminutive palfrey over whom it was spread, from the ears to the tail, and from the shoulder to the fetlock, leaving nothing visible but its head, which looked fiercely out from these enfoldments, like the heraldic representation of a lion looking out of a bush. Mordaunt gallantly lifted up the fair Mistress Yellowley, and, at the expence of very slight exertion, placed her upon the summit of her mountainous saddle. It is probable, that, on feeling herself thus squired and attended upon, and experiencing the long unwonted consciousness that she was attired in her best array, some thoughts dawned upon Mistress Baby's mind, which chequered, for an instant, those habitual ideas about thrift, that formed the daily and all-engrossing occupation of her soul. She glanced her eye upon her faded Joseph, and on the long housings of her saddle, as she observed, with a smile, to Mordaunt, that "travelling was a pleasant thing in fine weather and agreeable company, if," she added, glancing a look at a place where the embroidery was somewhat frayed and tattered, "it was not so wasteful to one's horse-furniture."

Meanwhile her brother stepped stoutly to his steed; and as he chose, notwithstanding the serenity of the weather, to throw a long red cloak over his other garments, his poney was even more completely enveloped in drapery than that of his sister. It happened, moreover, to be an animal of an high and contumacious spirit, bouncing and curvetting occasionally under the weight of Triptolemus, with a vivacity which, notwithstanding his Yorkshire descent, rather deranged him in the saddle;—gambols which, as the palfrey itself was not visible, except upon the strictest inspection, had, at a little distance, an effect as if they were the voluntary movements of the cloaked cavalier, without the assistance of any other legs than those with which nature had provided

him; and, to any one who had viewed Triptolemus under such a persuasion, the gravity, and even distress, announced in his countenance, must have made a ridiculous contrast to the vivacious caprioles with which he piaffed along the moor.

Mordaunt kept up with this worthy couple, mounted, according to the simplicity of the time and country, on the first and readiest poney which they had been able to press into the service, with no other accoutrement of any kind than the halter which served to guide him; while Mr. Yellowley, seeing with pleasure his guide thus readily provided with a steed, privately resolved, that this rude custom of helping travellers to horses, without leave of the proprietor, should not be abated in Zetland, until he came to possess a herd of ponies belonging in property to himself, and exposed to suffer in the way of retaliation.

Shall we go on? No: but will leave the reader to revel at ease in the luxuries of feeling and description, scattered through the rest of the work.

We have only time to add two remarks more, which we do not remember to have seen made. One relates to the exquisitely good-natured and liberal tone displayed in the author's quotations from living writers. He takes them every one by turns, and of all factions in poetry and politics, under his wing, and sticks a stanza from Coleridge, from Wordsworth, from Byron, from Crabbe, from Rogers, as a motto to his chapters, not jealous of their popularity, nor disdaining their obscurity. The author can hardly guess how much we like him for this. The second thing we would advert to is a fault, and a remarkable one. It is the slovenliness of the style and badness of the grammar throughout these admirable productions. Badness of the grammar! Slovenly style! What do you mean by that? Take a few instances, and we have done with the subject for ever. We give them *seriatim*, as we marked them in the margin.

Here Magnus proceeded with great *animation*, sipping from *time to time* the half diluted spirit, which at the same *time animated* his resentment against the intruders, &c. P. 16.

In those days (for the *present* times are greatly altered for the better) the *presence* of a superior in such a situation, &c. P. 21.

The *information*, which she acquired by habits of patient attention, were indelibly rivetted in a naturally powerful memory. P. 48.

And I know not *whom* else are expected.  
P. 56.

Or perhaps he *preferred* the situation of the house and farm which he himself was to occupy (which was indeed a tolerable one) as *preferable* to that, &c. P. 89.

The *strength* of the retiring wave proved

even *stronger* than he had expected, &c. P. 169.

But let us have done with this, and leave it to the Editor of the Quarterly Review to take up the subject as a mighty important little discovery of his own!

## THE DRAMA.

CHRISTMAS, according to traditional right, is made up of frost, perhaps snow; turkeys, mince-pies, and burnt brandy (oh for a game of snap-dragon! who'll play?); consequently cannot consist with thunder and rotten humidity, which sours your turkey, makes limp the puff-paste, and turns the oily cogniac from a privileged luxury, into an obvious necessary! This is what valetudinarians call fine open weather. I love to hear the roads ring like iron to the trotting hoofs; to listen to the heavy shoes of the rustic, who thumps his hollow shoulders with tingling hands. Then is the time for toasted cheese, for spiced ale, for the parting glass of hot elder wine, which gives the bed-ward shiverer a few minutes more reprieve ere he launches into the bleak atmosphere of unwarmed corridors;—then are sprats eaten, and scalloped oysters;—virtuous dames knit red worsted nets for their husbands' throats; chairs are drawn round the fire after dinner, and travelers twine hay-bands round their stirrup-irons. Mouths smoke, and chimney-pots,—another blanket is put on Mr. B.'s bed, "who could not sleep a wink for the cold all last night." The coats of horses stare, and the gardener mats carefully his forcing frames—

The bellman's drowsy charm  
Blesses the doors from nightly harm.

The village fidler scrapes with cheerful discord for his Christmas-box.—Through the gaping embrasures of Fort C—d the wind cuts shrilly; the turbid billows break with watery roar on the Goodwins, and

the wild blast sweeps mightily, raging over Stanmore waste.—But now

The winds have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents;  
\* \* \* \* \*

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
The crows are fatted with the murrain'd  
flock;

The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;  
The human mortals want their WINTER  
here!

No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And thorough this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter \* \* \* \* \*  
And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,  
Is, as in mockery, set. \*

### DRURY LANE.

We are not aware of any novelties having appeared at this ill-directed place, except De Montfort, and the feminine début to be noted below. 'The splendid Coronation' has ceased to draw, and Mr. Kean has been forced into double harness with it, which at first we believe he declined. The treasury, however, was not much the better, and orders to well-dressed people for the dress circle are said to have been issued plentifully. Still we do not credit the vulgar notion, that Kean's day is over, that his trick is found out, &c.; but rather attribute the continued depression to a parsimony behind the scenes, which refuses to grant salaries in any way adequate to very moderate abilities.† A play cannot now be

\* At the time I write, I have an evening primrose to my nose; the strawberry plants are in bloom; violets were gathered a week ago of full perfume; gooseberry bushes and honeysuckles are covered with bursting leaflets; and the sparrows, poor fools! are building their nests.—Dec. 19.

† It is rumoured that the munificence of the person appointed to treat with performers offered Mr. D—n, the justly celebrated Comedian, four pounds per week!!

upheld by the talents of one man, let them be ever so brilliant—two or three good lamps enliven the darkness much better than the most eye-blinding flashes of lightning; and Kean is not to be kept on the stage constantly, throughout five acts, as you may a glass chandelier. Good-for-nothing people have a notion that the Drury Roscius has something to do with this beggarly array, and do not scruple to charge him with the “lowest players’ vices—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause: one who in the exercise of his profession is jealous, even of the women performers that stand in his way, full of tricks, stratagems, and finesse.”—If these things were true, let him be whistled down the wind, a sport for chiding fortune; “for why should honour survive honesty?” But we have a better opinion of Mr. Kean’s theatrical knowledge; he must be aware that his feeling and nature cut sadly against the coldness and impracticability of his colleagues, and that the audience soon get tired of his hectoring triumphs over their evident inferiority. There is no sport! he walks over the course; and tort-strung must those powers be which are not enervated by this dangerous facility. To our mind some trifling symptoms of this degeneracy are, if we may use the figure, creaming over the style of Kean. Flattery before him, and weakness beside him, have swelled a proper self-appreciation into a dreaming security; he seems, generally speaking, to have composed a sort of off-hand compendious theory of setting giddy palms in motion, lively and imposing, flashy and shallow, which, though more affected than the graceful majesty of John Kemble, is termed nature by his parasites. All these pictorially-mean and petty gestures, (nearly as disgusting to a man of taste as a courtier’s finical bow) come home to their trammelled comprehensions; and consequently the broadly expanded noble actions of John Philip are to them foolishness. We are running

counter, we know, to the present doctrine in vogue; but we confess with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it appears more honourable to fall in flying after M. Angelo than to succeed by creeping with Ostade and Brouwer. C. Lamb himself has failed to change this studiously weighed opinion of ours; so has Hazlitt (though to differ from him is a good deal presumptuous, and not a little dangerous). \* At present Mr. Kean too often resembles his double, Booth, rather than himself; the harmonizing glazings are scoured off in patches, and the dead colouring is left bare. It is the delicate, almost imperceptible finishing, that shows the master; the imitating pupils can *forward* the picture. K—’s lazy play is in singular unison with the developements of character in Müllner; every word is anatomized and commented on; every expression must be marked and insisted on. The faculties of attention and comprehension are kept painfully tense—he is inflexible that his art shall be apprehended; there is an excess of consciousness; the audience admire and applaud, and few take the trouble to investigate whether they were moved by the keys of the heart or the head. I have as great a dislike to all this glitter and blaze as I have to a picture where every face and body is eruditely and indiscriminately fore-shortened. Still Kean’s worst is preferable to Young’s best; and when the afflatus comes on him, as in Othello, he wrings the heart-strings even to breaking. To return to our starting place, (we have a sad knack of *bolting*, as Buckle would say,) if the popularity of this true genius is on the wane, he may lay it to his own sluggishness, and to the play-bill puffs which blush in red letters at their own grossness. “MR. KEAN’S performance of Sir Giles Overreach exceeded even the effects of his first delineation of that character, and was honoured with repeated bursts of applause until the falling of the curtain! The whole of the play seeming also to contribute highly to

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\* We have not forgotten Mr. Hazlitt’s attack on our old friend Janus, in the Table Talk, and had thought to have taken up the cudgels, but W. assured us that he was quite satisfied:—1. Because he had no mind to another drubbing.—2. Because most of the points answered themselves.—3. Because he had made the great Lion wag his tail.—And, 4. Because the satire of his Diogenes had immortalized the victim. “Better be damned, than mentioned not at all.”

the public satisfaction, it will be repeated to-morrow, being MR. KEAN'S last appearance until the termination of the Christmas Holidays!!" This latter sentence is untrue—he has played Hastings and Macbeth twice each! after announcing Hastings ("for this night only.") People are sick of such quackery.

Dec. 16.—A fuller house was assembled than on any previous night in the season. The pit was crowded, and the front rows of the dress circle looked gay with silks, gold combs, flowers, variegated shawls, and rich-coloured jewels. The attraction was a Miss Edmiston in the part of Jane Shore, supported by Kean in the wavering Hastings; and by the noisy partisans of that gentleman, who it seems had prognosticated success; therefore she was to succeed. The lady, who appears about seven and twenty, received the welcoming hubbub with all imaginable serenity. Her curtsy sank into a kneel, and drew, as was intended, a fresh tumult of applause. An affected drag in her step was construed, by those determined to think favourably, into a modest tremor; so was the inaudibility of her level speaking: we cold critics have the cruel faculty of detecting the truth, and to us there was too much of artifice in her gentleness. It is ill-advised to confess it perhaps; but the singular self-possession that marked "*this first appearance on any stage*" hardened our hearts considerably against her charms: the reader will, therefore, make allowance for a little un-gallantry towards an *unprotected* female, as folks say. We must pass the sentence of the law, though the tears run down our judge-like cheeks. Perhaps we were out of humour to see that our share of encouragement was needless, for she could do nothing to please us the whole night. We did not like her voice, we did not like her gesticulation, we did not like her pathetics, we did not like her heroics; and though her figure and features were good, we neither liked her in full dress nor in dishabille. Something of this lack-sympathy grew out of the character itself, and the whole indefinite diction of the play. A. Schlegel kindly says that "Rowe did not possess boldness and vigour, but sweetness and feeling; he could ex-

cite the softer emotions; and hence, in his Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, and Lady Jane Grey, he has successfully chosen female heroines and their weaknesses for his subject." All we know of his Jane Grey is, that there is a very pretty print by Sherwin, of Mrs. —, by way of frontispiece in Lowndes's New English Theatre, published circa 1780. We never read or saw The Fair Penitent, being amply contented with Massinger's original. Of Jane Shore we can speak from several painful experiences which sit heavy on our memories. Rowe is reported to have meant it for a Drama in the spirit of Shakspeare—we cannot find any touch of the great artist either in the conduct, the cast of thought, or the language. Were you to take away the measure and the exterior ornaments from Hamlet, there would still be poetry and sweetness; but the elevation of Rowe resides in a sort of cautious mouthing far beneath the hot rants of Eleazar, Oedipus, and Alexander; while his melody is little better than the monotonous recurrence of a Merlin's swing, or the easy trundle of a family coach. One of the personages is called Belmour, and this delicate appellation is a felicitous type of a Drama which "assumes to be poetry because it is not prose." If Miss Edmiston displayed little intuition into, or observation of, the secrets of nature in the guilty Jane, we must not argue thence her insufficiency; for of what use could the deepest insight into the genuine passions be in passages after this plan, with which, for the sake of better justifying our objections, we shall entreat the reader to contrast the death of Mrs. Frankford, the Woman killed with Kindness, of that prose Shakspeare, Old Heywood—straw versus flesh and blood, He will find the scene in Lamb and Campbell.

Bel. How fare you, lady?

Jane. My heart is thrill'd with horror,

Bel. Be of courage:  
Your husband lives: 'tis he, my worthiest  
friend—look up.

Jane. I dare not!

Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for  
ever.

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly  
to thee,

To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm  
grown



A burden to the world, myself, and thee,  
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee  
more.

*Jane.* Oh! thou most injured—dost thou  
live indeed?

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!  
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret ca-  
verns!

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, oh  
night,  
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever!

Who will pretend that this has either originality or vraisemblance. Not to insist on such hollow talk as "black night and sable wing," it is throughout manifest that the writer has merely skimmed the surface; he puts down words instead of things; no distinction of character is to be found. "When we accurately examine the most of their (the dramatists of that day) tragical speeches, we shall find that they are seldom such as would be delivered by persons speaking or acting by themselves, without any restraint; we shall generally discover something in them which betrays a reference more or less to the spectator." Still Rowe must have his due; and it cannot be denied, that by incorporating his exposition or statement of the preliminary and actual situation of things with positive dramatic action, he has overcome that tedium which oppresses in the awkward prologues of Euripides, and the chief French writers both in Tragedy and the higher Comedy. We should not have been so wordy on this *laden stock* piece, were it not that while many excellent plays of Thomas Heywood, Marston, Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, &c. lie dustily honoured in the collections of Dodsley and Reed, or the somewhat more popular editions of Gifford and Weber, the stage libraries creak with a body of respectable doaters, who, like Tithonus, seem to preserve immortality in senile decrepitude.

The character of Alicia (to return,—we are always returning!) is in itself sufficiently ugly and coarse. Why should it be delivered over to Mrs. Merrilies, Mrs. (what is her name?) Egerton. Mr. Pope acted the noble-minded husband well. Mr. Cooper as the Lord Protector, ditto. Kean's Hastings saved the play.—Of De Montfort we would rather be silent. The great little man made the most desperate and oftentimes brave

attempts to career it on his part over the necks of the audience: but it is sorry work to ride a saddle without a horse.—Gerald Duval, the laughable farce of Monsieur Tonson, and "*The splendid exhibition of the Coronation!*" have been alternated during the last month *as usual*.—

#### THE OTHER LARGE HOUSE.

The stage proceedings here are best given from their own bills.—

The PLAY of THE TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA, again produced as great an effect on a brilliant and overflowing audience as any previous revival of SHAKESPEARE. The introduction of his SONNETS and the MUSICK, were enthusiastically received, and the CARNIVAL was not only deemed a most magnificent spectacle, but a classical embellishment of a Play of our Immortal Bard.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* will therefore be performed on Saturday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and four times a week till further notice.

The New Entertainment, called THE TWO PAGES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, continuing to be received throughout with the highest approbation and applause, will be repeated every evening.

In consequence of the increased demand for places, *The EXILE* will be performed for the 29th and 30th times to-morrow and Tuesday.—

We shall not discharge our function thoroughly if we do not say one word on the first of the above load-stars. Let Mr. Reynolds write original dramatic rhapsodies as long and as often as he pleases, and as the good-natured gallery will bear; but let him not attempt to darn Shakspeare's Plays that need no mending, and least of all such mending as Mr. Reynolds can give them.

The exterior ornaments are showered over the withered carcass of this Play with a brave prodigality; it is as if Sir Epicure Mammon sat in the treasury, "lord of the medicine." Marble halls cooled with water jets, which catch, and fling back fresher, the languid richness of the orange blossoms; dark hoary woods; silent shrubbed lawns, trimmed, curled, and set in order,—lucid lakes, black-dashing torrents, and sunny casinos, form the back-ground to the well-formed figures of Miss M. Tree, Jones, and Abbott. Then shines forth the pantomimical triumph of that *Ami des Enfants* Mr. Farley,—  
"Go with him, and he will show"



Apollonian temples, fiery mountains, allegorical palaces, — the circling seasons, conflicting elements, and “the serpent of Old Nile as when first she met Marc Antony, and pursed his heart up on the river Cydnus.” When—

The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne  
Burn'd on the waters.

When—

On each side of her—

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling  
Cupids,

With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did  
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did  
cool,

And what they did, undid.

In sober truth the Carnival, with its illuminations, processions, dances, and pageants, is surprisingly splendid, and would be admirable any where else but where it is; and the same may be said of the extraneous lyrical poetry, the sole effect of which is to distract the most determined attention, and retard the natural development of the fable. The effect of the only song proper to the play, (“Who is Sylvia?”) is marred beyond all conceivable indignation, by Bishop and Reynolds together having, for the sake of a female voice in the glee, made the wretched Julia assist in praising her dreaded rival, while the ensuing dialogue is retained, as if to throw ridicule on their own folly. “*Host*. How now, you are sadder than you were before? How do you do, man? The music likes you not!—*Julia*. You mistake! The musician likes me not.—He plays false, father.—*Host*. How? out of tune on the strings?—*Julia*. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.” Is this the language of a person who has just sung her part at sight? This is not all: how can it be reconciled even to poetical possibility, that an utter stranger (which Julia absolutely is) both to the music and the words, should swim so toppingly off in her share of each. This comes of a Sir Thurlo meddling, who does not know the distinction between a regular romantic Drama and an Opera. We should have thought any fool (Hamlet's grave digger to borrow) might have surmised, that if the great author of the detached poems in

question had perceived the fitness of the introduction in any one of his artfully interwoven emanations, it would have been done. Sentences and descriptions may be good by themselves, yet impertinent as parts of a whole; because their mutual relations and dependencies are neglected or misunderstood. It was this rare comprehension of a whole which shed on the laurel crowns of Shakspeare and Raffaëlle that bloom, which shall remain fresh and dewy while a scene or group shall survive of their invention.

The actors come next, we believe? Miss Tree's Julia was in a higher taste, in a deeper gusto, than any of the other personations. She threw herself devotedly into the part, received passively the inspiration of her author, and, thus possessed wholly with his idea, poured forth into every gesture, look, and word, the genuine woman when she loves—yearningly timid, bashfully bold. Miss Tree has gradually gained to herself a superior and more permanent station than she originally made pretension to; and is now no longer a singer who can act, but an actress who can sing. Her figure round, yet slender—her limbs full, yet long—show to greater advantage her advantageously contrived androgynal vestments;—whose softly harmonised colours evidence much sentiment and feeling, either in herself or her adviser. Her light-bending attitudes when greedily yet fearfully drinking in the accents of her lover, may be contemplated as untiringly as the living lilies of Allegri and Parmegiano. Messrs. Abbott and Blanchard come next, for intelligence, spirit, and propriety in discharging their respective characters. Miss Beaumont was not half arch enough in Lucetta: she is a pretty girl, with an honest English expression spread over her face like a steady sunshine. Of Liston and Farren we cannot speak with commendation: yet they failed divergingly: Launce was not liked by the former, and Sir Thurlo was at feud with the latter. Farren had not only missed his way, like Liston (who had the discretion to remain uncomfortably dubious), but dashed merrily along the lane of error. Does Mr. F. suppose that quizzing glasses were created in the opening of the sixteenth

century? Or that if they were, a butterfly, like Sir Thurio, would have employed one on Valentine without brooking the buffet or the stab? Miss Hallande sings very loud; and well, we make no doubt, as great applause followed the heels, or the final cadential shakes of several vocal difficulties, which, with Johnson, we wished were impossibilities.\* It would be very unfair, as well as ungrateful, to criticise the lively Jones's Valentine. He was altogether thrust into a misfit; and it showed no little

talent that he never was offensive or liable to ridicule. This gentleman wears a long Spanish cloak better than any one on the stage; indeed, he graces every costume.

Of the "Two Pages," we can only say that it is an old story pleasantly retold. There was a very interesting piece on this subject, some years back (from the pen of Mr. Abbott, of this theatre) in which Terry as Frederic William, the father of Frederic the Great, was unapproachable.

### REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE progress of Madame Catalani through the country has been marked by festivals at Bath, Bristol, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. We related in our last some anecdotes of her performances at the first named city. The lady is, however, creating for herself hosts of enemies while her powers make their natural impression. The exorbitancy of her demands (generally a considerable share of the receipts) transfers to her pocket so disproportionate a sum, that disparagement and hostility are scarcely to be wondered at. By the Bath Concerts Mr. Ashe, the conductor, was really a loser of 200*l*. while Catalani gained nearly 500*l*. At Bristol her emoluments were about the same, while the conductor there just escaped loss. At Glasgow the following has been published as the statement of the payment of the several performers, and the result to the charity for which the Concert was made. The gross receipts amounted to about 2,300*l*. and the expenses to 2,100. Madame Catalani received about 760*l*. Mr. Braham, 250*l*. Mrs. Salmon, 260*l*. Signor Spagnoletti, 120*l*. Signor Placci, 80*l*. and upwards of 300*l*. were expended in alterations on the house. The profits to the charity will be about 200*l*.

The arrangements for the King's theatre are at length settled. It is announced by Mr. Ebers that the opera will be under the direction of a committee of noblemen. The bal-

let is to be splendid. The performers engaged for the vocal department are as follows:

Madame Camporese, Madame Ronzi di Begni, Signora Ciatai, from the Italian Theatre Royal, Paris, Signora Graziani, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, (neither of the two latter have yet appeared in this country), Signora Rosalbina Caradori, Signor Curioni, Signor Cerutti, from the grand Theatre, Genoa, (who has never yet appeared in this country), Signors di Begni, Ambrogetti, Placci, Angrisani, and Cartoni, from the grand Theatre de Bologne d'Italie, Signor Zucchelli, from the Theatre Aliberti, Rome, (neither of the two latter have yet appeared in this country). Spagnoletti leads. We are sorry to perceive that Mr. Ayrton is no longer in the direction. The deputy director, the Chevalier Petracchi, is from Milan. The talents of the new singers, we suspect, do not rank very high. It is arranged that Mr. Bochsa is to have the Oratorios at Covent Garden; and he enjoys the able assistance of Sir George Smart, as conductor. Catalani actually refused 1,500*l*. as the price of her engagement, and would listen to nothing under 2,000*l*.

The publishers of music seem to proceed upon a very singular, and perhaps not quite a fair plan as it respects each other: no sooner has one started an idea, than another endeavours to participate in the success of the invention by an imitation of the

\* The music was flashy and perishable. Mr. Bishop judges an English audience unworthy of his finer compositions. Rossini's *lees* are good enough for them! we believe he is right.

original thought. Thus the dramatic airs of the Royal Harmonic Institution are met by the Operatic airs of the music shops; and Mr. Moore's national airs from the Strand are opposed by melodies of various nations, the words by Thomas Bayley, Esq. from the great manufactory of Soho-square. Mr. Bishop is the harmonical and symphonical accoucheur (by the way he has left Covent Garden). The work consists of Twelve Airs, Portuguese, French, Tyrolese, Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, German, Swiss, Sicilian, and unknown, four of which are also set in parts. The first (here said to be Portuguese) is to be found in Sola's Spanish Melodies, recently published, but Mr. Planché's words are far more appropriate, far more poetical than Mr. Bayley's. Mr. Planché has hit the true sentiment, Mr. Bayley has gone off directly at opposites. Mr. Bayley pictures a bride miserable at the anticipation of the inconstancy of her husband at the very foot of the altar: this transcends even Sheridan's famous portrait of a too sensitive temperament in his *Falkland*, which has been taken for the representation of his own feelings as a lover. The poet himself inclines to doubt, for he thus admonishes the bridegroom—

Never let her sigh for those  
From whose arms you take her.

Thus he glances at dire consequences indeed, but such, we imagine, as scarcely enter into the calculations of either party at the moment of solemnizing the sacred contract.

Some of the melodies are agreeable, but the selector has not shown any thing like the discrimination and judgment requisite to such a work, particularly after the exquisite specimens and the enchanting poetry of Moore.

*The Birthday*, by Rawlings, is an elegant little piece, full of melody and variety. It is easy; yet very much above the level of pianoforte lessons so simply constructed.

No. 12, the last *Quadrille Rondo* is by Mr. Burrowes. The introduction is particularly chantant; and the cadenza very appropriate to the subject—the *Blackbird Quadrille*, which is elegantly treated. This number is one of the best. Indeed we may re-

commend the entire set to those players whose powers are not equal to the performance of difficult compositions, and who yet demand brilliancy combined with easy and graceful melody.

*We're a' noddin at our House at Hame*, a Scotch ballad, arranged with variations, by Mr. Rees. There is little attraction in this air: the variations are quaint, and not deficient in originality and contrivance; but from whatever cause it proceeds, they are not agreeable. We attribute this very much to the subject.

*Kiallmark's Divertimento, la Reve-nue*, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte, is pretty, but common-place.

*A Polonoise Brillante, and a Sonata*, by Mr. Moschelles. The first of these pieces is excessively difficult, and full of the passion and energy which are the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Moschelles' style of performance. There is hardly a bar which does not contain some mark of expression, and this, together with its extreme rapidity, demands the comprehension and execution of the composer himself to render it full justice. The sonata is less difficult, but equally characteristic; we need only refer to the constant and rapid repetition of one note which clearly points out its author, together with the powerful use of the left hand. It is better adapted to general performance than the Polonoise. Both must be intensely studied.

*Fantasia and Solo, and Mary's Dream, as a Divertimento for the harp*, by Mr. Meyer, are extremely brilliant compositions. The introduction to the Fantasia is a beautiful Adagio. The air of Mary's Dream is so loaded with cadenzas that it is almost impossible for the ear to follow it; we really should hardly have known it again but for the title.

Mr. Sor has published Three Italian Ariettes, which are scarcely equal to his former very elegant compositions of the same kind. The first *Guarda che bianca luna* has been much better set by M. Begrez as a guitar song, though there is much beauty and originality in Mr. Sor's. The second, written in the manner of the Spanish *Canciones*, which the author considers to be the true Cavatinas, is very singular for its accent,

and purely national. The third, a Polacca, has also more merit and variety than the general uniformity imposed by the time commonly allows.

Mr. Latour has an elegant, light, and playful ballad, *The Knight and the Lady*. The melody is sweet and graceful, and we should imagine it would be very effective if well and archly sung.

A duet of Rossini's, from *L'Aureliano in Palmyra*, "*Se tu M'ami o mio Regina*," is quite in the manner of that composer. It is extremely wide in compass, for both the tenor and soprano. It abounds in passages

of ornament and execution, borrowed very much from Signor Rossini himself, and to be found in his *Tancred*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, yet the melody is pleasing, and the whole brilliant and effective. But it is by no means within the reach of common powers; indeed, to be sung at all, it demands extraordinary capacity from nature, and extraordinary acquirement in art. There is also a pretty Cavatina *Tabbraccio ti Stringo, mio Tenero Figlio*, from his *Il Circo*. This presents no such embarrassments as the duet, but is cantabile and sweet.

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*Classical Literature.*—M. Maio, the indefatigable philologist, whose labours and researches after the lost writings of the ancients we have occasionally noticed, has made some farther discoveries. Among these are several of the mutilated and lost books of Polybius, Diodorus, Dion Cassius some fragments of Aristotle, Ephorus the historian, Timæus, Hysenides, Demetrius Phalerens, &c. Besides these, he has also rescued some parts of the unknown writings of Eunapius, Menander of Byzantium, Priscus, and Peter the Protector. Of these valuable literary acquisitions, the most copious and important are the fragments of Diodorus Siculus, and Dion, which contain a succinct recital of many of the wars of Rome, and a narrative of the Punic, Social, and Macedonian wars; likewise of those of Epirus, Syria, Gaul, Spain, Portugal, and Persia. He has also discovered several writings of the Greek and Latin fathers, prior to St. Jerome, and other interesting fragments, all which it is his intention to publish.

*New Optical Machine.*—Signor Amici, professor of Mathematics at the University of Modena, has invented an instrument which he calls a catadioptrical microscope. It is contrived for the purpose of viewing objects of every description, diaphanous or opaque, solid or fluid, without the necessity of dividing them into parts; and consists of a tube placed horizontally, as a telescope, and not vertically as the common microscope. At one extremity of this tube are several metallic mirrors, which reflect the object through a small hole beneath, corresponding perpendicularly to the glass which carries the object. The latter is moved up and down by a screw, under which a mirror is placed as in other microscopes; and it is easily and instantly magnified or diminished by changing the eye-glasses only. One great advantage attending this improved instrument is that

any object may be distinctly viewed, although immersed in a liquid half an inch beneath the surface; a circumstance which has hitherto been impracticable. A scale has also been contrived by which the objects are accurately measured.

*Picture-cleaning.*—The French chemist, Thenard, has rendered an important service to the art of painting, having employed his oxygenated water, with great success, in cleaning old pictures, where the white prepared from lead had become spotted with brown. It is not, perhaps, too much to expect, that the advancement of chemical knowledge will ultimately contribute much to this beautiful art, by furnishing it with more durable materials.

*Improved Barometer.*—M. Barthe, of Strasburg, has constructed an instrument of this description, which announces every change of weather thirty hours previously to its taking place; and what renders it still more valuable, it even prognosticates the approach of thunder storms twelve hours before they occur. Such an instrument will doubtless tend greatly to mature the science of meteorology, which, in its present state, is vague and imperfect; and there is little doubt but that this important study may be reduced to such certain principles as will enable us to calculate with precision the various changes in the atmosphere, long before they actually take place. But in meteorology, and even in medicine, we are still but empirics.

*Sculpture.*—The Immhoffs (father and son) of Cologne, have recently finished a piece of sculpture of extraordinary magnitude; it is a colossal figure, representing the Angel of Death, and is intended to decorate the burial vault of a family of distinction in that city. The same artists executed the well-known bust of M. Stein, the minister, and are now employed upon a bas-relief, intended as a monument to his lady.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE most important foreign news since our last, and very important indeed it may turn out, has been a total change of the French Ministry. This has been effected, strange to say, by a temporary junction of those two opposite bodies, the Ultras and the Liberaux. The King, much against his will, has been obliged to yield to the Ultras the exclusive possession of his Cabinet. This is the first time since the restoration that this party has really possessed power. They are, as perhaps our readers are already aware, a body of men, not very numerous, but powerful from their talents and respectable from their birth, the remnant of the old noblesse. They are, of course, opposed to every popular sentiment of liberty, and alive to the importance, both foreign and domestic, which should attach itself to the ancient throne of the descendants of St. Louis. Upon this principle they have mounted into power, imputing to the late ministry a culpable and anti-national carelessness as to the consequence which France ought to uphold in the diplomatic world. The Liberaux supported them in this view, and not unnaturally, because they knew that to support an interference with the present system of European policy with any effect an army must be raised; and upon this standing force, in other countries the bulwark of despotism, the French popular party relies for its ultimate emancipation. The first public notification which the King had of this change of sentiment in the Chambers appears to have been from the answer voted to his speech,—an answer framed by the Ultras with the previous concurrence of the Liberaux. In this document the infringement of the charter with respect to the established censorship on the press, and the inconsiderable part which France bears in foreign affairs, were particularly and adroitly alluded to. The ministry made an ineffectual opposition, and Louis was compelled to hear unpalatable truths in place of the flattering echo to which monarchs in such situations are generally accustomed. His conduct on the occasion was such as might

have been expected; and from the following expressions contained in his reply to the deputation, his sentiments may be ascertained; indeed he seems to have considered the address as little less than a personal insult. "In exile and in persecution," he says, "I have supported my rights, the honour of my race, and that of the French name. On the throne, surrounded by my people, I feel indignant at the base supposition that I can ever sacrifice the honour of the nation and the dignity of my crown. It is pleasing to me to believe that the majority of those who voted this address have not duly considered the import of all its expressions." Notwithstanding this clear indication on the part of the Chambers, the Ministers continued to retain their places, and actually in a few days after proposed, in utter defiance of the previous vote, two new *projets* imposing additional restrictions on the press. The majority proved clearly by their conduct on this occasion, that his Majesty was wrong when he supposed they had not duly considered the import of their expressions. They literally laughed and coughed M. de Serré, the keeper of the seals, out of the tribune; and very soon after, his resignation, and that of his colleagues, was tendered and received. There was no use in temporising—the King must by this time know the French character—the revolution must have taught him that very sudden with them is the transition from ridicule to ferocity. We confess we sympathise but little with the late French ministry on their fall. They had long adopted the paltry system of playing off one party against the other, and that for no other purpose than the possession of place and their own personal aggrandizement. The first step of the Ultra administration has been the withdrawing of the new *projets* against the press, which will, it is supposed, terminate in the total abolition of the Censorship; "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The Liberaux and Ultras are said to agree in the approval of the Greek cause, and to this, it is supposed, the paragraph in the address which



offended the King was pointed. This principle, if acted on, must produce a French army, in which it is very clear that the "preux chevaliers" of the Ultras can be but thinly sprinkled amongst the revolutionary marshals of Napoleon. Of such a measure who can see the results! The old tree, it is true, lies where it has fallen, upon the rock of St. Helena, but there is a scion silently gathering strength in Austria by which it is possible the throne of the Bourbons may one day be overshadowed. When Napoleon was dying it is said that Madame Bertrand asked him under whose protection he wished to leave his son? "Under the protection of the French army" was the reply.

The struggle which the Greeks have made against the tyranny of the Porte will end, it is not unlikely, as every lover of literature and freedom must wish,—in their glorious emancipation. A new and formidable enemy has arisen against the Turks. Persia has declared war against the Sultan, and followed up the declaration vigorously by an invasion of his Asiatic dominions with an army of 110,000 men, headed by the hereditary Prince. The Turkish empire, upon this side, is left almost defenceless, in consequence of the recent drafting of troops to Constantinople. The Persian troops are said to have conquered a considerable portion of Armenia, and two Beys in Albania have revolted against the Porte. In the mean time the Greeks are not inactive, but we are sorry to find that their warfare is still characterised by cruelties, which, however justifiable in the way of reprisal, are not the less revolting to humanity. It is said that on the capture of Tripolizza, the victors finding that seven of their bishops who had been detained as hostages were murdered, had recourse to the horrible revenge of putting to death 8,000 Turks, together with 13,000 others of all ages and both sexes! The Greeks justify this on the plea of retaliation, and it is a melancholy truth, that neither belligerent can accuse the other of comparative inhumanity. In the mean time the cause of Greece begins to excite considerable interest. In France the feeling in its favour is said to be universal; and a subscription has been already opened in Lon-

don, for the purpose of aiding which a general meeting is to be held immediately. We should not be at all surprised to find that these events had also compelled the *pacific* and *unambitious* Alexander reluctantly to join in the crusade, which those who do not put implicit faith in legitimate professions have long suspected him of meditating. The Persian diversion is laid at his door by many, and his great ascendancy at the Court of the Schah has been long notorious.

Of Spain it is not easy to form any very accurate idea. That she is agitated by very considerable internal commotion is quite certain, and this appears, indeed, from the acknowledged fact of the prompt and public resistance of the people of Corunna to the attempt to remove Mina from the Captain-Generalship of Gallicia. No country can be in a tranquil or constitutional state, when the inhabitants of a principal town, in a principal province, dispute the King's order to remove his own governor; and successfully oppose the entrance of his successor! The charge made by the court against Mina was that of republicanism,—a charge which he in a spirited proclamation indignantly repels. The French papers, if we are to believe them, give a frightful picture of the state of the Peninsula; and represent many of its provinces to be in actual rebellion; they talk of the meditated siege of Madrid by Mina and Riego at the head of an imposing military force, and go so far as even to publish an address from the beloved Ferdinand to his Ministers, in which he declares his fixed determination to die fighting at the head of his guards, and avoid, at all events, the passive martyrdom of Louis the 16th. This is not very likely language from such a character as Ferdinand; but if events should arise, and he should verify the imputed declaration, posterity may truly say of him, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Madrid papers of the 6th, however, notice his return to his capital, and say that he and the Royal Family made their entrée amid the acclamations of the populace. From the accounts on all sides, it appears quite clear that the country is in a state in which she cannot long continue. During these domestic commotions her South American empire may be



now considered as irrecoverably lost. Every arrival brings some fresh account of a new triumph gained by the liberators, and a proclamation from Don Augustin de Iturbide, at the head of the liberating army of the three Guarantees, has just issued, dated from the city of the Yucas. In this city the death of Don Juan O'Donoju, the celebrated political chief who took such a distinguished part in the settlement of the affairs of Spain, has just been announced. His death has been attributed to various causes, by some to poison, and by some to indisposition produced by chagrin.

A list has just been published of the American navy, by which it appears that America possesses 51 vessels of war, besides 28 gun-boats and galleys. Of these, two carry 106 guns each; there are 7 of 74, 4 of 44, 2 of 64, and 4 of 36, besides a number of others from 30 guns downwards! This is an astonishing increase when we consider that the first provision for a naval establishment for the United States is contained in an act of Congress, dated 1794, authorising the purchasing or building of four ships of 44 guns, and two of 36. The Americans are very select in the baptism of their vessels of war; they decide their names by lot, and they consist of three classes; the first class are named from the States, the second from the rivers of the Union, and the third from the cities and towns.

The accounts from Ireland, we are sorry to say, are not much less revolting than those which were published in our last. The same horrid system of, we may say, *wholesale assassination* still continues. A whole population of regiments of the line, infantry and cavalry, has been poured into that devoted country, and a special commission has been appointed to try some of the unfortunate wretches in the county of Limerick. In the meantime, a meeting of persons, styling themselves Irish landholders, has taken place in London. Several foolish speeches were made, and the spouters separated to condole, over English roast beef, upon the misfortunes of a country whose chief misery has been occasioned by their absenteeism. A change has taken place in the government of that country, by the recall of Lord

Talbot and Mr. Grant, and the substitution of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Goulburn;—a change of names, we fear, but not of measures: indeed what possible good can be expected from the junction of two such men, in the government of such a country, in such a crisis? oil and vinegar—fire and water—Lord Wellesley, a friend of the Catholics, and a lover of conciliation—Mr. Goulburn, a staunch stickler for ascendancy, and a chip of the old vigour block! But of one thing we may be certain, that temporary expedients can only produce a temporary cure; and that it is not the hanging up of a few famishing wretches at Limerick, or the exhibition of a gaudy military pageant at Dublin, which can remedy the wrongs of six centuries' accumulation.

The union, to which we alluded in our last as probable, of the Grenville party with the present administration may be now looked upon as certain. The following appointments have been announced by the ministerial journals as determined on, to be officially proclaimed before the meeting of parliament. Mr. Charles Wynne to succeed Mr. Sturges Bourne in the Board of Control; Dr. Phillimore to succeed Sir George Warrender as one of the lay Lords of the Admiralty; Mr. Saurin, the present Irish Attorney General, to be promoted to a seat on the Bench, and to be succeeded in his office by Mr. Plunket. This last appointment is likely in its effects to prove the most important of all, because it is said to have in view the ultimate transfer of Mr. Plunket to the English Woolsack upon the resignation of Lord Eldon. It is not at all unlikely. Mr. Plunket is too proud a man, and most justly so, to accept office after or under such a person as Mr. Saurin, without some ultimate high reversion. His talents are at once solid and splendid, and they are fully equalled by his acquirements and his virtues. When such a man is placed in an exalted station, it is not so much the person as the appointment which becomes distinguished. Mr. Plunket has been the architect of his own fortune, and even envy has not been able to cast a stain upon his character.

Parliament has been further prorogued till the 3d of February, when it meets for the dispatch of business.

Dec. 26, 1821.

## MONTHLY REGISTER,

JANUARY 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

If the best authenticated weekly accounts of sales in Mark-lane are to be credited, the prices of grain have fallen since the beginning of the month in the following proportions:—Wheat three shillings per quarter on the best samples; on the others, which are scarcely saleable, a much greater, and, indeed, indefinite reduction. Barley, six shillings per quarter. Flour, five shillings per sack. Beans, peas, and oats, remain nearly stationary. The second article, perhaps, is fallen a shilling or two. The supply of beasts at Smithfield has been immense. On the 17th, the whole space from Smithfield-bars to St. Sepulchre's church was so crowded with the finest cattle, that it was with great difficulty a passage could be forced between them by the sellers and buyers. The consequence has been, that the Christmas market, which has been always, heretofore, considered as producing from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per stone more than the customary run of prices, is lower. Beef of good quality was sold from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* which last was the top price for the very best qualities. The supply of mutton was also superabundant. There were on this day penned; as is stated in the market accounts, 20,610 sheep, which number was thought, by competent judges, to be much below the real amount, as well as that of the beasts (4,148). Fat sheep did not make three shillings a stone; for though superior Downs fetched 3*s.* 6*d.* multitudes were sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* The country markets have not yet felt the effect of this report, and therefore have not manifested much fluctuation. Indeed, they are principally, though not wholly, influenced by local causes and circumstances, and present great differences.

Thus there is, at present, proof demonstrative, both from the supply and fall, of that redundancy of produce which has been asserted. The supply may be, and probably is, augmented by the use of the threshing machines, which are now not only itinerant, but to be had at a rate cheap in proportion to the competition arising from their being in many hands, whose chief employment it is to travel the country with them, and superintend their operation. It is also increased by the pressure of payments, which drives the farmer to sell. His case is, therefore, gradually growing worse. In the mean while, a large number of the landlords, and many of the clergy, have made voluntary abatements upon rent and tithes. The former,

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from 15 to 20 per cent. The latter from 10 to 15 per cent. Labour is likewise depressed; but labour has been always kept so low, that what is thrown off the farmer in the shape of wages falls upon him again in the form of poor-rates. Seeds, horse-provender, and subsistence follow the fall of corn. The capital he requires is less. Every thing, then, tends to accompany fall of price except TAXATION; and it is now, perhaps, become the only question of importance, to ascertain whether the disturbance in the balance of trade, and in the prosperity and happiness of the individuals principally interested, can be occasioned by this item. It seems consonant to reason, that a correspondent fall in all the components of expenditure should enable the agriculturist to bear a fall in the price of his commodity. Yet, while we witness the one effect, we do not witness the other. The farmer universally complains of near approaching ruin, and the most intelligent men assent, that no profit can remain for the payment of *any rent at all*. It is time, therefore, to ascertain the facts of the case, since the universal ruin of individuals thus threatened must soon involve the ruin of the state. On the one hand, it is impossible for the landed interest to sustain the repetition of such losses: on the other, it is impracticable for the country to bear an elevation of price equal to the rate at which the spirit of the provisions of the last corn Bill were fondly supposed to fix the price of corn, viz. at about 80*s.* per quarter. In the one instance, the land will be uncultivated; in the other, all who can will fly to countries where provision averages little more than one-third of that rate. This is the dilemma in which England now seems to be placed.

In the mean while, meetings called by the Agricultural Associations are taking place in most counties, to discuss the question and petition Parliament. It is reported that Ministers hope to meet the landed interest by the substitution of a duty of from 15 to 20*s.* per quarter for the present law, with a reduction of the importation rate from 80 to 70 shillings. This can have no such effect as the farmer has been taught to hope. It will simply serve to keep the price permanently at about from 50 to 55, as the duty imposed may be. This will be so clearly seen, that we conceive the agriculturist will scout the proposition. It is also stated that the trade between Ireland and Eng-

land will be thrown open, in consequence of the recommendation of the Commission of Enquiry.

In our view of the case, there are two main points, and two only. 1. The relation of supply to demand: and, 2. The effects of taxation. It remains yet to be understood, what is the ratio of the first; but we believe, the two terms are very near each other; in good seasons the produce being rather above, in bad, rather below the consumption. Recourse to the foreign growth may, therefore, be indispensable at some time, and this affects the whole relation of price, at all periods. The limits of taxation it is difficult, indeed, to compute; but there can be no doubt, that the pressure is now greater by all the depreciation in the value of the entire production of the realm, probably in the proportion of from 30 to 50 per cent. since the year before the conclusion of peace.

The Duke of Bedford has given notice to the Smithfield Club, that he purposes to discontinue his donation of annual premiums, in consequence of the opinion entertained by his Grace, and other members, that it is no longer necessary to stimulate by such means the improvement of the breeds of stock. His Grace assumes that such improvement has attained its utmost possible height, keeping utility in view,

and, therefore, suggests the dissolution of the Club. This, however, will not take place, it being signified, that the flourishing state of its funds affords sufficient inducements to the members to continue their efforts.

The Wheats, notwithstanding the continuance of wet weather, look very favourably, and as the season remains open, the plant is very thriving. Turnips are as good a crop as was anticipated. Mangel Wurzel is spreading in its reputation. It has thriven well in soils favourable to its growth. This crop is principally drawn for late winter, or early spring consumption, and is unquestionably an excellent substitute for turnips. The mild and open weather is particularly favourable, except in those heavy soils where the large fall of rain has operated prejudicially. The water meadows, in some parts of the kingdom, have been constantly flooded, and the sheep have suffered, both from their backs being as constantly wet, and the state of the ground;—when feeding off turnips much of their food has been wasted by being trodden in the dirt. But the grass upon the lighter lands still continued to grow, and has replaced, in some degree, this tendency to loss. Long wool is stationary in price.

Dec. 20.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Dec. 22.)

OUR report of the commerce of St. Petersburg will occupy so much room this month, besides the length to which our home report extends, that we necessarily spare our preliminary observations, in which we have, indeed, little occasion to indulge, as nothing material has occurred to call for them. One circumstance only we must advert to, which may have important consequences. This is the establishment in Germany of a Rhenish West India Company, the object of which is trade to the other parts of the world, whether it is intended to export only German produce and manufactures. The most sanguine hopes are entertained of the success of this company, which is, we believe, chiefly founded with a view to the immense countries of South America, with which they hope to establish an advantageous intercourse, notwithstanding the formidable competition of England. The capital of the company is formed by shares of 500 dollars. The statutes have been approved and signed by the King of Prussia; and persons of all parts of Germany have subscribed. The seat of the company is at present Elberfeld.

*Cotton.*—At the commencement of this month the market was rather heavy, yet the

holders being firm, and unwilling to submit to any reduction, the purchases made were inconsiderable; but in the week ending on the 11th, rather more business was done. Bengals and Surats being sold at a reduction of about  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the prices at the last India sale. 200 fair Bengals were taken for exportation to France, at  $5\frac{1}{4}$ d. and  $5\frac{3}{4}$ d. and 40 good Pernams, at  $12\frac{1}{4}$ d. In the following week the market remained steady, and several considerable purchasers appeared at market, inquiring after East India descriptions. The sales amounted in this week (to the 18th,) to 1000 packages, viz.—140 Surats, very ordinary and middling  $5\frac{1}{4}$ d. a  $6\frac{1}{4}$ d. fair to good fair  $6\frac{1}{4}$ d. and  $6\frac{3}{4}$ d.; 145 Madras,  $6\frac{1}{4}$ d. a  $7$ d. good fair to good; 600 Bengals, ordinary,  $5\frac{1}{4}$ d. fair and good fair,  $5\frac{1}{4}$ d. and  $5\frac{3}{4}$ d.; 30 Pernams,  $12\frac{1}{4}$ d.; all in bond: and duty paid, 28 Bourbon, middling,  $12$ d.; 40 Demerara, good fair,  $10$ d. and  $10\frac{1}{4}$ d. The prices of cotton have not experienced any alteration within these few days; the sales are considerable. The letters from Liverpool, yesterday morning, state the market to be heavy. At Liverpool the sales for the month, ending 15th December, amounted to 32,400 bags, the arrivals to less than 10,000. The total

import of cotton into the kingdom, during the first eleven months of this year, has been considerably less (about 80,000 bags) than in the same period in 1820, and the present estimated stock in the ports is accordingly smaller in the same proportion, viz. in 1820, 437,000 bags, and in 1821, 361,100 bags.

**Sugar.**—The demand for Moscovades, which was improving at the time of our last report, soon declined again, but without immediately leading to any reduction in the prices; the holders on the contrary appeared firm and unwilling to submit to any abatement, so that on the whole, the business done was inconsiderable, and the purchasers were obliged soon to accede to an advance of 1s. to 2s. the cwt. The demand, however, continued very limited; purchasers showed no disposition to buy, except for their immediate wants; there was very little sugar on show, and the holders still refused to hear of any reduction by private contract. On the 11th, very few buyers appeared at market, and the sales at the close of the day were more limited than for a series of weeks past; two public sales brought forward, went off at a considerable decline; 66 hhds. 9 tierces Barbadoes, at a reduction of nearly 2s.; 136 casks St. Lucia at a decline of 1s. a 2s. per cwt.; if the sale may be taken as a criterion of the market, the prices of brown sugar were 1s. a 2s. per cwt. lower; there were no sellers of sugars by private contract at any reduction in prices.

The decline of 1s. to 2s. in the public sale was confirmed by the purchases made in the following week by private contract, yet still little was done, as most of the holders refused to sell at any reduction, and the buyers were equally unwilling to purchase. It is expected that the stock in the West India warehouses will be 8,000 casks less at the close of the year, than it was last year, which encourages the opinion of those who look to a considerable advance in the prices. The report of yesterday, however, is still unfavourable, the market has been very depressed, though no further reduction in the prices has been conceded. Some low St. Lucias have been sold at 51s.

The state of the market for refined sugars was very favourable for a fortnight or more after our last publication. Several purchases were made for the Mediterranean, and pretty extensive contracts entered into for delivery early in the ensuing year at prices rather above the market currency; much more business would have been done, had not the refiners advanced the prices in consequence of the rise in the raw sugars, but these declining, as we have stated, after the 11th, the refined market became very heavy. In addition to unfavourable reports from the Continent, the

letters from the Mediterranean stated the markets to be heavy for refined sugars; in consequence of which a great stagnation in the trade ensued, and prices had given way on the 18th, from 1s. to 2s. This week the quantity of refined on sale has been very inconsiderable; yet the market is heavy; brown lumps are the only description that has been on demand this week, and for these there appear to be a few buyers.

In Foreign sugars, the business done has been quite inconsiderable, some sales have been brought forward, but the greater part of the sugars were withdrawn for want of bidders.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

November 24 .....	27s. 9d.
December 1 .....	30s. 8d.
8 .....	31s. 0d.
15 .....	32s. 7½d.
22 .....	33s. 0½d.

**Coffee.**—At the beginning of this month, the coffee market was considered as very firm, and the advance that had lately taken place was fully maintained; some descriptions, as Jamaica and Dominica, particularly the latter, were higher, while Demerara and Berbice were a trifle lower from the large quantities brought to market. A small reduction, however, which took place, only increased the demand; and at a public sale on the 11th, 305 bags, and 114 casks, chiefly Dutch descriptions, sold freely at an advance of 2s. per cwt.; middling 120s. to 124s.; good middling 128s. to 130s.; a few good middling Jamaica sold at 124s.; fine middling 127s. to 127s. 6d. All sold with great spirit, and the market might be stated in general at 2s. higher. In the following week, (up to the 18th) the demand was very considerable, the public sales went off freely; there was also much demand by private contract, and the late prices were fully supported; but the public sale on Thursday (the 20th) went off rather heavily. The Demerara and Berbice descriptions sold 2s. a 4s. lower; St. Domingo at the decline of 1s. a 2s.; the latter, ordinary in bags sold at 98s., fair quality at 100s., and very good 101s. 6d.; Dominica supported the previous prices; the few lots Jamaica sold considerably higher than any previous sale; good to fine ordinary shrivelled 110s. and 110s. 6d.

There were two considerable public sales this forenoon, chiefly Demerara and Berbice descriptions; the small proportion sold went at the reduction we have stated; 38½ bags St. Domingo met with no buyers, all taken in at 100s. and 102s.; 72 casks ordinary Havannah were taken in at 94s. 6d. and 95s. 6d. Dutch coffee may be stated 2s. a 4s. lower this week, St. Domingo 1s. a 2s.; all other descriptions at the pre-

vicious prices, the holders generally refusing to sell at any reduction.

*Tallow* has been one of the most remarkable articles in the markets during the last month; there have been considerable fluctuations, but on the whole, a great and rapid advance, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the market, the sellers it appears having contracted to deliver much larger quantities than they are likely to have at their disposal; we add the report of yesterday, as presenting an interesting view of the subject: should any very material change take place previous to our publication, we will notice it.

"There are great fluctuations in the prices of tallow, and great interest excited as to the probable prices for the next two months. The public sale of yellow candle tallow went about 47s. It was yesterday reported that one of the great holders had commenced selling, and the price was stated at 46s., and heavy; the rumour has however been contradicted this morning, and the nearest quotation at four o'clock to-day is 46s. As to the probable future prices we have only to state the facts, and leave the inference for the consideration of our readers: the wind still continues westerly, with stormy weather, which prevents arrivals. It is very true, that by former lists, and by the Sound list this morning, many vessels with Tallow had passed through, yet, with the present wind, it will be next to an impossibility for them to reach the English coast; and, as the extensive contracts are all for delivery this year, there is a general opinion that they will be too late, particularly as so many holidays intervene; there are likewise extensive contracts for January, and it is still a question whether the great sellers can procure the quantity if the holders remain firm, which they appear inclined to do. Great losses at sea are anticipated from the late boisterous weather, and tallow has lately rated far below any medium prices, and claims great attention as an article of speculation. Town tallow is to-day quoted 47s., which is the same as at week."

*Tea*.—In the late India sale, Bohea and Congou sold nearly 1d. per lb. under the last sale price; Hyson 3d. to 4d. lower; Twankey and Hyson skin 1d. to 2d. higher.

*Oils*.—The prices of Greenland oil had declined to 19l., but the holders are again asking an advance, in consequence of the rise in the prices of tallow, and they have in several instances realized the improvement. Seed oils have given way considerably, linseed may be quoted 17., and rape oils 17. a 2l. lower.

*Naval Stores*.—Tar continues in great request, on account of the short import this season; the last realised price for Stockholm tar is 24s., but in the present state of the market it would be found difficult to

purchase a considerable quantity under 25s.—Two parcels of rough turpentine are on sale, for which 14s. 6d. has been refused; a very inferior lot has lately been sold at 14s.—Spirits are without variation.—Pitch is a shade higher.—Rosin without alteration.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands*.—There has been little business done lately in rums by private contract; the former prices have however been fully maintained. By public sale this forenoon, 92 puncheons Jamaica rum were brought forward:—29 and 33 O. P. sold 2s. 1d. a 2s. 3d.; 23 a 26 1s. 10d. a 1s. 11d.; 12 a 14 mostly taken in, 1s. 6d. a 1s. 7d. The whole went off freely, and better than could be anticipated: generally the rum market may be stated very firm. Brandies are entirely nominal; there are no buyers; the best marks offer at 4s. 4d., no purchasers.—Geneva is without alteration.

*Logwood*.—The logwood in London is all in few hands, several parcels Jamaica. Have lately been sold at 9l. 9s., but for picked wood 10l. is reported, and the holders appear firm, and ask now 10l. 10s.; we believe there is none offering under 10l.

*Corn*.—The decline of the averages continues but too fully to confirm the opinions we have all along maintained.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*St. Petersburg, Nov. 9th*.—For some days past we have had frost; and therefore our navigation for this year is nearly closed; and but a few more shipments, chiefly for England, will be made. It is still too early to say any thing of the winter and contract trade.—*Ashes*, 11,893 casks have been exported this year, and 1,051 ditto remain over. It is many years since we have had so considerable an exportation; it exceeds that of last year by about 4,500 casks. The greater part was for France. For delivery 90r. are asked, which price is however too high, and therefore no bargain has been concluded.—*Flax*. Of this, about 396,000 poods have been exported, and about 143,000 poods remain. The crop this year is said to have been scanty and unproductive; so that if we may rely on the accounts hitherto received, we can reckon on but 250 to 300,000 poods at most. For this reason, the holders would latterly sell but little, and the prices rose, so that no 12 head was to be had under 155r. and no 9 head under 120 r. at which price, about 30,000 poods have been purchased, to lay up in the Magazines.—*Hemp*. Much more has been exported than appeared likely in Spring: about 1,293,851 poods clean, 258,576 poods outshot, and 206,791 ditto, half clean. There remain to be laid up for next year about 115,000 poods of clean in the first hand, and 70,000 poods in the second hand. The price of 85 poods for



ordinary clean, which it reached at the end of the season, seems likely to be maintained. The clean warehoused is purchased at 85 r. all the money paid; that for delivery has been contracted for at 85 r. with 15 to 25 r. earnest, half clean at 65 to 67 r. with 15 to 17 earnest. Contracts have hitherto been concluded for 30,000 poods clean, and 10,000 ditto half clean.—*Hemp Oil*. It is reckoned that hitherto about 11,000 casks have been exported, and 3,000 ditto remain. As the accounts of the failure of the Hemp-seed are confirmed, and therefore a much less supply is to be expected next year, the holders will not sell upon delivery under the high price of 10 r. A few Russians have brought small parcels at 10 r. with 1 to 2 r. earnest, but there are no other purchasers, whence the trade is dull, but without change of price.—*Tallow*. About 97,000 casks have been exported, and 20,000 casks remain. Of what remains, above the half consists of yellow, about 1,000 casks of white, and the rest soap tallow. About 120,000 casks are expected next year. As this trade is in the hands of rich Russians, who of course can keep the prices as they please for a considerable time, nothing certain can be said of the future course of this branch of trade; besides, it entirely depends on the change of the English market. The last prices paid here were, for white and yellow candle, 130 r. ordinary soap 118 r. No purchases for delivery have yet been made.—*Wax*. About 4,000 poods of yellow and 300 ditto of white, have been exported, and of the first there are about 2,000 poods remaining. The last prices paid were: for Pottob 72 to 73 r.; Suschevoy, 70 r. and white up to 80 r. No great change in the price is expected.

24th Nov.—*Quills, Down and Bed feathers*.—The exportation of these articles has been considerable. Of the first about 12,560,000, and of the two last about 2,700 poods. The principal exportation was to America, then to France, Holland, and Hamburg. As daily supplies arrive from the interior, there is no scarcity of them, yet it sometimes happens that there is not a good choice.—*Hemp*. Purchases are still made partly on the spot, and partly on delivery. Clean on the spot has been sold at 86 r. all the money paid; for delivery at 86 to 86 r. partly all down, partly with 15 to 20 r. earnest. Contracts have been concluded to day for 10,000 poods clean at 87 r. with 17 r. down, and 5,000 poods half clean, at 67 r. and 27 r. down.—*Tallow*. For yellow 130 r. are asked, and 125 r. down have been offered, but of the white and soap there are no sellers at market. The present low rate of exchange is very favourable to contracts, particularly for the above mentioned articles, for it seems almost impossible to purchase them on lower terms.—*Russia Leather*. About 23,000

poods have been exported, and about 7,000 poods remain. We expect a great supply in the winter.—*Isinglass*. 4,650 poods in all have been exported, more than half of which was fine sorts. Of the last about 1,655 poods, and of Samovy about 3,000 ditto remain. No supply is expected before next August; and even that, by the accounts we have received, will be inconsiderable.

Riga, 6th Nov.—*Flax*. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, on the spot last price, 36 r.; 39 r. are now asked: for cut Badstub, last price 34; Risten Threeband, 26 r.; for the first 39 r. are asked, and for the latter 27 r. The contract prices for delivery in March, all the money paid down, Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 36 r. cut Badstub 34 r.; Risten Threeband, 26 r.—*Hemp*. The remaining stock of all kinds is very inconsiderable. The prices last paid were, on the spot, Polish clean, 110 to 112 r.; ditto Outshot, 88 r.; Pass, 77 to 78 r.; Ukraine clean, 100 to 102; Outshot, 84 r.; Pass, 75 r. For delivery the prices asked are, clean, 100 r.; Outshot, 82 r.; Pass, 72 r.—*Seeds*. Our sowing linseed is pretty well cleared off, the prices may be stated from 8 to 10 r. according to quality. Druiania Linseed (114 to 115 lbs.) has been sold at 4 to 7 r.; Crushing Linseed (of 110 to 111 lbs.) from 15 to 16 r.; Hemp is entirely cleared off.—*Tallow*, 138 r. all down are asked for yellow crown for delivery.

In all imported articles but little doing, and the prices unchanged.

Hamburg, 8th Dec.—*Cotton* continues to meet with but inconsiderable sale.—*Coffee*. But little has been doing this week; and good and ordinary descriptions have therefore been rather lower, while fine ordinary Dominica and Porto Rico remained firm in price, and middle qualities likewise unchanged. After the receipt of the London accounts yesterday by way of Holland, the prices were firmer, but little business was done.—*Corn* of all kinds is low, the demand entirely confined to the consumption of the place.—*Spices*. Pimento maintains the late advance; pepper is unchanged.—*Indigo*, 50 chests have lately been sold at a farther advance in the price.—*Sugar*. The price of Hamburg refined has experienced a further reduction on account of the limited demand; so that ordinary, according to our denomination, has been sold at 10½ d. good middling at 11½ d. Our stock is, however, so small that the prices must soon rise if orders to any amount should be received. Lumps in loaves of good strong middling quality may be had at 8½ d. There has been a very limited sale of raw sugars this week, and the more so, because our refiners had an opportunity of supplying their wants at low prices, in several auctions of goods, part of which were slightly damaged.

## BIRTHS.

- Lately at Cambridge, the lady of the Baron Charles de Thierry, a son and heir.  
 Nov. 21. At Purley-house, near Croydon, Mrs. George Harrington, a son.  
 22. The lady of Henry Earle, Esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, a son.  
 24. In Curzon-street, the lady of R. Frankland, Esq. MP. a daughter.  
 25. In Park-place, St. James's, the lady of Thomas Rose, Esq. a daughter.  
 — In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Sir Wm. Struth, a son.  
 27. At Exmouth, the lady of the Attorney General, a son.  
 — At Cadwell, Devon, the lady of Sir John Louis, Bart. a daughter.  
 29. In Gower-street, the lady of Colonel O'Connor, of the 73d Regt. a son.  
 30. At Truro, in Cornwall, the lady of Capt. Pengally, RN. a son.  
 Dec. 1. The lady of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, a daughter.  
 — At Bryn, Glamorganshire, the Hon. Lady Morris, a daughter.  
 2. In Grosvenor-square, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, a daughter.  
 — At Greendown-cottage, the lady of Sir F. Ford, a son.  
 3. At South Stoneham-house, Hants, the lady of John Flemming, Esq. MP. for that county, a daughter.  
 5. At Kensington, the lady of Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. a son and heir.  
 7. Lady Cochrane, a daughter.  
 9. In Grosvenor-place, the Countess of Uxbridge, a son and heir.  
 11. At Brighton, the lady of Capt. Lempriere, RA. a daughter.  
 12. In Guilford-street, Russell-square, the lady of Robt. Espinasse, Esq. a daughter.  
 15. In Duke-street, Portland-place, the lady of Sir Rich. Paul Jodrell, Bart. a daughter.  
 — At Woburn Abbey, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, a son.  
 16. At Brompton, Mrs. Horsley, wife of Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon, twins.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, a daughter.

## IN IRELAND.

At Marino, near Cork, the lady of Thos. G. French, Esq. and daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. MP. a daughter.  
 At Cork, the Rt. Hon. Lady Audley, a son.  
 At Dublin, at the house of her father, Sir James Galbraith, Bart. the lady of Capt. Charles Geo. Stanhope, a son.

## ABROAD.

At Leghorn, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir Patrick Ross, KC. MG. a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Nov. 22. At Kenilworth, John Rob. Browne Cave, Esq. eldest son of Sir Wm. Browne Cave, Bart. of Stretton, Derbyshire, to Catherine Penelope, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late W. Mills, Esq. of Barlaston.  
 24. At Marylebone-church, by the Bishop of Llandaff, Wm. Rob. Keith Douglas, Esq. MP. youngest brother of the Marquess of Queensberry, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Walter Irvine, Esq. of Luddington-house, Surry.  
 25. At Whitehaven, Wm. Mucready, Esq. Manager of the Bristol and Whitehaven theatres, to Miss Desmond.  
 27. At Sudbury, John Raton, jun. Esq. banker, Shrewsbury, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, MD. of the former place.  
 29. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Astley Paston Cooper, Esq. of Cheverell's, Herts, nephew and heir to Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart. to Elizabeth, only child of Wm. Rickford, Esq. MP. for Aylesbury.  
 — At Huyton-church, near Knowsley-park, the Earl of Wilton, to Lady Mary Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby. The ceremony was performed in presence of the principal members of the noble houses of Grosvenor and Derby.  
 Dec. 1. At Weymouth, George Steed, Esq. Surg. of the Roy. Dragoons, to Georgiana, youngest

daughter of the late Richard Barwell, Esq. of Stanstead, Sussex.

2. At Kensington, Lieut. George Bague, of the Roy. Navy, and of the Folly-house, Ipswich, to Miss Yarrow, of Jermyn-street.  
 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Llandaff, Edward Stanley, Esq. of Pensonby-hall, Cumberland, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. formerly Judge of the Court of Adawlyt at Dacca, in the Hon. East India Service, in Bengal.  
 — The Rev. S. H. Alderson, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, to Miss Bennet, only daughter of Phil. Bennet, Esq. of Hougham-hall, Suffolk.  
 5. At Marylebone-church, James Wadmore, Esq. of Chapel-street, Paddington, to Miss Henrietta Robinson, of Malda-place.  
 8. At Streatham, Robert Whitmore, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Eliza, fourth daughter of Joseph Kaye, Esq. of Wandsworth-common and New Bank-buildings.  
 10. At Lampport, Northamptonshire, Lieut.-Col. Packe, of the Grenadier Guards, to Eliza, only daughter of the Rev. Vere Isham.  
 11. At Osmaston, near Derby, Samuel Ellis Bristowe, Esq. of Beesthorpe-hall, near Newark, Notts, and of Twisford, near Derby, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Samuel Fox, Esq. of Osmaston-hall.  
 12. By Special Licence, at the residence of the Rt. Hon. Lord Stewart, at Wynyard, by the Rt. Hon. and Rev. Lord Viscount Barrington, Sir Henry Harding, KCB. and one of the Representatives of the City of Durham, to Lady Emily Jane James, sister of the Most Noble the Marquess of Londonderry.  
 13. At St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, by the Rev. R. Scott, Capt. James Arthur Murray, RN. son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Wm. Murray, and nephew to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Coupland, Esq. of that town.  
 14. At Penrice, Glamorganshire, by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Strangeways, John Nicholl, Esq. of Merthyr-mawr, only son of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Nicholl, to Jane Harriot, second daughter of the late Thos. Mansell Talbot, Esq. of Margam and Penrice Castle, in the same county.  
 At Lympstone, William Sykes, Esq. only brother of Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. of Baxildon-park, Herts, to Miss Gattey, daughter of Edward Gattey, Esq. of Exeter.

## IN SCOTLAND.

John Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswoods.

## IRELAND.

Wm. Gun, Esq. of Fort-lodge, county Kerry, nephew to Lord Ventry, to Margaret, second daughter of Thos. M'Kenny, Esq. of Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin, and one of the Aldermen of that city.

## ABROAD.

At Madras, Lieut.-Col. Marshall, Paymaster of the Presidency, to Maria Letitia, second daughter of Evelyn J. Gascoigne, Esq. Deputy-master-attendant.

## DEATHS.

- Lately at Larkbear-house, near Exeter, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Bennet Langton, Esq. and the Dowager Countess of Rothes.  
 Nov. 22. At his house, in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, in his 56th year, James Wilson, Esq. FRS. Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, and many years lecturer in the Hunterian school of Windmill-street.  
 — At his seat at Eardistow, Worcester, in his 70th year, Sir Wm. Smith, Bart. many years an active Magistrate of that county. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only surviving son now Sir Sydney Smith.  
 23. At Falmouth, Mrs. Pellew, the lady of S. Pellew, Esq. Collector of his Majesty's Customs at that Port.  
 — Lately at Horton-lodge, near Epsom, aged 88, the Hon. Louisa Browning, widow of J. Browning, Esq. eldest daughter and only surviving child of the late Rt. Hon. Chas. Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and sister to Sir Frederic Calvert, the last Lord Baltimore.

- At Ashton-under-Lyne, aged 84, Mr. James Newton. This very eccentric character lived quite a solitary being, rarely admitting any one within his house. His property, which was originally considerable, gradually decreased through his neglect. About three years since his house was broken open, since which event he never went to bed, but always slept upon a sofa with six wax lights burning in the room, both summer and winter.
25. In Old Burlington-street, the lady of Thomas Corkayne, Esq. three weeks after child-birth.
- At Necton, at the house of his son-in-law, W. Mason, Esq. the Rev. Paul Columbine, DD. Rector of Little Plumstead with Witton and Brundale annexed, Rector of Thurlton, and perpetual Curate of Hardley, all in Norfolk; also Rector of Chilton in Suffolk. He had been 64 years the Incumbent of Thurlton and Hardley, and was in the 92d year of his age.
26. At Woodcot-house, near Reading. Ann, the wife of Thos. Fraser, Esq. late High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, after a long and severe illness.
- At Twickenham, in her 96th year, Mrs. Sarah D'Oyly, the widow of Christopher D'Oyly, Esq. and sister of the late Hans Stanley, Esq. and Lady Mendip, and grand-daughter of Sir Hans Sloane.
29. At his house, in Wellington-crescent, Ramsgate, the Rev. Archdeacon Viney, MA. FRS. Pluvian Professor of Astronomy to the University of Cambridge, Rector of Kirby Bedon, and Vicar of South Ock, Norfolk. The Professor was a native of Fressingfield in Suffolk; his parents were in very humble circumstances, and were unable to do much towards educating him, yet he discovered at a very early age an aptitude for mathematical studies, which fortunately obtained for him the notice of the late Mr. Tilney, and through him the assistance of more opulent patrons. By their aid he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he ultimately obtained the highest mathematical honours. Besides his large work on Astronomy, he was author of several other Mathematical publications.
30. At St. Paul's Cray, Mrs. Chittock, daughter of the late Dr. Stebbing, Preacher of Gray's Inn and Chancellor of the Diocese of Sarum.
- Dec. 1. At Clifton, after a lingering illness, Lieut.-General John Lee.
- At Newton-house, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, in her 20th year, Miss Russel, niece to the Countess of Darlington. This unfortunate young lady was killed in her bed, by the falling of a stack of chimneys through the ceiling of her apartment, during a violent gale, between 3 and 4 in the morning. For some time hopes were entertained of her resuscitation, as there were no marks of serious injury on her person.
2. At Cholmondley-house, Piccadilly, Colonel Seymour, son-in-law of the Marquis of Cholmondley. In consequence of a disease contracted when on duty with his regiment, 3d Guards, at Walcheren.
- Richard Henry Lloyd, Esq. one of the Aldermen of Winchester, aged 64.
- At Ripley, Surrey, in his 80th year, Robert Harrison, Esq. formerly of Mansion-house-street, Banker.
3. Miss Poulter, daughter of the Rev. E. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.
- At his house, Upper Cadogan-place, aged 33, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Hamilton. This officer had been 19 years in the service of his country, and had been repeatedly wounded in different engagements under the Duke of Wellington. He was also Military Secretary at Ceylon, from which island he returned under the influence of diseases of the climate, which terminated in his death.
4. At Stratford, in his 76th year, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, LL.D. FRS. &c. who is succeeded in his title and estate by his nephew, John Milet Henniker, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and of Stratford-green, Essex. His remains were interred in the family vault at Thornham, Suffolk, on the 15th.
5. At Brighton, in his 65th year, James Perry, Esq. the Editor and Proprietor of the Morning Chronicle. Mr. Perry was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born, Oct. 14th, 1756, and in 1771, was entered at the University of that

city. He afterwards studied the Scots Law under Dr. A. D. Fordyce, intending to follow the Legal Profession; but in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations of his father, who was a builder, he was compelled to relinquish this design; and, in 1777, he came to London, where he was recommended to Mr. Urquhart, one of the Proprietors of the General Advertiser. About this period he published some poems and political pamphlets; afterwards (1782) he commenced the European Magazine, which Journal, however, he conducted only twelve months, being then chosen Editor of the Gazetteer. At the commencement of the French Revolution he became the Chief Proprietor, as well as Editor, of the Morning Chronicle. In 1798 he married Miss Anne Hill. The character of this gentleman, as a Public Journalist, is well known, and the rectitude of his political principles were admitted, even by those who espoused a different party. His remains were interred, on the 12th, in his family vault, at Wimbledon; the funeral, in compliance with his wish, was strictly private, there being present only his executors, his two sons, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Erskine Perry, and a few friends.

7. At Taunton, in her 76th year, Mary Anne, Dowager Baroness de Paravicini, relict of Jean Baptiste, Baron de Paravicini, formerly Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the regiment de Vengiers Suisse, in the service of Louis 16th. Madame de Paravicini was a native of Oakhampton, Devonshire.
- Of apoplexy, aged 69, John Ring, Esq. Surgeon, Hanover-street, Hanover-square.
8. At Blishton, Staffordshire, in his 85th year, John Sparrow, Esq. late chairman of the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and one of the oldest Magistrates of that county.
9. In her 71st year, Mary, the wife of Charles Lloyd, Esq. Banker, of Birmingham.
11. At her house in Queen Ann-street, aged 82, the Honourable Mrs. Anson, relict to the late George Anson, Esq. of Shuckborough, in the county of Stafford. She was daughter of George Venables, first Lord Vernon, and mother to the late, and grand-mother to the present Viscount Anson.
- At his house in Mansfield-street, Sir Martin Browne Folkes, Bart. of Hillington-hall, in the county of Norfolk, MP. for the borough of King's Lynn, in the same county, and FRS. He was created a Baronet, 1774; served the office of High Sheriff for the county, 1783; and, in 1790, was chosen Member for Lynn, which borough he continued to represent till the time of his death. Sir Martin married Fanny, one of the daughters, and co-heiresses of Sir John Turner, Bart. of Warham, Norfolk, by whom he has left one son.
14. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald, of the 2d Life Guards, who fell at Waterloo.
15. In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged 27, Ann, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Wilby.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Dublin, in her 58d year, Mrs. Matilda Wolseley, only sister of Sir Wm. Wolseley, Bart. of Mount Wolseley, in the county of Carlow.
- Aged 15, Mr. Lennon, the eldest son of Major Lennon, of Grange cottage, Queen's county. This young gentleman went to call upon a friend a few years older than himself, and being wrapped up in a Portuguese cloak, most imprudently determined upon surprising him, and concealing his face, and assuming a feigned voice, accosted him as a robber. The effects of his levity proved most fatal, for the other snatching up a blunderbuss, wounded Mr. Lennon in the face and head so horribly, that he died the next morning.
- At Dublin, Mrs. Aylmer, relict of the late Capt. Richard Aylmer, of the 17th regiment of foot, and grand-daughter to the late Sir John Norris, Vice-Admiral of England, and Admiral and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleets.

## ABROAD.

- At Valencia, in South America, of his wounds received in the battle of Carabobo, July 17th, Thomas Elderton Ferriar, Esq. eldest son of the

late Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, Colonel in the Columbian service, and Adjutant General of the Apure.

At Chupra, in Bengal, in his 22d year, William Hankey Smith, Esq. of the Hon. Company's Civil Service, eldest son of N. Hankey Smith, Esq. of Deerbotts, Suffolk.

On his passage home from Grenada, John Ogle, Esq. Capt. of the 9th regiment of foot, and son of the late Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglington, in the county of Northampton.

At Florence, suddenly, the Countess of Besborough, wife of the Earl of Besborough, and sister of the late Duchess of Devonshire and of Earl Spencer.

At Paris, the relict of the late Hon. Thomas Walpole.

At Geneva, Bryan Cook, Esq. of Owston, in the county of York, in his 66th year.

At the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. Hussey, who had resided there 14 years, as Inspector of the Military Hospitals.

At Paramaribo, in his 27th year, Thomas Sherrard Wale, Esq. eldest son of Lieut.-General Sir C. Wale, KCB, of Little Shelford, Cambridgeshire.

At Paris, after a few days illness, the celebrated sportsman, Colonel Thornton, late of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire.

At Malta, where he went for the benefit of his health, Sir James Omsby, Bart. in his 25th year.

#### LONGEVITY.

At Liverpool, Edward Simon, aged 104 years and 22 days, a labourer in the Docks. This instance of longevity seems to have been hereditary, for his mother had attained the unusually great age of 105 years at the time of her death.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. William Wilkinson, MA. of the University of Oxford, to the Living of Sowerby, near Thirk, Yorkshire. Patron the Archbishop of York. —A Dispensation has passed the Great Seal, enabling the Rev. G. F. L. Nicolay, MA. Domestic Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of York, to hold the Vicarage of Little Marlow, Bucks, with the Rectory of St. Michael and St. Martin Vintry, in the city of London. —The Rev. Charles Penrice, to the Rectory of Little Plumstead with Witton and Brundale annexed, vacant by the death of Dr. Colmibine. —The Rev. J. T. Hurlock, DD. Prebend of Salisbury Cathedral. —The Rev. Edward Day, AB. instituted to the Rectory of Kirby Bedon, Norfolk, vacated by the death of Professor Vince, of Cambridge.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Henry Hart Milman, AM. of Brasenose College, elected Professor of Poetry in the room of the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, resigned. —The following subjects chosen for the Chancellor's Prizes, the ensuing year, viz. Latin Verses; *Alpes ab Annibale superatae*. English Essay; *On the Study of Moral Evidence*.

Latin Essay; *An re vera prevaluerit apud Euditiones Antiquorum Polytheismus?*

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize, for the best composition in English Verse of 50 lines, by an under Graduate—*Pulmyra*.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Pluvian Professorship being vacant by the death of Archdeacon Vince, the Vice-Chancellor has appointed the 3d of January for the election of a new Professor. —At a Congregation, held on the 5th of December, the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord Hervey, of Trinity College, eldest son of the Earl of Bristol.

Master of Arts.—The Rev. R. Skinner, of St. College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. Charles Burton, of St. John's.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—The subjects for the Vice-Chancellor's Prize, at the next Spring Commencement, are, for Graduates; *Elizabeth receiving the account of the Death of her Sister, Queen Mary*. —For under Graduates; *The Reply of Hippocrates to King Artaxerxes*.

### OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

#### GENERAL REPORT.

THIS month has been very wet and windy, and the temperature of the air was high for the season. In the course of the month, rather more than 6 inches of rain fell here; a depth unprecedented in any monthly period during the last seven years, and of which about 4 inches were received in the pluviometer in five days, namely; on the 3d, 0.63 inch; 11th, 1.42 inch; 16th, 0.90 inch; 17th, 0.74 inch; and on the 30th, 0.80 inch. So copious and frequent have the rains been since the Autumnal Equinox, particularly in the western parts of the country, that the lowest lands have long lain under water. It has rained, more or less, on 23 days (or 10 whole days and nights) this month; and the strong southerly and south-westerly gales with which it has been accompanied, have had their usual effects upon houses, trees, and shipping. To show the perturbed state of

the air, it is only necessary to mention, that the barometer has undergone 29 changes in 30 days: and the number of gales, or the days on which they have prevailed, is as follows:—1 from SE., 5 from S., 12 from SW., 2 from W., and 1 from NW.: so that 21 days have presented a melancholy aspect of the weather.

The mean temperature of the air is  $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  higher than the average temperature of November for the last seven years; and having had but two slight frosts this month, the temperature of spring-water falls very slowly. The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are, 1 antheion, 1 parhelion, 1 paraselene, 5 solar and 4 lunar halos, 15 meteors, 2 perfect rainbows, lightning 2, thunder 1, and 21 gales of wind.

#### DAILY REMARKS.

November 1. An overcast sky, with drizzling rain at intervals, and a strong gale from SW.

2. As the preceding day: a wet night, and the gale from the same quarter more boisterous.

3. A continuation of the gale, with almost incessant rain; and violent squalls in the night.

4. A fine day, with the exception of a few passing Nimbi and light showers: a clear frosty night; the ice, for the first time



this autumn, on the leads of the Observatory, being as thick as a dollar.

5. Fair, with *Cumuli* at mid-day, which passed to *Cumulostrati*; between two of these clouds, at a quarter past 3 P.M. the planet Venus presented herself to the naked eye; she was about  $10^{\circ}$  to the westward of the meridian at that time. Large and small coloured halos, a close corona, and a burr around the moon in the evening, caused by the different altitudes of the passing cirrostrative clouds.

6. Hear-frost and a *Stratus* early, followed by a fair morning: P.M. overcast, and two winds almost opposite to each other.

7. Overcast and a fresh gale from S.E. A large lunar halo in the evening.

8. *Cirri* and *Cirrostrati* in the day; and passing *Cirrocumuli* in flocks by night, with an increased temperature.

9. Overcast and a brisk wind. A halo in the evening  $45^{\circ}$  in diameter.

10. A wet mist in the morning, which terminated in light rain: P.M. cloudy and fine, and a brisk gale from the South.

11. A.M. overcast with several *Strata* of clouds, and a continuation of the gale: P.M. steady and almost incessant rain and wind.

12. Calm and fine, but a humid air with *Strata* in the morning and evening. A solar halo at mid-day in a bed of attenuated *Cirrus*; and a lunar halo with a faint parascene at half past 8 in the evening in a similar modification—the dew collected in the rain-gauge in the night amounted to between 2 and  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch.

13. An overcast sky and a brisk wind all day: a rainy night.

14. Overcast and drizzling, with gleams of sunshine at intervals, and a fresh gale from the south. Venus was seen here again with the naked eye at half past 3 P.M., when she was about  $43^{\circ}$  distant from the sun.

15. Overcast, except an hour at noon. Groups of thunder clouds were wafted from the southward in the afternoon by a stiff gale, followed by rain, and one small meteor in the evening.

16. A strong gale with showers of rain—2 perfect rainbows at mid-day, and very vivid lightning throughout the night (which first came from S.W. at 8 P.M.) accompanied with thunder, heavy rain and hail, and a hard gale from that quarter.

17. The lighter modifications of clouds, a solar halo, and a parhelion on the east side of the sun in the morning: P.M. heavy rain, particularly in the night.

18. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and a heavy gale from the S.W. by night.

19. A.M. wet and windy: P.M. fine, and a copious dew in the night.

20. Overcast in the day; and rain by night.

21. A fine dry day: overcast with an attenuated veil of *Cirrostratus* in the evening, followed by rain.

22. A.M. rain and a strong gale from S.W.: P.M. cloudy and fine, and a gale from the W.

23. Cloudy, and a continuation of the gale till mid-day, when a smart shower of rain descended from an extensive *Nimbus*: P.M. fine—a gale from N.W. in the afternoon, and 6 small meteors in the evening.

24. After a shower of rain, a fine morning: P.M. cloudy and windy.

25. A.M. plumose and linear *Cirri* and *Cirrocumuli* in small round flocks, succeeded by beds of *Cirrostratus*: P.M. an overcast sky, light rain, and a hard gale from the S.W. An anthelion of several colours appeared in the forenoon for two minutes only, in a narrow cirrocumulative cloud. It was about  $125^{\circ}$  distant from, opposite to, and of the same altitude as the sun, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a degree in diameter. It was different, both in colour and distance from the sun, from the *anthelia* which we have hitherto seen, as it had much the appearance of a beautifully coloured parhelion rather irregularly shaped, the colours not having exhibited a circular form.

26. A.M. overcast, and a continuation of the gale: P.M. rain and wind.

27. A fine day and night, and a dry N.W. breeze. The clouds were tinged with several colours at sunset, and 4 small meteors appeared near the polar star in the evening.

28. Light rain nearly all day and night, and a strong gale from S.W.

29. A.M. as the preceding: P.M. fine. The planet Venus was  $45^{\circ} 10'$  distant from the sun's centre when on the meridian a few minutes past 3 P.M., and sufficiently bright at that time to be measured with a sextant. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc was of a dull red colour in the evening, for the first time this autumn, and the upper cusp remarkably blunt compared with the lower one. Lightning towards the N.W. from 8 till 11 P.M., followed by low black clouds, 2 small meteors, rain, and a very hard gale from S.W.

30. A.M. fine, with beds of *Cirrocumulus* of a sponge-like appearance, floating beneath linear *Cirrus* and dense *Cirrostratus*: P.M. rain, and a very hard gale from S.W., which increased so much in violence towards midnight, as to become almost a hurricane, and appears to have been generally felt throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland: indeed, the damage sustained by shipping and houses, with the loss of many valuable lives, in the course of a few hours, seems almost incredible.



for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 5 AM.

# RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.83 Nov. 6th, Wind E.  
Minimum..... 30.28 Do. 20th, Do. SW.

Range of the Mercury..... 1.54

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.63

..... for the lunar period, ending the 24th instant..... 30.67

..... for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.71

..... for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 30.65

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury..... 7.40

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.55

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 25

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 69° November 24, Wind SW.  
Minimum..... 31° Do. 4th, Do. NW.

Range..... 38

Mean temperature of the Air..... 51.73

..... for 30 days with the Sun in Scorpio..... 53.73

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 38.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 6 AM..... 53.68

## DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 100° in the evenings of the 10th and 12th.

Greatest dryness of..... Ditto..... 54 in the afternoons of the 6th and 27th.

Range of the Index..... 46

Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 73.4

..... at 8 Do. .. AM..... 80.2

..... at 8 Do. .. PM..... 80.9

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 80.2

Evaporation for the month..... 1.35 inch.

Rain and Hail, for Ditto..... 0.02 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, SW.

## A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 1; Bce, with various modifications of clouds, 9; an overcast sky, without rain, 10; rain, 10.—Total, 30 days.

## CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus, Nimbus.  
21 21 27 3 12 20 23

## A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
—	—	1	5	3½	10	5½	5	30

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Some Account of Kentish Town, its Ancient Condition, Improvement, and present State. 2s. 6d.

## NEW PATENTS.

Thomas Martin and Charles Grafton, of Birmingham, printing ink manufacturers; for a method of making fine light black of very superior colour, which they call spirit black; and a new apparatus for producing the same.—Oct. 24th.

Benjamin Thompson, of Ayton Cottage, Durham, Gent. for a method of facilitating the conveyance of carriages along iron and wood rail-ways, tram-ways, and other roads.—Oct. 24th.

Charles Tuckley, Sen. of Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker; for certain improvements applicable to window-sashes, either single or double hung, fixed or sliding sashes, casements, window shutters, and window blinds.—Nov. 1st.

Samuel Hobday, of Birmingham, patent snuffer maker; for a method of manufacturing the furniture for umbrellas and parasols, and of uniting the same together.—Nov. 1st.

John Frederick Archbold, Esq. of Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London; for a mode of ventilating close carriages.—Nov. 1st.

Richard Wright, of Mount-row, Kent-road, Surrey, engineer; for improvements in the process of distillation.—Nov. 9th.

David Redmund, of Agnes-Circus, Old-street-road, Middlesex, engineer; for an improvement in the construction or manufacture of hinges for doors.—Nov. 9th.

Franz Arton Egells, of Britannia-terrace, City-road, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements on steam-engines.—Nov. 9th.

William Westley Richards, of Birmingham, gun-maker; for an improvement in the construction of gun and pistol locks.—Nov. 10th.

James Gardner, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, ironmonger; for a machine preparatory to melting in the manufacture of tallow, soap, and candles; and which machine may be used for other similar purposes.—Nov. 9th.

John Bates, of Bradford, Yorkshire, machine-maker; for certain machinery for the purpose of feeding furnaces of every description, steam-engines, and other boilers, with coal, coke, and fuel of every kind.—Nov. 9th.

William Penrose, of Stummorgang, Yorkshire, miller; for various improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels, and in vessels so propelled.—Nov. 10th.

## BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the neighbourhood. In case of the Residence of the Attorney, whose name is placed after a [ ]

T distinguishes London Commissioners, C those of the country.

Gazette—Nov. 24 to Dec. 30.

Bennett, J. D. Maidstone, upholsterer. (Ditch-  
inns, 28, St. Swithley-lane. T.  
Byss, H. Rayleigh, Essex, carpenter. (Allina,  
Temple. C.  
Clark, J. Commercial-place, Commercial-road,  
Middlesex, ship-owner. (Simpson, 1, Fenchurch-  
street. T.  
Dunlop, J. Liverpool, silversmith. (Wheeler,  
28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.  
Dobell, J. Cranbrook, Kent, carrier. (Allison,  
Fremantle-curt, Cornhill. T.  
Dobson, T. and G. Thompson, Darlington, De-  
ben, mercers. (Perkins, Gray's-lane. C.  
Elliot, T. and S. Haslock, Northampton, boot  
manufacturers. (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-  
office, Royal Exchange. T.  
Gibson, R. Ulmford Bridge, Lincoln, mason.  
(Mason, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. C.  
Hibbet, H. Shoreditch, Middlesex, grocer. (A-  
mory, Throgmorton-street. T.  
Hivell, A. Brook-street, Holborn, looking-glass  
manufacturer. (Jones, New Inn. T.  
Sanders, J. Coventry, auctioneer. (Combs, Cop-  
thall-court. C.  
Tunley, N. Fleet-street, wine-merchant. (Bur-  
ton, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.  
Warner, R. Huntingdon, ironmonger. (Hys, 28,  
Roper-street, Strand. C.  
Wholey, T. Batcombe, Somerset, shopkeeper.  
(Dyke, 28, Lincoln's-lane-fields. C.  
Whithead, James, Hunsley, Stafford, merchant.  
(Wright, 18, Kings Bench-walk, Temple. C.  
Wid, W. Backfield, merchant. (Blacklock, Ser-  
jeant's-lane. C.  
Witch, S. Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer. (Gaugen,  
Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.  
Nov. 27.—Boyle, T. Cardeworth, Warwick, dealer.  
(Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.  
Boulton, J. and J. W. Cole, Peterborough, bank-  
ers. (Anderson, Quality-st. Chancery-lane. C.  
Cooper, C. Upper North-place, Gray's-lane-road,  
grocer. (Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.  
Dunlop, M. K. Bridport, Dorset, bookseller.  
(Hepburn, Lincoln's-lane. C.  
Spence, H. Leeds, draper. (Makenna, Tem-  
ple. C.  
Fowler, J. Mark-lane, tin-dealer. (Hodgson, 14,  
John-street, Adelphi. T.  
Jackson, R. Cannon-street, merchant. (Barn-  
es, 18, Calcutta-street. T.  
Kirkham, G. Lancaster, merchant. (Chippendale,  
28, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-lane-fields. C.  
Levi, B. Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, mer-  
chant. (Green, Angel-court, Throgmorton-st. T.  
Morton, P. Bedford, Lancaster, merchant. (El-  
lin, Chancery-lane. C.  
Nicolson, J. Cammerdale, Cumberland, iron-  
founder. (Cressell, Staple's-lane. C.  
Parker, R. Whitechurch, Salop, stationer. (Black-  
er, New Beccles-court, Carey-street. C.  
Ritchie, J., F. Richardson, and J. Ritchie, Wat-  
ling-street, warehousemen. (Smith, Hatten-  
court, Threadneedle-street. T.  
Suff, C. and W. W., Norwich, bombazine-man-  
ufacturers. (Abbott, Relf's-yard, Chancery-lane.  
C.  
Dec. 1.—Armistead, J. Clapham, York, cotton-  
spinner. (Norris, 28, John-street, Bedford-row.  
C.  
Atwood, A. Lymington, Southampton, surgeon.  
(Capes, Gray's-lane. C.  
Bry, D. Plymouth-dock, victualler. (Burdillon,  
Broad-street, Chancery-lane. C.  
Campbell, W. H. Croydon, hatter. (Shandera, 11,  
Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. T.  
Collis, P. Modford court, Fenchurch-street, wine-  
merchant. (Ansonley, Finsbury-square. T.  
Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, hatter. (Os-  
bolden, London-street, Fenchurch-st. T.  
Cropper, Jas. Great Peter-street, Westminster,  
brewer. (Mingrell, 16, Aldermanbury. T.  
Fisher, F. Jan. Leicester-square, surgeon. (Hudd,  
Bedford-row. T.

Housfield, J. Canonby, York, cotton-merchan-  
dise. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chan-  
cery-lane. C.  
Howard, J. St. Martin's-court, St. Martin's-lane,  
card-maker. (Jones, Mincing-lane. T.  
Kay, T. Lambeth-place, Somerset, auctioneer.  
(Neel, Great Ormond-street. T.  
Longrigg, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Whalley,  
28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.  
Longster, G. Highbury-terrace, Islington, mer-  
chant. (Smith, Bedford-row. T.  
Monkhouse, R. New Shoreham, Sussex, timber-  
merchant. (Nichols, Gray's-lane-square. C.  
Niblock, J. and H. S. Latham, Bath, woollen-dra-  
pers. (Burdillon, Broad-street. C.  
Palmer, S. Little Chert, Kent, paper-maker. (El-  
wyn, Thavies-lane. C.

Dec. 4.—Darker, W. Welch White, Lancaster,  
victualler. (Chippendale, Great Queen-st. C.  
Roe, T. Dorkingham, banker. (Bryce, Hallin-

Hitchings, James, Home Park-buildings, Devon,  
builder. (Baker, Temple. C.  
Mishaw, W. Kelso, Suffolk, farmer. (Hibbs,  
Temple-chambers. C.  
Moye, W. Saxmundham, Suffolk, baker. (El-  
lin, Temple-chambers. C.  
Stoff, E. and W. W. Norwich, brick-makers.  
(Holme, New Inn. C.  
Warner, J. Garforth, York, maltster. (Boyle,  
Chancery-lane. C.

Dec. 8.—Balfour, H. Manchester, cotton-man-  
ufacturer. (Wigmore, Gray's-lane. C.  
Bry, J. Holborn, ham merchant. (Harvey, 48,  
Lincoln's-lane-fields. T.  
Gale, Q. Newgate market, butcher. (Wilmet, 28,  
Roper-street, Strand. T.  
Loddon, J. and R. N. Ollard, Jan. Bristol, em-  
pactors. (Sherwood, Canterbury-square, South-  
work. C.  
Lange, S. Clements-lane, dry miller. (Orliff,  
28, High-street, St. Mary le-bone. T.  
Litchfield, John, Cambridge, gardener. (Parker,  
Gray's-lane. C.  
Margate, Thos. Old Woodstock, Oxford, wheel-  
wright. (Lowe, Clements-lane. C.  
Marsden, P. Sheffield, grocer. (Blacklock, Ser-  
jeant's-lane, Fleet-street. C.  
Page, W. Lime-street, spirit merchant. (Parker,  
14, Holborn-court, Gray's-lane. T.  
Staff, H. A. Norwich, soap-manufacturer. (Lyth-  
goe, Roper-street, Strand. C.  
Warner, R. Fickfield-house, Garforth, York, dealer.  
(Wigmore, Gray's-lane-square. C.  
Williams, Sam. Bristol, apothecary. (Poele, 12,  
Gray's-lane-square. C.

Dec. 11.—Ayden, S. and W. Wroth, Shelf, York,  
lime-mature. (Walker, 28, Lincoln's-lane-fields.  
C.  
Baker, W. and N. Baker, Portsea, grocer. (Shel-  
ton, Seclusion-house, Old Bailey. C.  
Calvert, J. Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, mer-  
chant. (Lowe, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.  
Edwards, W. Chatham, linen-draper. (Hys, 28,  
Great George-street. T.  
Evans, T. Manby-lane, Montgomery, hatter.  
(Phillips, 2, Southampton-street, Moonsbury-  
square. C.  
Fuller, J. M. Worthing, linen-draper. (Jones,  
St. James. T.  
Garrick, J. L. Mitham, merchant. (Orliff,  
1, Copthall-court. T.  
Harland, R. Clonsmore, Gloucester, resident.  
(Baker, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.



Holland, H. L. Birmingham, builder. [Alexander, Carey-street, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Kerwood, C. O. John-street, West, Middlesex, printer. [Jones, Mining-lane. T.  
 Kendall, J. Bridport, Dorset, painter. [Allen, Clifford's-inn. C.  
 Tippetts, E. and E. Gothen, Basinghall-street, factors. [Pallen, 54, Fore-street, Cripplegate. T.  
 Todd, S. Southampton, mercer. [Browne, New Farnival's-inn. C.  
 Townsland, J. Houlton, Devon, and G. Brooke, Whimble, Devon, bankers. [Luxmoore, Red Lion-square, Holborn. C.  
 Wills, R. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tobaccoist. [Cobb, Clement's-inn. T.

Dec. 15.—Beale, W. Newbury, Berks, timber-dealer. [Ashfield, Tokenhouse-yard. C.  
 Bell, J. and G. Bell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers. [Bennett, Lambeth-hill, Doctors Commons. T.  
 Brander, J. and J. Barclay, Size-lane, merchants. [Hurd, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.  
 Browne, J. Canterbury, linen-draper. [Beardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.  
 Chamberlin, J. Bristol, merchant. [Poole, 12,

Smith, H. St. Martin's-lane, Middlesex, woollen-draper. [Fowell, Old Jewry. T.  
 Dec. 18.—Barnard, R. Pontefract, York, maltster. [Lake, 9, Cateaton-street. C.  
 Barratt, A. Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, farmer. [Spence, 7, Farnival's-inn. C.  
 Bingham, R. Gosport, Southampton, clerk. [Montagu, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.  
 Callanan, D. and T. Walsh, King-street, Wapping, soap-makers. [Thompson, 8, Walbrook. T.  
 Cavey, J. Beckley, Sussex, dealer. [Egan, 25, Essex-street, Strand. T.  
 Elce, S. Tredgar Iron-works, Badwellity, Monmouth, shopkeeper. [Gregory, Clement's-inn. C.  
 Gleave, S. Warrington, Lancaster, shopkeeper. [Hurd, London. C.  
 Jarvis, E. Norwich, carpenter. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.  
 Marshall, W. H. Bristol, ship-broker. [Vizard, Lincoln's-inn. C.  
 Parr, J. Stand-lane, within Piffington, Lancaster, check-manufacturer. [Perkins, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.  
 Pattison, C. St. Neots, Huntingdon, ironmonger. [Day, St. Neots. C.  
 Staples, G. C. Halifax, woolstapler. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square. C.  
 Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor, 9, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.  
 Wildman, J. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Le Blanc, New Bridge-street. T.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Nov. 27 to Dec. 20.

Acturer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-sq. C.  
 Potter, T. Manchester, publican. [Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn. C.

Bell, A. and J. Sword, rope-makers, Leith.  
 Hutchinson, J. D. iron-merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Chalmers, J. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Mylne, W. merchant, Leith.  
 Provand, J. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Swayne, W. manufacturer, Dysart.

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Dec.	Hamburg. 18 Dec.	Amsterdam. 21 Dec.	Vienna. 5 Dec.	Nuremberg. 18 Dec.	Berlin. 15 Dec.	Naples. 6 Dec.	Leipzig. 14 Dec.	Bremen. 18 Dec.
London ...	25.50	36-7½	40-10	105	110-5	7-2½	535	6-19	617
Paris .....	—	25½	57½	117½	fr. 119	83½	22-80	80½	17½
Hamburg ...	185½	—	35½	148	146½	151½	41-80	148½	134½
Amsterdam ...	87½	108½	—	135½	136½	144½	46-75	138½	125½
Vienna ....	252	147	36	—	40	106	57-90	101	—
Frankfort ...	3½	148½	35½	99½	106	103½	—	100½	111
Angsburg ...	250	147½	58½	99½	90½	105	57-40	—	—
Genoa .....	475	81½	91½	61½	—	—	1905	—	—
Leipzig ....	—	147½	—	—	90½	104½	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	519	88	96½	57	—	—	118	—	—
Lisbon ....	557	36½	40½	—	—	—	49½	—	—
Cadix .....	15-50	92½	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ....	439	—	84	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa ....	15-56	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ....	16-60	93	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	580	37½	40½	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 16 Dec.	Breslaw. 12 Dec.	Christiana. 28 Nov.	Petersburg. 30 Nov.	Riga. 30 Nov.	Antwerp. 17 Dec.	Madrid. 17 Dec.	Lisbon. 28 Nov.
London .....	152½	7-2½	Sp. 90-96	97½	9½	40-5½	37½	51½
Paris .....	79½	—	—	95½	—	38	16	545
Hamburg ....	146½	154½	191	8½	8½	35	—	39
Amsterdam ...	135½	144	—	9½	9½	1½	—	43½
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	800

1

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester English,  
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Nov. 24	Dec. 3	Dec. 10	Dec. 17
Wheat	53 11	51 11	51 2	49 2
Rye -	23 7	23 7	27 3	25 3
Barley	25 1	24 2	22 10	22 1
Oats	19 1	18 5	18 11	18 7
Barn	28 1	28 4	29 2	24 9
Pow	20 3	22 10	22 2	22 2

**Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Nov. 23. to Dec. 24.**

Irish	Foreign	Total
21,304	15,039	36,343
625	2,235	2,860
33,661	18,002	51,663
—	—	200
—	—	2,000
—	—	2,000

Qm.: Flour 54,500 Shells.

**Foreign Flour — barrels.**

**Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.**

Kent, New bags	40s. to 54s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Yearling Bags	30s. to 60s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 80s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Inferior	35s. to 50s.

### Average Price per Load of

**At our Office.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	9	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	3	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand	0	4	11	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

*Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive  
of Duty, 33s. 4d.*

**Bread.**

Highest price of the best wheaten bread  
in London 10½d. the quarter loaf.

**Potatoes per Ton in Spinnfeld.**

Kidneys . . . . .	£3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Champions . . . .	2	10	0	to	4	5	0
Oxnoles . . . . .	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples . . . . .	2	10	0	to	3	0	0

Mass by Carbox, per Stone of 87. at

<b>Newgate.</b> —	Beef . . . 2s.	4d.	to	3s.	4d.
	Mutton . . 1s.	8d.	to	2s.	8d.
	Veal . . . 3s.	8d.	to	5s.	8d.
	Pork . . . 3s.	0d.	to	5s.	0d.
	Lamb . . . 0s.	0d.	to	0s.	0d.
<b>Exeterhall.</b> —	Beef . . . 2s.	4d.	to	3s.	5d.
	Mutton . . 1s.	10d.	to	2s.	9d.
	Veal . . . 3s.	8d.	to	6s.	0d.
	Pork . . . 2s.	8d.	to	4s.	4d.
	Lamb . . . 0s.	0d.	to	0s.	0d.

*Cattle sold at Smithfield from Nov. 23,  
to Dec. 24, both inclusive.*

Bovine.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
18.106	1.691	118.920	1,490

### HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL)

In each Week, from Nov. 26 to Dec. 24.

	Nov. 26.		Dec. 3.		Dec. 10.		Dec. 17.		Dec. 24.						
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.					
Newcastle.	34	3 to 44	6	33	0 to 45	3	32	0 to 44	9	31	0 to 43	9	28	9 to 44	9
Sunderland	35	0 to 45	3	36	0 to 46	0	35	6 to 45	9	35	6 to 45	9	46	0 to 9	9

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

*By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.*

(Dec. 21st, 1821.)









THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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No. XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1822.

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LONDON :  
**PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.**

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



## THE LION'S HEAD.

---

REPRESENTATIONS having been made to the Author of the Tales of Lyddalcross, that he ought not to crack so many Scotch words without giving some of the kernels, he has favoured us with the hardest; "seeing," as he truly observes, "that it is impossible to talk Scotch in English."

### GLOSSARY TO THE SECOND TALE OF LYDDALCROSS.

*Awmous powk*, alms bag; a wallet borne by mendicants.

*Ben*, ben the house, the parlour of a Scottish farmer, an inner room.

*Bink*, sit on the bink, a common seat or bench in a farmer's kitchen.

*Blink*, a blink of your ee, a smile of your eye; she blinkit bonnilie, smiled sweetly.

*Brent*, a brent brow, a high forehead, an upright and polished brow.

*Bridal tocher*, marriage portion.

*Cantraips*, a witch's spells or incantations.

*Cloot*, the hoof of a sheep; hence the devil is called Cloots, or Cloutie, because he divides, it is said, the hoof.

*Daffn*, mirth, merriment, or gaiety bordering on folly.

*Elf-arrows*, the arrows which elves shoot among the flocks, and which cunning cow-doctors pretend to extract by charming them out.

*Elf-candles*, the lights which accompany those mischievous beings the elves; they always shine for harm to man: it is reckoned unsafe to see them.

*Evil een*, eyes of evil influence; a very common belief in Scotland.

*Gleg*, keen, shrewd, inquisitive, sharp.

*Gowks*, cuckoos literally, but always applied to harmless fools.

*Laird of windy-wa's and no-town-brae*, lord of your own presence and no land beside.

*Lamiter's-crutch*, a cripple's crutch.

*Mowdie-tammocks*, mole-hills.

*Shedlans*, shedlans of roads, separation of roads, to shed, to sunder.

*Styme*, I cannot see a styme, I cannot see even a glimmering, a glimpse.

*Thairms*, the strings of a fiddle, "And o'er the thairms be trying."—BURNS.

*Tryste*, to keep tryste, to be true to the time and appointed place of meeting.

*Tyke*, a dog, "And struck the poor dumb tyke."—RAMSAY.

*Water-spunkies*, inferior water-fiends, will-o'-wispas.

*Wraiths*, spectral appearances prognosticating death, either to the individual who sees them, or to a dear friend or relative. Sometimes they are seen in the form of the person who is to die; but they are very capricious, and assume many dubious shapes; sometimes a black shroud or a white one, a coffin, a flash of fire, lights at the window or on a running stream.

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The remonstrance of Juvenal is indeed pathetic ; but in spite of the Sonnet which he has quoted in his behalf, we must adhere, though with regret, to our refusal ; but if, as we suspect, he is Old Anthony himself, we shall be happy to hear from him again.

### TO A CRITICK.

O cruel One how littel dost thou knowe  
 How manye Poetes with Unhappynesse  
 Thou may'st have slaine ; ere they began to blowe  
 Like to yonge Buddes in theyr firste Sappynesse !  
 Even as Pinkes from littel Pippinges growe,  
 Great Poetes yet maye come of Singinges small ;  
 Which if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe  
 Fold up their stryped leaves and die withal.  
 Alake, that pleasant Flowre must fayde and fall  
 Because a Grubbe hath eat into its Head,—  
 That els had growne so fayre and eke so tall  
 Towards the Heaven and opende forthe and sprede  
 Its Blossoms to the Sunne for Men to read  
 In soe bright hues of Lovelynesse indeede.—*Anthony Rushtowne.*

The Translator of Petrarch's Sixth Canzonet has conferred on us an obligation we should have felt happy to requite. That the Translation does not quite please us is in a great degree the fault of the original.

Verses "On Lord Byron's Tragedies," by H. L. Malpomene, must have been christened by mistake ; for the only tragedy they mention was not written by his Lordship.

The politeness of E. R.'s last letter has renewed our regret at having been obliged to return his manuscript. It would have been painful to us to dwell upon the causes of rejection with such a correspondent ; and, we hoped, therefore, that whilst we were silent, he would imagine such excuses as would be most agreeable to his feelings. At present, from the multiplicity of papers which have come under our perusal, we only recollect our impression, that E. R.'s was not altogether suitable to the character of our pages.

W.'s "Night," is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. We will give a few lines, however, which appear to us to be novel :

The moon is up—O song-inspiring sight !  
 The moon is up—and waterfalls of light  
 Are streaming silverly from cloudy ridges ;  
 And gladsome fairies, like nocturnal ridges,  
 Are flitting through the shine with flashing wings.

Mr. Herapath requests us to contradict the assertion of our Correspondent B.—that the Royal Society rejected his papers. He says, “they were ~~never~~ laid before that body. When the Vice-President offered me to have the first Paper which is printed in the Annals for April, May, and June, 1821, read at the Society’s meetings, I declined it, and withdrew that and another, as may be seen by the Introductory Letter to that Paper ; for reasons not connected with any judgment of the merits of either.”

The papers of W. R. S. and J. A. H. are addressed to them at our Publisher’s. We are sorry that we cannot print more than the Titles of M. A. Stopgap—The Minstrel—To Mary—The Coronation Address—The Soul—The Dream—Midnight—To —, and Sonnet to H. K. White by G. M.

Willing to oblige as many of our Friends as possible, we insert the following Sonnets:—

#### DEATH.

Friend of a Bard, whom being holds from Fame !  
That thou would’st condescend to visit me,  
I’ve pray’d in my soul’s strong-tongued agony ;  
And wooed thy love ;—and call’d upon thy name ;—  
With all young passion’s longing I have sigh’d  
To stand a statue gazing on thy face !  
To lie a bridegroom in thy long embrace !  
And, my heart haven in thy cold breast’s void !  
I’ve courted THEE in crowds—in solitudes ;—  
To meet thy coming, midnight vigils kept ;—  
Sent forth thy name in all my changeable moods ;—  
And blood-drops at thy friendless absence wept !  
And now—hear ! hear me !—with affection’s breath  
I cry, a maniac cry—Come forth !—and own me DEATH.

H. R. M.

#### A VISION.

I thought the grave-doors open’d, and there rose  
One whom mine eyes had wept for, as long dead ;  
For I had deem’d her even amongst those  
Whose souls to immortality have fled :  
She look’d as if the worm had never fed  
On her fair skin, its beauty to oppose ;  
Her golden ringlets floated round her head,  
Her cheek was like the summer-purpled rose,  
But sweeter. Early youth seem’d still with her,  
For, as on purpose, Time refused to stir,  
And kept Age from her. She was young as ever,  
So that I said, bright Angel, leave me never.  
Joy madden’d me, and from sweet sleep I started,  
And would have clasp’d her, but the shade departed.

H. L.



Lion's Head has so long promised a place to ZARA, that to be at peace with his conscience, he has appropriated a part of his own pages to her verses, for which there was not room in the body of the work.

### THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,  
Vain throng, to glory's distant star;  
And ye may smile when blooming beauty  
Rewards the gallant son of war;  
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow  
May soon that gentle heart betide,  
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow  
May dawn upon the soldier's bride.

Oh! were her path the scene of brightness,  
Pourtray'd by ardent fancy's ray;  
Oh! could her bosom thrill in lightness,  
When glory's pictured charms decay;  
Could hope still bless her golden slumbers,  
And crown the dreams of youthful pride;  
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless numbers,  
Then greet with joy the soldier's bride.

But when assail'd by threatening dangers,  
And doom'd in distant scenes to roam,  
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,  
And vainly mourn her peaceful home;  
Oft will her tearful eye discover  
The fears her bosom once defied;  
Oft shall the smiles, that bless'd the lover,  
Desert the soldier's weeping bride.

And when, perchance, war's stunning rattle  
Greets, from afar, her shuddering ear—  
When yielding to the fate of battle,  
Her hero meets an early bier;  
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,  
She yields to sorrow's gushing tide;  
And tears express, in silent anguish,  
The sadness of the soldier's bride;

What then avails the wreath of glory?  
The victor it should crown is fled!  
The din of fame, the martial story,  
Will nought avail the silent dead.  
She greets with sighs the dear-bought treasure,  
That seems her sorrows to deride;  
And shuns the gleam of mimic pleasure—  
That mocks the soldier's widow'd bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness  
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath,  
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness,  
Her minstrel band—a dirge of death.  
Ah! grief may soon those blossoms sever,  
Soon fade that cheek with blushes dyed,  
And cloud with dark despair for ever  
The triumph of the soldier's bride.

ZARA.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

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N<sup>o</sup> XXVI.

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CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

**Lives of the Poets.**

N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER, the second son of Charles and Anne Goldsmith, was born in Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728, at Smith-hill, in the county of Roscommon, at the house of his maternal grandfather; and not in the year or at the place mentioned in Johnson's epitaph on him. By another mistake made in the note of his entrance in the college register, he is represented to have been a native of the county of Westmeath. Both these errors, which appear to have been caused by the changes in his father's residence, have been rectified in a letter addressed by Dr. Streat, a clergyman in the diocese of Elphin, to Mr. Mangin, and inserted by that gentleman in his entertaining book called *An Essay on Light Reading*.

His father removed from Smith-hill to Pallas, in the parish of Forney and county of Longford, and afterwards to his rectory of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath; and in the latter of these parishes, at Lissoy, or Auburn, he built the house described as the Village-preacher's modest mansion in *The Deserted Village*. His mother was daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin. Their fa-

mily consisted of five sons and two daughters.

In a letter from his elder sister, Catherine, the wife of Daniel Hodson, Esq. inserted in the *Life of Goldsmith*, which an anonymous writer, whom I suppose to have been Cowper's friend, Mr. Rose, from a passage in Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, prefixed to his *Miscellaneous Works*, wonders are told of his early predilection for the poetical art; but those who have observed the amplification with which the sprightly sallies of childhood are related by domestic fondness, will listen to such narrations with some abatement of confidence. It seems probable, that a desire of literary distinction might have been infused into his youthful mind by hearing of the reputation of his countryman, Parnell, with whom, as we learn from his life of that poet, his father and uncle were acquainted.

He received the first rudiments of learning from a school-master who taught in the village where his parents resided, and who had served as a quarter-master during the war of the Succession in Spain; and from the romantic accounts which this man de-

lighted to give of his travels, Goldsmith is supposed, by his sister, to have contracted his propensity for a wandering life. From hence he was removed successively to the school at Elphin, of which Oliver Jones was master, and to that of Athlone; and, lastly, was placed under the care of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, to whose instruction he acknowledged himself to have been more indebted than to that of his other teachers.

It was probably that untowardness in his outward appearance, which never afterwards left him, that made his schoolfellows consider him a dull boy, fit only to be the butt of their ridicule.

On his last return after the holidays to the house of his master, an adventure befel him, which afterwards was made the groundwork of the plot in one of his comedies. Journeying along leisurely, and being inclined to enjoy such diversion as a guinea, that had been given him for pocket-money, would afford him on the road, he was overtaken by night at a small town called Ardagh. Here, inquiring for the best house in the place, he was directed to a gentleman's habitation that literally answered that description. Under a delusion, the opposite to that entertained by the knight of La Mancha, he rides up to the supposed inn; and having given his horse in charge to the ostler, enters without ceremony. The master of the house, aware of the mistake, resolves to favour it; and is still less inclined to undeceive his guest, when he finds out from his discourse that he is the son of an acquaintance and a neighbour. A good supper and a bottle or two of wine are called for, of which the host, with his wife and daughter, are invited to partake; and a hot cake is providently ordered for the morrow's breakfast. The young traveller's surprise may be conceived, when, in calling for his bill, he finds under what roof he has been lodged, and with whom he had been putting himself on such terms of familiarity.

In June, 1744, he was sent a sizer to Trinity College, Dublin, and placed under the tuition of Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, who is re-

presented to have been of a temper so morose as to excite the strongest disgust in the mind of his pupil. He did not pass through his academical course without distinction. Dr. Kearney (who was afterwards provost), in a note on Boswell's Life of Johnson, informs us, that Goldsmith gained a premium at the Christmas examination, which, according to Mr. Malone, is more honourable than those obtained at the other examinations, inasmuch as it is the only one that determines the successful candidate to be the first in literary merit. This is enough to disprove what Johnson is reported to have said of him, that he was a plant that flowered late; that there appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young; though, when he had got in fame, one of his friends began to recollect something of his being distinguished at college. Whether he took a degree is not known. On one occasion he narrowly escaped expulsion for having been concerned in the rescue of a student, who, in violation of the supposed privileges of the University, had been arrested for debt within its precincts: but his superiors contented themselves with passing a public censure on him.

Having been deprived, by death, of his father, who had with difficulty supported him at college, he became a dependant on the bounty of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine; and after fluctuating in his choice of an employment in life, was at length established as a medical student at Edinburgh, in his twenty-fifth year.

Dr. Stearn mentions, that he was at one time intended for the church, but that appearing before the Bishop, when he went to be examined for orders, in a pair of scarlet breeches, he was rejected.

From Edinburgh, when he had completed his attendance on the usual course of lectures, he removed to Leyden, with the intention of continuing his studies at that University.

Johnson used to speak with coarse contempt of Goldsmith's want of veracity. "Noll," said he to a lady of much distinction in literature, who repeated to me his words, "Noll, madam, would lie through an inch-board." In this instance, Johnson's known partiality to Goldsmith fixes the stigma

so deeply, that we can place no reliance on the account he gave of what befel him, when he imagined himself to be no longer within reach of detection. In a letter to his uncle he relates that, before going to Holland, he had embarked in a vessel for Bourdeaux, that the ship was driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, that he was there seized on suspicion of being engaged with the rebels, and thrown into prison; that the vessel, meanwhile proceeding on her voyage, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where all the crew perished; and that, at the end of a fortnight, being liberated, he set sail in a vessel bound for Holland, and in nine days arrived safely at Rotterdam. After a residence of about a twelvemonth at Leyden, he was involved in difficulties, occasioned by his love of gambling, a ridiculous inclination that adhered to him for the remainder of his life. He now set out with the resolution of visiting the principal parts of the Continent on foot; and, according to his own report of himself, made his way by a variety of stratagems, sometimes recruiting his finances by the acquisition of small sums proposed in the foreign universities to public disputants; at others, securing himself a hospitable reception by the exercise of a moderate share of skill in playing the flute—his “tuneless pipe,” as he calls it, in that passage of *The Traveller* where he alludes to this method of supplying his wants.

Thus, if we are to believe him, he passed through the Netherlands, France, and Germany, into the Swiss Cantons; and in that country, so well suited to awaken the feelings of a poet, he composed a part of *The Traveller*, and sent it to his elder brother, a clergyman in Ireland. Continuing his journey into Italy, he visited Venice, Verona, Florence, and Padua; and having spent six months at the University in the last mentioned city, returned through France to England in 1756. From his *Inquiry into the Present State of Learning*, we collect, that when at Paris, he attended the Chemical Lectures of Rouelle.

In the meantime his uncle had died; and he found himself, on his arrival in London, so destitute even of a friend

to whom he could refer for a recommendation, that he with difficulty obtained first the place of an usher to a school, and afterwards that of assistant in the laboratory of a chemist. At last, meeting with Doctor Sleigh, formerly his fellow-student at Edinburgh, he was enabled, by the kindness of this worthy physician, who appears in so amiable a light as the patron of Barry, in the *Memoirs* of that painter, to avail himself more effectually of his knowledge in medicine, and to earn a subsistence, however scanty, by the practice of that art.

The Bankside in Southwark, and the Temple, or its vicinity, were successively the places where he fixed his residence. To his professional gains he soon added the emoluments arising from his exertions as an author. In 1758, he took a share in the conduct of the literary journal called the *Monthly Review*; and for the space of seven or eight months, while the employment lasted, lodged in the house of Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of it. The next year he contributed several papers to the *Bee*, a collection of essays, and published his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, in which he speaks of the *Monthly Review* in terms not very respectful. There is, I doubt, in this little essay more display than reality of erudition. It would not be easy to say where he had discovered “that Dante was persecuted by the critics as long as he lived.” The complaints he made of the hard fate of authors, and his censure of odes and of blank verse, were well calculated to conciliate the good will, and to excite the sympathy of Johnson, with whom he soon became intimate.

Poverty and indiscretion were other claims, by which the benevolent commiseration of Johnson could scarcely fail to be awakened; and his acquaintance with Goldsmith had not subsisted long, when an occasion presented itself for rescuing him from the consequences of those evils. One day, calling on our poet, at his lodgings in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, he found him under arrest for debt, and engaged in violent altercation with his landlady. Taking from him the *Vicar of Wakefield*, then just written, Johnson proceed-

ed with it to Newbery the bookseller, from whom he obtained sixty pounds for his friend; and Goldsmith's good humour, and the complaisance of his hostess, returning with this accession of wealth, they spent the remainder of the day together in harmony. In this novel, like Fielding and Smollett, he exhibits a very natural view of familiar life. Inferior to the first in the artful management of his story; and to the latter in the broader traits of comic character; and not equal to either in variety and fertility, he is, nevertheless, to be preferred to both for his power of passing from the ludicrous to the tender, and for his regard to moral decency. It was not printed till some years after, in 1766, when his reputation had been in some degree established by *The Traveller*. Meanwhile he published, in a periodical work called the *Ledger*, his *Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friend in the East*, in which, under the character of a Chinese philosopher, he describes the customs and manners of Europeans. But this assumed personage is an awkward concealment for the good-humoured Irishman, with his never-failing succession of droll stories. Of these there are too many; and the want of any thing like a continued interest is sensibly felt. I do not know of any book, on the same plan, that is to be compared with the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu.

In the spring of 1763, he had lodgings in Islington; and continuing there till the following year, he revised several petty publications for Newbery, and wrote the *Letters on English History*, which, from their being published as the letters of a nobleman to his son, have been attributed by turns to the Earl of Orrery and Lord Lyttelton.

His next removal was to the Temple, where he remained for the rest of his life, not without indulging a project, equally magnificent and visionary, of making a journey into the East, in order to bring back with him such useful inventions as had not found their way into Britain. He was ridiculed by Johnson for fancying himself competent to so arduous a task, when he was utterly unacquainted with our own mecha-

nical arts. He would have brought back a grinding barrow, said Johnson, and thought that he had furnished a wonderful improvement. The more feasible plan of returning with honour and advantage to his native country, was held out to him through the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland. That nobleman, who was then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent for him, and made him an offer of his protection. Goldsmith, with his characteristic simplicity, replied, that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help; that, for himself, he looked to the booksellers for support. This reliance happily did not deceive him. By the rewards of his literary labours, he was placed in a comparative state of opulence, in which his propensity for play alone occasioned a diminution.

In 1765, appeared *The Hermit*, *The Traveller*, and the *Essays*.

About this time a club was formed, at the proposal of Reynolds, which consisted, besides that eminent painter and our poet, of Johnson, Burke, Burke's father-in-law, Doctor Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Langton, Beauclerk, and Chandler, who met and supped together every Friday night, at the *Turf's Head*, in Gerard-street, Soho. The bookseller's shop belonging to Dr. Griffiths, called the *Dunciad*, in the neighbourhood of Catherine-street, was another of his favourite haunts.

His comedy of the *Good Natured Man*, though it had received the sanction of Burke's approval, did not please Garrick sufficiently to induce him to venture it on his theatre. It was, therefore, brought forward by Colman, at Covent Garden, on the 29th of January, 1769; but having been represented for nine nights, did not longer maintain its place on the stage, though it is one of those comedies which afford most amusement in the closet. For his conception of the character of Croaker, the author acknowledged that he was indebted to Johnson's *Suspicious*, in the *Rambler*. That of Honeywood, in its undistinguishing benevolence, bears some resemblance to his own.

In the next year he published his *Deserted Village*; and entered into an agreement with Davies, to com-



pile a History of England, in four octave volumes, for the sum of five hundred pounds, in the space of two years; before the expiration of which period, he made a compact with the same bookseller for an abridgment of the Roman History, which he had before published. The History of Greece, which has appeared since his death, cannot with certainty be ascribed to his pen.

In 1771, he wrote the Life of Bolingbroke, prefixed to the Dissertation on Parties.

The reception which his former play had met did not discourage him from trying his fate with a second. But it was not till after much solicitation, that Colman was prevailed on to allow *The Mistakes of a Night*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*, to be acted at Covent Garden, on the 15th of March, 1773. A large party of zealous friends, with Johnson at their head, attended to witness the representation and to lead the plaudits of the House; a scheme which Mr Cumberland describes to have been preconcerted with much method, but to have been near failing in consequence of some mistakes in the execution of the manoeuvres, which aroused the displeasure of the audience. That the piece is enlivened by such droll incidents, as to be nearly allied to farce, Johnson with justice observed, declaring, however, that “he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience; that had so much answered the great end of comedy, that of making an audience merry.”

The History of the Earth and Animated Nature, in eight volumes, closed the labours of Goldsmith. This compilation, however recommended by the agreeableness of style usual to its author, is but little prized for its accuracy. In a summary of past events, which are often differently related by writers of authority and credit nearly equal, it is in vain to look for certainty. But when we are presented with a description of natural objects that required only to be looked at in order to be known, we are neither amused nor instructed without some degree of precision. History partakes of the nature of romance. Physiology is more closely connected with science. In the one we must often rest contented with

probability. In the other we know that truth is generally to be attained, and therefore expect to find it.

Goldsmith had been for some time subject to attacks of strangury; and having before experienced relief from James’s powders, had again recourse to that popular medicine. His medical attendants are said to have remonstrated with him on its unfitness in the stage to which his disorder had reached; but he persevered; and his fever increasing, and some secret distress of mind, under which he owed to Doctor Turton that he laboured, aggravating his bodily complaint, he expired on the 4th of April in his forty-fifth year.

He was privately interred in the Temple burying ground. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with the following epitaph by Johnson, written at the solicitation of their common friends.

Oliveri Goldsmith,  
Poetae, Physici, Historici,  
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus  
Non tetigit,  
Natum quod tetigit non tangit;  
Sed risus essent movendi,  
Sive lacrymae,  
Affectum potens at lenis dominator;  
Togenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,  
Oratore grandis, stilliculus, venustus;  
Monumentum memoriae parvit  
Sodallum amor,  
Amicorum fides,  
Lectorum veneratio.  
Natus in Hibernia, Fornae Longfordiensis,  
In loco cui nomen Pallas.  
Aet. XXIX. MDCCXXIX.  
Ephrae literis institutus;  
Obiit Londini,  
April. IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

It has been questioned whether there is any authority for using the word “tetigit” as it is here employed. I have heard it observed by one, whose opinion on such subjects is decisive, that “contigit” would have better expressed the writer’s meaning.

Another epitaph composed by Johnson in Greek, deserves notice, as it shows how strongly his mind was impressed by Goldsmith’s abilities.

Τὸν τάφον εἰσπράξας τὸν Οὐλδάρμιο, ποιῆται  
“Ἀφροει μὴ σμύνη, ξῖνι, πῶδαςσι πάτερ  
Οἷσι μέμνη φύσις, μέτρον χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν  
Κλαίει ποιήτην, ἱστορικόν, φύσικον.

“Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver; press not, O stranger, with the foot of folly, the venerable dust. Ye who care for nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the Historian, the Naturalist, the Poet.”

Goldsmith’s stature was below the



middle height; his limbs, sturdy; his forehead, more prominent than is usual; and his face, almost round, pallid, and marked with the small-pox.

The simpleness, almost approaching to fatuity, of his outward deportment, combined with the power which there was within, brings to our recollection some part of the character of La Fontaine, whom a French lady wittily called the Fable Tree, from his apparent unconsciousness, or rather want of mental responsibility for the admirable productions which he was continually supplying. His propriety and clearness when he expresses his thoughts with his pen, and his confusion and inability to impart them in conversation, well illustrated the observation of Cicero, that it is very possible for a man to think rightly on any subject, and yet to want the power of conveying his sentiments by speech in fit and becoming language to others. "*Fieri potest ut recte quis sentiat, sed id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit.*" Yet Mr. Cumberland, who was one of his associates, has informed us, "that he had gleams of eloquence."

Johnson said of him that he was not a social man; he never exchanged mind with you. His prevailing foible was a desire of shining in those exterior accomplishments which nature had denied him. Vanity and benevolence had conspired to make him an easy prey to adulation and imposture.

His complaints of the envy by which he found his mind tormented, and especially on the occasion of Johnson's being honoured by an interview with the King, must have made those who heard him lose all sense of the evil passion, in their amusement at a confession so novel and so pleasant.

One day, we are told, he complained in a mixed company of Lord Camden. "I met him," said he, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The story of his peach-coloured coat will not soon be forgotten. If—

———— in some men

Their graces serve them but as enemies,  
Goldsmith was one of those in  
whom their frailties are more likely

to serve them as friends; for they were such as could scarcely fail to assist in appeasing malevolence and conciliating kindness. Be this as it will, he must, with all his weaknesses, be considered as one of the chief ornaments of the age in which he lived.

Comparisons have been made between the situation of the men eminent for literature in Queen Anne's time and at the commencement of the reign of George the Third. In the former, beginning to be disengaged from the court, where they were more at home during the reign of the Charleses, they were falling under the influence of the nobility, amongst whom they generally found their patrons, and often their associates. In the latter, they had been insensibly shaken off alike by the court and the nobles, and were come into the hands of the people and the booksellers. I know not whether they were much the worse for this change. If in the one instance they were rendered more studious of elegance and smartness; in the other, they attained more freedom and force. In the former, they were oftener imitators of the French. In the latter, they followed the dictates of a better sense, and trusted more to their own resources. They lost, indeed, the character of wits, but they aspired to that of instructors. Yet in one respect, and that a material one, it must be owned, that they were sufferers by this alteration in affairs. For the quantity of their labours having become more important under their new masters than it was under their old ones, they had less care of selection, and their originality was weakened by diffusiveness. They indulged themselves but sparingly in the luxury of composing verse, which was too thriftless an occupation to be continued long. They used it, perhaps, as the means of attracting notice to themselves at their first entrance on the world, but not as the staple on which they were afterwards to depend. When the song had drawn a band of hearers around them, it had done its duty. The crowd was to be detained and increased, by expectations of advantage rather than of pleasure. A writer consulted Goldsmith on what subjects he might employ his pen with most

profit to himself. "It will be better," said the author of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, laughing indeed, but in good earnest, "to relinquish the draggle-tail muses. For my part, I have found productions in prose more sought after and better paid for." This is, no doubt, the reason that his verse bears so small a proportion to his other writings. Yet it is by the former, added to the few works of imagination which he has left besides, that he will be known to posterity. His histories will probably be superseded by more skilful or more accurate compilations; as they are now read by few who can obtain information nearer to its original sources.

In the natural manner of telling a short and humorous story, he is perhaps surpassed by no writer of prose except Addison. In his Essays, the style preserves a middle way between the gravity of Johnson and the lightness of Chesterfield; but it may often be objected to them, as to the moral writings of Johnson, that they present life to us under a gloomy aspect, and leave an impression of despondence on the mind of the reader.

In his poetry there is nothing ideal. It pleases chiefly by an exhibition of nature in her most homely and familiar views. But from these he selects his objects with due discretion, and omits to represent whatever would occasion unmingled pain or disgust.

His couplets have the same slow and stately march as Johnson's; and if we can suppose similar images of rural and domestic life to have arrested the attention of that writer, we can scarcely conceive that he would have expressed them in different language.

Some of the lines in *The Deserted Village* are said to be closely copied from a poem by Welsted, called the *Ολκορραφία*; but I do not think he will be found to have levied larger contributions on it, than most poets have supposed themselves justified in making on the neglected works of their predecessors.

The following particulars relating to this poem, which I have extracted from the letter of Dr. Streat before referred to, cannot fail to gratify that numerous class of readers with whom it has been a favourite from their earliest years.

The poem of *The Deserted Village* took its origin from the circumstance of General Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General), having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or *Auburn*; in consequence of which, many families, here called *cottlers*, were removed to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced "with fasting steps," to go in search of "sordid tracts" and "distant climes."

This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind, when the following are added; viz. that the character of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, (the brother of the poet,) is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his "modest mansion" as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and the site of his school-house, and Catherine Goughy, a lonely widow;

The wretched matron forced in age for bread  
To strip the brook with mantling crosses  
spread;

(and to this day the brook and ditches, near the spot where her cabin stood, abound with crosses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and Catherine's children live in the neighbourhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where "nut-brown draughts inspired," are still visited as the poetic scene; and the "*hawthorn-bush*" growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the "*decent church*," which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which "*tops the neighbouring hill*," is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

I should have observed, that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hand; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters; she was allied to him, and kept a little school.

The Hermit is a pleasing little tale, told with that simplicity which appears so easy, and is in fact so difficult, to be attained. It is imitated from the Ballad of a Friar of Orders Grey, in Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.

His Traveller was, it is said, pronounced by Mr. Fox to be one of the

finest pieces in the English language. Perhaps this sentence was delivered by that great man with some qualification, which was either forgotten or omitted by the reporter of it; otherwise such praise was surely disproportioned to its object.

In this poem, he professes to compare the good and evil which fall to the share of those different nations whose lot he contemplates. His design at setting out is to show that, whether we consider the blessings to be derived from art or from nature, we shall discover "an equal portion dealt to all mankind." And the conclusion which he draws at the end of the poem would be perfectly just, if these premises were allowed him,

In every government though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-  
strain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or  
cure!  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find:  
With secret ease, which no loud streams  
annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy,  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of  
steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely  
known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our  
own.

That it matters little or nothing to the happiness of men whether they are governed well or ill, whether they live under fixed and known laws, or at the will of an arbitrary tyrant, is a paradox, the fallacy of which is happily too apparent to need any refutation. Nor is his inference warranted by those particular observations which he makes for the purpose of establishing it. When of Italy he tells us, "that sensual bliss is all this nation knows," how is Italy to be compared either with itself when it was prompted by those "nobler aims," of which he speaks, or with that country where he sees

The lords of human kind pass by,  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's  
hand,  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagined right, above controul;

While e'en the peasant learns these rights  
to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man?

That good is every where balanced by some evil, none will deny. But that no effort of human courage or prudence can make one scale preponderate over the other, and that a decree of fate has fixed them in eternal equipoise, is an opinion which, if it were seriously entertained, must bind men to a tame and spiritless acquiescence in whatever disadvantages or inconveniences they may chance to find themselves involved, and leave to them the exercise of no other public virtue than that of a blind submission. His poetry is happily better than his argument. He discriminates with much skill the manners of the several countries that pass in review before him; the illustrations, with which he relieves and varies his main subject, are judiciously interspersed; and as he never raises his tone too far beyond his pitch at the first starting, so he seldom sinks much below it. The thought at the beginning appears to have pleased him; for he has repeated it in "the Citizen of the World":

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening  
chain.

"The further I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

To the poetical compositions of Goldsmith in general, may be applied with justice that temperate commendation which he has given to the works of Parnell in his life of that Poet. "At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey over again." There is much to solace fatigue and even to excite pleasure, but nothing to call forth rapture. We stay to contemplate and enjoy the objects on our road; but we feel that it is on this earth we have been traveling, and that the author is either not willing or not able to raise us above it.

## ON THE POETICAL USE OF THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

These were immortal stories.—*Barry Cornwall*

THE present is, doubtless, an era of restorations and revivals, political and poetical. The Bourbons have returned to the throne of France, and the Gods and Goddesses of classic fame, with all the noblesse of Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads, are beginning to re-occupy, with limited sway, their ancient places in poetry.

Keats, Cornwall, and Shelley, have breathed a new life into the dry bones of old mythology; and even Mr. Wordsworth, notwithstanding his avowed preference for the merely and familiarly natural, has not only done ample justice, in one of the finest passages of the *Excursion*, to the creating spirit of ancient fable, but has shown a fondness, of late, for classical tales and images.

We cannot help thinking, however, that the immortal emigrants have acquired new manners, and almost new faces, in their exile. They seem to rely less on their antiquity, and more on their beauty and accomplishments. They are far less obtrusive and assuming; but at the same time, they have lost somewhat of that strength and manliness which distinguished them in the best periods of Greece and Rome, and are become refined and delicate, almost finical. They are invested with an exquisite tenderness; a soft and melting radiance; a close and affectionate affinity to the gentler parts of nature; but they have no longer that stern and venerable simplicity with which they appeared in nations where they were the objects of adoration. A similar change took place in the later times of Roman, and even of Grecian literature, particularly among the Sicilian and Alexandrian writers. Bion, and Moschus, and Theocritus represent their deities as most delightfully pretty and feminine, except they introduce them expressly as objects of terror. Indeed Claudian and Statius occasionally dilate, with such elaborate and brilliant minuteness, on the smallest beauties of form or hue, that their descriptions con-

vey no more feeling of substance, than the prismatic colours on a sheet of paper. But this sort of frigid Dutch painting is seldom to be found in the Greeks, whose Gods are generally tangible as well as visible. But when physical strength ceases to be regarded with esteem, it is very difficult to impart awe or reverence to finite forms. The gradual decay of polytheism may very perceptibly be traced from Homer to the last profane writers of the lower empire. In fact, the Romans had ceased to be a religious, before they became in any degree a poetical people. Even while they were so famed for devoutness, it is more than probable that their theological system had very little of the imaginative character of the Grecian. It was more simple, more serious, more political, more connected with temporary institutions, and less with general nature and metaphysical speculation. The Latin poets imitated the Greeks in mythology as in all other things, but not always with equal judgment. They now and then drop hints of a graver philosophy, sometimes even of tenets altogether at variance with the popular belief. Their divinities are often half real, and half allegorical; sometimes mere personified abstractions, and sometimes, especially as above stated, in the later writers, mere shapes, gratuitous combinations of the fancy. All these inconsistencies indicate that the true spirit of pagan theology had evaporated. There is no sincerity in the religion of Roman writers. They are not in earnest. They employ their fanciful wits and elegant invention to give a gay image of what they know to be an airy nothing. The strongest exception to these observations is the *Atys* of Catullus, a poem truly Grecian in its feeling, if not in its origin. But of their general truth it is not difficult to select instances, though their force is rather to be gathered from the pervading spirit of the authors, than from isolated passages. Horace, an Epi-



curean, writes odes to Jupiter,—a neat vehicle for compliments to Mæcenas and Augustus. There is no more faith in his invocation to Venus, than in his panegyrics on temperance, if indeed the latter were not written in the brief sincerity of bile and indigestion. He addresses the deities with the smooth strains of a laureate, but not with the emotion of a devotee; and when he describes the vision of Bacchus among the nymphs, his *credite posteri* imposes a burden on posterity he would have been very loth himself to pay. But the good-humoured lord of the Sabine farm should never have put his Pegasus on a gallop, nor himself into a passion. He is not, like Nick Bottom, “fit for a part to tear a cat in.” He has no enthusiasm of any sort, unless it be in speaking of himself. He sings delightfully in his natural tenor, but his bravura is feeble, and a complete falsetto.

Horace, however, was professedly—

*Parcas deorum cultor et infrequens,*

and probably his conversion from the Epicurean tenets by the thunder storm was as lasting as the generality of his resolutions.

But Virgil has been commended for the piety of his sentiments, almost as much as for the elegance of his imagery, the depth of his pathos, or the flow of his numbers. It is not very easy to discover from his writings what was his real religion, or whether he had any clear or serious belief in personal and intelligent deities. His Jupiter, Juno, Venus, &c. are transferred from Homer, with some improvement in their manners, but none at all in their morals. He has taken no pains to bring them into keeping with the Platonic and Pantheistic philosophy, which he puts into the mouth of the shade Anchises, nor even with the improved state of ethical knowledge displayed in the language and sentiments of his mortal characters. Hence his Gods appear worse than his men, and his men, acting under the guidance of his Gods, seem worse than themselves. Hence, too, arises an inconsistency, too common in narrative

poems of which the scene is laid in barbarous ages and countries: the sentiments are at variance with the conduct. The age of Homer is confounded with that of Augustus. Neither is Virgil entirely free from imperfect personifications, the poetical sin which most easily besets mythology. Thus, in describing the descent of Mercury upon mount Atlas, he forgets that Atlas could not at once be a mountain and a giant.

—*Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit*

*Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fuleit;  
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris  
Pinniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri:  
Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina*

*Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.*

*Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis  
Constitit; hinc toto præceps se corpore  
ad undas*

*Misit: avi similis, quæ circum litora, circum*

*Piscosos scopulos, humilis volat sequora juxta.*

\* *Haud aliter terras inter cœlumque volabat.  
Latus ærenosum Libyæ, ventosque secabat,  
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.*

*Æneid. l. iv. 246.*

The epithet *senis*, applied to a mountain, the ice on his beard, and the rivers gushing from his chin, might be supposed to be figurative, though, even then, they would be scarcely worthy of Virgil; but when Mercury precipitates himself from his maternal grand-father, we have only to chuse between conceit and confusion.

These inconsistencies, however little they may detract from the transcendent merit of the *Æneid*, tend to prove that “the intelligible forms of old religion” had neither a correspondent substance in the belief of Virgil, nor even a distinct and permanent existence in his imagination. His Gods “savour not of the reality.” They are not altogether like those of Homer, individuals composed of flesh and blood; nor, like those of the mysteries, symbols of general truths or eternal powers. They are mere creatures of memory and tradition, and may be compared to

\* It is but fair to say that these last lines are by Heyne supposed to be spurious.

the figures of an old painting grown dim by time, and retouched by a modern artist, with exquisite skill indeed, yet so that the modern is plainly discernible.

So far, however, from wishing to diminish the fame of the Mantuan by one iota, we would fain be persuaded that his very incongruities are the result of refined judgment and consummate art. If the skill of a great musician is displayed in the agreeable management of discords, why may not a poet deserve praise by a judicious use of inconsistencies? The truth is, every writer reflects something of the spirit of his own age; and the age of Virgil was, in respect to religious belief, an inconsistent one. The motley garb of paganism was thread-bare, full of rents, and patched with purple shreds of philosophy, that set off its bareness, and added to its raggedness. Still it was the state uniform, and could not conveniently be thrown aside. Jupiter and Juno were deities by law established, and the ceremonials of polytheism were associated with the institutions of the commonwealth. The family pride of the great, the national pride of the many, were interested in maintaining the ancient superstition. The Gods and Goddesses had made themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and were strongly intrenched amid shows and pedigrees. Nor were they unsupported by better feelings, and deeper interests. The sanctity of oaths—the dignity of magistrates—the discipline of armies, were in danger of perishing with the national religion: and all the glories of Rome pleaded in its favour. However little, therefore, the faith of the speculative may have been in that multitudinous rout of deified heroes, and canonised demireps, abstract qualities, and dead, or at best unintelligent powers of nature,—aliens, denizens, and natives, Gods by custom, and Gods by statute, whose number was yearly increasing till their very names defied all power of memory; the prevailing system was still hallowed by antiquity, and adorned with splendour;—strong recommendations to a people who had recently exchanged the severity of soldiers for the ostentation of conquerors, not zealous for truth, but passionate for glory.

Yet while so many causes conjoined to uphold the ancient signs, their ancient significance was gliding fast away. The Roman religion not being of such a catholic and accommodating character as the Greek, probably suffered much more from the fashionable systems of philosophy. Literal belief was confined to the vulgar, and among them, we may conjecture, to such as were placed out of contact with the half-learned. The disciples of Epicurus, and those of Carneades, and the third academy, alike confident and self-satisfied,—the former pretending to know all things, and the latter as vain of their discovery that nothing is to be known,—by inducing a decay of natural religion, withdrew its support and nourishment from those parasitical superstitions which indicated its vital presence while they concealed its true proportions. The Stoics, professing the most implicit reverence for all that had the sanction of age and authority, talking much of providence, much of the Divinity, much even of an hereafter,—by the very sternness of their doctrines, by their pretended indifference to all contingencies, and by their assertion of an absolute free-will, co-existing with an absolute fate,—a system, in its consequences, approaching to quietism,—left their gods, in the end, little more effective than those of the Epicureans. For if virtue be the only good, and vice the only evil, and man can attain to the one, and avoid the other, without Divine assistance,—if each individual is, or may be, lord of all within, and an inexorable destiny disposes of all without,—what place is there for religion? Neither could the antique faith look for protection or sincere alliance to the Platonists; though some of their successors, in an after age, were induced to lend their support to declining paganism, and to find in the abstruser doctrines of their founder a ready and specious defence for the fables which provoked him to banish Homer from his republic. But the philosophers were never auxiliaries to the popular religion, till they were the enemies of Christianity. In no dissimilar spirit some of the German Illuminati have ranged themselves under the banners of popery. But the purer and elder Platonism is,



perhaps, the nearest approach to Christian truth that unassisted reason has ever made: and if in some of its speculations it exceeds the limits of the understanding, without attaining to a region of purer light;—if, without due commission, it has presumed to draw “empyreal air;”—still its presumption is of a more amiable kind, more akin to faith, and hope, and adoration, than the conceited *nonchalance* of the Epicurean, or the self-centering pride of the Stoic. It does, however fancifully, or with whatever mixture of error, it does communicate a hint at the great truth, that man is upon earth a stranger and a pilgrim; it does, obscurely indeed, yet not unintelligibly, point at the fact, that human nature, as it exists, is a fallen thing, and not, as Mr. Pope would persuade us, good, as the nature of beasts, in its own low degree; it does catch a glimpse of that ideal of divine humanity, in which the individual man discovers his own vileness, and grows humble by the contemplation of glory. It does not, indeed, neither could it, reveal the mysteries of the gospel, but it turned the minds of men to the direction in which they were to come. It withdrew them from the things of time and sense, and excited a yearning after the eternal and invisible.

To a soul possessed with such desires, the worship of the finite must needs have been weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. A true Platonist must, at least, have been indifferent to a religion like the Roman; a palpable state ordinance, the guardians of which had hurried the works of its founder. A creed which could never have been, if Rome had not been, could have little in it to satisfy the searchers for universal, everlasting, necessary truth.

But philosophers did not preach to the poor, and pretty generally admitted the expediency of restraining the populace by the chains of sensual superstition. The most enlightened of the heathen, with all their democratic zeal, had no notion of an equality of moral rights, of that equality which is implied by the phrase, “Every man has a soul to be saved.”

A far more active agent than philosophy was stealing away the life

of the popular faith, and turning the time-hallowed ceremonies into mere pageants. The Romans were fast verging to Cosmopolitism. Their religion was Roman exclusively. Their country was the true God of their idolatry, and patriotism the ground and stuff of their piety. Their mythology was built up while they were a small and concentrated nation, strongly opposed to all other nations. Now Rome was all the world, and Roman rather a title of honour than a national distinction. Of all human events, it is probable that the blending of nations into one universal empire did most to weaken the influence of polytheism, and prepare the world for Christianity, the whole world's religion. Just in proportion as the feeling of country became less intense, the reverence for local and tutelary deities diminished, and a craving void was left for emotions of deeper and more catholic devotion.

Such being the state of belief and unbelief, in the Augustan age, and so many interests combining to support the rites and fictions of antiquity, while their power and significance was daily lessening, those who wished to maintain the old Roman character for devoutness, and yet to escape the ridicule attached to old-fashioned credulity, would naturally be put upon inventing new meanings for old words,—an infallible symptom of the decline of vital religion. Some would explain away, and some would allegorize, and labour with perverse and unprofitable industry to convert the toys of childhood into tools and weapons for maturity. One man would discover that all mythology was composed of enigmatical representations of natural philosophy; and what wonder, when a baronet of the 19th century, a man of no small learning and ingenuity, and not a Frenchman, takes pains to assure us, that the twelve patriarchs were neither more nor less than the twelve signs of the zodiac? Another, with equal gravity, would endeavour to prove that all the luscious stories of Venus and Adonis, the amours of Jupiter, and the revels of Bacchus, were moral apologues in commendation of chastity and sobriety; and a third, of less airy genius, would find out that Janus was only a prudent king, who

calculated correctly upon consequences, and Prometheus a great astronomer, who had an observatory on Mount Caucasus, and induced a liver complaint by intense application. These divers interpretations, physical, ethical, and historical, swarmed in latter times, increasing with the increase of Christianity, and originating more in the spirit of controversy, which would give up no point of the system it was defending, than in any conviction of their probability. But something of the kind must always take place where a respect for words and forms survives the notions or feeling which gave those words and forms a meaning. There are some, who call themselves Christians, who are not ashamed to use similar double dealing with the Bible.

The general effect of all this must have coincided with the discussions of the philosophers—and that enfeebling of local and national attachments, which is an almost certain attendant on advanced civilization, and in Rome was accelerated by the loss of liberty and the corruption of manners,—to destroy all distinct conceptions as to the nature or personality of the objects of worship. The confusion, from which paganism is never perfectly free, of presiding powers with that over which they were supposed to preside,—of Neptune with the sea,—of Jupiter with the upper air, &c.—would be much increased, so that the most correct taste could hardly escape it. When Gods become metaphors, and metaphors pass into the current language, it is difficult indeed to treat of a mythological subject, without an occasional jumble.

To apply these observations (which we are afraid have grown rather *lengthy*) to the subject from whence they arose; if Virgil's mythology had been as distinct and uniformly consistent as that of Homer, it might have been more gratifying to good taste at present, but it would not have suited Virgil's age, or reflected the opinions of his contemporaries. His poem is, throughout, an offering to Roman vanity,—a grand national poem,—and could hardly have seemed enough in earnest without a touch of philosophy; even a little confusion of phrase was necessary to represent

the prevailing confusion of ideas. But these arguments are not meant to excuse such modern writers as are guilty of similar incongruities. We have our choice between the simpler and the more mystical theologies of the ancients. We are at liberty to represent the Gods as we please; we are not bound to an agreement with the notions of any period of Greece or Rome, and so can on no account be discharged from the duty of agreeing with ourselves.

The Gods of Homer are healthy, living bodies; those of Virgil exhibit some signs of approaching dissolution. Those of the later Romans are seldom better than pictures; often no more than names.

We have hitherto considered chiefly the hollow surface of mythology, as it existed after the life and shaping power was gone, in a corrupt and unimaginative age, when poetry was verging to two extremes; to mere arbitrary fiction on the one hand, and to mere matter of fact representation, or exaggeration, malicious or adulatory, of the follies, vices, and wonders of the day. If we except the satirists, the best writers, even of the court of Augustus, were but as mountain tops, reflecting the light of the mighty orbs of song below the horizon; and this light was cast yet more faintly on their successors. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that the ancient poets persevered in the choice of mythological subjects, after the true mythological spirit was gone out of the world. Many of the Latins have shown powers of deep and human pathos, which make us regret that they should have continued to talk of Gods, and Goddesses, and heroes, when it is evident they could have made men and women so much more interesting.

We are too much in the habit of classing the Greeks and Romans together, and considering their religion as the same; but this impression (it cannot be called an opinion) is highly erroneous. No two nations could be of more distinct characters, as is proved by the ridiculous affectation of Grecism, that was prevalent in the decline of Rome. The Roman mythology is fallen with Rome; indeed it may be said to have fallen with the republic: that of Greece

will probably survive, as long as poetry continues to season the dull clod of earth. Less darkly impressive than the Gothic, less fantastically gorgeous than the Oriental, it stands unrivaled in the beautiful simplicity of its forms, the pregnancy of its symbols, and the plastic facility with which it accommodates itself to the fancy and feelings of all mankind. The Gods of the Greeks were literally all things to all men, To the patriot, they were the guardians of his country; to the antiquary, the founders of nations, the mighty of old time. The mystic theologian adored them as signs of the infinite and eternal; and the physiologist as the unceasing operations of nature. True it is, that in all these shades of faith, from the gross creed of the vulgar, who looked on their deities as capricious despots that were to be bribed or flattered into good humour, to the beautiful imaginations of a Plato, who sought in the depth of his own great soul for the substance of all shadows, there is no stubborn, self-asserting truth; no stuff of the conscience; no heart-searching; and no heart's cure: but there is much that soothes, and something that elevates; something that calls man out of himself, and persuades him to make interest with nature.

The lively Grecian in a land of hills,  
Rivers; and fertile plains, and sounding  
shores,

Under a cope of variegated sky,  
Could find commodious place for every God,  
Promptly received, as prodigally brought  
From the surrounding countries, at the  
choice

Of all adventurers. With unrival'd skill,  
As nicest observation furnish'd hints  
For studious fancy, did his hand bestow  
On fluent operations a fix'd shape,  
Metal or stone, idolatrously served.  
And yet, triumphant o'er this pompous show  
Of art; this palpable array of sense,  
On every side encounter'd, in despite  
Of the gross fictions, chaunted in the streets  
By wandering rhapsodists,—and in contempt  
Of doubt and bold denials, hourly urged  
Amid the wrangling schools, a spirit hung,  
Beautiful region, o'er thy towns and farms,  
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;  
And emanations were perceived, and acts  
Of immortality, in nature's course,  
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt  
As bonds on grave philosopher imposed,  
And armed warrior; and in every grove

A gay or pensive tenderness prevail'd,  
When piety more awful had relax'd.  
"Take, running river, take these locks of  
mine,"—

Thus would the votary say—"this sever'd  
hair

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,  
Thankful for my beloved child's return.  
Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod;  
Thy murmurs heard, and drank the chry-  
stal lymph

With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,  
And moisten all day long those flowery  
fields."

And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair  
was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose  
Of life continuous, being unimpair'd;  
That hath been, is, and where it is and was;  
There shall again be seen, and felt, and  
known,

And recognized, existence unexposed  
To the blind walk of mortal accident;  
From diminution safe, and weakening age:  
While man grows old, and dwindles, and  
decays,

And countless generations of mankind  
Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod.

Wordsworth.

No act in the life of a Grecian was below the notice of a deity. Business and pleasure, food and exercise, study and meditation, war and traffic, the best and the vilest deeds alike were hallowed. His creed was associated with all visible greatness, with art and nature, with high aspirings, and tender thoughts, and voluptuous fancies, with the stars of heaven, with mountains and rivers, with the tombs and the fame of his ancestors, with temples and statues, with music and poesy, with all of beauty that he saw, or loved, or longed for, or dreamed of as a possibility. His devotion was no work of a sabbath,—it mingled with his whole existence. Love was piety, a sigh was a prayer, and enjoyment was thanksgiving. The clamour of the city, the riotous joy of the vineyards, the tumultuous pleasure that blazes itself to darkness, the enthusiasm which makes a man a trifle to himself, the intoxication of wine and of glory, these "were no feats of mortal agency;" and who might blame the madness which a God inspired? And yet the stillest and the saddest soul that ever loved the moon and the song of the nightingale, stealing apart from the

Barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revelers,

might find a Goddess to smile on him, and turn his melancholy to a rapture. Oh! what a faith were this, if human life indeed were but a summer's dream, and sin and sorrow but a beldame's tale, and death the fading of a rainbow, or the sinking of a breeze into quiet air: if all mankind were lovers and poets, and there were no truer pain than the first sigh of love, or the yearning after ideal beauty; if there were no dark misgivings, no obstinate questionings, no age to freeze the springs of life, and no remorse to taint them!

The Grecian genius turned every thing to poetry, as the touch of Midas converted all to gold, and man can no more be sustained on the one than on the other. Yet was this poetry a fair body, ready to receive any soul which will, or passion, or imagination might breathe into it. Like that umbrageous elm which Virgil has placed in the kingdom of shades, it sheltered all manner of dreams, the loveliest and the wildest, and the fellest and foulest; perhaps a few of prophetic import, that darkly told of better things to come.

The world, as the life of man, has its several ages. The Grecian age was but fantastic youth. Strong and beautiful, ardent in enterprize, bold in purpose, resolute in execution, subtle and disputatious, averse to rest alike of soul and body, impatient of constraint, passionate and fickle, not yet weaned from matter and sense, but refining material to ideal, and subliming sensual to spiritual, as fire invests with its own brightness the grosser aliment that feeds it.

That youth is flown for ever. We are grown up to serious manhood, and are wedded to reality. Truths which the wisest ancients sought after as precious jewels, to us are household stuff. The moral being has gained a religion, and the imagination has lost one. The sage of antiquity was like a child, who thinks there are many moons within his reach. We know, that there is but one, high above our heads, whose face is mirrored in a hundred streams. Yet the shadow remains not the less because it is known to be a shadow. That shaping spirit of man, which set up Gods on every hill, and under

every green tree, is degraded from its usurped functions, but it is not dead, nor will its workmanship, though condemned, be readily forgotten. Centuries have passed since the classic deities received their latest worship, and yet they still survive, to fancy and to memory, green with immortal youth, "in form as palpable" as when mightiest nations adored them. Even when temple and altar were overthrown; when pagan worship no longer lingered in the hamlets, from which it derived its appellation; and only a few prohibited superstitions remained of all that gay religion, full of pomp and gold;—the mystical genius of the dark ages received the old deities in their exile, and divesting them, in some measure, of their beautiful distinctness, changed them into obscure powers, and stellar predominances, the workers of marvels, and the arbiters of destiny. The alchemist discovered them in his crucible, and the astrologer beheld them in the stars. Ecclesiastics have anathematized them as demons, and critics as exploded impertinences, yet neither have been able to consign them to oblivion.

This can hardly be accounted for merely from the excellence of the writers who have celebrated, or the fame of the people who adored them. Man is not so utterly changed as to discern no truth or fitness in that beautiful pile of representative fiction, which Greece built up in the years of her pride and energy. An instinct, like that which impels and enables the testaceous fishes to fashion their shells to the projections and declivities of their own bodies, induced the nations that were left bare of revelation to weave a fabric of fables, accommodated to the wants and yearnings of their own minds. These wants and yearnings are many and various; some heavenly, and many earthly; and a few that are neither of earth nor heaven. The mythology of the Greeks bears witness to their diversity; it is a "mingled yarn," in which the poetry of human nature is intertwined with its homelier affections, and darker passions. It had forms of ideal beauty, and impersonations of heroic energies. It had household Gods, to sanctify the



feeling of hearth and home ; and funereal rites, that spake of immortality ; tutelary deities, whose common worship united nations ; and store of tales, that hallowed and endeared each common act and usage of life. But it had also bloody sacrifices, and unutterable abominations, and superstitions that confounded guilt and misfortune, and Gods that authorized the passions by which they were made Gods. Nor was the ancient system untainted by that spirit of slavish fear, which is the fertile root of cruelty and madness : far unlike the holy fear which seeks no defence but humility and purity. Such mixture of good and evil proclaims that this religion was the work of man ; deeply sullied with his vices, yet not wholly unredeemed by reflections from his better part.

The tendency of the Greek imagination was to the finite rather than to the infinite ; to physical and visible strength, rather than to obscure and magical power. The simplicity of primitive Gentile faith everywhere beheld the semblance of human agency,

And purposes akin to those of man,  
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.

*Wordsworth's Excursion, b. 3.*

Far unlike that mechanical philosophy which represents nature as inert, and passive ; and scarce less at variance with that vague pantheism, which gives her indeed a soul, but a soul without mind, a force that is spent in its own product, a spirit everywhere diffused, and nowhere concentrated ;—the shaping and vivifying genius of the Greeks attributed a conscious, individual, intelligent life to each and all of her forms, her motions, and her many voices ; and even in her still and changeless masses, her mountains, and rocks, and chasms, it recognized the workings of energies now stunned or in slumber. In the return of seasons, the increase and decrease of tides, and the cycles of the heavens, it discovered a likeness to will, fore-thought, and recollection, and an image of human love and hate in the sympathies and antipathies of bodies.

Even now, when the religion of Grecian bards is only remembered in

their songs, there are some excursive minds who delight to range in its unchecked liberty ; some playful fancies, that take pleasure in repeating the illusions from which it arose ; and some of tenderer natures, that find solace in adopting its forms and phrases, as a guise for thoughts too subtle, and feelings too delicate, to venture forth unveiled. It is a soothing dream, (and who can prove it but a dream?) that the emotions of our hearts, the imaginations that come we know not whence, the whispers that console or awaken, flow from a higher fountain than the dark well of our own individuality ; and yet the instinct of humanity would persuade us, that they proceed from beings that partake enough of human frailty to afford it an understanding and experienced sympathy. True it is, that these conceits will not bear reasoning upon. Like glow-worms or fire-flies, they should be looked at by no light but their own. They bear a closer resemblance to flowers than to pot-herbs ; but their roots are deep in our nature, and their fragrance is "redolent of spring." As articles of faith they cannot be commended ; but yet, they are beautiful fancies : and if they were ever pernicious, they now have lost their venom, and may serve to show how much, and how little, the unaided intellect can effect for itself ; as sometimes the dim outline of the moon appears by day, to inform us how the night is preserved from darkness.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,

Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms, and watery depths ; all these  
have vanish'd :

They live no longer in the faith of reason ;  
But still the heart doth need a language ;  
still

Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And even at this day,  
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

*Schiller's Wallenstein. Part I.*

THESES.

## SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF VALERIUS FLACCUS.

VALERIUS FLACCUS is one, of the few poets of antiquity of whom I do not remember ever to have heard, that any attempt at a translation has been made in the English language. There is no reason why his *Argonautics* should not please us as well as those of Apollonius Rhodius. Some, indeed, have given him the preference to that writer; and one critic in particular, Giambattista Pio, does not scruple to say, that a little gold of his is worth a great deal of the brass of Apollonius, in the same manner as a small pearl is more precious than a quantity of common stones, however large; a cavalier sort of criticism, which Boileau seems to have imitated in what he has said, with no better reason, concerning Tasso and Virgil. The three words so well known, in which Quintilian has spoken of him, are more to the purpose, and are a more valu-

able testimony in his favour: "Multum in Valerio Flacco nuper, amissimus."

The French, in this instance, as in some others, have been more industrious, than ourselves; and it is not one of the instances to which what Burke once said of them can justly be applied: "*Malo morum negligentiam, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.*" They have a translation of Valerius Flaccus by Adolphe Dureau de la Malle, begun before the translator had attained the age of twenty, and continued by him for thirteen years. The version, I believe, is less esteemed than the notes he has added to it.

The following specimen will not have been given in vain, if it shall encourage any of our young writers to supply the deficiency which I have mentioned.

VALERIUS FLACCUS, B. I.

I sing the bark that bore across the main,  
First open'd by her keel, the heroic train;  
Herself prophetic, heeding not the shocks  
Of jutting mountains, or Cymean rocks,  
Undauntedly she breast'd Ocean's roar,  
And shaped her course to Scythian Phasis' shore;  
The voyage ended, and her perils past,  
Destined to light the fields of heaven at last.

Apollo, aid the song; if worthy thee  
I nurse thy much-loved laurel's sacred tree,  
And duly, with pure hands and rites divine,  
Tend the Cymean Sybil's mystic shrine.  
And thou, great sire, obedient to whose prow  
Remoter seas have bade their billows flow,  
When Caledonia, by thy sail explored,  
Own'd midst her wintry depths a Roman lord,  
Indulgent listen; snatch me from the crowd,  
Raise above earth and earth's polluting cloud;  
And, while of long-past ages I rehearse  
The deeds illustrious, favouring, crown the verse.  
Thy own great acts thy offspring shall recite  
(His muse not fearless of so bold a flight),  
Idume vanquish'd, Solyma o'erthrown;  
And, midst her ruins, thy more warlike son,  
All black with dust, and, scattering torches round,  
Dash her last haughty turret to the ground.  
To thee the fane shall rise; his dutious heed  
Shall dress the altar, bid the victim bleed;  
When thou, translated to thy native skies,  
Downward shalt look on Rome with partial eyes.  
Not Helice for Greeks, a surer light,  
Or Cynosure for Tyrians, gilds the night,



Than thou from Sidon, or from Nile shalt guide  
 Our home-bound sailor o'er the foamy tide.  
 Now in thy genial smile let me rejoice,  
 And fill the Latian cities with my voice.

Through many a year had Pelias held the reins,  
 Unquestion'd sovereign o'er Hemonia's plains ;  
 Stern now with age ; the shuddering people's fear ;  
 Of faith, distrustful ; and to crime, severe :  
 His own dark jealousies, by heaven design'd,  
 A fitting torment to his guilty mind.  
 His each fair stream that to the Ionian sea  
 Divides the fertile vales of Thessaly ;  
 Black Hæmus his ; and Othrys, tipt with snow ;  
 And fields that wave beneath Olympus' brow.  
 Yet all sufficed not. Chiefly Jason's worth,  
 In his old bosom, gave suspicion birth ;  
 His brother's son ; and, oracles affirm,  
 His heir and ruin at no distant term.  
 Alarm'd by dire portents and prodigies,  
 New cause of dread the prince's fame supplies,  
 And virtue, charmless in a tyrant's eyes.  
 The fatal day forecasting to prevent,  
 On Jason's slaughter all his thoughts intent,  
 The wily monarch weaves the subtle snares ;  
 Spreads every toil ; each art of death prepares.  
 No broils disturb the neighbouring nations' peace :  
 No monsters stalk amidst the fields of Greece.  
 Across Alcides' shoulders, grinning, flung,  
 Harmless the spoils of Nemea's lion hung.  
 Th' Ætolian bull and Cretan rage no more ;  
 Nor Lerna's serpent dips her jaws in gore.  
 The land from plagues secured ; from perils, free ;  
 The deep alone remain'd, and hazards of the sea.  
 The royal youth he calls ; then smooths his brow,  
 While from his lips the words insidious flow :  
 " A deed awaits thee, that exalts thy name  
 Above thy great fore-fathers' martial fame.  
 Hear me attentive, while the wrong I speak  
 That bids our injured race for vengeance seek.  
 Thou knowst how Phrixus, overwhelm'd with dread,  
 The fury of his father Cretheus, fled ;  
 Him fell Æetes, Scythian Colchis' lord,  
 'Mid the full bowls, and at the shuddering board,  
 (Be veil'd, O sun, while I the fact record,)  
 Pierced through the heart. Nor only rumour bears  
 The impious tale to these afflicted ears ;  
 But oft, when slumber binds my weary limbs,  
 Before mine eyes his mangled image swims ;  
 Startled I hear his ghost lament and weep,  
 And Helle's spirit rouse me from the deep.  
 This frame is stiff with age ; I else had stood  
 Ere now the avenger of our kinsman's blood ;  
 But tardy creeps the current in my veins,  
 Nor yet my son his manly prime attains.  
 Go then, our champion : go, adventurous prince ;  
 Thy worth in counsel as in arms evince.  
 Be thine the Nepheleæan fleece to bring  
 To Græcia home ; nor spare the caitiff king."  
 He ended thus ; and, though the words were bland,  
 Seem'd less to sue for succour than command.

Nor spake he of the dragon, that debarr'd  
Approaches to the fleece with scaly guard ;  
He, who obey'd the royal virgin's hest,  
Roll'd forth his burnish'd folds and flamy breast,  
On her strange notes, suspense and quivering, hung,  
And lapp'd her venom'd treat with many-forked tongue.

The deadly wiles the stripling soon discern'd ;  
His inmost soul with proud impatience burn'd.  
Oh ! for such wings as up th' aërial height  
Led the young Perseus ; or a dragon flight,  
Like his, who first the stubborn furrow broke,  
And for the golden harvest changed the oak.  
“ Thus,” he exclaim'd, “ might I to Colchis far  
Speed my safe course, and end the fated war ! ”  
What shall he do ? the multitude provoke,  
Already grudging at the tyrant's yoke,  
And pitying his father's helpless age,  
At once to rise and in his cause engage ?  
Or shall he face the perils, sure of aid  
From favouring Juno and the blue-eyed maid ?  
Thou, Glory, winn'st the day. He sees thee stand  
Green in immortal youth on Phasis' strand,  
And beckon to her shores with radiant hand.  
The bright award Religion ratifies,  
Stills every doubt, and points him to the skies.

Then stretching forth his arms, he prays aloud :  
“ Great queen of heaven,” he cries, “ whom, when the cloud  
Pour'd down from Jove a desolating storm,  
Had from its basis swept thy hallow'd form,  
Secure to land across Euripus' tide  
I bore ; and dash'd the surging wave aside ;  
Nor knew thee, goddess, till aloft thy frame  
By thy great spouse was rapt in lightning-flame ;  
Then, struck with shuddering horror, awed I stood :  
O, grant me now to reach the Scythian flood.  
And thou, unblemish'd maid, thy succour lend ;  
So on thy rafters shall these hands suspend  
The fleecy spoils ; the gilded horns, my sire  
Will drag along toward thy sacred pyre ;  
And, gay with fillets and with chaplets crown'd,  
The snow-white herds shall low thine altars round.”  
Each goddess hears ; and by a different way,  
Swift gliding downward, leaves the realms of day.  
Minerva hastens to the Thespian walls ;  
There on her favourite Argus straight she calls ;  
Bids him the bark prepare, the forest fell ;  
Herself his leader to the woody dell.  
Through towers Macetian, to her loved abode  
Of Argos, Juno speeds ; and spreads abroad  
Great Æson's son, resolved with ready sail  
To court as yet untried the southern gale ;  
The galley moor'd, and proudly from her stern  
Shouting to haste aboard and deathless glory earn.

All, raptured, own the summons ; all, who claim  
By service past the just reward of fame,  
Or hope by feats of arms in future days  
Their youthful name above the herd to raise :  
Nor those unmoved, whom rural labours hold,  
Who break the furrow or who watch the fold ;

Them the glad Fauns invite, and Dryad powers  
That curl the tendrils of the syrtan bowers:  
"The gallant ship," they sing, "in glory dight,  
With all her colours streams before their sight!"  
The jocund rivers, rushing to the main,  
Lift high their horns, and echo back the strain.

First in her streets the Inachian city sees  
With quicken'd step Tirynthian Hercules:  
Him Hylas follows: easily he bore  
The Hero's bow and shafts, a venom'd store,  
Proud of the freight: the club he fain had grasp'd,  
But scarce his hand the unwieldy weapon clasp'd.  
Accustom'd fury kindles in the breast  
Of Juno, when she spies the unwelcome guest:  
"Oh that this novel labour did not ask  
The flower of Græcia's youth: were this a task  
Set by Eurystheus, then mine eager hand  
Had snatch'd the unwilling thunderer's levin-brand;  
With storm and darkness and sequacious fire,  
Already had I wreak'd my vengeful ire.  
Ill can I brook this partner of our way;  
Or owe to him our glory on the sea.  
Such shame be spared me. Never be it said  
That to Alcides Juno stoop'd for aid."  
She spoke; and on Hæmonia turn'd her view.

There swarm'd along the coast th' impatient crew.  
The forest strews the shore: the woods resound,  
Smit by the glittering axe, and, crashing, nod around.  
The oars are shaped: The Thespian artist frames  
The yielding rafters in the tardy flames.  
With polish'd adze the pine another splits;  
One, plank to plank, with art ingenious, fits.  
Minerva, from the main-mast bends the bow,  
Whence bellying ere long the snowy sail shall flow.

Soon as the subtle wax has closed the sides  
Of the tall bark impervious to the tides,  
Sweet picture's toil its pleasing aid bestows;  
Swell the bold line; the magic colour glows.  
A dolphin rides with Thetis on the waves;  
Her ivory foot the salt-green billow laves;  
Reluctantly to Peleus chambers led,  
She sits; the veil drawn low before her head;  
Seeming as if she scorn'd a mortal's love,  
Nor patient of a son less great than Jove.  
Doto and Panope; the sister-train  
Of Nereids; and delighting in the main,  
Fair Galathea follows: on a steep  
The Cyclops stands and calls her from the deep.  
Next in a coral cave of ocean, spread  
With verd'rous leaf, appears the nuptial bed;  
Reclining midst the sovereigns of the seas  
By his throned bride the great Æacides;  
With wines and banquet the full table prest;  
And Chiron's mellow harp to crown the feast.

Elsewhere the dread dissension mightst thou see  
Betwixt the two-fold race and Lapithæ.  
The guests the shining altars overthrew;  
Poised in mid-air the board and goblets flew.  
Here Phœbe stood: there Rhoetus mad with wine:  
Here Æson's sword and Pelæus' javelin shine.

## PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.

*Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?—Merchant of Venice.*

I HAVE no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the *Tatler*, has in his brief way given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an *Essay* expressly on it. Possibly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in a question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer to the description:—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mad speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common-place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes cursed and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a mass of pleasant fellows, though they may be wise men or madmen, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every other man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good welcome, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others, but these are the distinguishing features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loth to part so soon;—have a boyish geyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject

their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose; but this last is a contemptible, mongrel breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and woman kind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference; taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self-respect, in trifles, to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any; having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercurial-minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence, and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for he has none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the goodly fellowship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds communion, even in thought, with these beatified spirits that

Immoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
And for the testimony of truth have borne  
Universal reproach—

Though worlds  
Judged them perverse—

that looks on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never "back-bone" men; they are never heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarreling is not "their cue;" but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good; I admit, well measured and doled out; but in this they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say, that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination, and looks to the naked reality; the other, with imagination, "aggravates" either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and, to use an apology of Fielding's, "I am not writing a system, but a history, and am not obliged to reconcile every matter." But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is roused only by extraordinary circumstances. But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burthen; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he will not lend a hand, and give the groan to your "three man beetle" labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest,

but has no fancy to "bear the logs the while."

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishments of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; "let the gall'd jade wince, their withers are unwrung;" "let the world go whistle," they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that the man, mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amiability in jeopardy. Yet these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it; and there is no unpleasant shadow either of memory or anticipation to overcast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject "to every skiey influence," but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure and proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity:—a pebble does not bruize because it has fallen on him; he remembers the stoning of Stephen;—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills "that flesh is heir to," and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected to in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to the one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the Battle of Waterloo; to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual people; there is no engrossing passion, no

oppressive thought, no prejudice, and therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimate of unpleasant people, we all give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deduction from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callosity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

It was the pleasant fellow of his time that Ben Jonson described in a very clever Epigram on "The Town's Honest Man:"

You wonder who this is, and why I name  
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:  
Naming so many too! but this is one  
Suffers no name, but a description;

*A subtle thing that doth affections win  
By speaking well o' the company it's in.*

Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal  
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.  
Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and  
wink,

Do all that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,  
Except the duel: can sing songs and  
catches,

Give every one his dose of mirth: *and  
watches*

*Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,*  
And him it lays on;—

The point of some part of this description was confined to the poet's age; but much of it is of universal application, and suited to all times. To watch "whose name's unwelcome to the present ear" is just the reverse of the unpleasant man; who, as people always bear too hard on the follies or vices of others, is sure to be opposed to his company, because he loves truth and justice better than agreement and pleasantry. I

think the Dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*, had a little of the pleasant fellow about him; and the following description will serve to show the character under other circumstances, and in more important situations, than we have yet considered it.

If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarreled with her: if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence, in the hope of amending her failings: but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world.

This is the pleasant Benedict!

It is some proof with me, of the justice of these distinctions, that men's characters are essentially different in their different relations; and even where they are most anxious to be pleasant, they are rarely successful. Few of us have found our fathers pleasant fellows, although many of them, of course, were superlatively so to other people; and I hope our sons will object the same thing to us. The interest we have in our children is too great, the stake is too large, to be sported with; our hopes and fears are perpetually outrunning the occasion; we are the sport of possibilities, and cannot enjoy the real present, from some glimpse of an unreal future; we question how far chuck-farthing and marbles lead to the gaming-table, and our shins ache at foot-ball before the boys are kicked. All this makes strange havoc with our temper—frets and irritates us—whereas, equality and indifference are the sure footing of a pleasant fellow. A man is little fitted, with a thousand such speculations on his mind, to take all things smoothly, and to be himself the centre of sociality.

The turn of thought here might serve, if the occasion were fitting, to hazard a word or two on domestic education. This in brief. It is not enough that a father does on occasion "turn his solemnness out of doors;" he must keep it there. Besides, fathers are not only too "solemn," but too much with their children,



and too full of thought and anxiety ; they are eternally thinking for them, whereas children must think for themselves. They love to feel their own independence. If a father decide for home education, it should be where there is room enough for the boy to lose himself, or rather to lose his father ; where he may get out of the reach of thought, of care, and consequently of danger, for he knows of none that is not pointed out to him. In my opinion, a father has not to try his knowledge, but his nerves, before he undertakes the education of his son ; and if he can see him stagger along a parapet, swing on the rotten branch of a tree, plunge into the water "reeking hot" in the dog days, in fact, hazard limbs and life itself without a word or a hint of caution, he is not only fitted to be pedagogue in his own family, but has many requisites to make a pleasant fellow, there or any where else.

But this little digression has broken in upon my sketch, which I shall

now leave to be filled up by the reader's imagination. Mr. Hazlitt's character is, I think, of a good natured man. How far they have points in agreement I know not, not having read his Essay since its first publication ; but good nature has reference in my view to a deeper feeling, and even to some positive virtue, which, though it may be found in, is not at all essential to, the character of a pleasant fellow. Yet even good nature itself is too profitable a virtue ; it is a venture that hath most usurious return : it is not, nor is it any thing like, *goodness of nature*, which "I take" says Lord Bacon "to be the affecting of the Weale of Men, what the Grecians called philanthropia ;" goodness of nature is, in fact, so far different from good nature, that it is the very nature that sometimes spoils a man's temper :—"that affection for the weale of men" will throw a gloom over the mind, and dash a whole afternoon's pleasantness.

THOMAS.

TO . . . .

O LOVELY maid, though thou art all  
That Love could wish to find thee,  
Of frailties that to charms may fall  
Let modest hints remind thee.  
Beauty's a shadow, Love's a name,  
That often leave together ;  
As flowers that with the summer came  
Will fly the winter weather.

Sweet maid, with youth's fond blushes warm,  
And gently swelling bosom,  
Stealing to woman's witching form,  
Sweet as the bud to blossom ;—  
Be not too vain of Beauty's powers,  
Nor scornful feelings cherish ;  
Thou'rt but a flower, with other flowers,  
That only bloom to perish.

Thou lovely creature, though to thee  
All earthly charms are given,  
And Beauty vainly bids thee be  
What Angels are in heaven ;  
Pity,—thou more than mortals are,—  
Aught mortal should belong thee !  
But Nature made thee, Angel fair,  
And Age awaits to wrong thee.

JOHN CLARE.

## THE SEVEN FORESTERS OF CHATSWORTH,

## AN ANCIENT DERBYSHIRE BALLAD.

[IN presenting this somewhat rude but curious ballad to] the reader, it may be proper to observe, that those who profess to be charmed with truth only, and would wish one to swear to the certainty of a song, will learn with pleasure, perhaps, that tradition has recited, or sung, I know not which, this singular legend for centuries, in the beautiful vale of Derwent, in Derbyshire. It is a tale current in the county. The projecting rock in Chatsworth wood, still bearing the name of the Shouter's Stone, is pointed out by the peasantry as the place on which this famous and successful Outlaw stood and shouted. It overhangs a wild and winding footpath in the Preserve, and in former times, before the wood became so luxuriant, commanded a fine view of the valley, in the midst of which stands Chatsworth-house, the favourite mansion of the ancient and noble family of Cavendish. In the house itself, this tale has sought sanctuary. There is a painting from no less a hand than that of Prince Nicolas, in which a portion of the tradition is sought to be embodied; but the illustrious artist has, with poetical licence, put a gilded horn in the outlaw's hand; and, with a departure from the story, which all lovers of oral literature will deplore, has given to the cavern below a couple of outlaws, who rouse and bestir themselves to the sound of their leader's horn. The ancient oaks of Chatsworth are to be found every where in the valley; and, perhaps, no oaks in England, except those in Sherwood forest, can claim to be their coevals,—they are upwards of a thousand years old.

Chatsworth has many other attractions. The Flower Garden of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scotland, a plat of earth elevated on a squat tower, and guarded with a foss, stands on the banks of the Derwent, within a stone's throw of the house. All around, the hills ascend and recede in woody or naked magnificence; and, indeed, the grandeur of nature is such, that the beautiful mansion is diminished in the contemplation.

Some sculpture, from no common hands, adorns the hall. A statue of Buonaparte's mother, by Canova, has a matron-like simplicity and stateliness; an Endymion, which Chantrey says is one of the most exquisite works of the Roman sculptor, will presently become its companion. A figure from the hand of Chantrey himself may soon be expected to join them.

Moderate rents, a wealthy tenantry, and a happy peasantry, will endear the name of the present generous Duke of Devonshire to many who may not feel the charms of his paintings, his statues, his books, and the rare curiosities of his museum.

An attempt was made to abate the occasional provincialism of the ballad, but the experiment threatened to ravel the entire web, and it was not persisted in.]

1.

The sun had risen above the mist,  
The boughs in dew were drooping;  
Seven foresters sat on Chatsworth bank  
And sung while roes were leaping.

2.

Alas! sung one, for Chatsworth oaks,  
Their heads are bald and hoary,  
They droop in fullness of honour and fame,  
They have had their time of glory.

3.

No stately tree in old merry England  
Can match their antique grandeur;  
Tradition can tell of no time when they  
Tower'd not in pride and splendour.

4.

How fair they stand amid their green land,  
The sock or share ne'er pain'd them ;  
Not a bough or leaf have been shred from their strength,  
Nor the woodman's axe profaned them.

5.

Green, sung another, were they that hour  
When Scotland's loveliest woman,  
And saddest queen, in the sweet twilight,  
Aneath their boughs was roamin'.

6.

And ever the Derwent lilies her tears  
In their silver tops were catching,  
As she look'd to the cold and faithless north,  
Till her eyes wax'd dim with watching.

7.

Be mute now the third forester said,  
The dame who fledged mine arrow  
With the cygnet's wing, has a whiter hand  
Than the fairest maid on Yarrow.

8.

Loud laugh'd the forester fourth, and sung,  
Say not thy maid's the fair one ;  
On the banks of Dove there dwells my love,  
A beauteous and a rare one.

9.

Now cease your singing, the fifth one said,  
And chuse of shafts the longest,  
And seek the bucks on Chatsworth chase,  
Where the lady-bracken's strongest.

10.

Let every bow be strung, and smite  
The fattest and the fairest ;  
Lord Devonshire will taste our cheer,  
Of England's lords the rarest.

11.

String them with speed, the sixth man said,  
For low down in the forest  
There runs a deer I long to smite,  
With bitter shafts the sorest.

12.

The bucks bound blythe on Chatsworth lea,  
Where brackens grow the greenest ;  
The pheasant's safe 'neath Chatsworth oaks,  
When the tempest sweeps the keenest.

13.

The fawn is fain as it sucks its dam,  
The bird is blythe when hatching ;  
Saint George ! such game was never seen,  
With seven such fellows watching.

14.

In the wild wood of fair Dove dwells  
An Outlaw, young and handsome ;  
A sight of him on Chatsworth bank  
Were worth a prince's ransom.

15.

He slew the deer on Hardwick-hill,  
And left the keeper sleeping  
The sleep of death ; late—late yestreen  
I heard his widow weeping.

16.

Now bend your bows, and chuse your shafts,  
His string at his touch went sighing ;  
The Outlaw comes—now, now at his breast  
Let seven broad shafts be flying.

17.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—  
Green was his gallant cleeding ;\*  
A horn at his belt, in his hand the bow  
That set the roebucks bleeding.

18.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—  
O'er a brow so brent and bonny  
The pheasant plume ne'er danced and shone,  
In a summer morning sunny.

19.

The Outlaw came—at his belt, a blade  
Broad, short, and sharp was gleamin' ;  
Free was his step as one who had ruled  
Among knights and lovely women.

20.

See, by his shadow in the stream  
He loves to look and linger,  
And wave his mantle richly flower'd  
By a white and witching finger.

21.

Now, shall I hit him where yon gay plume  
Of the Chatsworth pheasant's glancing ;  
Or shall I smite his shapely limbs  
That charm our maidens dancing ?

22.

Hold ! hold ! a northern forester said,  
'Twill be told from Trent to Yarrow,  
How the true-love song of a gentle Outlaw  
Was stay'd by a churl's arrow.

23.

It shall never be said, quoth the forester then,  
That the song of a red-deer reaver  
Could charm the bow that my grandsire bent  
On the banks of Guadalquiver.

24.

And a shaft he laid, as he spoke, to the string,  
When the Outlaw's song came falling  
As sweet on his ear, as the wind when it comes  
Through the fragrant woodlands calling.

25.

There each man stood, with his good bow bent,  
And his shaft pluck'd from the quiver :  
While thus then sung that gallant Outlaw,  
'Till rung both rock and river :

---

\* *Cleeding*, a word still used in the north of England ; clothing, apparel. South of Germany, *kleidung* ; Islandic, *kleidr* ; Teutonic, *kleid*.

26.

Oh ! bonny Chatsworth, and fair Chatsworth,  
Thy bucks go merrily bounding ;  
Aneath your green oaks, as the herds flew past,  
How oft have my shafts been sounding.

27.

It is sweet to meet with the one we love,  
When the night is nigh the hearest ;  
It is sweet to bend the bow as she bids,  
On the proud prey of the forest.

28.

One fair dame loves the cittern's sound,  
When the words of love are winging ;  
But my fair one's music's the Outlaw's horn,  
And his bow-string sharply singing.

29.

She waves her hand—her little white hand,  
'Tis a spell to each who sees her ;  
One glance of her eye—and I snatch my bow,  
And let fly my shafts to please her.

30.

I bring the lark from the morning cloud,  
When its song is at the sweetest ;  
I stay the deer upon Chatsworth lea,  
When its flight is at the fleetest.

31.

There's magic in the wave of her hand,  
And her dark eye rains those glances,  
Which fill the best and the wisest hearts  
With love's sweet influences.

32.

Her locks are brown—bright berry-brown,  
O'er her temples white descending ;  
And her neck is like the neck of the swan,  
As her way through heaven she's wending.

33.

How I have won my way to her heart  
Is past all men's discernin' ;  
For she is lofty, and I am low,  
My lovely Julia Vernon.

34.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
With a step both long and lordly ;  
When he was aware of those foresters bold,  
And he bore him wond'rous proudly.

35.

Good-morrow, good fellows, all fearless he said,  
Was your supper spread so sparely ;  
Or is it to feast some sweet young dame,  
That you bend your bows so early ?

36.

The world is wide, and the world is broad,  
There's fish in the smallest river ;  
Deer leap on the hill—fowls fly in the air,—  
Was—is—and will be ever.

37.

And now I feast on the ptarmigan,  
 And then I taste the pheasant;  
 But my supper is of the Chatsworth fawn  
 Which my love dresses pleasant.

38.

But to-morrow I feast on yon bonny roebuck;  
 'Tis time I stay'd his bounding;  
 He twang'd his string—like the swallow it sung,  
 All shrilly and sharply sounding.

39.

By my grandsire's bow, said a forester then,  
 By my shafts which fly so yarely,  
 And by all the skill of my strong right hand,  
 Good Outlaw thou lords it rarely.

40.

Seest thou yon tree, yon lonely tree,  
 Whose bough the Derwent's laving?—  
 Upon its top, thou gallant Outlaw,  
 Thou'lt be hung to feed the raven.

41.

So short as the time this sharp shaft flies,  
 And strikes yon golden pheasant—  
 There—thy time is meted, so bid farewell  
 To these greenwoods wild and pleasant.

42.

The Outlaw laugh'd; good fellow, he said;  
 My sword's too sure a servant  
 To suffer that tree to bear such fruit,  
 While it stands on the Derwent.

43.

She would scorn my might, my own true love,  
 And the mother would weep that bore me,  
 If I stay'd my step for such strength as thine,  
 Or seven such charms before me.

44.

I have made my way with this little brown sword,  
 Where the war-steeds rush'd the throngest;  
 I have saved my breast with this little brown sword,  
 When the strife was at the strongest.

45.

It guarded me well in bonny Scotland,  
 When the Scotts and Graemes fought fervent;  
 And the steel that saved me by gentle Nith,  
 May do the same by Derwent.

46.

Fair fall thee, Outlaw, for that word;  
 Oh! Nith, thou gentle river,  
 When a hair, I flew along thy banks,  
 As an arrow from the quiver.

47.

The roebuck run upon thy brace  
 Without a watch or warden;  
 And the tongue that calls thee a gentle stream  
 Is dear to Gentle Gordon.



48.

The Outlaw smiled, 'tis a soldier's saye  
That the Gordons, blythe and ready,  
Ne'er stoop'd the plumes of their basnets bright  
Save to a lovesome lady..

49.

Now by Saint Allan, the forester said,  
And the Saint who slew the dragon ;  
And by this hand that wields the brand,  
As wight as it tooms the flagon ;

50.

It shall never be told of the Gordon's name,,  
Of a name so high and lordly,  
That I took a gallant Outlaw in the toil,  
And hanged him base and cowardly..

51.

I'll give thee the law of Lord Nithisdale,  
A good lord of the border ;  
So take thy bow, thou gallant Outlaw,  
And set thy shafts in order.

52.

And we will go each one to his stance,  
With bows and arrows ready ;  
And thou shalt climb up Chatsworth bank,  
Where the wood is wild and shady.

53.

And thou shalt stand on yon rough red rock,  
With woodbine hung and bracken ;  
And shout three times o'er Derwent vale,  
Till all the echoes waken.

54.

Then loose thy shafts and slay a buck  
Fit for a monarch's larders ;  
And carry him free from Chatsworth park,  
In spite of seven warders.

55.

Do this and live, and I do vow  
By the white hand of my mother,  
I'll smite him low who runs ere thou shout,  
Were he Saint Andrew's brother.

56.

The Outlaw smiled ; good Gordon, he said,  
I'll shout both high and gaily ;  
And smite a buck and carry him off ;  
Tis the work I'm bowne to daily.

57.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,  
Like light his looks did gladden ;  
The sun was shining on Bakewell-Edge,  
And on the heights of Haddon.

58.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,  
He look'd to vale and mountain,  
And gave a shout so shrill, the swans  
Sprung up from stream and fountain.

59.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,  
And shouted shrill and gaily ;  
Till the dun deer leap'd from brake and bower,  
Three miles down Derwent valley.

60.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,  
Looking o'er the vale so narrow ;  
And his voice flew fleet as away from the string  
Starts off the thirsty arrow.

61.

And loudly it rung in Haddon-wood,  
Where the deer in pairs were dernan : \*  
And loudly it rung in Haddon-hall,  
And up rose Julia Vernon.

62.

If ever I heard my true love's voice,  
Tis now through my bowers ringing ;  
His voice is sweet as the wild bird's note,  
When the buds bloom to its singing.

63.

For well I know my true love's voice,  
It sounds so gay and clearly ;  
An angel's voice in a maiden's ear  
Would ne'er drop down so dearly.

64.

She took her green robe in a hand  
White as the opening lily,  
And the morning sun and the lovely maid  
Look'd down on Chatsworth valley.

65.

Around the brow of the high green hill  
The sun's fair beams were twining,  
And bend and fall of the Derwent stream  
In golden light were shining.

66.

The silver smoke from Chatsworth tower,  
Like a peunon broad went streaming,  
And gush'd against the morning sky,  
And all the vale was gleaming.

67.

She gave one look on the broad green land,  
And back her tresses sheddin',  
With her snowy neck, and her bonnie blue eyes,  
Came down from the hill of Haddon.

68.

She saw the wild dove start from its bower,  
And heard the green-boughs crashing,  
And saw the wild deer leap from its lair,  
And heard the deep stream dashing.

69.

And then she saw her own true love  
Bound past by bush and hollow,  
And after him seven armed men  
With many a shout and hollo.

---

\* *Dernan*, concealing. "Abusing and harming his Majesty's good subjects by their darned (concealed) stouths."—Acts of James I. of England. Anglo-Saxon, *dearn-an*.

70.

Oh! had I but thy bow, my love,  
 And seven good arrows by me,  
 I'd make the forest of thy foes  
 Bleed ere they could come nigh thee.

71.

Oh! had I but thy sword, my love,  
 Thy sword so brown and ready,  
 I'd meet thy foes on Chatsworth bank,  
 Among the woodlands shady.

72.

On high she held her white white hands  
 In wild and deep devotion,  
 And locks and lips, and lith\* and limb,  
 Were shivering with emotion.

73.

Nay stay the chase, said a forester then,  
 For when the lion's roaring  
 The hound may hide,—May the raven catch  
 The eagle in his soaring?

74.

Farewell my bow that could send a shaft,  
 As the levin leaves the thunder;  
 A lady looks down from Haddon height  
 Has snapt thy strength asunder.

75.

A lady looks down from Haddon height,  
 O'er all men's hearts she's lordin';  
 Who harms a hair of her true love's head  
 Makes a foe of Geordie Gordon.

76.

The bank was steep,—down the Outlaw sprung,  
 The greenwood-wide resounded;  
 The wall was high,—like a hunted hart  
 O'er it he fleetly bounded.

77.

And when he saw his love he sunk  
 His dark glance in obeisance:  
 Comes my love forth to charm the morn,  
 And bless it with her presence?

78.

How sweet is Haddon hill to me,  
 Where silver streams are twining!  
 My love excels the morning star,  
 And shines while the sun is shining.

79.

She and the sun, and all that's sweet,  
 Smile when the grass is hoarest,  
 And here at her white feet I lay  
 The proud buck of the forest.

80.

Now farewell Chatsworth's woodlands green,  
 Where fallow-deer are derman,  
 For dearer than the world to me  
 Is my love, Julia Vernon.

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\* Lith, joint. Anglo-Saxon, lit.

## BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS,

## No. II.

BEING A SCENE FROM BRITAIN'S GLORY,

*A Comic Opera, in Three Acts, by T—— D——, Esq.*

Dramatis Personæ . . .

{	ADMIRAL ANCHOR,*
	SIR FREDERICK FRIBBLE,
	TOM TOPSAIL,
	CORPORAL CARTRIDGE,
	LUCY LOVELY.

*Scene.*—*A room at Admiral Anchor's. TOM TOPSAIL and CORPORAL CARTRIDGE discovered at a table drinking; one singing Rule Britannia, the other, God Save the King. The CORPORAL has but one eye, one leg, and one arm: TOM TOPSAIL has only one eye, and neither legs nor arms.*

*Tom.* Fill again, my boy, fill again: † our old master, Admiral Anchor, whose niece died in her infancy, ‡ finds us drink; and the least we can do is to find our own toast § to it. 'Tis my turn to give one now.

*Corp.* And suppose you tack a sentiment to it,—'twill all go in our day's work.

*Tom.* Well thought on, old boy; I'll give you—"Old England, and may she always be victorious by land and by sea!"

*Corp.* Huzza!

*Together.* Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Corp.* And she always is victorious. ||

*Tom.* Tom Topsail has done his duty; so now for something from old Corporal Cartridge. And I say,—hand us over something as new as a seventy-four on the stocks.

*Corp.* Something new? Well, let me see: I'll give you—"The King, and all the Royal Family!" \*\*

\* The alliteration is pretty, remarkably pretty. Mr. D—— has done much in this way, but has never succeeded better than in the present instance.

† The student in dramatic literature (for whose improvement these selections are especially intended) cannot too frequently peruse this scene. Mr. D——'s dialogues between crippled corporals, and able and disabled seamen, have been justly praised for their truth of imitation. What, indeed, can be more natural than this scene? I have sometimes listened to similar colloquies at the *Theatres Royal*; and, so perfect has been the allusion, that I have fancied myself sitting in a Wapping pot-house.

‡ To those who are not well versed in the modern drama, this allusion to the Admiral's niece, who died in her infancy, may seem as little necessary here, as an allusion to his great-grandmother, who died before he was born. It is, however, a very ingenious hint, and introduced with considerable art. To a practised spectator it says, as plainly as words can speak—"This niece, who died in her infancy, is in excellent health and condition, as her appearance, at a moment when you least expect it, will convince you."

§ As the author of *Virtue's Harvest Home* has given us dialect for character; so the author of *Britain's Glory* has substituted pun, alliteration, and other turns of words, in the place of turns of thought,—a dull expedient used by Congreve, Sheridan, and a few others, for the purpose of eking out their dialogue. It is said, that the worse a pun is, the better: better than Mr. D——'s cannot be.

|| This is a joke that never fails to entrap the spectators into the bestowal of three good rounds of applause. I have often been in doubt, though, on these occasions (and they are lavished with an unsparing hand in Mr. D——'s operas, &c.), whether we brave Britons are applauding the author or ourselves.

\*\* Cram a child with pastry and sweetmeats till you make him sick, and he will never after put himself in the way of a whipping by stealing tarts. The immoderate quantity of loyalty nightly administered to the public during several seasons, by this author, may have served to ———. I say, that children love tarts till you force them down their throats, and then they would rather eat potatoes.

**Tom.** God bless 'em. That's a trust will never be the worse for wear.—  
Huzza!

**Together.** Huzza! huzza! huzza!

**Corp.** But I say, Master Boatswain, there's bad news in your line to-day.

**Tom.** Bad news? What, I suppose we've taken only twenty of the enemy's ships at a haul?

**Corp.** I wish it was no worse. Eleven French men of war have taken an English cutter.

**Tom.** Avast there, Master Corporal; an English cutter has taken eleven French men of war, you mean.\*

**Corp.** I tell you, 'tis as I say.

**Tom.** Then I tell you, it is a lie—you old blockhead.†

**Corp.** I read it in the Gazette.

**Tom.** Damn the Gazette!—No; I won't damn the Gazette, for it bears the King's arms; and whatever bears the King's arms——; but I see how it is: one of your glims is doused, and you can't read plain with the other.

**Corp.** I tell you I read it—'twas as plain as a general order. Besides, where's the great mischief of it?

**Tom.** Mischief! A loyal subject ask where's the mischief of it! Eleven French ships take an English cutter! Why, the thing's as impossible as to steer without compass or rudder. Pooh! and be damn'd to you. And to tell such a rigmarole to an old sailor who has fought for his king and country. Cartridge, you're a damn'd hard-hearted old rascal.‡

**Corp.** That's unkind; and I'd rather swallow a musket than drink another drop with you.

**Tom.** You have brought the salt water into the eye of an old seaman.  
(*Wiping his eye.* §)

**Corp.** Dam'me, I'm sorry for that. (*Wiping his eye.*)

**Tom.** Are you though? Well, a British sailor can forgive a friend, as well as beat a foe; and there's nothing so bright as the tear of an old soldier who has bled for his king——

**Corp.** Except the tear of a British tar who has bled for his country.

**Tom.** And to shew || that a British tar doesn't bear malice, I'll give you —“Chelsea for ever!”

**Together.** Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

**Corp.** And to shew that a British soldier can forget and forgive, I'll give you—“Greenwich for ever!”

**Together.** Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

(*They come forward.*)

**Corp.** You've seen some service, old boy, and so have I. What a glorious thing is a battle! \*\*

\* Englishmen conduct themselves well whenever called into action, and sometimes, indeed, perform prodigies of valour; but they no where perform such prodigies as in Mr. D——'s pieces.

† This expression is perfectly in keeping with the character. It would be absurd to cavil at it as being coarse and vulgar. Sailors are not *petit-maitres*, and 'tis well 'tis no worse.

‡ This scene is eminently pathetic. In such Mr. D——'s works abound. His Jack Tars, when they are not boasting, are either sentimentalizing or crying.

§ There is a kind of imitation which possesses the merit of originality. This is of that class. Mr. M——'s farmers are perpetually striking their bosoms: Mr. D——'s sailors are perpetually wiping their eyes. A true-born British tar, in the course of one of these three-act comic operas, will shed you “salt-water” sufficient to float his own vessel.

|| And to shew (he might add) that a British tar will guzzle, and find good reasons for guzzling, so long as any one will find him drink.

\*\* Whenever a British tar appears in a comic opera, a description of a battle is inevitable. It need not be made necessary to the progress of the action, nor need it be drawn in naturally by the current of the dialogue; but, as in the present instance, and, as it usually is, it may be lugged in neck and shoulders, whenever the author thinks proper. As, however, it is always effective—that is to say, certain of being applauded

**Tom.** The enemy's fleet bearing down—

**Corp.** The enemy's troops marching up—

**Tom.** Pour in a broadside—

**Corp.** Charge bayonets—

**Tom.** Grape and canister—

**Corp.** Bombs and bullets—

**Tom.** With five sail of the line we attack forty of the enemy—

**Corp.** Two thousand English fall on seventy thousand French—

**Tom.** Take ten ; burn, sink, and destroy twenty ; thirty scud away—

**Corp.** Kill thirty thousand ; make forty thousand prisoners ; fifty thousand fly—

**Together.** Victory ! Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

**Tom.** That was when you lost your eye, Corporal ?

**Corp.** No : My eye I lost with the great Marlborough at Blenheim ; my leg I gloriously left at Waterloo ; and my arm I left fighting by the side of the brave Harry, at Agincourt. † And how came you crippled, Tom ?—Come, tell us all about it.

**Tom.** No, split my timbers if I do. A British tar can beat forty Frenchmen at any time ; but, dam'me, he won't boast. Howsomever, I'll tell you.

#### SONG. *Tom Topsail.*

My name's Tom Topsail : I have seen  
Some service, doubt no one can, ‡  
For nine times round the world I've been  
With Rodney, Drake, and Duncan.  
Brave Jarvis made me cabin-boy,  
Believe me 'tis no story ;  
The boatswain pip'd all hands ahoy !  
And all for Britain's glory.

Old England pip'd her sons to arms,  
Tom Topsail he obey'd her,  
And, joining Drake, in war's alarms,  
We beat the bold Armada.  
I lost a leg : and next I sail'd  
With Nelson, fam'd in story ;  
We beat the foe, and never fail'd ;  
And all for Britain's glory.

To plough the seas again I went,  
Although I had an odd knee,  
And oft the Mounseer's flag I beat  
Along with gallant Rodney.

by the galleries—an experienced writer will leave it to the actor's discretion to introduce it as soon as he perceives the pit and boxes beginning to yawn, or at any period when he discovers indications of a coming storm on the other side of the lamps. On such occasions, a battle and “ British valour ” always beat British common-sense out of the field.

\* Our heroes are killing, burning, sinking, and destroying more ships and soldiers than were engaged in the combat. No matter : it would be absurd to attempt to circumscribe, within the common rules of arithmetic, courage and loyalty so enthusiastic as theirs.

† Unless we are to consider this as a downright anachronism (and our comic operas now and then furnish examples of the use of this licence), the Corporal is a veteran in the fullest sense of the term. On a moderate computation he must be upwards of four hundred years old.

‡ Assuredly not. He helped to beat the Armada in 1588, and fought with Nelson full two centuries later. But, compared with his companion, Tom is a mere infant in the career of arms ; for, as yet, he can hardly be more than two centuries and a half old. It has already been observed, that anachronisms, and similar lapses, are allowable in comic operas ; but if Mr. Topsail sailed round the world with Drake, “ it follows as the night the day,” that “ brave Jarvis ” promoted him to the post of cabin-boy when he was but about two hundred and twenty years of age. After this, let us hear no more complaints of the tardiness of naval promotion.



With him I lost a leg and eye ;  
Said I, " I don't deplore ye,  
Because a British tar will die,  
And all for Britain's glory."

Then next with Howe, in storms and calms,  
I oft the foe did leather :  
A chain-shot took off both my arms  
And t'other leg together.\*  
But soon the doctor set me right,  
As now I stand before ye ;  
My heart is whole, and still I'll fight,  
And all for Britain's glory.

Then, since I've not lost both my glims,  
Kind Fate has spared an odd eye ;  
And though I've lost my precious limbs,  
What then ?—I've got my body. †  
And, should I lose my body too,  
My head shall tell this story,—  
" 'Tis thus a British tar should do,  
And all for Britain's glory."

*Enter ADMIRAL ANCHOR.*

*Admiral.* Softly there, softly ; keep less noise between decks.

*Tom.* We are drinking to the success of old England, my noble Commander.

*Admiral.* Then make less noise about it, and be damn'd to you.

*Tom.* Less noise ! It wasn't your word of command to make less noise when the cannons were roaring aboard the Thunderer. ‡

*Admiral.* We are not aboard the Thunderer now, you lubber.

*Tom.* No ; for aboard the Thunderer Tom Topsail was fighting alongside of you. But Tom's hulk is batter'd, and I suppose he's to be put out of commission.

*Corp.* Aye, Gratitude has shoulder'd arms, and march'd out of the garrison.

*Admiral.* Split my timbers ! a mutiny in the fleet !

*Tom.* Mutiny ! Look'ee, Admiral, I've shed my blood for you ; but run me up the yard-arm, if ever I thought to shed a tear. § (*Wiping his eye.*)

*Corp.* Nor I neither, spike me on a shiver-de-freeze if I did. (*Wiping his eye.*)

*Admiral.* What the devil are you piping at ? Who spoke to you ?

*Corp.* True ; but looke'e, your honour : when a British sailor pipes his eye, 'tis the duty of ev'ry British soldier to pipe his eye also.

*Admiral.* (*Wiping his eyes.*) Dam'me, my old weather-beaten timbers a'nt proof against this. (*Kindly.*) Boatswain.

*Tom.* (*Sulkily.*) What says my noble Commander ?

*Admiral.* Corporal.

*Corporal.* (*As sulkily as Tom.*) Your honour.

\* A very ingenious operation of this chain-shot. But let me check Mr. Tom's accounts. He lost a leg with Drake, a second leg with Rodney, and " t'other leg " with Howe. This then makes the *third* leg he has lost ! But what does that signify to a theatrical British tar ? Besides, one can never suffer too much in defence of one's king and country.

† And a very ample salvage too, for a tar of such determined courage and loyalty. But after his boast of what his head should do, even should he lose his body, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of Witherington, of Chevy-chace celebrity. Tom, however, is a mere pigmy, compared with some others of Mr. D———'s heroes.

I will take this occasion to mention as a general rule, that when a British audience is to be drugged with clap-trap loyalty, and boasts of British valour, British generosity, or British any thing else, the dose cannot be too strongly administered.

‡ A foremast-man abusing his admiral, forms a true picture of naval manners ; at least it passes for such on the stage. It is now, perhaps, a little the worse for use.

§ More naval pathetic.

*Admiral.* I've wrong'd you; and a British admiral is not too proud to own it. Come, fill a bumper, lads. Here's "Gratitude: and may the man that is without gratitude never sail in his right latitude."

*Tom.* } Long life to your honour!  
*Corp.* }

*Admiral.* Ah! lads, and I might still be happy, if my poor niece ——

*Tom.* Aye, Miss Lovely, who died in her infancy. But come, your honour mustn't think of that. *(A scream heard.)*

*Admiral. (Agitated.)* Tom! that scream!

*Tom.* 'Twas very like!\* Should it be. But make all sail for the port a-head, and leave me plenty of sea-room.

*(ADMIRAL retires into a room at the side—CORPORAL walks up the stage.)*

*Enter LUCY LOVELY (running), followed by SIR FREDERICK FRIBBLE.*

*Lucy.* Save me! save me!

*Sir F.* Why do you fly me, my charmer? I have four spanking greys, that shall gaily gallop us to Gretna-green. Let me be your *beau*; the blacksmith shall fasten the matrimonial *knot*; and I shall come back to London with an additional—*rib-on*.

*Lucy.* Leave me, monster, nor longer persecute me.

*Sir F.* Well, my frisky filly, if you've the folly not to follow freely, Frederick Fribble would feel it foolish not to force you.† So here goes. *(Takes her arm.)*

*Tom.* Avast there, pirate: fire a shot at that little cutter, and I'll pour a broadside into you.

*Corp.* Leave him to me: what can you do who have neither legs nor arms?

*Tom.* The duty of a British sailor.

*Sir F.* Stand out of the way, you great sea-bear. Do you know who I am?

*Tom.* No; but I know that a female is a woman, and it is the duty of a British tar to protect a woman in distress.‡ So surrender your prize, and make all sail out of an enemy's port. If you stay you'll buy a rabbit.

*Sir F.* Then I'll go, and buy a brush. This *tar* is above my *pitch*. *(Exit.)*

*Lucy.* Pr'ythee don't run after him.

*Tom. (Pointing to his wooden legs.)* A British sailor scorns to run.§

*Lucy.* Thanks, my brave deliverer. Pardon this intrusion. Alighting from the Plymouth Telegraph, the monster accosted me (*ADMIRAL appears listening*); he would have forced me to accompany him; I fled; he followed; perceiving this door open, I entered to avoid him: you know the rest. But, where am I?

*Tom.* Aboard the good ship Admiral Anchor.

*Lucy.* Good Heavens! my uncle! Extraordinary adventure!||

*ADMIRAL (rushing forward).*

*Admiral.* Yes, Lucy, your uncle, who has so long mourned your death. Image of your departed mother! *(They embrace.)* But more of this anon.

*Tom.* Never a more unlooked for ship than this came into harbour; and come what may of it —— 'tis all for BRITAIN'S GLORY.

*End of the Scene.*

\* Like the scream of the Admiral's niece who died in her infancy. The modern drama abounds in recognitions equally probable.

† Alliteration is the beauty by which (next to pun) Mr. D——'s style is distinguished. In the art of punning he is not without rivals, and (I am forced to admit) dangerous rivals too; but in alliteration he reigns alone.

‡ This sentiment is sufficient to save a play on the very brink of damnation. *Probatum est.*

§ Ditto.

|| Perfectly natural and probable; and, in the modern drama, nothing more common.

## The Twelve Tales of Lyddalcross.

## TALE SECOND.

## HONEST MAN JOHN OCHILTREE.

A gay young lad frae Locherben  
 Came galloping late to our gate en,  
 He doft his hat an' came bouncing ben ;  
 Saying maiden I come to wooe.  
 His brow was brent, his glance was gleg,  
 A shaw-white skin an' a wanton leg,  
 A gallant young lad quo' I by my feg ;  
 He's welcome here to wooe.

Aboon the fire upon the bink,  
 He had bread to eat an' wine to drink,  
 But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink  
 Till he was warm and fou ;  
 Syne by the hand I have him ta'en,  
 Ye coldrife lover now get ye gane,  
 I'd liefer lie a year my lanc,  
 Than lie an hour wi' you.—*Old Scottish Song.*

Thy tale of Elphin Irving, said a hale and ruddy old man to me, whose singular knack in relating adventures, chiefly of a joyous and festive kind, had rendered him a welcome visitant to the Portioner of Lyddalcross ; thy tale, said this patriarch in narratives, is veritable doubtless, I have heard snatches of it said or sung myself while wandering about the country.

But ye have steeped it so deep, young man, in the dark stream of superstition, that ye have fairly drowned the tale and the hero of it together. Now, touching fairies and elves, and elf-candles, and water-spunkies, and wraiths, and ghosts, and goblins, and foul fiends horned or cloven-footed, and witches, and wizards, and familiar spirits, I have suffered more from a bed of wet sacks in a farmer's barn, than from all the invisible dwellers of the earth or the air. For save the sinful forms clothed in flesh and blood, nought else has ever disturbed the peace of honest old John Ochiltree: nevertheless, some of the early hours of my life have been devoted to curious adventures, any of which falling from the lips of one who has a natural grace of utterance might move you to mirth ; from my lips they will only move you to commiseration.

The old man adjusted his wallet, or traveling knapsack, stood perpendicularly up, and combing his white locks several times with his fingers, commenced his narrative with some-

thing of a look and tone at once arch and grave. I was not always, said he, an old man with a lank leg and hoary head: there was a time before I took to this pleasant life of wandering from house to hall, cheering the dames of the district with my grave look and my merry tale. I was then young, my locks were black, and my leg was firm, and I could have pitched a bar, or played on the fiddle, with any youth in the land. But a sad cough which I caught among the damp broom on Quarrelwood-hill, hearkening a sectarian sermon, plucked strength and spirit down, and drove me to the country to win the bread by my wit which I should have won by the sweat of my brow.

The adventures I shall relate commenced with my seventeenth year: I had learned to sing and also to dance ; but nature, which lavishes so many notable gifts, denied me that ready and familiar grace of address which wins its way to woman's regard: I conversed with the maids, whom the music of the fiddle surrendered to my company, with such manifest confusion, and even alarm, that they soon reckoned me a creature equally uncouth and ungracious, and I was subjected to abundance of scorn, and caprice, and wit, when I endeavoured at gallantry. The maidens, when I led them to the floor, would examine me from head to foot, with an eye sparkling in malicious wit ; and even their grandmother

regarded me with a glance of the most mortifying compassion. It was sometimes a matter of rivalry among the girls to obtain my hand : to dance with such a cutter of uncouth capers, such a marvelous piece of human imperfection as me, was made a matter of boast and a subject for laughter ; and any expressions of respect or love which I hazarded were parodied and distorted into all that was absurd and ridiculous by these capricious spirits. They all seemed to possess, for my mortification and sorrow, a talent for humour and ridicule which broke out on every occasion. I became the most exalted personage in the parish, if my merit might be estimated by the notice I received, and to this " bad eminence " I was raised by the wit, and the fun, and folly of women.

To one of those meetings at the conclusion of harvest, which, taking farewell of autumn, welcome the winter with drinking and dancing and all sorts of rustic festivity, I was about this time invited. I drest myself out for the occasion in my newest dress, and in the vanity of my heart I counted myself captivating. My aunt assisted me much in this ; she possessed an antique taste, and so far back did her intelligence in apparel reach, that she sought to revive, and that on my person, the motley dress of the minstrels at the ancient border tournaments. One mistake was, that I had no turn for poetry, so I was soon doomed to endure the malice of verse without the power of inflicting it on others ; and another was, that I had nothing of a romantic turn about me, so that the dress sat on me with an evil grace. To the dance, however, I went, waving my right arm gallantly as I marched along, and looking oftentimes back at my shadow in the moon-light ; the luminary I could not help thinking neglected to do justice to my form, but that planet is certainly the most capricious of all the lesser lights. I was received with a general stare ; and then with a burst of universal and spontaneous mirth. The old men surveyed me with looks in which compassion struggled with curiosity, but the maidens gathered about me, commended the head that imagined my dress, and the hand that fashioned it ;

the young men joined in this praise with a gravity which I mistook for envy, and the roof rocked and rang to another peal of laughter.

The fiddler, wholly blind, and seated apart from this scene of merriment and mortification, seemed incensed to think that any one should be the cause of mirth but himself. He stayed his hand, laid down his instrument, and while he rosined his bow enquired what all this laughter meant. " Thy curiosity shall be gratified," said a wicked young girl, and taking my unreluctant hand, she led me up to this producer of sounds, and guided his hand to my person. He felt my dress from head to heel, vowed by his bow he had never touched a garment of such rich device as my coat, swore by his fiddle my bonnet was worth all the money his instrument had ever earned, and hoped I would leave the land before I ruined the mystery of thairms, for there was no need of instrumental mirth where I came. And dismissing me with a suppressed laugh, for open merriment might have diminished his evening's gain, he recommenced his music, and the discontinued dance began.

My torment now commenced : the lasses danced round me in a ring. I had the misfortune to be so much in request that I was never off the floor ; though I danced six and thirty reels without lett or pause ; and though the drops fell from my brows like rain : I saw no end to such perpetual capering. This ridiculous exertion is still remembered among the dames of Annandale ; and I lately heard a girl reproach her lover with his listlessness for mirth, saying, " when will ye dance six and thirty reels like daft John Ochiltree ? " I grew an inch taller with this proof of my fame. All this was to come to an end. The blind fiddler had been smit in his youth with the disease of tune-making : he had mingled the notes of half a dozen tunes together, from which he extracted a kind of musical square root, and this singular progeny he was desirous of baptizing ; much it seems depends on having a fine sounding name. At present, he was hesitating between " Prince Charles's Delight," or " Duke William's Welcome," when a peasant demanded the tune, " the new tune, plague on't,

the tune without a name." "A tune without a name," said a girl, "cannot ye christen it, man, here fiddler, play up "*Honest Man John Ochiltree*." A shout of laughter succeeded: "a noble name by my faith," exclaimed many voices at once, and the new name was shouted by an hundred tongues to the infinite mortification of the fiddler and me: our vanity was wounded. The name of the tune was fixed as unalterably as the laws of the Medes, and from that hour forward it haunted me through life; while the popularity of the air was increased by the noises which a rustic minstrel soon caused to jingle in rude chorus to the air. Thus I got the name of "*Honest Man John Ochiltree*," and the story was a winter's laugh to the parish.

But there is no sour without its sweet: all this had been witnessed by a farmer's daughter, whom the pursuit of many lovers had not rendered capricious, and who thought she perceived in the patience with which I endured all this musical persecution the materials for making a quiet and tractable husband. She trod on my foot returning from a hill-preaching, and apologized with so much grace, that I thought her the fairest maiden of the whole valley; and after touching on the sermon, and quoting the Song of Solomon, we parted with a mutual promise of meeting in her father's barn at midnight. I was punctual to my tryste, and so accurate was the devout maiden, that the clock struck twelve as she turned the key in the granary door. She opened a little wicket and let in the summer moonlight, and seating ourselves on two inverted bushels, we sat in collateral splendour, side by side, amid the silent light of the luminary.

I looked at the maiden, who kept looking on the opposite wall with an aspect of demure but arch composure, and seemed to count the stones of which it was built. Had I been afflicted with the cureless evil of verse making, I had now a matchless opportunity of displaying my gift. The silence of the place,—the glow of the moon,—the beauty of the maiden, Mary Anderson by name, her white hands clasped over a whiter bosom, her locks a glistening and a golden brown, escaping from the

comb, descending in ringlets down her left cheek and shoulder, and taking a silvery or a golden hue as they moved to her breath amid the pure moonlight! This was my first attempt at courtship. I trembled much, and the words of love, too, trembled on my tongue. Let no man sit many minutes silent in the presence of his mistress: he will be forgiven for folly, for more serious offences, but never for silence. Had I made my debut in darkness, I think I should have spoken, and spoken; too, with much tenderness and true love. But the fault lay with the moon, plague on the capricious planet: I never see her fickle light glimmering through the chink of a barn wall, but I think on the time when I lost my first love through her influence. We sat mute for the space of a quarter of an hour; and I had nearly vanquished my aversion to the moon's presence, when an owl rested from her flight on the roof above us for a moment, and just as the words had assembled on my lips, uttered a long and melancholy "*whoop hoo*." I wished not to pitch the tone of courtship by a sound so ominous, and remained mute. I mustered my resolution again, and the first word (I would give the world to remember what word it was) was actually escaping from my lips, when a sucking-calf lowed, perhaps for its dam, in a stall near us, and the voices of the four and the two footed animals were blended so curiously in utterance, that a judge of natural music would have found difficulty in awarding to each their own proper notes. This was a sound much more mischievous than the voice of the owl: the maiden, devout as she was, could not suppress a smile, and rising, said, "I think we know enough of one another's minds for one night," and vanished from my side; so I closed my first night's wooing. I once had the courage to propose to her the endurance of another vigil, she set her hands to her mouth, and "*whooted out whoots three*:" we never met again.

But I was an inextinguishable lover. I disciplined my mind, pampered up my courage, and having, as I hoped, inured myself to the sharp encounter of female wit, boldly resolved to go in quest of an adventure.

I have traveled much in the world; but all parts of the earth are surpassed by Scotland in the amorous spirit of its peasantry: there a maiden has many lovers, and a peasant many mistresses: adventures equaling those of romance are encountered; and the effusion of men's blood, as well as maiden's tears, not unfrequently follows those nocturnal excursions. I walked resolutely abroad, and hoped the achievement of some notable adventure. For some time I was without success; but at last a long stream of light from a farmer's window led me up to the casement, within which I observed his eldest daughter, a gay damsel of eighteen, couched on the watch, and waiting the approach of some happy wooer. She opened the window when I appeared, but seeing a form she had not hoped for, stood holding the sash in her hand, pondering whether she should take the earliest blessing which heaven had sent in human shape.

At this moment her expected lover appeared, a spruce youth from the neighbouring city, pruned and lathered, and scenting the way with musk and frankincense. The maiden wrung her hands with vexation: her wit could not deal with more than one at a time; and as I was never of a quarrelsome nature, and had an aversion to intrude upon true love, I turned suddenly to retreat. The young man started off too, and as my road lay the very way he ran, he imagined I pursued him with some sinister intention, so he augmented his speed; I still gained on him; a lake was in the way: I have ever had an affection for running water since it received my rival in its bosom, plump over head and ears, with a dash that startled the wild ducks for a mile round. He swam through like an evil spirit, while I returned to his mistress, and found her holding the casement open, perhaps for the successful lover, so I leaped gaily into the chamber; and, seated by the maiden's side, began to hope I was conquering my fate.

The night, gloomy before, became ten-fold darker now; the wind, accompanied by heavy gushes of rain, shook window and door, and raised in the chimney top that long and melancholy whine which so many of the peasant reckon ominous. The night

waxed wilder and wilder, and to augment the tempest, the fires flashed and the thunder roared in such rapid succession, that the walls of the chamber appeared in continual flame; and the furniture shook and clattered. Now I have heard of lovers who considered a stormy tryste night as a kind gift of fortune, and who could enlist the tempest which "roared and rustled" around them into the service of love, and compel it to make a pathetic supplication in their behalf to an unmerciful mistress. I never liked these cloudy influences; and instead of making a vessel of elemental commotion, it always made a servant of me; a high wind and a storm, accompanied by thunder and fire, made me quiver and quake. I gave ample proof on this unfortunate night of my submission to the genius of the blast: the maid laid her white arm round my neck; and when she was soothing my terrors with soft words, the door of the chamber opened and in gilded her mother, saying, "lassie are ye wakin'?" To find a lover in her daughter's chamber was perhaps neither uncommon nor unexpected; but to find a new face, to find me, "honest man John Ochiltree," whose name was doomed to descend to posterity at the top of a ridiculous reel tune, the disclosure was to be dreaded; so the subtle maiden, unloosing a comb from a thick fleece of long auburn hair, threw such a profusion of ringlets over my face as nearly suffocated me; waving her hand at the same time for her mother to retire.

The prudent mother, however, advanced, saying, "bless me, lassie; this is a fearful night to have love-trystes and wooster-daffin in. I have trysted on mony a queer night myself, but on none that equaled this; yet I think nae the waur of the lad who keeps his faith on a night that makes the wide world tremble." The daughter still waved her hand, but the dame was not to be daunted; and thus she persisted: "but Jenny, my bonnie bairn, when will ye put an end to these dallyings; no that I would have ye to make your election rashly, in the calf-love, as the rude proverb says, for ye're young and no at the end of your teens till the bud be on the bush; but when will ye quit these dallyings, I say, and



single out a discreet husband and a devout? Ye have rich lovers, more than one or two, yet set not thy heart on the siller, lass, though I would hardly counsel ye to wed without it. A loving lad in lilly white linen looks weel enough in a fule sang, but give me the lad with bills and bonds, and good set siller, who can fill and fetch mair. Yet make not gowd a god in the choice of thy heart, though to give ye mair for a bridal-tocher than three hundred pounds, and put ye into a fu' farm, is what I wadnae counsel thy father to do." The daughter still waved her mother to be gone, but the covering of my face excited the good dame's suspicions, and she resolved to see me face to face, though it might diminish the amount of Jenny's admirers.

No resolution was ever carried more quickly into execution. "But Jenny, woman, what ails the lad that he hides his face; if he has nae a face worth looking at, he's no a lad for thee. And I ken not a lad in the parish who might wish to hide his head, except that daft chield, Jock Ochiltree—Jock Gomerall would suit him better: his grand-dame was burnt for a witch at the west bowport of Edinburgh, and if the grandson was burnt for a fool there would be no waste of fuel on the family." And removing a handful of her daughter's hair as she spoke, she saw me, and shouted, till her voice fairly exceeded the tempest that still raged without: "Nay, but the Lord preserve me! his presence be near! here's that gaping goose, Jock Gowk himself; for my lips I wadnae defile with his name, much less my arms with his person. Oh, to think that ever thy mother's daughter thought of lending credit to such a race, or bearing a bonnie bairntime to a born gomerall. Out of my house, I say, out of my house; start, else I shall write the notes of thy ain tune on thy face, seven crotchets to the bar." "O mother," said the submissive daughter, "turn not the poor lad out on such a night as this: the thunder and fire, the flash and the din will kill him; for he shakes at every clap like the leaf o' the linn." "Na, worse than all," shouted the dame, in a tone where scorn was blended with anger; "na, worse than all: to be but a fool is no such a failing; there's Captain

what's his name? whose whole wit lies in feeding capons, and who is hardly fit for watching the worms from the kale, yet he's made a justice o' the peace: but what can one do with a coward? I'm wasting words; I'm whistling a reel tune to a milestone: out of my house, I say; I will not defile both window and door with thee, so leap and vanish." And holding up the casement, I leaped gladly out, happy at escaping from the wicked wagging of her tongue into the more endurable evil of wind, and rain, and fire.

This unlucky repulse, with many a mischievous embellishment, flew over the parish; but I was not to be daunted. On the third evening after this mixed adventure of good and evil, I made an excursion beyond the limits of my parish, and entered upon the wild moorlands, where the dwellings are few and far between. A young man finds ready access among marriageable maidens; so I soon found myself seated at a sheep farmer's fire, in company of the good man's only daughter, a maid both ripe and rosy, with her father and mother, and some fifteen sheep dogs, as auditors of our conversation. At first, our talk was of that kind which newspapers call desultory; the weather, with all its variations; the fruits in their season; and the cattle after their kind; and contracting the circle of our scrutiny as we proceeded, we at last settled upon the cares of a pasture farm. We talked of sheep after their sorts, the Cheviot breed, the auld stock of Tinwald, the lang sheep and the short mug ewes, gimmers, crocks, and dinmans; nor did we fail to discuss the diseases which preyed on this patriarchal wealth; mawks and moor-ill, rot and leaping-illness; and so extensive was my knowledge in all this, and also on the more mysterious mischief of "evil e'en," elf-arrows, and witchcraft, that the old dame grew astonished and whispered to her husband: "This lad's words are worth drops of gold; speak him cannilie, Sandie, speak him cannilie." Her daughter, too, had her own thoughts: she appeared to employ herself with the intricacies of a skein of thread, but contrived at every motion of her hand to steal a glance at me from beneath a thick mass of natural curls which rived in density, and nearly

in colour, the fairest fleece of any of her father's flock. Her hand, too, unwittingly paused in its work, and shed back the curls from her ears that she might hear more accurately my ideas of fire-side economy and joy. The old man alone seemed slow in entering into the prospect of wedding his daughter's visible wealth to one whose chief substance was speculative. He sat solacing his thoughts with a scheme which had no connexion with my happiness. I saw something sinister in his looks; I heard him utter many a dry and dubious cough as his wife urged his admission of me as a suitor; and perceived, like the half hope of bliss held out by the Puritans, that I might be elected but should never be chosen.

At this moment the latch of the door was lifted, and a human figure tottered in, leaning twofold over a staff polished like glass with long use. It was a neighbouring moorland farmer, and a suitor to the maiden. He was dressed, or rather encumbered with cloaths which in the shape of two coats, a large one and a less, showed the antique skill of cloth-cutting at the time of the Scottish persecution. Over all these a large plaid extended, and a bonnet that nearly overshadowed the plaid crowned the whole. He removed this last mentioned article, and displayed a face as sharp and biting as a northern frost, and a couple of small keen and inquisitive grey eyes which seemed only acquainted with arithmetical calculation. He smoothed back his locks which seemed to have long rebelled against the comb, and casting his eyes over us, said with a prefatory cough; "Hale be thy heart, goodman, and happy be thine, goodwife, and merry may thine be, Penney, my winsome quean, mair by token I have sold seven score of dinmans, every cloot, and all to buy thee a bridal garment, lass, and a horse to ride on to the kirking; the fellow of whilk ye'll no find from Annan to Nith. But who in the name of all that's holy can this strange tyke be," said this venerable gallant, casting a look of no great delight on me, "his dress would scare the sheep, so he can be no shepherd; and he seems to lack wit to watch the hooded crows from his flock, so he cannot be wealthy;"

and with this unceremonious notice of me, he drew in a chair by the side of the maiden, and stroked down her innumerable curls with his hand, which smelled of tar equal to the suffocation of any town damsel. She smiled, for the smell was frankincense to her; the ancient suitor smiled also,—a smile, rivaling that of a death's head on a grave-stone, and said, "Well may ye laugh, lassie; that's the right hand that lays on the tar with mair skill than the proudest man in Tiviotdale, and has more flocks to lay tar on, lassie,—seventy score of brood ewes; but why need I brag? a man may ride a summer-day on my farm and no get far over the boundary." I sat confounded at this display of opulence, which I saw had a strong influence on the maiden's heart, while her father drawing near her, whispered; "Take him, Penney, take him, he's a rich man and well arrayed, he has two tsp-coats and a plaid on."

The shepherd maiden looked on this antiquated suitor and she looked on me, but the glow which unrequited love spread over a face of eighteen barely balanced the matter against territorial wealth and its grey-bearded owner. I had no resource save in youth and health, but my adversary came armed in the charms and might of property, and my more modern looks made but a poor battle against the appeal which riches made to maiden vanity. "Foolish lassie," said my rival, in a tone which sounded like the first shovel-full of churchyard earth thrown on the lid of a coffin, "Foolish lassie, why makest thou thy bright een glance from side to side on this stripling and me, as if thou would'st weigh us in a balance? Who is this raw youth thinkest thou? The owner of his own proper person, the laird of no-town-brae, as the proverb says, and lord of windywa's, as singeth the auld sang. He may wooe you with fine words, but will he drop a bonnet piece of beaten gold in thy lap for every sigh he gives? he may please thee with his face, and, bating that he looks like a fool, his looks are well enough; but can he cast cantraips over ye as I can do? can he scatter golden spells and paper charms in thy lap, and make ye lady of as mickle land as a hood-

ed crow will fly over when he seeks to prey on the earliest lamb of spring?" And as the old man spoke, he produced from the nook-pouch of his plaid a kind of wallet of rough calfskin, secured with many a strap and string which he unloosed with a kind of prolonged delight, and then diving into the bosom of this mouldy sanctuary of Mammon, fished up the remains of an old stocking. "Haud thy lap Penney, my woman," said the owner, and he emptied with a clang into the maiden's lap upwards of an hundred antique pieces of Scottish gold, which avarice had arrested in their circulation before the accession of the house of Stuart. "There's as much as will array thee for the bridal, and here's documents for property which I will give thee the moment the kirk buckles us." An old piece of leather, which the diligence of the owner had fashioned from a saddle-lap into a pocket-book, supplied him with sundry papers, which he described as he submitted them to her examination. "That's a haud-fast bond on the lands of the laird of Stoken-drouth for seven hundred pounds Scots, a sure siller; that's the rights of the lands of Knockhoolie, thirty-five pounds yearly, and ye'll be called the dame of Knockhoolie, a bonnie title and weel sounding." But why should I prolong a story of which all who hearken must know the upshot? I saw the wicked speed that Mammon made in the maiden's affections, and sat dumb-founded and despairing. Her look, which was one of grave consideration at first, gradually brightened and expanded; she looked at the riches and she looked at him; and said, "But I'm to have the cheese-siller, and the siller for the udder-looks; a riding habit brown or blue, or one of both; a grey horse and a side saddle. I am to gang to the two fairs of Dumfries, the St. James's fair of Lanark, to the Cameronian sacrament, and to have a dance at our house twice a year, once at Beltane and once at Hallowmass." "All shall be as thou sayest, Penney, my princess," said her lover, interrupting, probably, a long list of expected luxuries; "so name the bridal-day." My vexation now exceeded all bounds of decorum, and I spoke: "I would counsel ye to

name the day soon, for the bridegroom has not an hour to lose; the bridal cups will barely be dry before they're lacked for his lyke wake; he has little time to spare." The bride, as I may safely call her, laughed till her eyes were wet, and said, "Well spoken, young man, that's the most sensible thing ye have said this blessed night, and so, as there is no time to be lost, ye say, let us be married on Saturday; let the fault fall on the lag end of the week." For this mention of early joy the bridegroom endeavoured to inflict the penance of a kiss on the lips which uttered it.—"Haud off," said the damsel, "filthy body, ye stink of tar; bide off till the blessing's said, till the meat be consecrated; go home and nurse your breath, for it's wondrous feeble." I now rose to depart, the bride conducted me to the door, and endeavoured to console me in a departing whisper: "This is Monday,—I'm to be wed on Saturday,—let me see,—my father and mother will be frae hame on Thursday, so come owre here in the braw moonlight, and let us have an hour's running round the haystacks, and daffin in the darksome nooks. Auld Worlds-worm,—Auld Simon Setsiller,—him there with the twa tap coats and the plaid on, wha has not as much breath as would bless his breakfast, he'll ne'er be the wiser on't: what he disnae ken will give him no manner of trouble." We parted, but we met no more.

After this unsuccessful inroad on the moorlands, I resolved to push my fortune no farther without some more sensible assurance of success. I was, therefore, on the look out for the young and the handsome: I frequented fairs with the fidelity of a horse dealer; attended all the merry-makings round with the punctuality of a fiddler; and went devoutly to the kirk with the regularity of an ancient maiden whose thoughts had been weaned, by the counsel of acting bones and the eloquence of wrinkles, from free love to religion. But I was doomed to every species of mortification and repulse, and had actually in despair procured a copy of the register of maidens' baptisms in the parish, with the serious resolution of courting them regularly forward according to their seniority of claim,

when the wheel of fortune turned up one of her brightest spokes.

As I sat pondering on my luckless lot, a slender fair-haired girl of fourteen, the daughter of a respectable and opulent farmer, came gliding like a sylph to my side, and, with a manner conscious and sly, said, that her father and her mother were gone to a bridal, and that her elder sister, Bess, desired my company to curds and cream, and to help her to while away the fore night. Now her sister was one of the merriest and rosiest girls in the district; had a dancing foot and a fine ankle, and a voice which lent a grace to old songs which the best of your theatrical quaverers fail to impart. I need not say that her invitation charmed me: I lavished ribbons, as well as thanks, on the bearer of this pleasing news, and passed my hand over her long and curling hair, saying, "An thou be spared, some lad will sigh at his supper for thee yet." She set out a fair chin and a white bosom to the motion of my hand, and seemed perfectly aware, though young now, that she would be older in summer. She tripped to the door, and looking back with an archness of manner, and a roguish glance of her eye, said, "Ye might have done waur than given me a kiss to carry to my sister, and ane to myself for carrying it," and uttering a loud laugh as she saw me rise to follow, away she bounded as light and graceful as a woodland fairy. An old beggar woman looked after her as she fled, and shook her crutch at her: "Ah, thou young wanton, I heard thy words: they who learn young learn fair, and it's worse to keep the kitten frae the kirk than the auld cat; but see what it all comes to; a lamiter's crutch and an awmous-powk: nought will be a warning!" and the old woman groaned bitterly as she halted along at the memory of merrier days.

I was true to tryste, and turned my steps to the farmer's residence a little after twilight; the windows were gleaming with light, and the din of merriment resounded far and wide. My fairy messenger met me at the door, and standing on tiptoe, whispered in my ear, "Come away, ye have been lang looked for: there's naeboddy here but Jock Gordon of

Goosedub, Rab Robson of Rowan-tree-burn, and Davie Wilson of Ballacraig; ye ken all the rest except the young laird of Moorburn and his cousin, whom men call Daunerig John." I entered, and found my knowledge was much more limited than the girl imagined; the farmer's hall was filled with strange faces, for three parishes round had each sent its contribution of youthful flesh and blood.

Ten came east, and ten came west,  
And ten came rowing o'er the water;  
Twa came down the long dike side,  
There's twa and thirty wooing at her.

But if the heroine of Tintock-top rivaled bonnie Bess in the amount of her wooers, I question if she excelled her in the native tact and good management with which she kept in subordination so many fiery and intractable dispositions. We were all seated round a large table, at the head of which the maiden herself presided, distributing her glances among her admirers with an equal and a judicious diligence. Curds and cream, and tea, were in succession handed round; she partook of both, uniting in her own person the pastoral taste of the mountains with the refinement of the vales: songs were sung; she assisted in the strain, and her voice was sweet and delightful; and thus the evening hours flew by. But amid all this show of harmony and good fellowship, an experienced eye might observe, by the clouding brow and restrained joy of many, that the breeze of love which blew so soft and so balmy would soon burst out into tempest and storm. It is certainly a hazardous policy in such matters to collect a number of admirers face to face: in the silent darkness of a solitary tryste, the lover imagines himself the sole, or at least, the favoured admirer, and after breathing a brief vow, and tasting the joy of a half-yielded kiss, he returns home, leaving his mistress to the nocturnal hardihood and superior address of a more artful lover. But seated with your rivals at your side, your jealousy of affection rises in arms against your peace, and you begin to sum up the hours you have been blessed in her company, and to multiply them by the number of

her admirers, conceding in despair a fractional part of affection to yourself, while it is plain your rivals have reveled in round numbers. There is no temper can long endure this; and it seemed plain that my fellow suitors regarded our meeting as a general field-day,—a numbering of the people, that she might wonder over the amount of her admirers and the force of her own charms.

Conversation began at last to flag, and silence ensued. "For my own part," said an upland shepherd, "I came here for an hour of quiet joy in a dark nook, the darker the better, but here's nought but an assembly of fools from the four winds of heaven, bending their darkening brows at one another, and a young lass sitting to count the strokes they strike, and to reckon every bruised brow a sure sign of her influence among men. Deil have me if I like it; so let short peace and long strife be among ye; and for you, my bonnie dame, the less ye make sport of honest hearts, the less sport will evil hearts make of you, and so I leave you:" and away he strode, whistling manfully the tune of the gallant Graemes in token of defiance. "Let him go, the rough footed moorcock that can clap his wings but never crow," said a plowman from the vale of Ae; "the smell of tar and tainted mutton is diminished since his departure." This was touching on a perilous theme,—the old feud which exists between the pastoral and agricultural districts. "I would advise ye lads," said a youth of moorland descent, "to eat well of wether-mutton and moorcocks afore ye speak lightly of aught that's bred among mosses; ye may need all your strength to maintain unguarded words. Lord, if my cousin of Blackhagg were here, he would make ye eat your own words though every one were as ill to swallow as a pound of hiplock wool." The incensed tiller of the holms of Ae started to his feet, his utterance nearly choked with rage: "Rise, ye moorland coof, ye twofooted tender of fourfooted brutes, lacking as much in sense as ye lack in number of limbs; rise this precious moment, else I'll give ye the blow where ye sit." The man of the moors was not slow in attempting to rise; the brawny arm

of a brother shepherd, which clutched his gorget with a grasp equal to the tethering of a bull, alone retarded his rising. "Let him alone, I say, Sandie; just let him alone," said the shepherd; "be civil at a douce man's hearth before his weelfaured daughter: ye ken the auld say; be the saint in the hall and the devil on the greensward; meaning nae doubt that we should carry our mischief out of doors: I'll stretch him as straight as one of his own furrows before an hour blow by, and on the same place too, the lilly lea." The wrath of the husbandman was turned on this doughty auxiliary, and having a divided aim, it burnt fiercely between them without harming either. Meantime, other tongues took part in the commotion: parochial nick-names, and family failings, and personal defects, were bandied from side to side, with all the keenness of rustic wit, and the malice of rivalry, while, on the whole, the maiden sat and looked as one would on a fire burning too fiercely to be quenched.

It was not my wish to distinguish myself in this strife of tongues, and therefore I sat still, maintaining an expression of face which I hoped would carry me quietly through this stormy tide of contention.—I was only deceiving myself.—"And ye'll sit mute and motionless there, and hear the bonnie green hills of Anandale turned, by the malice of man's wit, into moudie-tammocks," said a shepherd to me; "up and speak, for I have spoken till I'm as hoarse as a raven; or rise and fight; if ye have not a tongue in your head, ye may have a soul in your body." All turned their eyes on me at this address, and the uproar subsided for a time to hear my answer to this singular appeal. "A soul in his body," shouted a rustic, in a tone which implied something like a suspicion of my right to the spark immortal, "Have ye not heard the scoffing sang that's ringing from side to side of the country? I wonder the subject of such verses presumed to show his face among sponable folk." And to my utter shame and confusion of face, he proceeded to chaunt the following rude verse, looking all the while on me with an eye sparkling with scorn and derision:



O have ye not heard of John Ochiltree?  
 That dainty chield John Ochiltree?  
 The owl has a voice, and the cat an ee,  
 And so has sonsie John Ochi'tree.  
 An ancient woman wonn'd in Colean,  
 She had never a tooth 'tween her lips but ane,  
 She mumbled her meat with a horn spoon,  
 Yet she fell in love with a bonnie new tune;  
 She bobb'd on her crutches so frank and so free,  
 To the dainty tune of John Ochiltree.

As the verse ended, a laugh burst out which made the roof shake over our heads, to show how fickle men's passions are, and the mortification I was doomed to endure. To be the subject of ludicrous rhymes is to have an infection about one equal to the plague. My fellow suitors shunned me, and the capricious maiden herself assumed an air so haughty and decided that I saw my cause was cureless. All this was witnessed by one who sympathised in my sufferings, and whose ready wit suggested an instant remedy. The milkiness of my nature had already given way to the accumulating reproach; I had started to my feet, and taken one stride towards my rhyming persecutor with a clenched fist, and a face burning in anger, when the young girl who brought me the invitation to this unlucky tryste uttered a scream, and holding up her hand, laid her ear to the floor like one listening intently. We all stood mute and motionless: she darted to the door with the rapidity of light, returned in a moment half-breathless, and exclaimed in a voice of seeming despair, "Oh! Bess, Bess, what will become of ye, here's Hazelbank; here's our ain father coming up the road. If he sees what I see, he'll turn Solway, be it for him or against him."

Like a brood of chickens when the hawk descends, so started, so fluttered, and so flew in all directions this meeting of rivals; the door seemed far too narrow for escape. Seven bounded over the stack-yard dyke, and three leaped over a quickset hedge six feet high; two ran down the middle of a corn-field, with half the dogs of the place pursuing them; and two, who were strangers, in the haste of escape, fairly leaped into a pond, or small lake, and made good their retreat by swimming to the op-

posite side. In one minute the clamorous hall of Hazelbank was as mute as a kirk at midnight. As I hastened to retreat with the others, a white hand twitched me cunningly by the sleeve, and pulled me aside into a little closet, where two very warm and ripe lips whispered close in my ear, "Let the gowks flee, they know not the goose's quack from the eagle's cry; my father's far from home:"—and shutting the chamber door as she spoke, my bonnie and cunning messenger added:—"My sister Bess is in her grand moods this night; she carries her head o'er high, and winna speak to ye, for the foolery of that silly sang. A pretty thing, to lose a weelfaured lad for the sake of an idle rhyme: sae bide with me; I am almost as tall as Bess is; and I'll be fifteen at midsummer."

"And now," said this representative of the rustic name of Ochiltree, "I shall stay my narrative; feeling something of the distress of a traveler who comes to the shedlans of sundry roads, and knows not which one to elect; for the adventures which befel me were manifold, and seem in my sight all alike curious and important. But I cannot expect douce greyheaded folk will listen to the idle tales of youthful times. I might have made far more imposing stores of my misadventures among the maidens; for they are not unsusceptible of poetical embellishment; but I despise fictions, and laugh at "the idly feigned poetic pains" of metre ballad makers; I abide by the old proverb, "truth tells aye best."

"Truth tells aye best indeed," re-echoed an ancient dame, as she sat by the hall-fire, "and yet, idle fictions, and the embellishments,—I think that's the word ye used,—of a poetic fancy, seem to flow off as glibly as the current of truth itself."



Ah! thou auld-farrand aye, dost thou think to pass off the pleasant inventions of thy own fertile brain for the well-known tales of thy early courtship? Ah, my lad,"—and she eyed him with a look where humour and seriousness seemed striving for mastery,—“ye are kenned where ye least hope it; far kenned and noted is thy name, as the rhymemaker said of Satan. And so ye say, you are John Ochiltree, and suffered in your youth from maiden's scorn and minstrel's sang? A bonnie tale indeed! D'ye think I don't know the merry goodman of Dootagen, Simon Rodan by name, whom I have known since he was the height of a pint-stoup. More by token, he plundered my plum-trees when he was

a boy, and climbed in at my chamber windows afore the beard was on his chin, and all to wooe three of my servant maidens and my own cousin, bonnie Jeanie Carruthers.—Scorned by the lasses indeed! Mickle scorn have they endured for thee. Ah! thou flatterer, and bonnie tale teller. Many a good advice hast thou received from the parish minister and elders in full session assembled. A lad, the like of Simon Rodan, with all the failings he had, was not to be seen in seven hours' riding.—A straighter, or a more taper leg never set its foot in a black leather shoe; and it's not much the worse o' the wear yet.”

And thus ends the Second Tale of Lyddal Cross.

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### A HERMITAGE.

WHOSE is this humble dwelling-place,  
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?  
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,  
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold-stone.

Well! he hath peace within, and rest,  
Though nought of all the world beside;  
Yet, stranger, deem not him unblest,  
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he wants:—he nothing cares  
For all that mourns or revels round;  
He craves no feast, no finery wears,  
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,  
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;  
No need of fire in this small room,  
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companions here;—no wife  
To gladden home with true-love smiles;  
No children,—from the woes of life  
To win their sire with artless smiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here;  
Nor throbbing heart, nor weary limb;  
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,  
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a Hermit's cave,  
With space alone for one poor bed;  
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,  
Its sole inhabitant is dead!

## ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

## THE ILISSUS.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,  
 Must not from others' work a copy take;  
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke:  
 Much less content himself to make it like  
 Th' ideas and the images which lie  
 In his own Fancy or his Memory.  
 No: he before his sight must place  
 The natural and living face;  
 The real object must command  
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

THE true lesson to be learnt by our students and professors from the Elgin marbles, is the one which the ingenious and honest Cowley has expressed in the above spirited lines. The great secret is to recur at every step to nature—

—To learn

Her manner, and with rapture taste her style.

It is evident to any one who views these admirable remains of Antiquity (nay, it is acknowledged by our artists themselves, in despite of all the melancholy sophistry which they have been taught or have been teaching others for half a century) that the chief excellence of the figures depends on their having been copied from nature, and not from imagination. The communication of art with nature is here everywhere immediate, entire, palpable. The artist gives himself no fastidious airs of superiority over what he sees. He has not arrived at that stage of his progress described at much length in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, in which having served out his apprenticeship to nature, he can set up for himself in opposition to her. According to the old Greek form of drawing up the indentures in this case, we apprehend they were to last for life. At least, we can compare these Marbles to nothing but human figures petrified: they have every appearance of absolute *fac-similes* or casts taken from nature. The details are those of nature; the masses are those of nature; the forms are from nature; the action is from nature; the whole is from nature. Let any one, for instance, look at the leg of the Ilissus or River-God, which is bent under him—let him observe the swell and undulation of the calf, the inter-texture of the muscles, the distinction and union of all the parts,

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and the effect of action every where impressed on the external form, as if the very marble were a flexible substance, and contained the various springs of life and motion within itself, and he will own that art and nature are here the same thing. It is the same in the back of the Theseus, in the thighs and knees, and in all that remains unimpaired of these two noble figures. It is not the same in the cast (which was shown at Lord Elgin's) of the famous Torso by Michael Angelo, the style of which that artist appears to have imitated too well. There every muscle has obviously the greatest prominence and force given to it of which it is capable in itself, not of which it is capable in connexion with others. This fragment is an accumulation of mighty parts, without that play and re-action of each part upon the rest, without that "alternate action and repose" which Sir Thomas Lawrence speaks of as characteristic of the Theseus and the Ilissus, and which are as inseparable from nature as waves from the sea. The learned, however, here make a distinction, and suppose that the truth of nature is, in the Elgin Marbles, combined with ideal forms. If by *ideal forms* they mean fine natural forms, we have nothing to object; but if they mean that the sculptors of the Theseus and the Ilissus got the forms out of their own heads, and then tacked the truth of nature to them, we can only say, "Let them look again, let them look again." We consider the Elgin Marbles as a demonstration of the impossibility of separating art from nature, without a proportionable loss at every remove. The utter absence of all setness of appearance proves that they were done as studies from actual mo-

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dels. The separate parts of the human body may be given from scientific knowledge :—their modifications or inflections can only be learnt by seeing them in action ; and the truth of nature is incompatible with ideal form, if the latter is meant to exclude actually existing form. The mutual action of the parts cannot be determined where the object itself is not seen. That the forms of these statues are not common nature, such as we see it every day, we readily allow : that they were not select Greek nature, we see no convincing reason to suppose. That truth of nature, and ideal or fine form, are not always or generally united, we know ; but how they can ever be united in art, without being first united in nature, is to us a mystery, and one that we as little believe as understand !

Suppose, for illustration's sake, that these Marbles were originally done as casts from actual nature, and then let us inquire whether they would not have possessed all the same qualities that they now display, granting only, that the forms were in the first instance selected with the eye of taste, and disposed with a knowledge of the art and of the subject.

First, the larger masses and proportions of entire limbs and divisions of the body would have been found in the casts, for they would have been found in nature. The back, and trunk, and arms, and legs, and thighs, would have been there, for these are parts of the natural man, or actual living body, and not inventions of the artist, or *ideal* creations borrowed from the skies. There would have been the same sweep in the back of the Theseus ; the same swell in the muscles of the arm on which he leans ; the same division of the leg into calf and small, *i. e.* the same general results, or aggregation of parts, in the principal and most striking divisions of the body. The upper part of the arm would have been thicker than the lower, the thighs larger than the legs, the body larger than the thighs, in a cast taken from common nature ; and in casts taken from the finest nature they would have been so in the same proportion, form, and manner, as in the statue of the Theseus, if the Theseus answers to the *idea* of the finest nature ; for the *idea*

and the reality must be the same ; only, we contend that the *idea* is taken from the reality, instead of existing by itself, or being the creature of fancy. That is, there would be the same grandeur of proportions and parts in a cast taken from finely developed nature, such as the Greek sculptors had constantly before them, naked and in action, that we find in the limbs and masses of bone, flesh, and muscle, in these much and justly admired remains.

Again, and incontestibly, there would have been, besides the grandeur of form, all the *minutiae* and individual details in the cast that subsist in nature, and that find no place in the theory of *ideal* art—in the omission of which, indeed, its very grandeur is made to consist. The Elgin Marbles give a flat contradiction to this gratuitous separation of grandeur of design and exactness of detail, as incompatible in works of art, and we conceive that, with their whole ponderous weight to crush it, it will be difficult to set this theory on its legs again. In these majestic colossal figures, nothing is omitted, nothing is made out by negation. The veins, the wrinkles in the skin, the indications of the muscles under the skin (which appear as plainly to the anatomist, as the expert angler knows from an undulation on the surface of the water what fish is playing with his bait beneath it), the finger-joints, the nails, every the smallest part cognizable to the naked eye, is given here with the same ease and exactness, with the same prominence, and the same subordination, that it would be in a cast from nature, *i. e.* in nature itself. Therefore, so far these things, *viz.* nature, a cast from it, and the Elgin Marbles, are the same ; and all three are opposed to the fashionable and fastidious theory of the *ideal*. Look at Sir Joshua's picture of Puck, one of his finest-coloured, and most spirited performances. The fingers are mere *spuds*, and we doubt whether any one can make out whether there are four toes or five allowed to each of the feet. If there had been a young Silenus among the Elgin Marbles, we don't know that in some particulars it would have surpassed Sir Joshua's masterly sketch, but we are sure that the extremities, the nails, &c.

would have been studies of natural history. The life, the spirit, the character of the grotesque and imaginary little being would not have made an abortion of any part of his natural growth or form.

Farther, in a cast from nature there would be, as a matter of course, the same play and flexibility of limb and muscle, or, as Sir Thomas Lawrence expresses it, the same "alternate action and repose," that we find so admirably displayed in the Elgin Marbles. It seems here as if stone could move: where one muscle is strained, another is relaxed, where one part is raised, another sinks in, just as in the ocean, where the waves are lifted up in one place, they sink proportionally low in the next: and all this modulation and affection of the different parts of the form by others arises from an attentive and co-instantaneous observation of the parts of a flexible body, where the muscles and bones act upon, and communicate with, one another like the ropes and pulleys in a machine, and where the action or position given to a particular limb or membrane naturally extends to the whole body. This harmony, this combination of motion, this unity of spirit diffused through the wondrous mass and every part of it, is the glory of the Elgin Marbles:—put a well-formed human body in the same position, and it will display the same character throughout; make a cast from it while in that position and action, and we shall still see the same bold, free, and comprehensive truth of design. There is no alliteration or antithesis in the style of the Elgin Marbles, no setness, squareness, affectation, or formality of appearance. The different muscles do not present a succession of *tumuli*, each heaving with big throes to rival the other. If one is raised, the other falls quietly into its place. Neither do the different parts of the body answer to one another, like shoulder-knots on a lacquey's coat, or the different ornaments of a building. The sculptor does not proceed on architectural principles. His work has the freedom, the variety, and stamp of nature. The form of corresponding parts is indeed the same, but it is subject to inflection from different circumstances. There is no primness or *petit maître*-

ship, as in some of the later antiques, where the artist seemed to think that flesh was glass or some other brittle substance; and that if it were put out of its exact shape it would break in pieces. Here, on the contrary, if the foot of one leg is bent under the body, the leg itself undergoes an entire alteration. If one side of the body is raised above the other, the original, or abstract, or *ideal* form of the two sides is not preserved strict and inviolable, but varies as it necessarily must do in conformity to the law of gravitation, to which all bodies are subject. In this respect, a cast from nature would be the same. Mr. Chantrey once made a cast from Wilson the Black. He put him into an attitude at first, and made the cast, but not liking the effect when done, got him to sit again and made use of the plaister of Paris once more. He was satisfied with the result; but Wilson, who was tired with going through the operation, as soon as it was over, went and leaned upon a block of marble with his hands covering his face. The sagacious sculptor was so struck with the superiority of this natural attitude over those into which he had been arbitrarily put, that he begged him (if possible) to continue in it for another quarter of an hour, and another impression was taken off. All three casts remain, and the last is a proof of the superiority of nature over art. The effect of lassitude is visible in every part of the frame, and the strong feeling of this affection, impressed on every limb and muscle, and venting itself naturally in an involuntary attitude which gave immediate relief, is that which strikes every one who has seen this fine study from the life. The casts from this man's figure have been much admired:—it is from no superiority of form: it is merely that, being taken from nature, they bear her "image and superscription."

As to expression, the Elgin Marbles (at least the *Ilissus* and *Theseus*) afford no examples, the heads being gone.

Lastly, as to the *ideal* form, we contend it is nothing but a selection of fine nature, such as it was seen by the ancient Greek sculptors; and we say that a sufficient approximation to this form may be found in our

own country, and still more in other countries, at this day, to warrant the clear conclusion, that under more favourable circumstances of climate, manners, &c. no vain imagination of the human mind could come up to entire natural forms; and that actual casts from Greek models would rival the common Greek statues, or surpass them in the same proportion and manner as the Elgin Marbles do. Or if this conclusion should be doubted, we are ready at any time to produce at least one cast from living nature, which if it does not furnish practical proof of all that we have here advanced, we are willing to forfeit the last thing we can afford to part with—a theory!

If then the Elgin Marbles are to be considered as authority in subjects of art, we conceive the following principles, which have not hitherto been generally received or acted upon in Great Britain, will be found to result from them:—

1. That art is (first and last) the imitation of nature.

2. That the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, that is to say, of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.

3. That the *ideal* is only the selecting a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty,

strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c. and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.

4. That the *historical* is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.

5. That grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not in leaving out the parts.

6. That as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts, beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes our impressions of things.

7. That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.

8. That grandeur of motion is unity of motion.

9. That strength is the giving the extremes, softness, the uniting them.

10. That truth is to a certain degree beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.

All this we have, we believe, said before: we shall proceed to such proofs or explanations as we are able to give of it in another article.

(To be continued.) W. H.

#### FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

*Mary.* Is this the close then of the truest love?  
It was too tender and too kind to last—  
Alas! I dream'd not of ungentle war:  
It is a fearful thing—war, where the odds  
Will make gods of the winners, is a game  
That charms the noble, but makes poor maids' eyes  
Moist with perpetual tears. Go, my love, go—  
Yet all my thoughts were still on gentle themes;  
On twilight walks aside the shaded brooks;  
Of songs by moonlight on the castle top;  
Of merry-makings when the corn was ripe;  
Of building sunny homes for hoary men;  
And thou wert ever there with thy grave smile:  
But thou wilt find some higher love, when fame  
Has deck'd thy helmet, and the laughing eyes  
Of noble dames are on thee.

*Sir M.* I shall be  
True as these stars are to the cold clear sky;  
True as that streamlet to its pebbly bed;  
True as green Criffel to her stance; and true  
As birds to song in summer. Smile, my love,  
For I may yet return 'mid many a shout  
And song of welcome.



## The Early French Poets.

### HUGUES SALEL, AND OLIVIER DE MAGNY.

HUGUES SALEL is one of those writers who, having been much caressed and applauded by their contemporaries, meet with a different treatment from posterity. Looking into a modern compilation of some authority for an account of him, I find that he is pronounced to be awkward, embarrassed, and languid; and that he is without any ceremony condemned to a place among the poets that merit no better fate than to lie on the shelf, and be gnawn by worms. I suppose, therefore, that it is in this vermicular capacity I must own that I have tasted, and found him no unsavoury food.

If matters come to the worst, there is something at least in his title-page that will be relished by all those who honour an old book, as some honour a great man, for nothing else but the title. Here is the style in which it runs:—"Les Oeuvres de Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre ordinaire du Roy, imprimees par Commandement dudict Seigneur. Avec Privilege pour six Ans. Imprimé à Paris, pour Estienne Roffet, dit le Faulcheur, Relieur du Roy, et Libraire en ceste Ville de Paris, demourant sur le Pont S. Michel, à L'enseigne de la Roze blanche."—"The Works of Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre in ordinary to the King. Imprinted by Commandment of the said Lord. With Privilege for six Years. Imprinted at Paris, by Stephen Roffet, called the Mower, Binder to the King, and Bookseller in this Town of Paris, abiding on the Bridge Saint Michael, at the Sign of the White Rose." There is no date, except in manuscript at the bottom of the page, which imports it to have been printed in the year 1539. Whoever wishes to preserve his character as a bibliomaniac (so they have termed

it of late years,) will go no further than this. They who can pluck up a good courage, and are not afraid of the more odious name to which they may subject themselves by pursuing the quest, will venture onwards. The first poem then, or the first prey for the worms, whichsoever we shall term it, in this collection, is "a Royal Chase, that containeth the taking of the wild Boar Discord, by the very high and very potent Princes, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the King Francis, the First of this Name." "Chasse Royale, contenant la prise du Sanglier Discord, par tres haultz et tres puissans Princes l'Empereur Charles Cinquiesme, et le Roy François, premier de ce Nom." France and Spain being in a state of perfect peace and happiness, all the Gods receive due homage from mortals, except Mars; who, enraged at the neglect, descends to the lower regions, and brings up the wild boar Discord to earth. Charles V. and Francis I. unite to hunt down the monster, whose defeat, with the help of other European princes, they soon accomplish. This is a slight sketch, and somewhat pedantic; but I should say that it was filled up with much spirit.

In the Marine Eclogue on the death of the Dauphin François de Valois, there are some verses of remarkable sweetness, which remind me of Lydgate.

The Punishment of Cupid is another poem in which the materials, though very slender, are wrought up with a certain portion of elegance and fancy.

The following song may be considered as a testimony on the long-pending suit with respect to the song of the Nightingale.

*En passant par ung boys, et regrettant Marguerite.*

Rossignolz qui faictes merveilles,

De jergonner pas ces verdz boys,

Ne remplissez plus mes aureilles

De si douce et plaisante voix,

Puis que voyez que je men voys

Au lieu ou joye est endormie,

Chantez s'il vous plaist.cette fois

Le triste depart de m'amy.

F. 50.



Ye nightingales, whose voice divine  
 Thrills out these greenwood glades among,  
 Oh! fill no more these ears of mine  
 With such a sweet and pleasant song.  
 Ye see the way I now am wending,  
 Unto a place whence joy is flown;  
 Then but for once a sad note lending,  
 Sing, an ye will, my mistress gone.

Like most of his brethren, he celebrates the "green eyes" of his mistress:—

Marguerite aux yeulx rians et verds. F. 53.

The "laughing eyes" would be too bold an expression for a Frenchman now-a-days; and accordingly one of them, who met with it in translating Dante,—

Ond 'ella pronta e con occhi ridenti.

Par. C. 3.

has translated it,—

L'ombre me répondit d'un air satisfait.

There are some more poems by Salel, printed at the end of the "Amours d'Olivier de Magny," of which I shall speak presently. The most remarkable amongst them are three Chapitres d'Amour (as they are called), in which he uses the Italian measure called the Terza Rima. It was adopted by some of our writers in Henry VIII. and Elizabeth's time, as Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Frs. Bryan, Sir Philip Sydney; and afterwards by Milton, in his version of the Second Psalm. Yet Mr. Hayley supposed that

he was the first to introduce it into our language, in that spirited translation of the first three cantos of Dante, which he inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry; and Lord Byron, when he adopted it in a late poem called the Vision of Dante, was not aware of Mr. Hayley's mistake.

At the command of Francis I. Salel undertook to translate the Iliad, but did not proceed further than the beginning of the thirteenth book. By a preface to the eleventh and twelfth books, and a fragment of the thirteenth, edited after his death by Olivier de Magny, it seems he was accused of having made use of a Latin version instead of the original Greek. "But I was his amanuensis," adds Magny, "and can with truth bear witness to the contrary." Whether it was made from the Latin or the Greek, his translation is but a lame one. It is curious to see how he has contrived to strip the moonlight landscape, at the end of the eighth book, of more than half its splendour.

Et tout ainsi que lon peult voir souvent,  
 En temps serain, prés de la lune claire,  
 Les corps du ciel (car ung chascun esclaire  
 Tant que les montz, les vallées et plaines  
 Sont de lumiere ainsi qu'en beau jour pleines).  
 Dont le berger que sa veuë en haut jette,  
 Se resjouit en sa basse logette.

But there is another extreme. All my readers remember Pope's version of this,—

As when the moon, resplendent lamp of  
 night, &c.

and if they have not yet seen Mr. Coleridge's observations on it in his Biographia Literaria, vol. i. p. 39, I

would recommend them to their notice.

In another famous simile, that in the fifth book, of the clouds amassed on the mountain tops by Jove, his anxiety that all should be well understood has caused him to make strange work of these cumulostrati.

Ainsi que les nues  
 Sont bien souvent sur les montz retenues  
 Maulgré les ventz, par le dieu Juppiter,  
 Que ne pourroient aultrement resister  
 Au soufflement, et tourbillon divers  
 Du vent de nort qui leur donne à travers;  
 Semblablement, &c.

But this is quite enough of his Homer.

Hugues Salel, of Casalé in Querci, was born about the year 1508.

Quercy, Salel, de toi se vantera ;  
Et (comme croy) de moi ne se taira :

are Marot's words to him in the Epigram on the French Poets, to which I have referred in the account of that writer.

"Querci will boast itself in thee,

Salel ; and, as I think, will not pass my name in silence."

Ronsard esteemed him one of the first who began to write well in France.

Besides the other marks of favour which he received from the open-hearted Francis I. he was presented by that monarch with the abbey of Saint Cheron, near Chartres ; where he died in the year 1558.

### OLIVIER DE MAGNY.

THE first production I have met with from the pen of Olivier de Magny, is entitled *Les Amours d'Olivier de Magny, Quercinois, et quelques Odes de lui. Ensemble un recueil d'aucunes Oeuvres de Monsieur Salel, Abbé de Saint Cheron, non encore veuës. A Paris. Vincent Sartenan, 1553, 8vo.* In this collection, Magny's sonnets (in the common or ten syllable measure) are in the taste of the Italian Petrarchisti, or imitators of Petrarch. In some of the odes there is more nature. That on a nosegay presented to him by Castianira (F. 56), has a

peculiar vivacity and richness, and is very much in Ben Jonson's way.

His next work is *Les Gayetez d'Olivier de Magny à Pierre Paschal, Gentilhomme du Bas Pais de Languedoc,*

*Non tamen est facinus molles evolvere versus,  
Multa licet castè non facienda legant.*

*A Paris, pour Jean Dallier, 1554, 8vo.*

There is much ease in these trifles. If I were to select one of the most pleasing, it would be that to Corydon, Ronsard's servant, which gives an engaging picture of that poet's manner of life.

Et s'il veult avec la brigade  
S'en aller aux champs quelque fois,  
Va t'en par la proche bourgade  
Choisir le meilleur vin François ;  
Puis sur le bords d'une fontaine  
A l'ombre de quelque aubespain,  
Aporte la bouteille pleine  
Pour luy faire prendre son vin.

(The leaves are not paged in this book.)

And if he with his troop repair  
Sometimes into the fields,  
Seek thou the village nigh, and there  
Choose the best wine it yields.  
Then by a fountain's mossy side,  
O'er which some hawthorn bends,  
Be the full flask by thee supplied  
To cheer him and his friends.

We shall be reminded of the hawthorn, when we come to Ronsard himself. These poets seem to have enjoyed nature with an unceremonious gaiety and frankness of heart, not known to their successors in the days of Louis XIV.

The last publication, I have seen,

of Olivier de Magny, is called *Les Soupirs. Paris. Par Jean Dallier, 1557. 8vo.*

These Sighs vent themselves in a hundred and seventy-six sonnets, some of which, fortunately, are any thing but dolorous ; as may be seen by the following :—

## Sonnet 123.

Sus, leve les papiers, descharge m'en la table,  
 Et ne m'en monstre aucun, Batylle, d'aujourd'huy,  
 Car je ne veulx rien voir qui puisse faire ennuy,  
 Et ne veulx faire rien qui ne soit delectable.  
 Ce jourd'huy me soit feste et non point jour ouvrable.  
 Mon Cassin est venu, et pour l'amour de luy  
 Je veulx prendre mon aise, et m'esloigner d'autrui  
 Pour avecques luy seul l'avoir plus agreable.  
 Je veulx donner un peu de tresve à mon amour,  
 Je veulx de craye blanche aussi marquer ce jour,  
 Et ne veulx invoquer que le gay Pere libre.  
 Je veulx rire et saulter comme un homme contant,  
 Je veulx faire ung festin pour y boire d'autant,  
 Et ne men chault pas fort encor que je m'enyvre.

Up ; sweep the papers off ; the table clear :  
 I will no more of these, good boy, to-day.  
 All trouble shall be held awhile at bay,  
 And nought but mirth and pleasure shall come near.  
 For see, my friend, my dearest Cassin here :  
 This is a festal and no working day :  
 Bid each intruder hence ; we will be gay  
 Together, and alone make joyous cheer.  
 I will with Love himself a brief truce keep :  
 I will with white chalk score this day for gladness ;  
 I will to Bacchus only homage pay ;  
 Yea, I will laugh and leap and dance away,  
 And drain at last the brimming bowl so deep,  
 I care not if it end in merry madness.

It has been observed by Johnson, that in Milton's mirth there is some melancholy. In Magny's melancholy there is certainly much mirth. He does not seem to have been made for sighing. Yet it might have been enough to make him do so, if he could have known that in so short a time his countrymen would no longer think him worthy of a place in

their voluminous works of biography. This must be my excuse for having nothing to tell either of his birth, his fortunes, or his decease. He was of Querci. His verses bespeak him to have been a good soul, free from envy and ill-nature ; and he was prized accordingly by the wits of his age. Be this his record.

## SONNET.

Ah ! know you not suspense is worse than fate,  
 The image of Love's hope, that hopeless is ;  
 Whose every thought from shallow fear takes date,  
 And by anticipation joy doth miss ?  
 Love, dearest lady ! barreth not despair,  
 When out of heart no gentle hope remaineth ;  
 But love's sweet roses still may twine them there,  
 When loving look the lover's hope sustaineth.  
 Beauteous and fair thou art ; so much the more  
 Look I, and droop, on my unworthiness ;  
 Oft counting all thy dear perfections o'er,  
 To note mine own, and value them the less :  
 Aspiring to be blest, reason doth show  
 How much my sorrows by my reason grow.

Dec. 20, 1821.

R.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO PAN.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. VI.

THIS Godling, as he is commonly taken to be, has been excessively ill used. In the vulgar mythology he is the guardian of mountains, caves, and forests; and so far he would seem a swain-like pastoral personage; a shepherd-genius, like that in the Vision of Mirza. Nothing of the sort: *noscitur à socio*: he has always an ill-conditioned group of goat-horned, goat-footed, goat-tailed, goggle-eyed, wrinkle-faced, yahoo-like caricatures of humanity near him and about him, and he is himself the ugliest of the crew. How should he be otherwise? for however odd and paradoxical the announcement of the fact may seem, it is as unquestionable as the existence of Pompey's pillar, that his Godship is the great original from whom traditional superstition has embodied in painting the personification of the Principle of Evil, vulgarly ycleped *The Devil*! Let the reader turn to Leviticus xvii. 7, and he will read of "offering sacrifices to devils;" but the original Hebrew imports the *demons* (as the word should be rendered) that is, ghosts, or human genii, that were worship'd under the emblematic form of *goats*. There was a city and a nome (or district) of Egypt, not far from the Israelitish border, called *Mendes*; and this, in fact, was the name of the Egyptian PAN: he was a personification of the prolific energy of nature, and his symbol was a goat. He was represented in sculpture either simply as a goat, or with a mixed human figure: sometimes as a man with goats' legs, sometimes with the head of a goat and the body of a man. The frequent Scripture comparison of the wicked to *goats* has been thought, with great probability, to involve an allusion to the Mendesian idolatry. As the sun is the spring of fecundity, the horns of the goat were frequently supplied by two solar rays; in the same manner as the horns of the Nilotic symbol, the bull Apis, were exchanged for the lunar crescent, the type of the ship of Osiris, or diluvian ark the mystic egg: which teemed with the elements of mundane life. Pan is then Osiris:

who was the Nile on earth and the Sun in heaven: who was also Jupiter Hammon, or Hammon-No, when indicating the sun in his power; Horus or Apollo, when significant of his beneficial influences on the air; Serapis, when he passed to the lower hemisphere; Hercules, when admeasuring time by his passage through the Zodiacal constellations; and Vulcan, when, as the super-planetary fire, he was adored as the fountain of human souls, the subtle pervading heat which animated all things, and the organizing mind of matter. No wonder that such a considerable personage should have been thought able to scatter *panic* among armies. This faculty, however, is sometimes degraded into a propensity to urchin tricks: scaring cattle, and playing the night-mare with shepherds in their dreams. In Homer's hymn it must be owned that his figure is not very primitive. Plainly to speak, he is the same sort of wild man of the woods that we meet with every where else. The poet, however, wipes off the scandal of his clownish skill in music, (the reader will remember the affair of Midas), for he compares his piping to the nightingale; and if he could only leave his horns and hoofs behind him, it appears that he would make by no means a contemptible figure in the *ballet*.

I have called this Homer's hymn, from a fellow-feeling with tender and moon-loving enthusiasts; believers in the books of Hermes Trismegistus, or the precocious metres of the chest-buried Orosmanes, the cowed phantom Rowley. Scaliger would have thrown himself out of his garret window, had any one disproved his hypothesis of old Musæus having been the real author of Hero and Leander. Some persons would feel not a little discomposed by the insinuation that the "Economy of Human Life" was not a real Chinese manuscript; and still more at being told that the book which bears his name was not written by *Robinson Crusoe*. He that disturbs such gentle reveries ought to bear in mind Horace's spectator of ideal plays, who sate unintermit-

tingly (happy dog!) in the very best place of the first circle of Roman boxes; his whole life a Megalensian holiday; and Roscius "strutting and fretting," not his "hour" but his year, "upon the stage before him," without either growing husky, so as to be "heard no more," or securing admission into future chronological registers, as having "declined on a certain day in a certain month to play to an empty house." On detecting this alarming state of quiescent rapture, his "d——d good-natured friends" began to bustle about

him: they put in instant practice the *virtutem*

"Medicandi,"  
Purgandi,  
Seignandi,  
Percandi,  
Taillandi,  
Coupandi,

and it all ended in the consummation

"Occidendi:"

the curtain dropped, the "dreamer was awakened—"

"Pol me occidistis amici!"

AN IDLER.

#### HYMN TO PAN.

Take up thy tale, O muse! of Hermes' darling child;  
Goat-footed and twin-horn'd, and loud in frolics wild:  
With dance-blithe nymphs he bounds o'er Pisa's tree-clad head,  
Nymphs that the giddy ridge of crags precipitous tread;  
Shouting on Pan, the God of pastures, yellow-hair'd,  
Sun-tann'd, by whom all heights of snowy hills are shared,  
All mountain crests, and rocks that lift their foreheads bare;  
Through tangled thickets deep he ranges here and there:  
One while enticed to plunge in brooks that smoothly run,  
Anon he trips o'er crags that jut against the sun,  
And climbs the headland top whence shepherds watch their sheep:  
O'er the hoar lengthening hills he scours with many a leap;  
Or at their sloping foot the beasts of chase he slays,  
And tracks them with his eye through every lair and maze:  
Till, his brave hunting done, he numbers up the flocks,  
And pens them in the cave, his fold within the rocks:  
And all the time he breathes a tune upon his reeds,  
Which not the bird of flowery spring 'mid shrouding leaves exceeds,  
When flowing out in song-sweet dirge melodiously she bleeds.  
To these their rival tunes the nymphs make answer sweet,  
The clear-voiced mountain nymphs that troop with thronging feet  
To the deep fountain's side, that dark in gushes springs,  
And to their shrilling chaunt the hill-top echo rings.  
Then creeps the stealthy god and nimbly threads the throng,  
And beats the ground with doubling feet, timed to their charming song:  
The lynx's blood-fleck'd hide athwart his back is thrown;\*  
He thus the meadow prints with silky grass o'ergrown,  
Where bloomy crocus studs the tufted herbage green,  
And hyacinth uprears its fragrant bells between.  
They sing of blessed Gods on high Olympus' hill:  
As Hermes, deftest God, the herald of heaven's will,  
The same who haunted erst that mother of the fold,  
Arcadia, from whose lap the gushing springs are roll'd;  
His own Cyllenian grove still marks that here he fed,  
A God, poor ragged sheep, and ate a mortal's bread;  
For moist-eyed love o'erpowered and strong within him throve,  
With long-tress'd Dryope he sigh'd to blend in love.  
The jocund rite he seal'd; and in her house she brought  
To Hermes their own son, in shape prodigious wrought,  
Goat-footed and twin-horn'd, and full of noise and laughter:  
The nurse that took, arose, and fled, the moment after,  
Sore fearing when she saw that bearded visage grim;

\* The Idler requests his readers will correct a typographical error in the 4th Leisure Hour, where *Hebris* is printed instead of *Nebri*: the red-deer-skin worn by Bacchus. The etymon, as will immediately occur to them, is *νεβρις*, a fawn.

But helpful Hermes straight caught up and dandled him:  
 The God was pleased at heart, and heavenward ran in haste,  
 Muffling the boy in skins of hares on mountains chased:  
 He sate among the Gods, and by the side of Jove,  
 He show'd his boy, and glad were all the Gods above:  
 But jovial Bacchus most; his name they shouted—Pan!  
 Since, once beheld, delight through all their spirits ran.  
 I bid thee hail, O King! I worship thee in song:  
 These are thine own—to others yet must other strains belong.

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### SUPERSTITION'S DREAM.

Thou scarest me with dreams.—JOB.

WHEN Night's last Hours, like haunting spirits, creep  
 With listening terrors round the couch of sleep;  
 And Midnight, brooding in its deepest dye,  
 Seizes on Fear with dismal sympathy;  
 "I dream'd a dream" of something 'kin to Fate,  
 Which Superstition's blackest thoughts create,—  
 Something half natural to the grave that seems,  
 Which Death's long trance of slumber haply dreams:  
 A dream of staggering horrors, and of dread,  
 Whose shadows fled not when the vision fled,  
 But clung to Memory with their gloomy view,  
 Till Doubt and Fancy half believed it true.

That time was come, or seem'd as it was come,  
 When Death no longer makes the grave his home;  
 When waking spirits leave their earthly rest  
 To mix for ever with the damn'd or blest;  
 When years, in drowsy thousands counted by,  
 Are hung on minutes with their destiny;  
 When Time in terror drops his draining glass,  
 And all things mortal like to shadows pass,  
 As 'neath approaching tempests sinks the sun;  
 When Time shall leave Eternity begun.  
 Life swoon'd in terror at that hour's dread birth;  
 As in an ague, shook the fearful Earth;  
 And shuddering Nature seem'd herself to shun;  
 Whilst trembling Conscience felt the deed was done.

A gloomy sadness round the sky was cast,  
 Where clouds seem'd hurrying with unusual haste;  
 Winds urged them onward, like to restless ships;  
 And Light dim faded in its last eclipse;  
 When Agitation turn'd a straining eye,  
 And Hope stood watching like a bird to fly,  
 While suppliant Nature, like a child in dread,  
 Clung to her fading garments till she fled.

Then awful sights began to be reveal'd,  
 Which Death's dark dungeons had so long conceal'd:  
 Each grave its doomsday-prisoner resign'd,  
 Bursting in noises like a hollow wind;  
 And spirits mingling with the living then,  
 Thrill'd fearful voices with the cries of men;  
 All flying furious, grinning deep despair,  
 Shaped dismal shadows on the troubled air:  
 Red lightning shot its flashes as they came,  
 And passing clouds seem'd kindling into flame;  
 And strong and stronger came the sulphury smell,  
 With demons following in the breath of hell,  
 Laughing in mockery as the doom'd complain'd,  
 Losing their pains in seeing others pain'd.



Fierce raging destruction sweeping o'er the land,  
 And the last counted moment seem'd at hand:  
 As scales near equal hang the earnest eyes  
 In doubtful balance which shall fall or rise,  
 So, in the moment of that crashing blast,  
 Eyes, hearts, and hopes paused trembling for the last.  
 Loud burst the thunder's clap, and yawning rents  
 Gash'd the frail garments of the elements;  
 And sudden whirlwinds, wing'd in purple flame  
 And lightnings' flash, in stronger terrors came;  
 Burning all life and nature where they fell,  
 And leaving earth as desolate as hell.  
 The pleasant hues of woods and fields were past,  
 And Nature's beauties had enjoy'd their last:  
 The colour'd flower, the green of field and tree,  
 What they had been for ever ceased to be:  
 Clouds, raining fire, scorch'd up the hissing dews;  
 Grass shrivel'd brown in miserable hues;  
 Leaves crumbled ashes to the air's hot breath,  
 And all awaited universal death.  
 The sleepy birds, scared from their mossy nest,  
 Beat through the evil air in vain for rest;  
 And many a one, the withering shades among,  
 Waken'd to perish o'er its brooded young.  
 The cattle, startled with the sudden fright,  
 Sicken'd from food, and madden'd into flight;  
 And steed and beast in plunging speed pursued  
 The desperate struggle of the multitude.  
 The faithful dogs yet knew their owners' face,  
 And cringing follow'd with a fearful pace,  
 Joining the piteous yell with panting breath,  
 While blasting lightnings follow'd fast with death;  
 And as destruction stopt the vain retreat  
 They dropt, and dying lick'd their masters' feet.  
 When sudden thunders paus'd, loud went the shriek,  
 And groaning agonies, too much to speak,  
 From hurrying mortals, who with ceaseless fears  
 Recall'd the errors of their vanish'd years;  
 Flying in all directions, hope-bereft,  
 Follow'd by dangers that would not be left;  
 Offering wild vows, and begging loud for aid,  
 Where none was nigh to help them when they pray'd.  
 None stood to listen, or to soothe a friend,  
 But all complain'd, and sorrow had no end:  
 Sons from their fathers, fathers sons did fly,  
 The strongest fled, and left the weak to die;—  
 Pity was dead:—none heeded for another,—  
 Brother left brother; and the frantic mother  
 For fruitless safety hurried east and west,  
 And dropp'd the babe to perish from her breast;  
 All howling prayers that would be noticed never,  
 And craving mercy that was fled for ever.  
 While earth, in motion like a troubled sea,  
 Open'd in gulphs of dread immensity,  
 Amid the wild confusions of despair,  
 And buried deep the howling and the prayer  
 Of countless multitudes, and closed—and then  
 Open'd and swallow'd multitudes again.

Stars drunk with dread roll'd giddy from the heaven,  
 And staggering worlds like wrecks in storms were driven;  
 The pallid moon hung fluttering on the sight,  
 As startled bird whose wings are stretch'd for flight;

And o'er the east a fearful light begun  
 To show the sun rise—not the morning sun,  
 But one in wild confusion doom'd to rise  
 And drop again in horror from the skies—  
 To heaven's midway it reel'd and changed to blood,—  
 Then dropp'd, and light rush'd after like a flood.  
 The heaven's blue curtains rent and shrank away,  
 And heaven itself seem'd threaten'd with decay ;  
 While hopeless distance with a boundless stretch  
 Flash'd on Despair the joy it could not reach,  
 A moment's mockery—till the last dim light  
 Vanish'd, and left an everlasting night ;  
 And with that light Hope fled and shriek'd farewell,  
 And Hell in yawning echoes mock'd that yell.

Now Night resum'd her uncreated vest,  
 And Chaos came again, but not its rest ;  
 The melting glooms that spread perpetual stains  
 Kept whirling on in endless hurricanes,  
 And tearing noises, like a troubled sea,  
 Broke up that silence which no more would be.

The reeling earth sank loosen'd from its stay,  
 And Nature's wrecks all felt their last decay.  
 The yielding, burning soil, that fled my feet,  
 I seem'd to feel, and struggled to retreat ;  
 And 'midst the dreads of horror's mad extreme  
 I lost all notion of its being a dream :  
 Sinking, I fell through depths that seem'd to be  
 As far from fathom as eternity ;  
 While dismal faces on the darkness came,  
 With wings of dragons, and with fangs of flame,  
 Writhing in agonies of wild despairs,  
 And giving tidings of a doom like theirs.  
 I felt all terrors of the damn'd, and fell  
 With conscious horror that my doom was hell :  
 And Memory mock'd me like a haunting ghost,  
 With light, and life, and pleasures, that were lost.  
 As dreams turn night to day, and day to night,  
 So Memory flash'd her shadows of that light  
 That once bade morning suns in glory rise,  
 To bless green fields, and trees, and purple skies,  
 And waken'd life its pleasures to behold ;—  
 That light flash'd on me, like a story told ;  
 And days mispent with friends and fellow men,  
 And sins committed,—all were with me then.  
 The boundless hell, where tortures never tire,  
 Glimmer'd beneath me like a world on fire :  
 That soul of fire, like to its souls entomb'd,  
 Consuming on, and ne'er to be consumed,  
 Seem'd nigh at hand—where oft the sulphury damps  
 O'er-aw'd its light, as glimmer dying lamps,  
 Spreading a horrid gloom from side to side,  
 A twilight scene of terrors half descried.  
 Sad boil'd the billows of that burning sea,  
 And Fate's sad yellings dismal seem'd to be ;  
 Blue rolled its waves with horrors uncontrol'd,  
 And its live wrecks of souls dash'd howling as they roll'd.

Again I struggled, and the spell was broke,  
 And 'midst the laugh of mocking ghosts I woke :  
 My eyes were open'd on an unhoped sight—  
 The early morning and its welcome light,  
 And, as I ponder'd o'er the past profound,  
 I heard the cock crow, and I blest the sound.

## BRADGATE PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY JANE GREY.

The palsied hand of Ruin is on our House. *Real Old Play.*

"If any one would choose to pay Antiquity a visit, and see her in her grand tiara of turrets, see her in all her gloomy glory,—not dragging on a graceless existence, in ruined cell, with disordered dress, and soiled visage; but clad in seemly habiliments, bearing a staid, proud, and glowing countenance, and dwelling in a home that seems charmed, and not distracted by time:—let such a one go to the wooded solitudes, the silent courts, the pictured walls, and rich embrowned floors of Warwick Castle."

This is the direction of a writer in the London Magazine. Let me have permission also to speak my advice to the reader.

Reader!—Art thou a lover of those grand and melancholy places in which virtue hath thriven, or genius abided, or beauty reigned? Art thou a melancholy worshipper of the memories of the great and good, and wouldst have thy worship solemnized by scenes which are covered with gentle recollections, and which seem by their decay to have sympathised with the fortunes of their mortal deities? Go thy ways to the lone and melancholy ruin in Bradgate Park—walk in the majestic solitude of its strange and romantic valley—and hear and *feel* the wild evening voice of its brook. Or shouldst thou desire to remain by thy home-fireside, and to read—aye—read *aloud* of a spot which innumerable circumstances may prevent thee from visiting and wandering in; listen to one who owes it no common remembrances,—who gathered in its quiet unassuming paradise no common peace,—who went to it sick in mind and body, and who came away from it refreshed, even as the pilgrim that hath reached the spring, and is returning.

It is now six or seven years, since, at the persuasion of some very kind friends, who, pitying the maladies, mental and bodily, to which I was a slave, craved of me to accompany them into Leicestershire, I first entered Bradgate Park. By some peculiar and early ties, my lady-friend was bound to this memorable place; and her family having sojourned on

the borders of the park, she had in childhood become intimate with the deer-keeper (of whom I shall have hereafter to speak), and in his cottage she, her husband, and myself, were hospitably and quite happily accommodated. We remained there a month, and in that time I made a healthful acquaintance with the trees and with the air,—and indulged in a passion of the memory (if I may so stretch the phrase) for the birth-place, and the abode of the beautiful and the unfortunate Jane Grey—the daughter of the House of Suffolk—the lady of the noble Dudley—the friend and scholar of honest and kind-hearted Ascham—the sweet and girl-ish reader of the Greek and the Latin, the Chaldaic and the Arabic! I visited over and over again every nook of the building, crumbling, ruined, and confounded as it is; and I wandered into every sequestered and romantic angle and upland of the forest,—re-building, by aid of that goodly mason, the imagination, each broken tower and disordered wall, and honouring some conceived window with the image of the gracious young creature, leaning her head upon her slight hand, which her curls seemed to chain and imprison to her cheek, and reading the *Phædon* in its mystic characters in the evening sun. Her pleasant tutor, for such I must call Master Ascham, hath writ that nothing could distract her from these her wondrous and *unsexlike* studies. Not the chiding of parents, nor the noble pleasures of the forest chace,—nor the harmonies of youthful societies—nor the gallant example of her ladies, and the enchantment of the place. There she sat discoursing with the learned Greek, and fitting her young and patient heart for the philosophical regard of a bitter world which she had thereafter to encounter, and for the uncomplaining sufferance with which she met her fatal sorrows, and untimely death. How brief is beauty! This gentle lady had passed through the perils of infancy—the tediousness of strict scholastic labour—the chidings, the remonstrances, the anxieties of parental care—the fleeting joy of her girlish

love—the welcome and tender devotions of Lord Guilford Dudley—her marriage—her wedded peace and happiness—the Mary-persecution—her fatal trial and condemnation—her husband's death on a scaffold—her own execution!—and all ere she was seventeen years of age. In this poor breath of life—this bitter instant—the most beautiful and sainted lady of England had suffered her birth and death. No mind that hath a thought—no heart that hath a feeling—but must in the lonely ruin of Bradgate Forest be made the better and wiser for its wholesome and searching associations. And I cannot conceive of that temperament so gay as not to quail on some jut of the rocks, or near some noising angle of the brook, and beget a seriousness and a sad vision of the hapless Jane; a seriousness better than all mirth—a vision such as doth “rise without a sleep,” and sweeter than all that can be called realized joy.

I am becoming profuse too early in my remembrances of this lady, and am forgetting that all these thoughts upon fleeting mortality are as common to mankind as human calamity; and that even if they were not the tenants of every-day minds, they might be conjured up at the fireside, without dragging the reader to a far off forest, of which I have promised a description, and not a code of common morality framed within it. It is, however, next to impossible to write of this great ruin, and refrain from relapsing into recollections tender, visionary, and shaded. I will be as “faithful” as my *Polonius*-humour for diverging will permit; but let not the royal tempers of my readers run riot and distract, if I am somewhat tiresome and prolix in arriving at my conclusions. I will keep to the *pathway* of the forest as steadily as I may; but if a dell diverts me,—if a silent fragment of ruin, the tomb it may be of some early architectural beauty, lures me to step aside, and struggle for its mystic inscription—let me be endured and forgiven.

I remember it was a very beautiful autumnal evening (I am strictly faithful in my relation of facts, however I may wander in my meditations,) when we left Leicester, passed through the turbulent and *poaching*

little village of Anstey—about three miles from Leicester, as I conjecture, though for greater certainty, as the law expresses it, I crave leave to refer to *Paterson*—and descended the irregular and sloping field that leads down into the forest, and to the deer keeper's cottage. The sky was ruddy and rich, and looked as ripe as a harvest field, from the extreme heat and cloudlessness of the foregone day. The forest rose as it were from a depth beneath us, and displayed before our eyes clumps and extents of old noble trees,—openings of sallow and ripe grass,—the silver threading of a perplexed brooklet, which was as narrow and meandering as a fairy's silken clue, unwound to conduct some favoured princess to her palace: we beheld distant and sky-bound hills—caught glimpses of a shattered building, standing in warm brown fragments of colour, in the very brick work that seemed, and always seems to me, an *architectural history* of the age of Elizabeth; and below us, in the quiet depth of the entrance of the forest, stood the cottage of the keeper, all alone, and sending its white wood-smoke up as from some domestic altar, in token to Heaven of peasant devotion, and grateful content.

The keeper—worthy A—— (nay, why should I disguise a name which his manly, frank, and sensible mind may make him free to hear, and proud to have uttered?)—the keeper, Harry Adams,—I am now guilty of a familiarity which I never took in his presence,—had been on business to Leicester that day, it being market-day; and he rode just a-head of us on a switch-tailed old mare that might have carried old Roger Ascham for aught I could, by her apparent age, guess to the contrary. I drove a one-horse chaise, the first time I should think that ever so town-like a vehicle had *convulsed* its way through the pitfalls and fearful varieties of that amazing road. We talked little on our way,—and rode with extreme slowness; indeed the hump-backed lane set its deformities against a trot. Adams ploughed his way before us with a serene gravity; and so, thought I, have I often, quite in my boyhood, seen the English husbandman ride homeward through the outskirts of my native town, slowly, pensively,

and alone, when I have been straggling back from the river bank on a Saturday evening, where I had been cozening the silly perch all the live-long holiday afternoon: such was indeed my thought! And, oh! how easily and well are opposite scenes joined together by some gliding association—even as you see in a theatre the separate parts of a wood, or of a heath, shot on and blended, by unseen hands, and as by magic.

On arriving at the long old barred gate that *pretended* to protect the entrance to the farm-yard, our guide dismounted, and led his reverend mare through to an opposite wicket, disburthened her of her saddle and simple bridle, and showed her *serene* highness into the open park, where she just took one wholesome and orderly shake,—one look of luxurious indolence around her, and straightway proceeded to the cropping of her evening meal. Adams returned to offer us assistance, though I am vain enough to account myself a decent hand at harnessing and unharnessing a horse, from curb to crupper.

Our horse being accordingly housed in a comfortable spacious stable, but littered with dried fern, instead of straw, at which I know more than one scrupulous nag that would have turned up the nose, spurning such a bed, we entered our worthy friend's cottage. We entered it through a maze of children, "each under each," and quite as *tuneable* as the beagles of Theseus. The eldest was a fine healthy rosy girl, of about twelve years of age, with handsome and regular features, and possessing that natural and retired modesty which seldom fails to accompany true youthful grace and beauty. She stood somewhat apart, looking with her shy dark eyes askance at us, like one of her father's fawns, from which she perchance caught this her so pretty air the while it came fearfully at the dawn about the cottage, to get bread from her hand, and to fleet away at the sun-rise. This little girl held a baby-sister in her arms, as like to herself as blossom is to blossom. Around the doorway crowded breeches-brother, and petticoat-brother, and pinafore-sister, and frock-sister, and every species of this urchin genus, some with bread, and some without, but none wanting it!

The bigger ones marvelling at our coats and boxes,—the biggest "encumbering us with help,"—and the lesser ones clinging to the clean tucked-up gown of their pleasant and welcoming mother, who stood intreating and rejoicing at our entry, yet continually molested by unknown hands, which she removed from her garments only to have them return, as some peasant girl brushes away the giddy murmuring, still returning gnats that swarm round her comely head. In vain she pleaded, protested, rebuked. There they clung with their round, crumby, rosy cheeks, and plump buttery fingers; they were her children, and she was their mother, and tiresome as they might be to her I should like to see the person that could or would have put them asunder. Inside the cottage, an aged and respectable mother of the mother sat spinning at the wheel,—she was the only one in whom joy and curiosity slumbered. Years had destroyed the wonder which a stranger creates; and she heard the din of her grand children without, and lost not a turn of her wheel, or a thread of her flax. She seemed to me sacred to the age of the place—akin to the ruin,—silent as the old decaying oak that brooded over the cottage wicket, and almost as unconscious of our approach.

Our tea was delightful, our butter tasting as of country air, our cream rich as any that curded up to the silver brim of "a lordly dish" for Suffolk's Countess, in Bradgate's nobler days:—we sat in the tile-paved parlour, and had a talk of past times, to which I listened, and which gradually lighted up the manly countenance of Adams with gladness, and set his memory to work with great industry. I had leisure to note him curiously; and I thought I never saw the dignity of human nature so well asserted in humble life, as in the tall well-proportioned person of this keeper; in his strong, handsome, and evenly marked countenance; and in that frank unobtrusive manner with which nature had endowed him. His voice was extremely quiet, and his remarks were at once modest and sensible. I was much pleased to hear him eulogize the present Earl, then Lord Grey of Groby, and admire him for his condescension, and his higher



powers of walking and shooting. Such a faithful and attached servant, so earnest in his wishes and intentions, so steady in the performance of his duties, I never beheld; and I sincerely hope that at the time I write this he is worthily remunerated, and relieved from many labours which often seemed to me to silently oppress him, though he never complained.

We arose each morning, not with the lark, perhaps, but long before the sun had dried up the dew from the glittering grass. My window looked out across the brook, and up towards the ruin, and I never so drank in the bright air as then, when I first unhasped my casement, and let in the noise of a thousand rooks, at the same time that I heartily admitted the cool spirit of the morning's breath. The throwing back of that jingling and diamond-paned window to its farthest limit, seemed to be the signal to the babbling geese, the lowing cattle in the park, the singing birds, the trees, wind-shaken,—all, to tell me that the day was up, and to rebuke me, with pastoral sounds, for staying so idly in my bed-chamber. I used to speak to the little Adamites under the window, and inquire how long they had been abroad; and certainly in comparison with these sleepless urchins, I showed off "poor indeed!"

And now, suppose that the morning meal is dispatched, let us, gentle reader, (thou art always by an author's courtesy so called; and, in my present mood, I am not minded to curtail thee of the title,) let us go into the park, and enjoy one of those happy walks, which that place affords better than any other place I ever visited. We will idle on our way and discourse pleasantly of all that may interest,—connecting the present with the past, and tenancing with creative thoughts the holy retreats of our melancholy ruin, so as almost to recall the times when they were indeed gay and perfect,—when the laugh went round by day, and the dance by night,—when at morn the hound was loosed, and the hawks unhooded,—and when at eve "the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." I will be to thee, gentle reader, a faithful guide, an honest narrator of the little I know.—Oh!

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that I could speak of the air, the weather, and the light, in phrase as white and simple as that which characterises the discourse of goodly Master Walton, when he talketh of the angle rod, and the silver river Lee!

On stepping to the wicket of the farm-yard, you pass, or rather I passed (for I must speak by my memory), under an oak that is hollow with age;—perchance under that very tree hath Lady Jane passed;—under that tree read;—there thought and wept (for she had ever a soul sad with an over-wise consciousness);—I leaned against the wicket, and looked up into its forest of branches, mazing my mind in its knotty intricacies, as the philosopher would vainly master some tangled subject of the brain. The brook is within forty paces of this gate, and winds up, snakishly enough, to within the same distance from the ruin of the house. There is a nearer footway, well trodden, through the park; but that was not the way for me, and I chose rather to unthread the little slimy palace of the water-spirit that haunts the solitude of the forest, than go as the crow flies, and the milkmaid walks. The tall and beautiful trees which line this delightful stream, hold out the most tempting spots for indolence and rest;—and I could not resist lying down at the foot of many a goodly trunk, and starting the wary trout from a similar though deeper enjoyment of solitude and shade. At length I reached the famous ruin—ruin indeed!—The few relics of wall and tower that remain give you little idea of the original shape of the building, although it is described as having been square and with four towers. There appear to be some remains of a kitchen, and the side nearest the chapel (which is the most perfect) still partly triumphs over time. The walls on all sides, except this, have not only fallen, but crumbled into the very earth, and become covered with the soft and silent turf. You can walk on a kind of terrace of about eight feet in breadth, within which, as though sunk into the earth, is a place now called the Bowling-green; I could not myself help thinking that it must have been the tilt-yard, and more particularly, as the place pointed out to me as such did not in the



least satisfy my feeling of that chivalrous spot. The pleasure-grounds are now distinguishable by their being a wilderness.—The uncultivated earth is rich and soft as ever; but the garden of man's care is eloquent of neglect, and seems to disdain any other but its first proud life.

Nichols writes exactly enough, in his *Leicestershire History*, thus:—  
 “The careful observer may yet discover some traces of the tilt-yard; but the courts are now occupied by rabbits, and shaded with chestnut-trees and mulberries. The lover of the picturesque will be particularly struck with the approach from Thurstaston, especially at the keeper's lodge, where the view is truly enchanting. On the left appears a large grove of venerable trees. On the right are the ruins of the mansion, surmounted by rugged rocks and aged oaks; the forest hills, with the tower on the hill, called Old John, forming the back ground of the prospect: whilst the valley, through which the trout stream runs, extends in front, with clumps to shade the deer, and terminates in a narrow winding glen, thickly clothed with an umbrageous shade.” This passage, written in the good old *county style*, gives a very fair picture of the place;—and if it were only from the mention of the *rabbits*, I should be sure that the writer had visited the Ruin itself. That little grey race has fixed itself immoveably there, and defies extinction.

The chapel, which you reach through a mass of ruin, is the least touched by decay. You enter it, and are awed by the intense chill and silence of the place. All is white—solemn—exact. One tomb of the Suffolk family, with its two figures extended, in the usual monumental attitude, with pointing palms, as in a very fine state. It is impossible here to forget, that Lady Jane Grey must often have knelt in this sacred chapel, and have breathed her virgin prayers audibly within it:—no such voice hath ever broken its silence since;—nor will hymn be sung, or orison uttered, with so pure a zeal, in any of the coming years of its decay. The trees around this ruin seem older than any other trees in the forest. They appear musing over their age, and drowsing

—With hoods, that fall low down  
 Before their eyes, in fashion like to those  
 Worn by the monks in Cologne.

On the opposite side of the brook to that on which the ruin decays, stands a large barn-like building, which was originally used as the kitchen and offices of the mansion. Since that time, it has been converted to a kennel for stag hounds, and now it is utterly closed and neglected. The effect of this huge sombre building is in unison with the whole scene, making the heart grave and melancholy.

I turned again to the poor fragment of the ruin, and again stood by the side of that yard, which I still must think the tilt-yard. How often, methought, within a bowshot of that desolate place had bounded the armed horse, with glittering poictrel, bearing his proud lord in rich apparel, and costly armour. The silence, now so profound, and vexed only by the lofty rook, had been torn by the daring trumpet,—and the turf, now touched but by the simple rabbit, had been spurned by the flashing hoof, or dented by the dishonoured helm. I pictured in a dreaming mood a joust in Suffolk's days—and brought into the field the flower of that age's chivalry:—first, the Earl of Surrey, in his dancing plume—the Howard with his white charger—Seymour and Cromwell—and Dudley—all appareled like brave knights. They tilted like visions of the air, their imagined accomplishments gleaming and glancing in the sun—they shifted—triumphed—encountered—faded—all—all by turns, and with the inconstancy of dreams. I became delighted with the enchantment, and in the mad joy of fancy—the walls grew up before me—the lattices, flower-adorned, re-opened to my view—fair ladies, goodly nobles, filled terrace and gallery—and I saw the young, the gallant Guilford, the impassioned, brave, and unfortunate Dudley, come fiery off in a joust—and ride with bared forehead to the lady of his love, bending as knights in romances are said to bend. And there *was* the lady—the lady Jane! Young as the veriest flower—beautiful as poet can imagine—her hair simply bound back, after the fashion of her time; so as to betray her expansive and pearl-white forehead—a costly

chase cap on the higher part of the head—and a long and *solemn* neck-lace wound in quaint fashion over her neck and bosom,—her gown, gold-embossed and fitted to her form, like some gentle armour. There she sat. I saw her smile upon Dudley, and straight, as though fancy were jealous of the splendours of that she had woven her web withal, the walls crumbled to air—the pageant faded—and in their room the rabbit nibbled beneath the shading fern—and the fawn bounded out of some weedy recess of the ruin.

It can never be forgotten, that here in Bradgate, the Lady Jane tasted all that was permitted to her of ease, and learning, and happiness. It was here that Ascham, who so-journed in the neighbourhood, was wont to come, and marvel at, and encourage the noble girl's accomplishments. She wrote a beautiful hand, and Ascham was skilful in penmanship. She read Greek, and Ascham, who once wished that friends could discourse in that brave tongue, gloried in her learned pastime. In one of his letters to a favourite German is the following pleasant description of our gentle girl.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Bradgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading *Phædo* Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the Park? Smiling, she answered me; “I wist, all their sport in the Park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.” “And how

came you, Madam,” quoth I, “to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?” “I will tell you,” quoth she, “and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a scholmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and trouble unto me.”

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy Lady.

*Ascham's Scholmaster*, 8vo. 1743, p. 37.

This is wholesome prose, and worthy of its gracious subject: it seems idle to vex the sentiment which language, clothed in so fitting a costume, must awaken in the reader; and yet I cannot deny myself the introduction of a few stanzas, which were composed under the influence of the character to which they are dedicated.

#### STANZAS

##### *To the Lady Jane Grey, at Bradgate.*

This was thy home then, gentle Jane!  
 This thy green solitude;—and here  
 At evening, from thy gleaming pane,  
 Thine eye oft watch'd the dappled deer,  
 While the soft sun was in its wane,  
 Browsing beneath the brooklet clear:  
 The brook runs still, the sun sets now,  
 The deer yet browseth; where art thou?

Oh, gentle Dudley! Where art thou?  
 Have years so roll'd that not a track  
 Of even thy chamber lingereth now  
 To call thine image sweetlier back?  
 The careless chair at window bow,  
 The ruin'd lute, the crumbling wrack  
 Of broidery, the forgotten glove,  
 The learned book, thy virgin love;—

None, none of these abide to tell  
 Thy gentle tale,—yet it is told!  
 The silence of the breathless dell  
 Is musical of thee; the cold  
 And mournful water passeth well  
 Thy house's ruin, as of old,  
 And pineth with a watery sound  
 Its little hymn to thy lone ground!

The air is sainted;—never shone  
 More tender light on greener grass,  
 Than that which kisseth turf and stone  
 Of thy decayed house; alas!  
 The aged-drooping trees make moan  
 For thee, sweet girl! And many a lass  
 Pauseth at morn upon her way,  
 And grieveth for the Lady Grey.

Here was thy life! Here was thy bower,  
 By this light water! Thy hard death  
 Was far away in town and tower,  
 And cruel hands destroy'd thy breath;  
 Might they not let so young a flower  
 Bud all its beauty in life's wreath?  
 What must have been that guilty sense,  
 That had such fear of innocence!

But though thy young and bridal heart  
 Was tortured, thy brave spirit, still  
 Untroubled; left its mortal part,  
 And halloweth now each dell and hill:  
 It liveth by a gracious art  
 Forever here; and that wild thrill  
 The stranger feels of love and pain,  
 Is the present voice of the Lady Jane.

It may be supposed, that often and often during my stay at Bradgate, I wandered amid the ruins of this noble park; and many were the verses that I dedicated to the memory of my favourite Lady and Queen. I did not, however, entirely confine myself to this particular part of the forest, but sought out all the romantic beauties of valley and hill. The valley which leads from the ruin to the village of Newtown, is extremely beautiful, and seen, as I have seen it, in the misty and inconstant lustre of the morning, or warmed and enriched with the steady flood of the evening sunlight, it is quite a scene of enchantment. The sides of either hill are rocky, and fledged with the

most luxuriant fern, from which the deer are continually starting; and trees of magnificent growth are in great profusion. The stream winds gracefully in the depth of the valley, through broken rocky ground,—

And to the sleepy woods all night singeth  
 a quiet tune.

Here I used oftentimes to take my book, and read the hours away in such a golden idleness as I have never since enjoyed, and now never shall enjoy more! Here I read many a goodly poem, from which shortly thereafter I was ever utterly to be divorced. And here I sat discoursing with my friends on subjects to which now I dare never to recur. In

returning to these times, I feel that I am changed; and my present sense of the idle romance of many of my then pleasures is perhaps one of those bitter apples of knowledge, the tasting of which has driven me out of Paradise! However, we cannot always be boys.

Let me return to Adams, and in conclusion give a slight account of his pursuits,—pastimes they seemed to me, shared as they were at the jolly autumn-tide, when the open air was all enjoyment: to him they were daily work—dear daily work! One morning I accompanied him to Groby Pool, a large piece of water within a few miles of the forest: thither he went to shoot wild ducks and to take pike. He took an assistant to row the boat, and with his active spaniels, we were soon coasting the reeds and dreary bulrushes of that immense sheet of water. The dogs dashed in and paddled, and struggled, and yelped their way, betraying their passage by their tongue, by the splash of water, and the severing of the reeds. A few ducks were seen scared from their ancient breeding-place, and the keeper fired. At that instant, as the echo of the gun shook its way across the waters, the air was freckled with water birds. One cloud of noisy frightened fowl arose tumultuously into the air, as though a great silence was broken for ever, and these creatures of the place were by one consent quitting their old and desolate habitation. The fishing did not prove successful, for though nets were cast, and the pool is well stocked, only fish of a moderate size were taken. Adams was quite disappointed with the day; but he was the *Nelson* of such sports, and always calculated on the *three-deckers* of pike and ducks—aye, and many of them.

Another day he took down his rifle piece, and quietly loaded it with ball. I enquired his pursuit, and he told me that he was about to shoot a buck. Of course, I determined on seeing the gallant beast die, if possible, and I therefore kept as near to him as he could permit. The task was tedious and difficult, and many hours were lost before the keeper could obtain his shot; for the herd, being extremely suspicious of his intentions, ever shun him with singular care.

His assistant I found singing a melancholy low ditty of a few notes only, and pacing up and down with a measured monotonous pace (if I may use the expression); the deer began to herd, as though the music lured and overcame them; and as the notes drew nearer, they huddled up more and more closely, till they appeared to be lost in the melancholy of the keeper's song, and heedless of the freedom of the park and the natural life and wildness of their natures. Suddenly, Adams, having selected with his eye the unfortunate creature whose speed was to be checked, gave a sort of war-whoop, at which sound the herd started from their melancholy trance, threw up their confused and mingled horns, and bounded away in one fleet single line. The keeper steadily leveled at a fine black gallant buck, and the aim was death. The fire flashed,—he plunged upward with a frantic motion of his body, and a mad toss and clash of his horns, and fell with his nostrils at the very brink of that brook to which in the pride of youth he had so often come for water. He was carefully carried home, and carved up by Adams, “as a dish fit for the gods!” I recollect grieving to see such goodly venison go from the cottage; but he was delighted in contemplating the haunch, and thinking what satisfaction it would give.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages are sad poachers, and much trouble and anxiety did they occasion to our good keeper, who could never rest morning, noon, or night, if he suspected them at the brook. Many a night late, have I seen him take down his gun from the rack, and sally out with his dog, because he had a notion of their haunts, and knew that the hour was likely: what but the sense and pride of doing and deserving well could recompense this man for the slavish and dangerous existence which he led? His rigid honesty was such that he wished me not to fish in the brook, that he might not sanction in any one under his own roof that practice which he sought to put down in others.

I have often walked out with him for the greater part of the day when he has been shooting; and he could not disguise his surprise that I should

hold on with him untired, coming as he imagined I did from poor powerless London. He walked well and shot well; indeed, his aim was unerring, but I rather think he was not severe enough to his dogs for a game-keeper, not but that I honoured his character the more for this its *professional* weakness. When *Rattler*, a tall handsome galloping setter, with a liver and white skin, and curly head, raced over a field and proceeded to bound a hedge or shoot a gate without leave, I have seen his master (almost delivered to wrath I confess) halloo and whistle him in,—take his long *napkin* of an ear in one hand, and *stretching* forth the other, like an orator, expostulate, as man would talk to man, on his undoglike conduct. His “*for shame*” awed even me. *Rattler* remembered the admonition for a time; but I fear a small whip would have been more impressive, much as I should have grieved to see so handsome a creature corrected. During our walk I spake to my guide of the Turks and of the Greeks, people of books, imaginary men, creatures for travelers to romance upon. Adams listened with visible delight, and put ques-

tions to me, credulous but sensible; to which I replied as faithfully and plainly as possible. He liked to hear of the habits of these nations, even though he was not quite convinced of their positive existence.

I have been in many scenes, ~~and~~ with those persons who are ~~certainly~~ lovers of the country, but never did I pass such a happy golden time as that which I whiled away in the humble hospitable cottage of Harry Adams.

Here I conclude my rambling history. But who can write of a wild and romantic forest, peopled with such associations as those which abide in Bradgate, and keep the straight and beaten path? Here and there I may in descriptive particulars be incorrect, but I am strictly faithful to my impressions, and write from recollections that were born between six and seven years ago. The memory of Lady Jane Grey made the place sacred to me, and therefore I thought that some record, however slight, might find readers who would take pleasure in the same. If I have thought correctly, I shall not have written wholly in vain.

E. H.

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### ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in *Hotspur's* famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city.\* His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiring effect of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation; and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every move-

ment. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful clock never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his *Iago* was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than *Othello* was supposed to

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\* How lovelily the Adriatic whore  
Dress'd in her flames will shine—devouring flames—  
Such as will burn her to her wat'ry bottom,  
And hiss in her foundation. *Pierre, in Venice Preserved.*



do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no bye-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—which is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan;

and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling.\* His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great Princess, a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service.† Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she “would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry.” Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being “sick of self-love,”—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with

\* *Viola.* She took the ring from me; I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

† Mrs. Inchbald seems to have fallen into the common mistake of the character in some sensible observations, otherwise, upon this Comedy. “It might be asked,” she says, “whether this credulous steward was much deceived in imputing a degraded taste, in the sentiments of love, to his fair lady Olivia, as she actually did fall in love with a domestic; and one, who from his extreme youth, was perhaps a greater reproach to her discretion, than had she cast a tender regard upon her old and faithful servant.” But where does she gather the fact of his age? Neither Maria nor Fabian ever cast that reproach upon him.



which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping, as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing some estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers. "Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas,\* and philosophizes gallantly upon his straw. There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule. There was "example for it," said Malvolio; "the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe." Possibly too he might remember—for it must have happened about his time—an instance of a Duchess of Malfy (a country-woman of Olivia's, and her equal at least) descending from her state to court her steward—

The misery of them that are born great!  
They are forced to woo, because none dare  
woo them.

To be sure the lady was not very tenderly handled for it by her brothers in the sequel, but their vengeance appears to have been whetted rather by her presumption in re-marrying at all, (when they had meditated the keeping of her fortune in their family) than by her choice of an inferior, of Antonio's noble merits especially, for her husband; and, besides, Olivia's brother was just dead. Malvolio was a man of reading, and

possibly reflected upon these lines, or something like them in his own country poetry—

—Ceremony has made many fools.  
It is as easy way unto a duchess  
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:  
But that by timorous honours, pale respect,  
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways  
Hard of themselves.

"'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion." If here was no encouragement, the devil is in it. I wish we could get at the private history of all this. Between the Countess herself, serious or dissembling—for one hardly knows how to apprehend this fantastical great lady—and the practices of that delicious little piece of mischief, Maria—

The lime twigs laid  
By Machiavel the waiting maid—

the man might well be rapt into a fool's paradise.

Bensley threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love in his conceit of the Countess's affection gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what infatigable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a

\* *Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clown.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season bright moments of confidence—"stand still ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character while Bensley played it without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was it, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain in *puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intel-

ligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom from his grave air and deportment I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe nine times out of ten rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable imperfections? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion,

to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent,—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying he “put on the weeds of Dominic.”\*

The elder Palmer (of stage-treading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory) who was

his shadow in every thing while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant,† you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his top-knot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices,—both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in *Love for Love*, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father—

*Sir Sampson.* Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

*Ben.* Ey, ey, been! Been far enough,

\* Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, *Sir Andrew*.” Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an “Away, *Fool*.”

† *High Life Below Stairs.*

all that be all—Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

*Sir Sampson.* Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

*Ben.* Men, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—Well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you—

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict *metaphrases* of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did, nor does wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gave us—but a piece of a satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to

suppose might produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief—which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretence as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the dramatis personæ, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery.

(*To be resumed occasionally.*)

ELIA.

## THE DRAMA.

Our article last month was not extraordinarily long, but this will be shorter:—not that we are deficient, as we flatter ourselves, either in will, or ability to talk; but that there is little to talk about,—and that little (the pantomime excepted) little pleasant. The mighty mother, having decided on another *avatar*, is greatly gruelled by the superhuman efforts of the rival Bayeses for the honour of becoming her fleshy receptacle. Piece after piece they throw out to be damned, with hisses, or with the worse doom, faint applause; and heroically persist in running them against that most satisfactory proof of public disapprobation,—empty benches. Who shall decide on the ultimate success of these belligerents? At which house are we most soporific? Whether is the immutable order of mundane things, mutability, better oppugned at Drury, by *Gerardi Duval*, *Monsieur Tonson*, and

the Coronation of George the Fourth; or by *The Exile*, *The Two Pages of Frederick*, and *the Two Gentlemen of Verona* at Covent Garden?—To come to the point: the managers must by this time have found out that costly spectacles which do not *draw*, and which, from the vast preparatory expenses, they cannot afford to *withdraw*, return into the treasury fewer net profits than sterling tragedies and comedies, carefully cast. Mr. Elliston has had very miserable audiences, and latterly his great “masque” must have eaten its own head off; and though there was a fuller show of heads, on the average, at the other theatre, their receipts must have been smaller in proportion; for this reason, that, to the best of our information, the amount of salaries paid from the treasury of Mr. Harris is in relation to that of the *great lessee* as four to one. We are, indeed, afraid that Mr. Harris's wish to treat

the public with liberality is carried to an excess hurtful to his own interests. His company, like a company of the Guards, is assumed with double numbers; he can present a front on every side; while that of E. assembles a skeleton battalion of a condemned West India Regiment. The simile will also hold with regard to their arrangements of novelties. At Covent Garden, they form four deep; if one drops, another is pushed forwards with promptitude to the murderous fire. *The Venison Past* is damned! Let it go! *The Two Gallant Pages* will make the pass good; and if they too fall, we have another, and another, and another. The Russian troops in the *Exile* slacken fire:

Try we the day then with our hot Italians,  
Our Veronese, cat-footed, to climb towers  
Where damsels be, though perpendicular  
straight,  
And with the steamy breath of swathing  
clouds  
Most dizzying slippery.

Now how is it on the other side of the Euxine? The English beef-eaters, worn with ninety nights' successive watch and ward, were relieved by an ill officered levy of Irish Galloglasses, who, thrown speedily into confusion, were, after a feeble resistance (to use a phrase of Soult's) annihilated—and the overweening general having no fresh troops in reserve, was forced to protect his retreat with his jaded yeomen: that is to say, *Giovanni in Ireland* received its well deserved quietus; and though Mr. Elliston has had experience of the public for thirty years, "man and boy," he had nothing in rehearsal against accidents; so that after a very formal red-lettered interment of his "King and no King," the royal Vampire was dragged from the tomb of all the Capulets, or wherever it was, to amuse the little Christmas people, (who had, doubtless, had a glimpse of it before) in lieu of that mysterious entertainment, chartered to them by custom, viz. a pantomime. The consequences of this grand failure were felt sensibly in the treasuries of both houses:—new ventilators were required by Covent Garden, and more fires at Drury. Loss of money was not all;—miscarriages at such a critical season create a want of confidence in play-goers—

every ear is not contented with the damnable sound arising from a conflict between expellent breath and repellent teeth; and Elliston, who knows this as well as any body, in his despair, laid violent hands on the new Scotch Novel, and, assisted by Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. Moncrief, or Mr. Somebody, actually strained forth a premature bantling, which seemed to interest nobody. Still we must inflict somewhat concerning it on our poor readers.

Jan. 15.—Bowed together by the rushing force of the chill north wind, we threaded rapidly the yelling groups under Covent Garden Piazza, pressing onwards to the warmth of a full house, on the first night of *The Pirate*; but, as we obliques from the angle of Bow Street, to the angle of Bridges Street, our hopes were blanked. Before the swinging valves of Drury stood no carriages, but those with the Arabian numerals. "Are you full?" said we, "Middling! very fair, Sir!" (*Gentlemen! we mean.*) We would try the dress circle, however; and there, by the aid of that obliging box keeper, Mr. Stewart, (whom we thus immortalize) we got a seat, second row, third from the stage. Soon we wished for the great coats unheedfully delivered into Mr. S's safe custody—for though the pit was full, and rolled below us like a black lake, the boxes, in general, were merely dotted about here and there, with extremely plain-faced people, pale, disconsolate, having no voice but wheezes, stifles, and coughs. We are believers in ugly nights, and handsome nights; and nearly always contrive to go on the former—which is pleasant!

Reader, we take leave to set it down that you have eaten (a more genteel word than devoured) the novel. You shall not therefore be bored to chew the cud of it with Messrs. Foote, Penley, and Mrs. W. West, as we were. We will speak briefly, and only let you know that the Pirate limped very much, notwithstanding the excision of his worst corns, Mr. Trip Yellowley, and his sister Baby. We should have been for cutting off the post Falero, with his "long yarns," instead of adding his proper dullness with some ingredients from "the old compeller;" and



putting the active little old man (as the Unknown denominates him) into the gashership of that stout, able-bodied actor, Mr. Gattie; whose harsh treatment so muddled his brains, and lowered his poetic fire, that at the whale hunt (of which we merely hear) he not only engaged the stranded mass with a hay-fork, but deserted his friend Mordaunt, in the most cowardly way; and for the whole long eve was absolutely unable to chaunt one stave in praise of the loss of Northmaven—poor Bet, (“I call her Mary! though Betsy does well for an English song,”) of poor Het Stimbister; let alone his

Headlong forward, foot, and horsemen,  
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen.

We augured no good, when we saw he had on a heavy full-bottomed wig! his knees tattered too, poor man! “and a plentiful lack of wit dath ever comrade your weak hama.” For this, however, Mr. G., though an indifferently bad performer, is not entirely accountable; we must look to the blundering carpenter, who knocked so clumsily together the good boards. In the whole job, there is neither selection, nor common stage knowledge of effect. Even Mr. Farley, who so mauled *Undine*, would have turned out a better thing. The bare scaffolding, the simple plot, was hardly to be missed; but the incidents which carry it on seem to have been dropped for in the dark. A man dragged out of green canvas is a very stale trick to play-frequenters—not so is a whale fishing, yet one is rejected and the other retained. The half-fearful, half-impudent evasions of the jaggon to Cleveland’s demands for the restitution of his doubloons and pocket book, combined with the drubbing he suffers from that irritated worthy, might have been worked up very efficaciously for Munden; and, as the grand excuse for the Pirate’s re-connexion with his ruffians hangs on that incident, its insertion is more necessary in the *Drama* (where the son of Nema is comfortably united to the daughter of Magnus) than in the romance, which ends in the grave. But we should be silly to look for any thing like propriety in “a new serious drama (with music,”) so let us sweeten our mouths a

little with sweet words on Cooper; who really personated the corsair here with much ease, animation, and feeling of the original character. The over-acted bluntness, the disagreeable aim of a bullying, patronizing, gratitude towards young Mertoun, in their first colloquy, were correctly exhibited; nor can less be said of the natural haughtiness, civilized into dignity, which, merely laid down while he heaves the lead, is resumed, together with his splendid attire, on coming into safe anchorage. If we said that Mr. ———, whoever he was, the presenter or disfigurer of the jolly Udaller, knew nothing at all about the matter, our sentence would comprise two good things, brevity and truth; and why should we not include in our memorables Mr. Penley, (Mordaunt Mertoun) when his merits may be summed with so simple a combination of letters as *ditto*. The sentimental Buccaneer, Frederic Almont, alias Jack Bunce, was allotted to the fidgetty-active, gasping-jawed, oddly-trotting, smile-creating Harley, the *sal volatile* of Drury; who very ably proved that Mr. Elliston is not always out in his managerial distribution of MSS. studienda. His costume was very discreetly in unison with his amalgamation of nautical duties and histrionic hankerings;—and we admired equally his white petticoat, black steenkirk, red stockings, and venditer blue breeches. But who, save Sir Walter himself, with antiquarian gusto, shall blazon thy glorious array, Old Goffe? Who shall pour thy ambitiously dressed form on the field-dulled fancy of our Westmoreland perusers?—How, except by coloured plate, can the full effect of thy tasteful assortment become tangible enough for vision? The brown bob-wig!—the laced satin vest, full-flapped, of heavenly blue! the brass-buckled baldric of honest black harness leather, stuck full of brass pistols [till it looks like a bandolier!—the gold-fringed, thick-plaited seaman’s petticoat!—the cocked hat, gay with red ribbons, and involuted like a sea-shell!—the red-heeled pumps!—the collarless, spacious-cuffed coat, in hue like the bloody mulberry!—a coat, whose skirts alone would swallow full six such coats as we degenerate wear;—



the point cravat!—the public-house physiognomy!—the ineffable *stand* of the legs!—and the clothing of those ship-adapted legs, of sky-blue silk grizzled horizontally with white heraldic palisades!—What else? what is omitted?—Everything, himself!—But if “the Fortune’s Favourite” be not blown up at point *non-plus* before we are off the stocks you must go and see the old “monkey-sacker,” with his one-eyed boat-swain, and his men, carousing in the cabin; singing manfully the best song in the piece, or the tale—

Thus said the Rover,  
To his gallant crew,  
Up with the black flag,  
Down with the blue!  
Fire on the maintop,  
Fire on the bow,  
Fire on the gun deck,  
Fire down below!

When we call to mind this joyous chorus, we almost incline to set down the Pirate as an amusing spectacle; but then Mr. Pope and Mrs. West arise, and crush the humane feeling. And here we will just note the different treatment which these two performers met with from the vulgar looking audience. Mrs. West, who in the rapt enthusiast Norna was a little more *mannered*, a little more *false*, and a little more weak, than customary, seemed to join the powers of Cecilia and Timotheus; drawing down applause from the gods, and raising rapturous shouts from “the satyrs of the pit.” On the other hand, Pope (Basil Mertoun) was laughed at, and hissed by a parcel of half-price shop boys, to whom this long tried servant of the public might be grandfather. Is this all the consideration and the kindness that English youth show to an old familiar face, falling somewhat into “the sear and yellow leaf?” “Fie on’t, O fie!”—When indeed novel imbecility is smuggled on the town at the commencement of a season (as in the recent case of a young *soi-disant* comedian at Covent Garden) to cheat us of an able hand, it beseems the real theatrical amateur to let no means of warfare escape that may bring about the pristine integrity; he must combat stratagem with stratagem; but surely in the space of forty years, acts of amnesty must

have been passed, which privilege Mr. Pope from all petty hostility.

That unequalled humourist, Munden (whom we seldom see now, because Mr. Elliston considers him too dainty to be supped on often) was put into Bryce Snaelsfoote; but he did little; for he had nothing to do;—still he gave us his unctuous countenance.—Reader! did you ever see him in the Deaf Lover? or is that luxury yet in unenjoyed perspective? if so, take our envy!

The ladies ask a word or two.—Minna, the lofty-visioned, “call her fair not pale,” was thrust on Vestris with the roving eye, who used a whole sixpenny paper of camphine on her pretty face, tried to look grave, and sang delightfully. Her style was steady yet graceful, and her intonation rich, full, airy, and clean. Miss Cubitt, a favourite with us, was much applauded in her musical portions: but spite of her very beautiful sunny hair, and her odd saucy looks, she was not much nearer to Brenda, than Lucy Giovanni to the Zetland Zuleika. We are quite at fault respecting the “*faits et gestes*” of sweet-voiced Mrs. Bland and Miss Povey; but their names are in the bills. Adieu Mesdames et Mesdemoiselles au revoir.

The scenery was very respectable, but not correct; for example, though many of the excellent views of Kirkwall and St. Magnus are to be found in the last interesting volume of William Daniel’s Coasting Tour, yet the street scene before the cathedral in that burgh was copied from an English town very familiar to us, though we cannot at this moment tell where, but we should say in Herts. As to the machinery, the less we speak of it the better: the engagement between the Pirate’s schooner and the Halcyon (if that may be termed an engagement where the slap-banging is all on one side) was jocose, and the fizzling squib which blew up the “Fortune’s Favourite” excited much laughter. When the drop fell, a contest arose which kept Mr. Cooper for some five minutes in cap-in-hand suspense. The contents evidently had it, and he gave out “The Pirate” for the next night amidst a chaos of *Bravos! Ya! Yes! No! No! Catcalls! Hisses! Turn the*

geese out, &c. &c. This was our notion of the case ;—but as a proof that all people do not hear with the same ears, the actor-emperor announced in his manifestoes, “ *that the new piece was received on its first appearance by the unanimous applause of a brilliant and overflowing audience!* ”

At Covent Garden, nothing has been done as yet in the fine old pre-eminent way; in the regular Drama. Macready has played his Rob Roy (which is a clever thing, but not at all like the genuine article); and Miss Stephens has appeared as Polly in the sweet pretty refined abridgement of the Beggar's Opera, executed we hear by Mr. Bowdler the reformer of Shakspeare. Our country friends will be pleased to learn that those profligate wretches, Moll Brazen, Mrs. Slammerkin and Co. are now omitted, in pursuance of remonstrances from the modest and tender-conscienced ladies who nightly occupy such retired and retiring stations as the slips, lobbies, and the pigeon-holes. What a miserable self-betraying disguise all this make-believe goodness is!

When we, the dramatic whipper-in, were a little boy, we always, in destroying mince pies, reserved the rich meat for the finish. Characters are best studied from things that the superficial set down as superficial. The principle of selective epicurism, which caused the above *delicate* separation of the two grand components of the Christmas *delicacy*, is become so diffused through our nature, that, without any observable exercise of the judicial process, we have hoarded up for our grand finale the following account of the pantomime by a friend “ *who hath words and wit at will.* ” Here, take it, and allow that we leave you *con la bocca dolce* till the next month.

#### THE PANTOMIME.

*Drury Lane* has no pantomime this Christmas, which we very sincerely regret, for we know no amusement half so rich as the first night of such a piece at this house. The performers begin hopelessly—and nothing turns out perfect. We remember seeing a splendid failure of this

kind a season or two ago, and were nearly as much entertained at it as if it had been *Mother Goose* in all her bloom and freshness. The disguises, though touched by a silver wand, and ordered off by a little lady with gauze wings, positively declined making their departure—but stuck to the legs and arms of the irritated Harlequin, as though he had been dressed in cobwebs. Columbine was a considerable time in taking the *shutters* down from her spangles and laces—and the Clown himself was obliged to stamp at the negligent trap-door, before it would condescend to admit his charmed and charming habiliments. The disaster of this commencement was the prologue to a thousand failures. Half the river Thames, with half a collier, and three fourths of the patent shot manufactory, was pushed on, and joined by half a parlour, and the moiety of a pianoforte; at another change of scene, half a house glided on by itself, and in vain *yawned* after its partner, which kept struggling in canvas convulsions at the side of the stage, unable to advance or retreat. The sky was *laid on* as the roof to a kitchen—and the beams of the kitchen were suspended over “ *a view at sunrise,* ” and were the only beams permitted to illuminate the prospect. Harlequin danced about in dejected gaiety, and faded lustre—and Columbine followed, sighing, and shuffling, like a lady who is following the dance of a runagate husband. The Clown and Pantaloon cuffed one another with desperate pleasantry—and there was no other humour that told. In vain Harlequin flogged a hard-hearted chest of drawers that ought to have cracked—opened, and flapped into a wheelbarrow, or a temple, or some such animal; there it stood, with its hateful brass handles, and eternal drawers, determined not to throw off its nature. Harlequin gave his wand an additional flourish, and then in the silence of an expecting audience, banged the stubborn furniture enough to have beat in the brains of a real chest:—No—the hint was not taken—the bureau did not move a muscle of its mahogany countenance. At length the jaded Harlequin seized it with one hand, chastised it with the other,

and *tore* it into a magical shape. This worthy king of patches had at another moment to carry his diamond *inexpressibles* through a mirror, when after coming down to the lamps, lifting the black mask from his eyes, taking a run and a muscular spring, he stuck midway in the glass, and you saw him dragged through by the scene shifters. The Clown was as unfortunate—his cabbages would not walk—his gun would not go off. The only successful scene was the green curtain, at twelve o'clock. Such was a Drury Lane Pantomime.

They order these matters better at Covent Garden. Mr. Farley has a soul made of spangles, Mr. Grimaldi has a mouth open as a letter-box—we should guess it to be the original of the latter half of the sign painted on Mr. Willan's coaches. The Columbine is a lively elegant girl—and Mr. Barnes has a humour of the richest and *feeblest* kind as Pantaloon. The scenery is beautifully painted and contrived, and the dresses and tricks are admirably *plotted* and executed. Indeed it is a pleasure, and a laughing pleasure too, to be fairly in for a pantomime at Covent Garden. Mother Bunch must bow (or curtsy) to Mother Goose, but she is potent in her way, and befriends the Yellow Dwarf correctly, according to the book. Oh! these delightful magical tales! These fairy and ever young stories. What riches do they open to youthful hearts—what *Aladdin Lamps* are they in childhood!—We could repeat the names of those we have read, when we were so *high*! and find joy even in the repetition of such names, A Fairy Tale! Princess Fair Star, and Prince Cherry! The Little White Mouse! The White Cat! Tinetta!—Ah! such diamonds as these are not combed out of the hair of literature in these impoverished days—and we must ever cherish Mother Bunch, Mother Goose, and all those old enchanting mothers, who suckled us with fairy milk when we were little. Gray has said that “you can have but one mother.” Here are two mothers, kind, glorious and old, and fit and ready for any child. But to the pantomime.

The story of the Yellow Dwarf is minutely, but rather tediously told, for we little folk do not like to be kept waiting for the pantomimic feast a long time before the *covers* are removed. We like to see a Harlequin, a Clown, and a Columbine speedily dished up, and cannot patiently sit out a long and splendid preparation. The King of the Golden Mines bears himself right gallantly, and claims his bride in true bravery: The Yellow Dwarf descends from the fruit tree, at Mother Bunch's call, and looks as ugly and yellow as need be—and the young lady Princess chooses the handsome suitor, with a truly feminine indifference. But of all the important persons, commend us to the Mother of the Princess! (Mr. Barnes.) She, with her Bonassus body and flaring crimson countenance, shaded by a white veil—is company for Gog! How broadly does she career about her mansion—how expressive is her nose, terrifically *pugged*—how ample her chest,—almost a chest of drawers! how magnanimous her back. When she toddles up the stage to look at her sleeping daughter, she looks like a trotting copper!—In verity, she is a charming woman, and a *widower*.

The scenery is very beautiful, and the tricks, though not of the newest, are adroitly executed, which makes them as good as new. Grimaldi, the rich Grimaldi (we only hope he is as rich off the stage as he is on, for then he may do!) laughs aloud several times, and makes a few remarks in the course of the pantomime, which it is impossible to resist—bursting as they do from that Highgate Archway of a mouth, and seconded as they are by his clear jolly visage. His son should not speak; he is a nimble lad, but no Clown-orator. The exhibition of John Gilpin in all his glory, with bottle necks, and without wig or hat, is a play of itself—a play of the muscles! Indeed we enjoyed the pantomime heartily; and what would a critic have more?

Miss Dennett is a lively girl; and Mr. Ellar leaps like a Trojan.

## ON A FREE PAPER CURRENCY.

MR. EDITOR—I was the other day in company where the propriety of supporting a petition for a free paper currency was much questioned by some gentlemen who had been attending the Norfolk Meeting, and had heard there opinions, as they thought, expressed against the measure. One said the petition was for an increased paper currency; “but what, he would ask, had been the great cause of all the calamities under which we were labouring? Was it not the great circulation of paper which had formerly prevailed? What was the disease? A paper currency. What the remedy proposed to be applied for it? Why, the very disease itself. He had heard no arguments in favour of this measure, and he should like to hear whether any could be advanced. In his opinion, the real cause of our distress was to be found in the enormous taxation, as well direct as indirect, imposed at present on the country; and the only remedy would be found in a rigid economy enforced in every department of the State, naval, military, and civil, from the head of the Executive down to the lowest offices of Government.”

Another gentleman was opposed to the petition, “because it had, for its effect, the re-enactment of the Bank Restriction Act, which was the cause and origin of all our difficulties: that Act had given Ministers power to obtain almost unlimited credit with the Bank, and thus enabled them to expend those enormous sums of money which were the real cause of the present distress: it had created a currency of paper which had given a fictitious value to money. Mr. Peel’s Bill was proceeding to restore it to its true standard; and one good effect of it was, that it was daily bringing the English farmer nearer to a state of competition with the foreign grower, into which it was at present impossible for him to enter, for the former sold his corn at 80s. a quarter—the latter at 40s. What was the cause of this great difference? It was, that the foreigner paid no taxes—not that he had a better climate, or greater industry than the English farmer. He concluded with saying, that the opinions which he had stated upon this

subject were not opinions which he had himself crudely formed, for he was ready to confess that he was no financier, but opinions supported by those who were best acquainted with the whole bearing of this great financial question.”

A third gentleman differed so far from those who preceded him as to “feel convinced, that the alteration of the currency was the chief cause of the distress; but though the Bill which effected this was impolitic when it was passed, he would say it ought not now to be repealed; for, in the last year, many contracts had been framed: and though the operation of the Act might be a scourge, it was only the work of retributive justice; whereas, to repeal it, would be absolute spoliation.”

I know that your Miscellany, Mr. Editor, takes no particular side in politics; and, from the absence of all articles in which the views of party are professedly maintained, I conceive that such writings are not likely to gain any favour with you: but, as this subject savours neither of Whig, Tory, nor Radical principles; as it concerns only the common weal; and as all classes are alike interested in its discussion, being equally implicated in the good or ill to which the determination of it must give rise; so I hope you will allow me to oppose, in your pages, the arguments, or rather charges, which, in the above-mentioned speeches, were, at the time, successfully brought against the proposed measure.

And, first, let me vindicate the advocates of a free paper currency from the charge of wishing to restore the Bank Restriction Act. They disapprove of that weak and unphilosophical expedient, and would have us do now what ought to have been done when that unfortunate measure was first proposed to the consideration of Parliament, viz. acknowledge the principle of an increased value of gold compared with our paper currency, and provide for their constant interchange at that rate which the extra issues of paper money should render just and necessary. According to this plan, the value of gold would possibly have been raised to the price

it bore at certain periods of the late war, when, to answer the demands of Government, it was bought up at the premium of seven or eight shillings in the guinea; but it is not unlikely that, if the Bank had been the constant channel of supply, it might have been considerably lower, as there was a great quantity of money kept from circulation, partly from timidity, but very frequently from a conviction that it was dishonest to sell it for more than its legal value, and from a natural aversion to part with it for less than its known worth. Be this as it might, no particular class of persons could have gained by the advance; for the country at large would have had the benefit, instead of a few individuals of less tender conscience than the rest.

But some persons will say, is it not a national calamity to have a paper currency continually increasing in amount? To this I answer, it is not a calamity to possess abundance of gold and silver in the country, and why should abundance of paper money produce such an effect? Because, they say, it is so liable to depreciation. Now here lies the great mistake. Paper is no more liable to depreciation than any other currency is. Suppose, for example, that instead of giving paper money, the Bank of England had possessed a silver mine, and had made all its issues in that kind of coin, would not silver have been depreciated? Depreciation is a relative term: it respects some other thing, which is made the standard of value, and in comparison with which that article is said to be of diminished value, which is increased in quantity while the standard remains the same. Gold is the fittest of all things for a standard, by reason of its slowness of increase or decrease, and because, by common consent, it is considered valuable in almost all parts of the world. Now, compared with gold, corn is depreciated, when we have an abundant harvest;—that is, an ounce of gold will purchase more of it than when the supply is less. In like manner, silver is subject to depreciation when it increases in the country while gold remains stationary: and equally, but not more so, paper money is depreciated when it exists in greater abundance at one time than at another.

But who thinks of lamenting a plentiful supply of corn? Yes, I am sorry to say it is the language of too many at this present moment, who attribute our distresses to an abundant harvest, and who teach us to hope for better times when it shall please God to give us a drought, or blight, or mildew. This impious doctrine, for it is nothing less, since it charges on Providence the misery resulting from man's silly councils, is likely to have a speedy punishment; for the check which has been given to agriculture is sufficient to produce a comparative famine, and then these wiseacres will find no less cause to complain of a bad harvest than they have of a good one. Whether the farmer can derive much advantage from having a higher price when he has, at the same time, less corn to sell, I leave him to determine; but there is no doubt that all the rest of the community will be sufferers by the undue share of money which the purchase of that chief necessary of life will draw from their annual income.

We ought not, I say, to regret having an abundant harvest; for, if it is not the source of comfort and peace to every person in the kingdom, the error is in ourselves. As little should we have cause to deplore an issue of silver coin beyond our usual quantity. It is true, that compared with other things which remain the same as they were, it is depreciated, and we give more shillings for the guinea, and more for the quarter of wheat; but who can complain of that, seeing that he has *more to give*, and that is the very reason why he gives it: he has first received it in greater abundance before he is called upon to impart some of that superfluity; and what hardship can there be in this? Do you know, Mr. Editor, if it were not an absurdity almost too great for supposition, I could be tempted to imagine that some of those persons who rail at high prices think, positively think, that *they* shall keep up their receipts to the old amount, while agricultural produce, and other articles which are the first to fall in value, will remain at their present low price. I fear many tradesmen are of this way of thinking, and flatter themselves that their prices will not fall in proportion, and so they shall be the richer for



that which is the ruin of the farmer. But I need not gravely state to them, that their fall will be as certain and as low as that of the farmer; nor is it necessary to tell the landlord, or the clergyman, how soon he must sympathise with the disadvantages of that return to low prices which, at first, seems one source of greater wealth to him, by making his income appear so much larger in comparison with his expenditure.

I have hitherto considered the depreciation as belonging to our silver currency; but, though that has been increased, and therefore deteriorated, in a degree, compared with gold, it is our paper currency which has undergone that depreciation from abundance, which it has been so much the fashion to lament of late. But the cases are precisely similar; and, unless I were to repeat what has just been said on the subject of an extra issue of silver, I could not explain what is the necessary consequence of a larger amount of paper money, nor how little we are injured by that excess. Prices are, at all times, relative to the amount of the currency in circulation. When men could buy an ox for a guinea, there was not more than a penny a-day paid to the labourer. Increase your currency to twenty times the amount, and the price of the ox will be twenty guineas, and the wages of the labourer twenty pence. I state the matter loosely, for it requires no nicety. The principle is without doubt just, and applicable to all payments as well as to those just mentioned. Money will find its level; and, when you increase the quantity in the country, the prices of all things will advance; when you diminish the amount, they will fall. In either state, when prices have regained that level to which they continually tend, men are, in fact, neither richer nor poorer for high or low prices. All this is so obvious to every capacity, that I should be ashamed to dwell upon it, were it not so much the practice to represent low prices as containing in them every thing that is desirable; and, on the other hand, to reprobate high prices as the ruin of the country.

It may serve to enliven this dull topic, and, perhaps, give some useful information to those who have not much considered the nature of money,

if I insert here what a very old writer says of it:—

The monoyes were established first | for as moche as they had not of all thinges necessarye to gydre | that one had whete | another had wyn | and another cloth or other wares | He that had whete had not wyn withoute he chaunged one for another | and so must they dayly chaunge one for another | For to have that they had not | as they that knew none other mene | Whan the philosophres sawe this | they dyde so moche that they established wyth the lordes somtime regnyng | a lytil lyght thyng which every man myght bere with him to bye that was nedeful to him | and behoefful for his lyf | And so ordeyned by advyse to gydre a thyng which was not over dere | ne holden for over vyte | and that it were of some vature for to bye and use wyth all true marchandyse one with another | by vertue of such enseigne | and that it were comune over all and in all maner | And establed thenne a lytil monoye | which should goo and have cours thurgh the world | And by cause it lad men by the waye and mynystred to them that was necessarye | it was called monoye | That is as moche to saye | as to gyve to a man al that hym behoveth for his lyvyng | Monos in grekysh langage is as moche to saye | as one thyng only | For thenne was but one maner of monoye in all the world | But now every man maketh monoye at his playsir by which they deanoy and goo out of the waye more than yf ther were but one coyne only | For by this cause is seen ofte plante of diverse monoyes | Thus established not the philosophres | For they established for to save the state of the world | And I saye it for as moche yf the monoye were out of grotes and pence of silver so thenne it shold be of lasse weyght and lasse of valewe | and that shold be better for to bere by the waye for poure folke | and better shold be easid for the helpe of their nedes to their lyvyng | And for none other cause it was ordeyned first | For the monoyes be not preysed but for the gold and sylver that is therin | And they that established it first made it right lytil and lyght | For the more ease to be born al aboute | where men wold goo | For now in late dayes as in the begynnyng of the regne of Kynge Edward and longe after was no monoye curraunt in Englonde but pence and halfpence and ferthynges | And he ordeyned first the grote and half-grote of sylver | and noble | half noble and ferthyng in golde.—From Caxton's "*Ymage or Mirroure of the World*," 1480.

Another old writer tells us, what was the case before even this degree of currency was in use.

In ancient ages of the world, before the invention of money, men were all for bar-



tering of commodities, as Diomedes' armour was valued at 10 cowes, and Glaucus, his golden armour, at 100. But I read of no money till Abraham paid 400 shekels for a burying place.—The old Britons used iron rings and plates for money.

The custom of using *eight* pieces of money was doubtless a great improvement over the iron rings and plates of the old Britons; and as great is the advantage of paper over metal. For if it was not possible to transact with iron money the business of this country in 1480, equally impossible I should conceive it to be to represent the immense transactions of our day by a gold currency. Has any body calculated the length of time it will take to make our payments, merely in the way of counting gold; the great hazard, and delay, and labour of carrying it; the difficulty of conveying small sums from one town to another? Why should we be so in love with the imperfection of a tumbrous coin, when we already possess one so far superior in these respects? A gold currency belongs to an uncultivated people; all men in our time can read and write, and judge of money by other marks than those of weight and sound: *stated to be*

So on our heels a fresh perfection treads.

Besides, if we are to go back to a lower state of civilization, why stop at the currency of 1797? There is no argument used for that day's money, which would not equally apply to the currency of 1480. But the English are a nation easily alarmed, and under any of their panics they will rush into the opposite extreme of danger. It would not else be easy to account for the affection shown to a paper currency during the war, and for the present extreme aversion to it. Let us hope that a cooler judgment is returning.

It would certainly be a ridiculous spectacle, if it were not so tragical in its effects, to see our much vaunting John Bull abandon all his glorying about great trade, and public credit, and begin to sweat himself down like a jockey to feather weight, that he may ride a race on equal terms with the Frenchman, when, left to his natural strength and with a fair course, not all the world could match him.—Why have we not an Act to prevent canals

the rivers? it would not be a whit more absurd than the Act to prevent our paper currency from rising above the level of gold. For as the rivers, running into the seas, would communicate all our canal water to the whole world, so the breaking down the banks of our paper currency, and rendering it equal with gold, carries off to foreign countries all our surplus wealth. In either case the loss is equally ruinous to us, and not much more beneficial to them.

But not only our canals,—our roads, our internal trade, or civilization, manners, habits, intellect will retrograde with the receding means of the country.

Having somewhat cleared the ground of our subject from general error and misconception, I proceed to examine the particular objections which are made to a free paper currency. The gentleman who first spoke, accused it of being the great cause of all our calamities. "What was the disease? a paper currency." This is incorrect: a paper currency is not in itself more pernicious than one of gold or silver. But "it was the great circulation of paper which *formerly* prevailed," that has produced our present distress. Here we come rather nearer the truth than was perhaps intended. The distress is occasioned, not by the great circulation, but by the diminution of that circulation. We have been tampering with the currency of the country in the enactment of Mr. Peule's Bill, and have violently affected the value of money, and with it all pecuniary engagements. A subversion of that fair principle on which every bargain is supposed to be founded has taken place in all existing contracts, which, if done without the consent or foreknowledge of the parties, ought to have vitiated them. In Courts of justice, an equal wrong done to a private person would have been followed by redress, supposing that one of the parties knew of or caused that loss for which the other sought a remedy at law. The taxation of the country has been increased in amount by the alteration in the value of the currency, and all those persons who are paid out of that taxation the former amount in tale, or number of pieces, so far as each piece is of greater value than was contemplated by those

who agreed to give them that amount, profit by the wrong. By the passing of Mr. Peel's Bill, it is considered that twenty millions a year are thus added to the taxes: I agree therefore with the first speaker, in attributing our distress principally to *enormous taxation*, and I would have a rigid economy enforced, but one far more efficacious than he hints at.

With the argument of the second speaker, so far as it is directed against the re-enactment of the Bank Restriction Act, I have nothing to do, being as averse to that act as he can be. But when he speaks of the fictitious value of paper money, he advances to a position which I know to be untenable, and can easily prove to be so. The Bank-note and promissory note are alike the representatives of value, and they carry that value with them, let them pass into whatever hands they may. No man can get the one or give the other without some property to that amount becoming responsible for the bill. But do not men deceive the Banker? does not the Banker himself often fail? and are not promissory notes often returned for want of effects? Certainly: but in all this the country is not entitled to complain of the fictitious value of paper money, for in each instance some other person's property has made good the deficiency, and he has no right to complain of a loss to which, perhaps, want of due caution, or too great eagerness for gain, exposed him: still less is he entitled to blame paper money as the cause of his loss, for it was properly imputable to his giving credit. But shall we be told that nobody ought to trust another person? Yes: absurdities great as this have found advocates of late in the frenzy with which men have been led to quarrel with anything, when something, they know not what, distresses and provokes them.

But whither does the view of the opponents of a free paper currency carry them? By the mouth of the second speaker, who says, he expresses the sense of those financiers who are best acquainted with the whole bearing of this great question, we learn, that the agricultural interest is not yet above half way down to the level to which they expect it to sink. The English farmer is to be

brought to a competition with the foreign farmer who produces his grain at 40s. a quarter. Now let us pause, and seeing what misery has attended our present reduction of price, let us only give a moment's consideration to the fate which in the opinion of this gentleman and his friends awaits us. They have witnessed an increase of taxation to the amount of twenty millions a year, by the operation of Mr. Peel's Bill, but this is only while it is *proceeding* to restore money to its true standard; and "one good effect of it is the *daily bringing* the English farmer to a state of competition with the foreign grower." And how many millions will that cost us? Far above twenty more. Yes, it has ruined hundreds of the most industrious and respectable families in this country, and it will according to this information continue daily to add to their numbers, till the farmer and all who are dependent on him are ground down to the dust, "low as their rooting plough."

This brings me to the third speaker, who, as if to show the propriety of all this destruction of the farmer's property, calls it "the work of retributive justice," and says, "that to repeal the act would be absolute spoliation." If I am wrong, I beg his pardon, but I understand, by retributive justice, that the farmer is losing now, in some proportion to his former gains. But perhaps it is not the same man who gained? Then it was his father or his grandfather, as the wolf said to the lamb in the fable. Yes; and the offending farmer who *did* gain, is as much deserving punishment for it as the unoffending sheep. He had a beneficial lease or a kind landlord, and he made a handsome profit of his farm. But he did not contrive all this benefit to himself—he did not make a contract, and then make a law turning that contract more to his own advantage than his unsuspecting landlord imagined. He worked hard, had much enterprize, cultivated his land with superior skill, and improved in his fortune as might be expected from these exertions, as well as from the greater plenty of money. But he did not keep that money in his chest. He lived freely, and even expensively, communicating to a vast number of tradesmen the wealth he derived from the soil. They were

equally enriched, and raised in respectability with himself. And as his leases fell in his landlord was not forgotten. It is, perhaps, the endeavour of the latter to secure to himself some portion of this benefit rather longer than is reasonable that supplies the expression of *retributive justice*; for that term may be applicable to the payment of rent, though not to the payment of taxes.

As for the dread of spoliation in the case of recent contracts, set the injustice of the one case against that of the other; and, in the opinion of all impartial men, the obligation to restore the currency to its proper level would be unquestionable. Let any one calculate the odds for himself: the farmer, who pays the same rent and taxes now which he paid at the end of the war, pays annually one-third at the least more than he ought to pay: we know how many of our neighbours and friends are in this predicament, and pretty generally to what amount they are by this means annually impoverished; and we can compare them with the instances which we know of to the contrary, where the landlord or the contractor will be in danger of losing his leases granted at the present value of money. It is to compare the wound made by a pin, to that of a sword which runs you through the body.

But if there should be any real cause for dreading absolute spoliation, let it be avoided. The risk is dissipated by a word. Let the act, which places our currency on its true basis, require, that all contracts entered into within a certain period after the passing of Mr. Peel's Bill, shall be fulfilled in gold; in that case, if a depreciation of paper should ensue, neither of the contracting parties will be injured.

Having shown how futile all the objections are which have been urged against a free paper currency, I have only now to call upon all who are interested in the revival of general prosperity, to join in petitioning Parliament to grant the only measure which seems likely to promote it. The agriculturist will need no encouragement, the spur is in his sides, and no other plan offers for its removal. The cause is not less that of the tradesman, manufacturer, and merchant; they will suffer next, and

speedily too; it is only the loss of the farmer's capital first, in the low prices of produce, which retards for a time the same ruin in its approach to them: nor will the lord of the soil, or the fundholder, escape. Petitions so signed cannot fail of accomplishing their object; for what can the Whigs desire more than a retrenchment to the amount of twenty millions a year; and the Tories have no excuse for non-compliance, who attribute all the distress to Mr. Peel's Bill, and whose only reason for not desiring its repeal, is a groundless fear for those who have entered into recent contracts. We may calculate therefore on having both sides with us in Parliament.

The following form of a petition was drawn up at the request of some friends who wished to be prepared for a public meeting likely to be convened in an important agricultural district of one of the midland counties. It contains, of course, more than is necessary to be inserted in petitions in general, but it will suggest, to those who may wish to adopt the prayer of it, topics worth their consideration. The prayer itself comes into a very small compass: the reason for this is obvious. It was wished neither to embarrass the question, nor to appear to dictate to Parliament, by introducing subjects of detail. Whether the Country bankers should be required to pay in gold, or in Bank of England notes, (the former plan affording a more secure material to those who would rather lose their interest by hoarding money, than entrust their property to their neighbours) is a question for the consideration of Parliament; but not at all necessary to be determined, in order to arrive at the merits of the case before us. In like manner, whether an arrangement should be made with the Bank of England, relative to the establishment of banking companies throughout England, a measure which has been attended with good effects in Scotland, and which the Bank of England charter precludes us from adopting,—as it is not essential to the fulfilment of our plan, is left to be argued on its own grounds in the proper place. For the usual recommendations of retrenchment, &c. no precedent here can be wanted.

PETITION FOR A FREE PAPER CURRENCY CONVERTIBLE AT ALL TIMES  
INTO GOLD, AD VALOREM.

To the Honourable the Commons  
of the United Kingdom of Great  
Britain and Ireland in Parlia-  
ment assembled,

We the Gentry, Clergy, Freehold-  
ers, and Occupiers of land in  
the Hundred of ———, in the  
County of ———, most humbly  
represent to your Honourable  
House,

That, convinced of the propriety of  
requiring the Bank of England to  
resume Cash payments, we yet regret  
that the end has been attained only  
by the annihilation of a large amount  
of Paper currency, which as a repre-  
sentative of value is equally neces-  
sary with a Metallic currency to  
carry on the affairs of the country,  
and the destruction of which has en-  
tailed upon us a greater evil than  
that from which it was the intention  
of Parliament to relieve us.

By the alteration in the value of  
the currency which this measure has  
occasioned, every former money en-  
gagement still subsisting, whether  
between individuals or with govern-  
ment, has been rendered insupport-  
ably oppressive to the party which is  
bound to provide the money; and a  
scale of low prices has been intro-  
duced, which deprives us even of the  
means of paying our rents and taxes,  
the amount of which was calculated  
and agreed on under the operation  
of a more abundant currency.

We would respectfully observe to  
your Honourable House, that Eng-  
land is very differently circumstanced  
from other nations, and that from her  
peculiar situation she requires a very  
different kind of circulating medium  
from that which is proper for other  
countries.

Standing on the same footing with  
them as to the necessity of having a  
circulating medium adapted to all the  
ordinary purposes of trade, foreign  
and domestic, England has doubtless  
equal occasion with them for a Me-  
tallic currency. But in regard to her  
*peculiar* situation, from having, in  
addition to this ordinary demand, the  
task of supplying annually the very  
large amount of money which the in-  
terest of the national debt, and other  
charges, require to be placed in the  
hands of government, she has evi-

dently need of an *extra* and a *peculiar*  
currency.

Our paper money has supplied us  
with this extra currency, and with  
it we were enabled to pay these  
charges for the public service with-  
out suffering any inconvenience from  
the want of a larger Metallic cur-  
rency. The only defect of the sys-  
tem was the non-convertibility of  
Paper into Gold at all times.

But all our money-transactions are  
now to be represented by a Metallic  
currency, and thus we are reduced  
to the following alternative: either  
to have a small amount of this cur-  
rency, and the same prices with other  
countries, out of which prices our  
public charges are to be defrayed;  
or to have a larger amount of this  
currency, and prices so much higher  
as will include in some degree the  
amount of those public charges.

The former condition would load  
us with a burthen, the insupportable  
nature of which we may in part judge  
of from the weight of taxation on our  
present low prices; and the latter  
condition would inflict no less distress  
upon us, by increasing the number  
of Absentees, by forcing our extra  
Metallic currency out of the country  
to enrich other nations, and by ren-  
dering us in the mean time unable  
to cope with them in foreign mar-  
kets.

And it is not only unjust to our-  
selves, but a monstrous folly, to suf-  
fer other countries to participate in  
the interior traffic of England,—to  
give them a beneficial interest in the  
amount of our taxation—to alienate  
to them, without claim of right, or  
shadow of return, our proper and pe-  
culiar wealth; yet this is done by  
requiring Gold to serve as the me-  
dium by which property actually in  
this country is transferred from one  
resident individual to another.

For this purpose a mere memoran-  
dum on a slip of paper would suf-  
fice; and what is a note of hand  
but such a memorandum stamped?  
Again, what is a bank-note, but a  
note of hand circulating without  
limitation, till the holder chooses to  
consider it due, and presents it for  
payment? And a bank-note pos-  
sesses this advantage, with the fur-



ther, quality of not requiring the endorsements of all who have possessed it, to guarantee its validity. We make these remarks to show, that bank-notes are the representatives not of fictitious, but of real property. They have this additional recommendation,—they prevent the property which they represent from being carried out of the country.

The convenience of these notes has led to their general acceptance as *money*, and they now form a peculiar currency, which, being the natural product of taxation, and the legitimate representative of that property which constitutes the national debt, is not only well adapted to our peculiar situation, but has the further advantage of always keeping pace in amount with the demands for public service. For instance, if fresh taxes are imposed, or fresh loans are required, more of this peculiar currency will be drawn into circulation; for though we cannot create gold and silver on an emergency, we possess that faculty over paper money: if, on the other hand, taxes should be remitted, or any part of the debt be reduced, paper money equivalent will be thrown out of circulation, to be re-absorbed, perhaps, in some property which had before been pledged for its security.

During this fluctuation in the amount of our Paper currency it will of course happen, that it will bear, at different times, a different proportion to that of the Metallic currency. At such times, we humbly conceive, the natural course would be to let the Paper currency find its own value in exchange against the precious metals; and it is certainly the best course, for no uniform value can be assigned to that which is essentially and for ever variable in amount.

And we pray that your Honourable House, with a view to fix the Paper currency of this country on a permanent and equitable basis, would please to rescind an Act, the professed object of which is the restriction of this Paper currency to the proportion which it bore to gold prior to the year 1797; a *proportion* so far from being adequate to the present wants of the nation, whose taxes and debt have increased in the ratio of 8 to 3 since that period,

that it was even then obviously inefficient and impossible to be kept at that level, as the passing of the Bank Restriction Act testifies.

We presume not to say what positive enactments may be necessary to give the requisite protection to our Paper currency. If the price of gold be given in every Gazette, and if the Directors of the Bank of England be required to sell gold at that price on demand, in exchange for their own notes, it may, perhaps, be sufficient. The country banker may either pay his own notes in gold, or in those of the Bank of England. At the same time, it will be well to allow to all persons the privilege of partaking in the advantages, if any, of the free purchase and sale of the precious metals, whether in coin or otherwise.

Among the beneficial consequences of placing our Paper currency on a proper footing, we look with confidence to the following:

1. An increase in its issue, which, causing an advance in the prices of all commodities, will make the present rate of rent and taxes payable with less inconvenience, and will thereby benefit the tenant and the land proprietor, the trading and the mercantile interest.

2. This advance on the price of our goods at home, being imposed solely by our national and peculiar burthens, and represented by a currency peculiar to England, will leave the Metallic price unaffected by the advance. It follows, therefore, that we shall be able to sell our goods for the same quantity of gold as other nations, the difference of cost being made up to us by the increased value of that gold when it comes to England. The same result will attend the operation if carried on by barter: the goods of foreign countries will sell here for as high a price in English currency as the goods cost which are exchanged for them. So that the transaction, when completed, will be found, as far as price is concerned, equally advantageous to the English as to the foreign merchant: and hence it is evident, that our foreign trade would not suffer from the measure.

3. With a free Paper currency we shall be able to withdraw from circulation a considerable portion of our Metallic currency, for purposes of use.

or show; and thus gold and silver will become more abundant in our houses, which, independent of other advantages, will secure us a store of the precious metals, serviceable, perhaps, at some future period, should war unfortunately call again for its well known sinews.

4. An invariable standard of value will be established, to which the nation may constantly appeal for determining the relative worth of any property; for instance, Rent, calculated and agreed on in gold, at the value of 4*l.* per ounce, would give the landlord precisely the same value when gold should rise to be worth 5*l.* per ounce; and it would be the same to him, whether he received the payment each time in gold, or whether 100*l.* at one time, and at another 125*l.* were given him in paper money as the equivalent; and the tenant would find it equally just in both cases. In like manner, if a Corn protecting price were considered fair and just at the value of an ounce of gold per quarter, it would remain undisturbed as a fair price, though that ounce of gold, and with it the quarter of corn, should advance in value from 4*l.* to 5*l.*

5. When gold shall have advanced in price, with respect to our Paper currency, it will cause a kind of tax to fall on Absentees, whose wealth cannot then be converted into a Metallic or European currency without losing its English value. Thus, if gold were 5*l.* per ounce, the absentee, for every 100*l.* here, would only carry abroad 80*l.*

Lastly. No one could be injured by the depreciation of the circulating medium; for gold, being unaltered in quantity, would be unaltered in value; and Paper money, though subject to variation, would always be increased in quantity before it became reduced in quality.

We therefore humbly pray, that your Honourable House will please to take the subject of a free Paper currency into consideration, and adopt such measures as you in your wisdom shall deem most expedient, to remove the present injurious restraints upon it, and to allow it free action; to protect it equally with the Metallic currency of the realm; and to make it permanently payable in gold, on the equitable principle of mutual value.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE most important circumstance attending the art of which it is our province to speak, is the patronage which His Majesty has begun to extend towards English Music and Musicians. When it is recollected that the determined attachment of the late King to the compositions of Handel was productive of a strong influence upon the taste of the country, and served, as much as the intrinsic excellence of the music itself, to rivet the general, and almost exclusive favour to the works of that composer; such an event cannot but be of moment to native professors. With such establishments as the Opera, and the Philharmonic Concerts, giving a decided support to foreign musicians and foreign music, and thereby leading most, if not all other concerts towards the same performances, English talent certainly had not fair play on English ground.

The works of Haydn and Mozart had in themselves sufficient to attract the musical public, and every impulse that compositions could possibly receive has been addressed to the general circulation of their melodies and pieces. To these Rossini has succeeded, as the acquaintance with the Italian language has daily become more general. The music of the Italian composers is far more voluptuous, far more airy and melodious, and is directed to the senses; while such pieces of English construction as are best known, and have maintained their ground at the ancient concert, the oratorios, and provincial meetings, the compositions of Purcell, Handel, and Arne, speak only to the sublimer affections.

Foreign instrumentalists and singers, taken *en masse*, have also been more eminently gifted, and more



highly cultivated than our own. Fashion has aided their endeavours; and all these circumstances have combined to favour the introduction and ascendancy of foreign music, so that it appeared necessary almost to the preservation of English music, as well as to the encouragement of native talent, that some measure should be taken in their behalf. The King, we have reason to think, has listened to the reasonable representations, which have been made to him on this subject, by some of the most eminent professors, and hence, we believe, the late reception of Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Sale, and other English vocalists, at Brighton.—Hence the introduction of glees, and the performance of Handel, on recent occasions.

Consentaneously with this fact, so favourable to our own school, it has been stated, that a meeting of several noblemen and gentlemen has been held, for the purpose of originating an establishment for the instruction of young musicians. Little, however, is yet known beyond the mere circumstance that such an institution has been the subject of some consideration. It has long since been proposed, and its utility advocated in the established journal of musical science, *the Quarterly Musical Review*.

In our last we announced the arrangements for the King's Theatre, which opened on Saturday the 12th of January. The Opera of Pacini, a composer who follows in the train of Rossini, which was understood to be in rehearsal, has given way to the everlasting *Le Nozze di Figaro*, an opera which certainly deserves, if any one can deserve, its eternity of representation. There was reason to suppose last season, that the exclusion of English talent made a part of the design of the noble board of management. The expulsion of Mr. Ayrton this year, and the substitution of Signor Petracchi, who has been sent for from Milan, corroborates the supposition, and also the probability, that the ballet will be more highly cultivated than the musical department. Il Teatro della Scala, from which the new director comes, is more celebrated for its dances than its singing; indeed the

whole of this last branch has been there notoriously secondary to that of the ballet. But the King's Theatre is now announced as being under the direction of a committee of the nobility, with the Count Saint Antonio, it is presumed, at the head, and the opera is likely to be again very fashionable.

The only new singer of pretension, that has appeared at present, is Madame de Moncke, under her maiden appellation of Signora Rosalbina Caradori, who personated the page, *Cherubino*, in Mozart's opera. Her voice is a soprano, sweet and rich in its tone, but of apparently insufficient volume for so large a theatre. It is alike in quality for the compass of nearly two octaves. Her intonation is more correct than is generally observed amongst Italian stage singers. She took the exquisitely expressive air, *Voi che sapete*, which has usually been assigned to the Contessa. At present Signora Caradori is to be considered rather as advancing in her acquirements, than as having arrived at their maturity. It is, however, probable, that her success will be limited by want of power, rather than of polish, and that she will be better heard in an orchestra than on the stage. The rest of the dramatis personæ were nearly as last year. Ambrogetti's acting and singing in *the Count* are completely at variance; the one is as excellent as the other is execrable. He is certainly the very worst singer that ever took the rank that he maintains with so much popularity. Madame Camporese is as elegant and scientific as ever, and deficient in nothing but the true compass of her voice, which is something brassy and restricted; but in knowledge, taste, and feeling, she is admirable. Angrisani was the Figaro; Placci Bartolo, and Righi, the *perdurable* Righi, the Vicar of Bray under all changes and administrations, held two or three other inferior characters. A Signora Graziani, who has succeeded Madame Gattie as Marcellina, is vastly below criticism, and almost beyond endurance.

Madame Mara has revisited her native place (Cassel), where she has met with a distinguished and flattering reception. A grand concert was given at court to welcome her, and

on her departure her horses were gratuitously provided.

Mr. Moschelles is returned to London, where he purposes to remain during next season.

The concerts of the Philharmonic society are to commence on Monday the 25th of February.

The first article of our monthly catalogue of publications is the music new and selected, by Mr. Bishop, for the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, lately revived at Covent Garden theatre. This sort of substitution for what the English public has been accustomed to consider as their regular opera, indicates a pause in composition, which may, perhaps, be followed by a nearer approach to what opera should be; for it indicates the exhaustion of the taste for musical pantomime, or melodrames, half dialogue, half song. There is some very pretty music. The first air, *When I have seen the hungry ocean gain*, is obviously limited by being written for a voice of short compass, in point of fact, for a child. The duet which follows, *Say though you strive*, is confined by the same restriction, but both are simple and sweet melodies. The latter, indeed, is a second *My pretty page*, which has attained so much popularity in *Henri Quatre*. *O never say that I was false of heart*, is the *aria d'abiltà* for Miss Hallande, and has the same recommendation of agreeable melody, with more pretension. Mr. Bishop has next harmonized Dr. Arne's fine song, *If o'er the cruel tyrant*, for four voices, but to other words. He has added a second movement of his own, which though very inferior to Arne's, yet satisfies the ear after it; no slight commendation. *When in disgrace with fortune*, opens with a very expressive andante, and ceases with an allegro brillante that resembles a polacca, and yet is not a polacca, but a nameless something of superior interest.

*Who is Sylvia*, a glee, is Bishop's own *By the simplicity of Venus' doves*, harmonized with *Pray Goody*, for a second movement. *That time of year*, a cavatina, and *Should he upbraid*, are both elegant songs. The first is more original than the latter, which might almost pass for a parody on the composer's *Bid me dis-*

course, one of the latest and best of his productions. The resemblance is indeed very curious, and not less ingeniously wrought. Mr. Bishop may also be accused of paraphrasing his own thoughts in the duet, *On a day*, which, in style, more than in passages, is analogous to *As it fell upon a day*, and *Orpheus*, two of his most successful efforts. All these things are, however, elegant, and at the same time popular. There is a round, a chorus, and a finale; the second has a singular and effective conclusion; the last is so good an imitation of Rossini's mannerism, that Mr. Bishop probably intended the likeness. As a whole, the music is of a class to take with a million of English auditors, players, and singers.

Asioli has published *eleven Italian ariette*, in which there is variety and beauty of style.

Amongst the single songs are two pre-eminently beautiful ballads, by Mr. Latour, who has but of late struck into this species of writing. *The parting*, and, *O wake no more that lay of love and gladness*, are delicate and impassioned: not difficult to sing, and very effective when sung well.

Mr. Sola has a very elegant Italian duettino, *Mi guardi sospira*. He has also arranged the French duet *Reposons nous*, to English words, *Beneath this deep embowering shade*, and this also makes a good addition to our stock of elegant trifles.

Mr. Moschelles has published *La Tenerenza*, a rondalitto, dedicated to Mrs. Kalkbrenner. The opening passages are airy, but very graceful; these with other occasional subjects are worked upon with the skill and contrivance throughout that mark the genius of that composer.

The fourth, and we believe, the last book of *Hummel's Panchon*, arranged as duets for the piano forte, by Novello, is not undeserving of the great commendation we bestowed on the former numbers.

Compositions for the harp are become extremely numerous, and almost equal to those for the piano-forte. Amongst the duets for the two instruments are a *fifth book of the airs from Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Bochsa, with a *divertimento from Rossini's airs*, by the same master.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

**German Translations.**—The Germans are not only great original writers, but great translators also. Among the works which have recently appeared in a German dress, are many of the latest and most popular of our books of travels; among these may be enumerated, Dodwell's Classical Tour in Greece, Hughes's interesting work on that country and Sicily, and Kinnaird's Travels through Asia Minor. Anastasius has also been translated by Landau, who has familiarised his countrymen with many of the celebrated Scotch Novels. Translations of the following works have also appeared of late in Germany, viz. Luccock on Wool, Busby's History of Music, Greenough on Geology, and Malthus and Say's publications relative to the Depression of Commerce.

**Geology.**—The labours of the Naturalist D. G. Brocchi promise to be of considerable importance to this science: his last work, entitled, *Sullo Stato Fisico del Suolo Romano*, is the fruit of a long residence at Rome. It consists of a large coloured chart, in royal folio, representing the various superficies of the soil, with two coloured tables, and descriptive letter-press. The author is now employed upon a similar work, which cannot fail to prove interesting to naturalists, as it will treat of the geology of Latium, and of the Cimbric (Viterbo) mountains, respecting which but little is yet known.

**Natural History.**—A plant very celebrated at Chander-nagore in the East Indies, under the name of Chirayita, has been imported into France, where a memoir has been published by M. Virey on the subject of its medicinal qualities, which he states to be very powerful. It is a strong bitter, and is celebrated in the East for its efficacy as a febrifuge. There is no doubt but that it might be advantageously employed in Europe for the gout, and for weaknesses of the digestive organs. At present we have no accurate and complete botanical description of this plant; but M. Virey conjectures, both from the flowers and from the traces of the fructification adhering to the specimens he has received, also from the details respecting it in the Asiatic Researches, that it is a species of gentian, and accordingly denominates it *Gentiana Chirayita*.

**Thorvaldsen** is about to execute, at Cracow, a monument of the young Count Potocki, who fell in battle, at the age of 26. The youthful Hero affords a fine subject for sculpture; as he was a perfect model of manly beauty at the period of its complete development. The artist finished the model for the statue in the short space of five days. He has now nearly completed

his exquisite statue of Jason, after an interval of ten years from its commencement; and also another of his masterpieces, the Mercury, intended for the Princess Esterhazy. One of his most recent productions is the bust of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, which, independently of its merits as a work of art, worthy the chisel of this admirable sculptor, is interesting for the extreme resemblance it possesses to the original.

**Russia.**—Mittau, the capital of the province of Courland, is distinguishing itself by the progress it is making both in Literature and the Arts. There are there now several important private collections of paintings; and the Literary Society and Museum, established about four years ago, are at present in a very flourishing condition. The members of the former have produced several interesting scientific papers; while the latter now contains a valuable collection of curiosities in natural history, antiquities, paintings, &c. Much too has of late been done, and is now doing, for the general embellishment of the city: the Emperor Alexander has assigned the sum of 80,000 roubles to be expended on the market, where all the old and mean shops which choked up and disfigured the area are pulled down, and a large basin is constructed in the centre, into which a subterraneous canal discharges itself. In consequence of a regulation, which in England would be considered somewhat arbitrary, although it prudently restrains the bad taste of individuals, the facade of every new building throughout the province must be erected according to some design, which the proprietor is permitted to select from an extensive collection deposited for that purpose with the magistrates of each place. Owing to this, Mittau now exhibits a variety of elegant buildings which have been erected within the last three years: some of these have the appearance of palaces. Indeed, this city promises to become one of the finest in the north of Europe. In other parts of the province also, many very fine palaces and seats belonging to the nobility have been erected.

**The Dying Gladiator.**—No doubts were entertained as to the character of the statue thus designated, until the time of Winckelmann, who rejected that appellation as erroneous, although without bestowing on it any other. Nibby, the Roman antiquary, and translator of Pausanias, has published an Essay, in which he attempts to prove, from a passage in the 10th book of Pausanias, that this celebrated figure, which corresponds neither with any other representations of gladiators, nor with the descriptions of Juvenal and Livy, originally belonged to the temple of

Apollo at Delphos, where it formed a part of the sculpture decorating the tympanum of the pediment, being placed in one of the angles. And from the torques, or chain of gold, hitherto mistaken for a rope, the horn, the form of the shield, the fashion of the hair, &c. all which circumstances he elucidates by numerous passages from ancient authors, he conjectures that it represents one of the Gauls who were slain in their attack upon the temple. This statue is at present in the Capitol, where it was placed in 1815, on being restored from Paris; it is of a very fine grained marble, dissimilar from that of any other antique, yet most resembling that of the Laocoön. It belongs to the best era of Grecian sculpture, and expresses, with wonderful skill and beauty, the agonies of death suppressed by a determined effort not to manifest them.

*Swedish Literature.*—Sweden has hitherto contributed but little towards the stock of European literature, but can boast at present of Ling, a poet, whose compositions are not only stamped with originality, and pregnant with fancy, but characterised by strong nationality and raciness. Among his productions, the subjects of which are generally borrowed from northern and Swedish history, the most prominent are his *Agne*, a tragedy of superior beauty; his Idyll, entitled *Love; Eylif the Goth*; and the *Diet of 1527*. Besides the above-mentioned tragedy, he has produced several others, and some dramatic compositions of a different species; but the latter are not so successful as his offerings to the tragic muse. Ling is at present occupied upon an epic poem, entitled *Die Asen*; a portion of this appeared in 1816, and its merit justifies the interest with which his countrymen look forward to the

appearance of the remainder. His allegorical epic production, *Gylfe*, although so patriotic in its subject, has been received more coldly than his other works, being more imperfect, and less polished. Several of his poems are in the Danish language, in which he composed a collection of poetical pieces during his stay at Copenhagen. Sweden possesses also at the present day a poetess of no small talent in *Me. Asping*, a lady as accomplished as she is amiable. Her *Lapland Girl*, which appeared in the *Poetical Calendar* edited at Upsal by the ingenious poet *Atterbom*, is a composition of peculiar merit. *Afzelius* and Professor *Geijer* have published some beautiful Swedish ballads; and the former, in contributing also to a new edition of the *Edda*, has rendered a most essential service to the literature of his country.

*Danish Literature.*—Among the literary novelties of Denmark, one of the most important is a new Journal, entitled *Hermøder*, which contains both original Essays and Translations of the most classical and esteemed foreign productions. It is edited by *Broch*, a Captain of Engineers, and *Lieutenant Halsith*. Another periodical, entitled *Blandsinger* (the Medley), has been lately established, and contains several valuable articles. In Norway, also, a new Journal has been started; it is published twice a week, and contains not only critiques of new works, but interesting intelligence respecting the literature of other countries, and biographical sketches of men of learning and eminent writers: this is so much the more valuable, as until its appearance there was no regular channel whatever for the communication of literary intelligence, nor any repository for detached and fugitive papers.

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## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Our abstract this month must necessarily be confined within narrow limits, as the public papers present an unusual dearth of intelligence; and, indeed, the little they give upon foreign events is of so contradictory a nature, that it is not easy to know to which side to incline. Letters have arrived from Constantinople by way of Odessa which state, that after a long conference between the Austrian plenipotentiary and the Divan, the Russian ultimatum, which had been previously presented to, and approved by, the leading powers of Europe, was finally accepted by the Turkish government. These letters

have come to Greek houses in the city, the heads of whom are, doubtless, much interested in the fate of the pending negociations, and so far may be considered as of some authority; however, nothing official has yet appeared upon the subject; and later rumours, but of no very definite character, state a sudden movement on the part of the Russian armies, indicative of renewed hostility. In the meantime the Greeks are indefatigable, and have dispatched a considerable force to co-operate with their countrymen in Candia, who are vigorously besieging the Turkish troops shut up in the fortresses of

that country; another Greek force has proceeded from Tino and Psara against Scio: there has not lately been any remarkable capture or engagement since the taking of Tripolizza, but the state of the Russian mind, by the operation of which, perhaps, alone this contest can be decided, may be inferred from the fact of a munificent subscription having been set on foot in Moscow, with all the merchants and nobles of the land at its head, in favour of the insurgents. The Schah of Persia has, it seems, formally disavowed the war against Turkey, but his sincerity is rendered more than doubtful by the fact of his disavowal not having in the least impeded the progress of the Prince Royal. It is amongst the most striking incidents of the day, thus to see one body of Mussulmen arrayed against another, when the very existence of Islamism is menaced by the successful enemies of that faith.

The King of Spain has been obliged at last, to yield to the repeated demands of the Cortes and the nation, with respect to his obnoxious ministers. Bardaxi, the minister for foreign affairs, Felice for the interior, Salvador for the war department, and Vallejo the finance director, have all retired from office, a step which the King notified by a message to the Cortes. Their places are not yet filled up, and the three remaining ministers are charged with their *port-feuilles ad interim*. It is supposed that the conduct of the ex-ministry will be made the subject of discussion in the Cortes, and their consequent impeachment is not improbable. Madrid is for the present tranquil, but the disturbed districts remain as discontented as ever. General Riego has made a fresh demand for an inquiry into his conduct, in which he disclaims the republican principles imputed to him by his enemies. It is very plain that the dismissal of his ministers was a compulsory measure upon the King, for in a second message to the Cortes he distinctly, and somewhat pettishly, tells that body, that he was quite satisfied, both with the services of his ministers, and their attachment to his person, and that he received their resignations only in consequence of their repeated applications. An-

other, and a more cogent reason, however, may perhaps be found in the general discontent which their remaining in office, notwithstanding repeated public remonstrances, had excited. The news from Barcelona is, we fear, but a specimen of the spirit which universally prevails throughout the interior of Spain. On the 30th of December, say the accounts, this city proclaimed its independence. General Villa Campa endeavoured, but in vain, to oppose the change; he addressed every regiment separately, in order to bring them back to obedience, but all answered him by shouts of "Live the Constitution,"—"Down with the ministers."—The General immediately quitted Barcelona; the movement was directed by Colonel Costa, commandant of the National Guard. The situation of a king, under such circumstances, requires no comment.

Accounts from Italy announce the alarming illness, and expected death of his Holiness, the Pope. Few sovereigns, who have filled St. Peter's Chair, experienced greater trials and vicissitudes than Pius the Seventh; alternately a prisoner and a pontiff, it cannot be denied that by his patience, his fortitude, and his inflexibility of principle, he well sustained the dignity of his important office. It is said, that he will be succeeded by Prince, the Archduke Nodolph of Austria, who was about two years ago made a Cardinal, for the express purpose of this succession. This will be an important appointment for Austria, as she will thereby obtain a paramount control over Italy, which, particularly Romagna, was far from tranquil.

In France, the new ultra-administration have begun to develop the principles upon which they have come into office. M. de Chifflet has made the Report of the Committee appointed for the regulation of the French Press. It is a modification, or rather a paraphrase, of the measure of M. de Serre, which excited the Chamber to the overthrow of the late Ministry, and is, if possible, still more objectionable. It goes, in fact, not merely to annihilate all freedom of discussion, but to subject even private property to the most unqualified despotism. By this notable scheme, juries, in cases of libel, are super-



seded altogether, and their places supplied by public functionaries paid by the Crown, namely, the Members of the Cours Royales, comprising, at the least, twelve judges. These personages may, if they think fit, not only punish whatever they consider to be a libel, but they may instantly suspend, or suppress altogether, the offensive journal; so that not only the person, but the property, of every publisher in the kingdom would be at their despotic, irresponsible disposal! We need scarcely say that this projet excited universal indignation; so much so, indeed, that there was a general rush of members to inscribe their names to speak in the ensuing debate against it, and forty-two orators were instantly enrolled. The discussion is expected to be most stormy; and, if the measure be persevered in, we both think, and, as friends of the liberty of the press, hope, that it will lead to a dissolution of the Ultras. In the meantime, an occurrence has just taken place at Paris, which has sensibly affected the public mind here, and gives rise to reflections, with the expression of which we do not wish to trust ourselves. We allude to the conversion of the elder daughter of a Mr. Douglas Loveday, an English gentleman. This unfortunate man, smitten, it seems, with the too prevailing mania for a French education, was induced to place his two daughters and his niece at the boarding-school of a Madame Reboul, with an express stipulation that there should be no interference with their religious principles. At this school they continued for six years, and, at length, the father announced his intention of taking them back to England. What was his horror, however, on going to the school for the purpose, at finding that they had not only all been converted to Catholicism, but that the eldest had been juggled into a convent. It seems their understandings were darkened, and their terrors excited, by some fraudulent legend of a miraculous host tortured by a Jew in the year 1290, under the reign of Philip le Bel. Mr. Loveday presented a petition on the subject to the Chamber of Deputies, complaining of the fraud, and imploring the restitution of his child. This petition is to be the subject of a future discussion,

and is said to have been drawn up by Dupin, the celebrated advocate. It embraces all the facts, and occupies much more space than we can spare. The father states, that having gone to the convent to demand his daughter, he was compelled, under four bayonets, to settle a pension for life on her to enable her to live there, while the infatuated victim, surrounded by monks and nuns, actually laughed at the agony of her own father.

We gave, in our last, an account of the rise and progress of the American navy; we now present an abstract of the Annual Report made by the Secretary of the American Treasury to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, containing an exposé of the public finances. It is a very important document, and well deserves, in these times, the attention of more than one House of Representatives. The entire estimated expenditure of the American Government for the year 1832, is less than 3,500,000*l*.! This covers the civil list, the army, the navy, and the interest of their national debt. The civil, diplomatic, and miscellaneous head, does not amount to 400,000*l*. The interest on the national debt, in which is included a sum for reimbursing the holders of a certain part of it, does not exceed 1,270,000*l*. Besides the above sum, there is a real sinking fund of 4,300,000 dollars, equal to more than one-fourth of the entire annual expenditure, and equivalent to one-twentieth part of the whole unredeemed debt. The military estimates, including ordnance, fortifications, and pensions, is stated at five millions of dollars; and the charge for the navy, including those now building, and those navigating the various seas of the world, amounts only to 700,000*l*.! A people, uniting such enterprise with such economy, must, and at no very distant period, make a proud and conspicuous figure in the page of history.

The King of Portugal has been the first European potentate to acknowledge the independence of any of the revolted South American provinces. A very explicit document upon this important subject has been transmitted from the Portuguese deputy resident at Buenos Ayres to the Chilean envoy at the same place, so couched as to leave little doubt of its intent



and its authority. The principle of this recognition, as laid down by the King of Portugal, is, that the obedience of a people is a proof of the legitimacy of the government. This is admitted to be the case in Chili, and the King expresses his perfect readiness to extend his national recognition to the other States of South America, whenever they come within the principle by which his present conduct has been governed. In the meantime, perfect tranquillity remains in Portugal; the Cortes still sit, and are uninterruptedly occupied in devising the best means for perpetuating the newly acquired constitutional liberty of their country.

The accounts from Ireland, we regret to say, are of quite as uncivilized a nature as any which it has been our painful duty hitherto to communicate. The appearance of the Marquis Wellesley has not abated one jot the malignant and disorganizing spirit of the different factions which divide and agitate that distracted country. Indeed, so far from it, that he seems himself likely to become, in some degree, the subject of fresh contention. We are led to this remark, from no slight experience of the people of Ireland, and from observing that the Corporation of Dublin have congratulated Mr. Goulburn on his coming into office, and condoled with Mr. Saurin on his going out, but they have cautiously abstained from any allusion whatever to his Excellency. This, to say the least of it, is neither very complimentary, nor very hospitable; but we hope it will teach his Excellency in time, that a compromise with the Catholics, by the prohibition of orange toasts, and with the Protestants, by the creation of an orange Baronet, is not the way to conciliate either. The state of party spirit now in Dublin may be gathered from the trumpet-tongued fact, that the committee appointed to arrange the grand conciliation dinner in commemoration of his Majesty's visit, have been compelled publicly to relinquish their trust in despair. The avowed reason for this, has been the failure of an experiment to introduce some Roman Catholic freemen into the guild of merchants in Dublin—the result was inevitable, and such as must have been foreseen by any man in his

senses—an explosion of orange loyalty took place, and a triumphant majority scouted the attempt, with a spirit worthy the descendants of King William, (we mean, his *Irish descendants*.) The consequence of this has been orange, and, indeed, demi-official dinners, in which we have been told, that even the loyalty avowed did not amount to more than a *conditional* declaration. The Catholics, to do them justice, had not been roused to any very extraordinary reactive exertion. The leaders are putting forth their annual manifestoes of policy, and the lower orders are preparing work for future special commissions. It is quite melancholy to read the accounts from the interior—the heart sickens at them—take two for an example. A clergyman of the church of England has been shot at the head of an armed military body, by another military body, who supposed him an enemy! The second instance is, if possible, worse;—a body of the Yeomanry seized a poor illicit distiller—his neighbours went to rescue him—the army threatened to *kill their prisoner* if his friends persisted, and actually put their threat in execution!! They shot, in broad day light, the wretched creature, and afterwards actually fired sixty rounds of ball cartridge amongst the peasantry. This is related in all the Irish papers, without a comment! We turn gladly from the subject.

The King will open Parliament in person; great preparations are making in the department of the Horse, and in that of the Lord Chamberlain; it promises to be a very stormy Session. The agriculturists have taken the field already, and petitions against the present state of things are pouring in from many Counties; it is thought some experiment will be tried on the fund holders. All the clerks have suffered a considerable reduction in many of the public offices. Is this beginning at the right end? It is said that the Lords of the Treasury have it in contemplation to suspend all Exchequer or other processes, for the collection of any arrears of taxes due, and unpaid by individuals, or from parishes, previous to the 5th of April, 1816. We do not think they will lose much by this retrospective liberality.

## MONTHLY REGISTER,

FEBRUARY 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE expectation of obtaining some relief from the distress which threatens to ruin the Agriculturist, gives an intense interest to the approaching meeting of Parliament. The county of Norfolk, so distinguished for its cultivation and opulence, has been convened by the high Sheriff; and resolutions, and a petition founded on those resolutions, have been agreed upon in the fullest assembly of proprietors and substantial yeomanry that has ever been known there. It is a singular trait in the proceedings, that the requisition originated with, and was signed by about sixty of the tenantry, some of great, and all of considerable wealth, of solid practical knowledge in Agriculture, and of the first respectability in point of character and habits. There was no difference in opinion as to the cause of the evil. TAXATION was admitted, even by Mr. Wodehouse, the ministerial Member, to be the prevailing source of distress. That gentleman, himself a very active member of the Agricultural committee, said, speaking of the report, that "there never was a document less suited to the condition of the country; there was, throughout the whole, such a mixture of matter, such a dexterous chaos, a reference to parallel where there was no parallel; an application of analogy where there were no circumstances in the least degree analogous, that the report was any thing but what might be desired." Much useful information relative to the state of Norfolk Agriculture was previously published in that County. From these accounts, which were derived from authentic and most respectable sources, and which bear strongly upon the national as well as the local case, it appears:—that to bring the farmer to the level of 1790,

Rent must be lowered nearly 50 per Cent.	
Tithes.....	65
Labour .....	50
Rates .....	80
Direct taxes .....	75
Tradesmens' bills.....	50
Capital .....	45

By this process, it is clear that every man's income or means of life would be reduced to about one half; and, in some instances, (the Clergy) more than one half of their present amount. Were this the whole of the evil, it would soon be found light, because all things would thus accom-

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modate themselves to one common standard—the price of subsistence. But the direct taxation only is included in the above accounts. The indirect taxation in such computations escapes observation.

In 1812, Colquhoun estimated the Agricultural productions of Great Britain and Ireland, at (nearly) 217 millions. The following are the averages he took, and those for the week ending Dec. 29, 1821.

Per Quarter.

	1812.	1821.
Wheat.....	70s. 6d. ....	46s. 2d.
Barley .....	37s. 0d. ....	19s. 7d.
Oats .....	29s. 0d. ....	16s. 8d.
Rye.....	43s. 10d. ....	21s. 11d.
Peas and Beans..	38s. 10d. ....	24s. 8d.

Here then is a clear reduction of nearly one half the entire total of Agricultural income; and, considering the manner in which the averages are known to be taken, it is only a fair computation to reckon that it is reduced one half; 1812 was the year of the greatest prosperity; but when Colquhoun's prices are regarded, it will be seen that his estimate must have been very low indeed; the published prices of wheat assigning 123s. 8d. (he has taken only 70s. 6d.) as the average at that time, and every other species of grain bore a similar proportion. Thus the real power of the country to sustain the weight of taxation was greatly beyond what he estimated it, (viz. as 123 to 76) for concerning the revenue there could be neither exaggeration nor diminution.

In 1812, according to the same authority, which in this instance is founded upon official returns to parliament, it appears that the net revenue of the country was 65,231,068*l*. It seems from the documents printed by Mr. Hume, from similar sources, that the expenditure of the year ending January 5, 1821, was 53,340,113*l*.

The inevitable conclusion, then, is that Agricultural production is now charged with a weight of taxation double, according to Colquhoun's statements, but, in fact, in a much heavier ratio than in 1812. The Agricultural production then realized 217 millions, and paid its proportion of 65 millions, the whole production of the country being computed to be 430 millions; Agricultural production is now only 108 millions, and pays the same proportion of

53 millions. The real proportions we have shown were much more favourable to the Agriculturist, but we accept the division of Colquhoun, and this must satisfy the country at large that no arrangement short of an enormous reduction of the public expenditure can meet the exigencies of the case.

With these views of the subject, the most liberal determination of EARL FITZWILLIAM, in respect to his tenantry, coincides. That nobleman has lowered his rents from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. according to circumstances, and he signified to his tenantry, at his audit, that prices must return to a peace level. Lord John Russell has also addressed a public letter to the Agriculturists of Huntingdonshire, in which he anticipates that the present ministers will ere long give up the landed interest to the political economists, who advocate a free trade; and his Lordship founds his belief on their desertion of their opinions relative to the paper circulation, and their manifest relaxation in regard to the Catholic question. The cause is however as obvious as the effect. It resides in the open intercourses of the world, and the progress of knowledge; the impolicy of antiquated restrictions is now clearly seen and understood.

In addition to these circumstances, Lord Stourton has published another letter, and Sir John Sinclair a short address, in which he recommends the abolition of the warehousing clause, an imposition of 10s. upon wheat imported, at the rate of 80s. per quarter, a change in the system of averages, and the erection of a general board of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, where all questions connected with the national industry shall be discussed. This plan the Baronet conceives would put an end to jealousy, and render the means

of promoting the extension and improvement of Agriculture the most important department of the government.

As the matter now stands, it becomes fairly a question of political economy, and as it seems to us, is divided between two alternatives; first, to reduce the interest of the public debt, by a disastrous and dishonourable compromise with the public creditor; secondly, by great national measures to increase production, through the employment of those paupers who are now consumers only. We need scarcely say, we incline to the latter plan, and believe it to be perfectly feasible. The example of the parish of Terrington, in Norfolk, where the poor's rate has been all but abrogated by the allotment at a rent of twenty-two acres of land to those claiming parish allowances, is a sufficient proof of what may be done by such means; and when it is known and considered that of seven millions disbursed in poor's rate six are paid by the country, and one only by large towns, the practicability becomes the more apparent. Even the large towns might be relieved by the adoption of some extended application of the same principle—perhaps by Mr. Owen's plan.

The nation at large will learn with regret, that it is probable the Holkham sheep-shearing meeting will be suspended this year, in consequence of the lamentable distresses of the Agriculture interest.

The actual operations of the field have this month been few. In the strong land, the turnips have suffered injury from the rains.

The wheats are flourishing, and unless checked by future frost, will vegetate luxuriantly; the prices of wheat have advanced a trifle; long wool had also more demand, and is selling from 26s. to 28s. per tod.

Jan. 24, 1822.

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## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Jan. 23.)

On reviewing the results of the foreign trade of the kingdom during the preceding year, we are not able to discover so considerable an improvement as might have been wished, and as we believe some persons expected at the commencement of the year. The foreign trade of the country has been gradually falling off, owing to causes which are generally understood, and were in a great measure anticipated, as the natural effects of the restoration of peace, which would, of course, restore commerce to a more natural state, by enabling foreign nations to resume their share, of which they had been deprived by the war. As a proof how far this has been

the case, we may observe, that on examining the statements of the vessels arrived during 1821, at the principal ports of the Continent, from the East Indies, Brazil, Cuba, St. Domingo, &c.; we find no less than 516 vessels bringing their cargoes direct to the place of consumption, which formerly came to England, and were re-shipped for the Continent. The high charges in this country have a very detrimental effect on commerce, and the amount of foreign produce and manufactures warehoused and bonded here for exportation is annually decreasing. We are, however, inclined to consider the present prospects of the country in this respect as more cheer-

ing than they have been at any period within the last three or four years; in the great opening for British manufactures in the Spanish Colonies in South America, which by the latest accounts appear to be for ever lost to Spain: and, in fact, accounts have been received from the Havannah, stating that the Ports of Vera Cruz, in the Gulph of Mexico, and of Acapulco, in the Ocean, are thrown open to commerce.

We have likewise a prospect of an immediate change in our own commercial system, by a removal of many of the restrictions hitherto in force, the subject having been under discussion during the last session of parliament, and expected to be one of the first that will be attended to in the opening of the session. The reports of the committees are extremely interesting, and are considered as holding out flattering prospects of extensive commerce, and gradually returning prosperity. We regret to add, that the losses by storms at sea towards the close of 1821, were numerous beyond all precedent.

The manufactures have flourished during 1821. The accounts from Manchester, Birmingham, Scotland, and every manufacturing district agree in giving the most favourable accounts, and stating every machine and labourer to be in full employment. Wages being low, the manufacturers have not only executed large orders for exportation and home consumption, but have also laid in a large stock at such low prices, as not to fear any competition in foreign markets. At the same time, the labourers are able to live well, on account of the low price of provisions. This is not the place to refer to the reverse of the picture, particularly the distress of the landholders, and the probable or possible means of relieving it.

**Cotton.**—The demand for cotton was steady for some time after our last publication, without any alteration in the prices; in the last week of December, about 500 bags were sold, Bengals 5½d. and 5¼ Surats 6½d. to 6¼d.; Demerara 10d., in the following week, about 600 bags were sold; Bengals being at a reduction of ½ per cent. on the prices of the last India sales. In the second week, the demand revived considerably; the request was chiefly for India descriptions, for home consumption; the purchases consisted of—61 Surats, good 7½d.; very fair clean 6½d.; and 350 middling, 6½d. and 6¼d.; 350 Bengal, 5½d. & 5¼d.; 50 very good, 6½d.; 100 ordinary and middling, 5½d. and 5¼d.; and 74 Smyrnas, good 7½d.; the whole in bond.

The declaration of a sale by the East India Company for the 8th of next month, has in a great degree suspended the demand for cotton. It is expected that the

quantity will be 9,000 bags of Bengal; 7,000 Surats, and 500 Madras. The purchases during this last week have been 900 bags; viz. 850 Bengals, from 5½ ordinary, to 6½d. very good; and a few Berbice, duty paid, 10d. At Liverpool, the demand has been pretty steady for this month past. The sales from the 15th of December, to the 19th of January, were about 34,000 bags, the arrivals about 28,000. About 1,000 bags of the new crop were already declared for public sale on the 25th of this month.

The imports of cotton into Great Britain in 1821, were 80,000 bags less than in the preceding year; and the stock is now 52,000 bags less than on the 1st of January, 1821.

	Bags.
The import was.....	490,650
Stock, January 1, 1821 .....	406,420
	<hr/>
	897,070
Taken for home consumption, } and export .....	542,751
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Stock, January 1, 1822 .....	354,319

**Sugar.**—For three weeks after the date of our last report, hardly any business was done in sugars. There were very few Muscovades on show, the holders demanded an advance to which the buyers were unwilling to submit, and several considerable holders even withdrew their sugars from the market, fully anticipating a rise; and, in fact, the buyers were obliged in the second week of this month to submit to rather higher prices. On the 15th, there was a better supply at market, more business doing, and prices higher; the sales on that day were 1,500 hogsheads. The demand for refined improved at the same time, the quantity on hand was inconsiderable; and for that reason, as well as the higher prices of raw sugars, an advance of 1s. to 2s. per cwt. was demanded.

Foreign sugars have been very heavy for some weeks, a decided reduction of 2s. & 3s. per cwt. in Havannah and Bourbon descriptions took place in the second week of this month, compared with the prices paid towards the middle of last month; 297 chests Havannah, at public sale, sold, good white 37s. & 37s. 6d., middling and ordinary 34s. & 36s., yellow and brown 24s. & 24s. 6d.; 3,800 bags Bourbon were brought forward, of which only a small proportion sold at the decline we have mentioned; good and fine yellow 24s. & 22s.; middling and ordinary 18s. & 19s., brown 17s. & 17s. 6d.

Jan. 22.—The market was better supplied with Muscovades last week than for some time previously; the buyers in consequence came forward and purchased more

freely than for several weeks past: the holders of good sugars in some instances obtained higher prices, but no general improvement could be stated.

This forenoon the market has been heavy; very few sales were effected, yet the holders were firm, and would submit to no reduction in the prices.

The request for refined goods considerably revived last week, particularly for lumps for crushing and packing. The wholesale grocers purchased fine goods rather freely for the home consumption, and there was some request for refined for Ireland: the prices asked were rather higher, but the advance demanded seemed to check the request.—Molasses were inquired for at a small improvement.—In Foreign sugars there were, we believe, no sales effected.—By public sale on Friday, 102 bags, 100 chests India sugars were brought forward: white, fine, 42s. 6d., middling, 33s.; brown, 14s. 6d. and 15s. 6d.

The refined sugar trade has been falling off for some years, owing to the encouragement given by foreign governments to their own refiners. In 1818, the sugar pans in work were 350, producing nearly 150,000 hhds. per annum; at present they are reduced to 170, producing about 90,000 hhds.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

December 29 .....	31s.
January 5 .....	No return.
12 .....	31s. 10½d.
19 .....	31s. 10½d.

**Coffee.**—For a fortnight after Christmas there was very little business doing in the coffee market. There was only one public sale in that time (on the 1st January), when the prices appeared very firm, and the stock on hand being greatly reduced a considerable advance was anticipated on any improvement of the demand. In fact, the market greatly improved in the second week of this month; the quantity brought forward by public sale was 229 casks and 668 bags; the whole sold freely, the Demerara and Berbice 3s. to 4s. higher, Jamaica and Dominica at the advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; St. Domingo and other foreign descriptions might be quoted at the improvement of 1s.; a considerable parcel of St. Domingo coffee in bags realized 102s.

The following is the report of the market for the week ending yesterday, the 29d.

Generally of the coffee market it may be stated, Demerara and Berbice descriptions are 4s. to 5s. higher than on Tuesday last, Dominica and Jamaica 2s. to 3s. and all British plantation nearly at a similar improvement. Foreign coffee was neglected till this forenoon, when the accounts brought by the Flanders mail were so exceedingly favourable, that an immediate demand took place in the market, and good ordi-

nary St. Domingo realized 102s. and 103s. 6d. which is 1s. to 2s. higher than Tuesday last.

**Baltic Produce.**—The tallow market was heavy the last week in December; and the prices declined from 45s. to 44s. The demand has, however, since been increasing, and prices rising, so that towards the close of last week yellow candle tallow realized 49s. bd. to 50s. and the market has since remained steady. The chief buyers are the previous large holders, and speculators; there is, however, a more general opinion than formerly of an advance in tallow, the present holders are firm and sanguine of obtaining very high prices. Hemp, which had obtained very high prices, has rather declined, but the market is very firm. Flax has not much varied, but has been in fair demand.

**Spices** will probably remain without interest till after the sale at the India-house, on the 11th of February. The quantity declared is cinnamon, first quality, 500 bales, taxed at 7s. per lb.; second quality, 450, at 6s. 3d.; 550, at 5s. Nutmegs, 500 casks, at 3s. 6d. Mace, second quality, 200 casks, at 5s. Black Pepper, 2,443 bags. Oil of Mace, 1000 lb.

The East India sale is declared for the 5th March, as follows:—Bohea 1,000,000, Congou 4,765,000, Campoi 40,000, Sou-chong 45,000, Twankay 1,125,000, Hyson Skin 75,000, Hyson 250,000; total (including private trade) 7,800,000.

**Indigo.**—The sale at the India-house finished on Friday last, it consisted of 3,666 chests, of which only about 400 were taken in for the proprietors. Fine indigo sold 2s. good, good middling, and consuming, 1s. 8d. to 2s. higher than last sale; the low squares only realized the previous prices.

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—The government contract, 28th inst. for 180,000 gallons rum, was known towards the middle of last week, it created some interest as it was brought forward at an earlier day than what had been anticipated; the market, which was previously firm, improved considerably, and though few purchases could be reported, yet the buyers could not purchase any large parcels without submitting to an advance.

Yesterday forenoon the holders were still more sanguine of obtaining an improvement, in the prices of rum, an advance of 1d. per gallon must be stated in low Jamaica and in the Leeward Island descriptions.—The few purchases of brandy are at a small decline.—Geneva is without alteration.

**Corn.**—Aggregate average of the six weeks, succeeding Nov. 15, by which importation is regulated:—Wheat 51s. 5d.; Oats 17s. 7d., Rye 23s. 11d., Beans 23s. 5d., Barley 20s. 10d., and Peas 26s. 10d.



## FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Archangel, Dec. 14th.*—Our trade seems to become more lively, within this fortnight about 15,000 poods of tallow have been contracted for at 110 r. per pood, all the money down; at present, however, the buyers do not seem inclined to give more than 105 r. 5,000 chetverts of linseed have been sold this week at 17 r. at which prices buyers might be found, but the holders ask 18 for good quality: inferior may be had at 17 r. and perhaps rather lower. From the accounts received, it is likely that the new seed will be better than was at first expected.—Hemp, first sort, is said to have been contracted for at 80 r. per 10 pood. Mats have been paid at 270 to 275 r. per 1,000, for new ones 280 are asked. Tar is held at 6 r. per barrel, 5½ have been refused. Potashes may be bought at 75 r. Flax at 110 r. per pood.

*Riga, Dec. 29th.*—Flax continues to be on demand at the prices lately stated, for delivery in March, viz. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 40 r. cut Badstub, 36 r.; Risten Threeband, 27 r. but in all other articles of Commerce a mournful stagnation prevails.

*Hamburg, Jan. 12th.*—Coffee. There has been some demand for middling and good middling, but of late little here has been done; the prices are firm.—Corn. But little doing and prices nominal.—Spices not much in demand, except Pimento, which is firm at the late advance.—Tea low in price and not in request.—Sugars. Though several large parcels of

our refined have been brought to market this week, they have met with a brisk sale at the late advance. Under these circumstances, and as raw sugars are held at high prices, a farther improvement in the prices of refined is thought to be not improbable. Lumps of strong middling quality may be quickly disposed of at 9d. but our refiners cannot give a higher price. The sale of raw sugars is not extensive; the prices now asked are, fine white Havannah, 11d. fine yellow ditto (of which the stock is small) 8d. middling and brown mixed 7d. to 7½d. fine white Brazil, 10½d. middling 9d. to 9½d. ordinary 8d. to 8½d. fine Crown 7½d. ordinary and middling ditto 6d. to 7d.

*Germany.*—The Convention for the free navigation of the Elbe has been ratified by the Powers through whose dominions that river flows. It will probably be productive of the most beneficial consequences to the trade of Germany, and it is hoped that it will speedily be followed by similar conventions for the free navigation of the Weser, the Rhine, and the Maine.

The South German States have, it is said, agreed on the main points of the intended commercial convention, and there is every probability that the plan of abolishing all the duties on the passage of goods from one of those States into the other will soon be carried into effect, and custom houses established on the external frontier of the whole confederation, which, in a commercial point of view, will form as it were one single State.

## BIRTHS.

- Dec. 21. At Catton, Derbyshire, the lady of Robt. Willmot, Esq. MP. a daughter.  
 25. The lady of Sir James Lake, Bart. a son.  
 27. The lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. MP. a son.  
 29. At the Ordnance Barracks, Chatham, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, a daughter.  
 Jan. 2, 1822. At Sir Henry Halford's, in Curzon-street, the lady of Frederick Coventry, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Cheltenham, the lady of W. F. Jones, Esq. of Gwynfryn, Cardiganshire, a son.  
 5. At Milton-hill, Berks. the lady of Thomas Bowles, Esq. a son.  
 8. In Hertford-street, Mayfair, the lady of John Wray, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At St. Alban's, the lady of Capt. Andrew King, of the Royal Navy, a son.  
 9. In Portland-place, the lady of Wm. Curtis, Esq. a son.  
 14. The lady of P. Hussey, Esq. Wyrley Grove, Lichfield, a son and heir.  
 18. In Piccadilly, the Rt. Hon. Lady Gwydyr, a son and heir.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, Lady Berriedale, a son and heir.  
 At Edinburgh, the Rt. Hon. Lady Elienor Campbell, a son and heir.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Newcastle, County of Limerick, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Balfour, a son.

At Dublin, the lady of Sir Nicholas Conway Colburt, Bart. MP. for the City of Cork, a daughter.

## ABROAD.

- At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a daughter.  
 At Calais, the lady of Thos. de Foublanque, KGO. a daughter.  
 At Gibraltar, the lady of W. Filder, Esq. a daughter.  
 At Versailles, the Hon. Mrs. Elliot, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Dec. 21. At Tunbridge, by the Rev. Thos. Price, Chaplain of the Marshalsea of His Majesty's Household, Warburton Davies, Esq. to Sophia Anne, daughter of Sir James Bland Lamb, Bart. Lately at Lyndhurst, the Rev. C. W. Wodehouse, to Lady Jane Hay.  
 22. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Chisholme, John Lucius Charles Van Baerle, Esq. to Caroline, daughter of Sir Thomas Haslop, Bart.  
 23. At Hanford, the Rev. Wm. Knox, son of the Lord Bishop of Derry, to Louisa, second daughter of Sir John Robinson, Bart. of Buckingham House.  
 Lately, Major Onslow, of the Fourth (or Queen's own) Light Dragoons, to Mildred, daughter of John Jones, Esq. of East Wickham House, Kent.



27. At Mary-le-bone Church, Robert Augustus Cottle, Esq. of Aldermanbury, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late John Sargeant, Esq. of Gower-street, and Coleshill, Berks.
- At Sulhamstead, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Watson, CTS. and Brigadier General in the service of his Most Faithful Majesty, to Anna Rosetta, fourth daughter of the late William Thoyts, of Sulhamstead House, Berks.
- At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Alexander Monro, Esq. son of Dr. Monro, of Bushy, Herts, to Harriet, fourth daughter of Robt. Withy, Esq. of Buckingham-street, Adelphi.
31. At Richmond, Surrey, by the Rev. Charles Smith, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, F. C. Meyer, Esq. of Great Portland-street, to Sarah Pomeroy, eldest daughter of Dr. Clement Smith, of Richmond.
- Jan. 2, 1822. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. S. Hindcock, Esq. Post Capt. of the Royal Navy, to Selina, daughter of Lady H. Crewe, of Eltham Park, Kent, and sister to Sir Geo. Crewe, Bart. of Canik Abbey, Derbyshire.
- At St. Anne's Church, Roderick Macleod, MD. to Margaret Sautler, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Macleod, Rector of St. Anne's, Westminster.
- At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Robert Monro, Esq. second son of Thomas Monro, MD. of Bushy, Herts, to Charlotte, Mary, second daughter of the late James Monro, Esq. of Hadley, Middlesex.
3. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Jonathan Angus, Esq. of Clapham, Surrey, to Miss Poignand, of Stockwell, in the same County.
4. At Hackney, Robt. Walter Byers, Esq. youngest son of the late Major Byers, to Anne, daughter of the late Benjamin Travers, Esq.
9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jos. Knight, Esq. to the Hon. Eleanor de Blaquiere, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord de Blaquiere.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, Hugh Hammersley, Esq. Banker, to Maria Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Lewis Montolieu, Esq. and niece to Mrs. Orby Hunter, of Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.
11. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Lieutenant Colonel Walter O'Hara, late of the Portuguese Service, second son of the late Robert O'Hara, Esq. of Rahern, County Galway, to Marian, second daughter of Charles Murray, Esq. John-street, Bedford-row.
12. At St. James's Church, William Beckford, Esq. second son of F. L. Beckford, Esq. of Southampton, to Maria Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. John Bramstone Stane, of Forrest Hall, Essex.
- At Speldhurst, Kent, by the Rev. Thomas Stephens, DD. and LL.D. of Southfield, John Wetherall Smith, Esq. only son of Lieutenant General Smith, of the Royal Artillery, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Robert Woodmass, Esq. of Montague-square.
14. At Cod-hall, Staffordshire, by the Rev. Charles Wrottesley, the Rev. John Hilgar, to Charlotte, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.
- At St. Martin's in the Fields, George Thomas Williams, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Smith, Esq. MP. for Ludgershall.
- At Wimbledon, Surrey, John Samuel Hudson, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Maria, daughter and co-heiress of the late Ralph Allen, Esq. of Bath.
- At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. Thomas Harwood, BD. Charles Harwood, Esq. of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire; to Anne, daughter of the late Edward Moxam, Esq. of Bromyard, Herefordshire.
15. By special licence, at Everingham Park, Yorkshire, the Hon. Charles Thomas, second son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Clifford, of Ugbrooke Park, in the County of Devon, to Theresa, youngest daughter of the late Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, Esq.
- At Footscray, J. R. Coryton, Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of William Rose Haworth, Esq. Principal Clerk in the Office of Auditor of Receipt of his Majesty's Exchequer.

## IN IRELAND.

At St. George's, Dublin, by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Pakenham, the Rev. W. H. Foster, nephew of Lord Ordel, to Catherine, sister of John Hamilton, Esq. of Brown Hall, and niece of the Earl of Longford.

## ABROAD.

At Morges, near Lausanne, by the very Rev. the Dean of Raphoe, the Marquis Marius d'Espinas de Fontanelle, to Maria, second surviving daughter of the late Hon. John Thomas Capel, and Lady Caroline Capel.

## DEATHS.

- Lately, at the residence of her daughter, Lady Broughton, at Hoole, near Chester, aged 78, Mrs. Egerton, daughter of Sir Francis Egerton, Bart.; relict of the late Philip Egerton, Esq. of Oulton Park, Cheshire; and mother of Sir John Grey Egerton, Bart.
- At Stapenhill, Derbyshire, Joseph Peel, Esq. brother to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. and uncle to the Hon. Robert Peel, MP. for the University of Oxford.
23. At Lewisham, Kent, Major Fead, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, son of the late Lieut. Gen. Fead, of the same Corps.
- In Gloucester-place, Lady Ximenes, wife of Sir Morris Ximenes, Bart. of Bear-place, Berks.
24. In Duke-street, St. James's, aged 38, Edwin Henry Chamberlayne, Esq. KC. Captain of the Royal Navy.
25. At Roding Lodge, Barking, Essex, the residence of his father, (T. Baker, Esq.) the Rev. Alfred Baker, in his 33d year.
- At Broughton Hall, Lancashire, Wm. Jones, Esq. upwards of 40 years a partner in the Banking Firm of Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co. in London and Manchester.
27. At Carhampton, Hants, aged 62, Luke Dillon, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Clonbrock.
- At his residence, Claremont-place, Holloway, Lieut.-Col. Brunt, aged 70, late of his Majesty's 88d Regiment.
- At Woolwich, in his 92d year, Lieut.-Col. Chas. Adolphus Quist, Commanding the Riding House Establishment, of the Royal Artillery.
28. In George-street, Portman-square, the Rev. Gilbert Mathias.
- At Witham, Essex, after a few hours illness, the Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Rector of Weeley, and Vicar of Witham. To the exertions of this worthy Man, and ornament of the Church, Colchester is indebted for an Asylum for the Afflicted Poor, an Institution that will long cause his memory to be revered for his philanthropy and practical charity.
- In Bolton-row, after a lingering illness, Catherine Julia, wife of Robt. Ward, Esq. MP.
- In Trinity-square, aged 57, Benjamin Stow, Esq. late Commissioner of the Receiver's Office for Greenwich Hospital Dues.
29. At Duise Lodge, in her 65th year, the Right Hon. Maria Margaret Lady Napier, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-General Sir John Clavering, KB.
- In Barton's Buildings, Bath, the Rev. Thos. Fothergill, DD. formerly Vicar of Tiverton.
30. At her house in Berkeley-square, after a long and painful illness, Maria, Countess of Guildford, relict of Francis, the late Earl.
- At the house of James Stephens, Esq. Kensington Gore, Barbara, eldest daughter of William Wilberforce, Esq. MP.
- At the Shrubby, Great Malvern, in his 64th year, Sir Jonathan Cope, Bart. uncle to the Duchess of Dorset and the Countess of Aboyne. By his death the Baronetage becomes extinct.
31. At Winchelsea, Sussex, in his 80th year, the Rev. Drake Hollingbery, Chancellor of the diocese of Chichester, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.
- At the Rev. Mr. Murry's, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Miss M. Gayton, sister to Mrs. Murry. This unfortunate and beautiful young lady, only 17 years of age, fell a victim to a practice that cannot be too severely reprobated,

that of playing with fire-arms. Mr. Murry's eldest son, a boy between nine and ten years old, having obtained a pistol from his father who, although he examined it, did not perceive that it was loaded, entered the nursery, where Miss Gayton was sitting, exclaiming in the most playful manner, "See, aunt, pa' has lent me his pistol.—I'll shoot you;" and instantly pulled the trigger.—The ball entered the left breast.—Miss Gayton rose, uttered a shriek, and exclaiming, "O James, James," fell down and expired. Thus in an instant was an amiable family plunged into the deepest misery: the horror of every one, and the feelings of the innocent perpetrator of the fatal accident, may be far better imagined than described.

Jan. 1, 1822. In Warwick-square, after a long illness, Mr. Charles Jas. Letterman, of the firm of Scatcherd and Letterman, aged 56.

2. In Parliament-street, Westminster, in his 61st year, John Mills, Esq. He died very suddenly while sitting at breakfast, and was discovered a corpse by his servant, who entered the apartment with a newspaper. The medical men who were called in, were of opinion, that his death was occasioned by an enlargement of the heart.

— The Rev. Philip Douglas, DD. Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Gedney, in the county of Lincoln, aged 63.

3. In his 90th year, John Chapman, Esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire.

6. Hannah, the wife of William March, of Ludgate Street, in the 77th year of her age.

9. At Exeter, after a protracted and painful illness, George Daniell, MD. for many years an eminent medical practitioner in that city, senior Physician of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, and one of the Physicians of the Lunatic Asylum.

11. At Worthing, Sussex, aged 89, Benjamin Hawes, Esq. brother to the late Dr. W. Hawes, the founder of the Royal Humane Society. This truly charitable man was a most liberal contributor to that excellent institution, and a warm advocate for the abolition of the Slave Trade. By his will he has bequeathed 1,000*l.* each to twenty-four different charities. He expired in a fit which seized him whilst he was taking his usual daily walk abroad; but a man whose whole life had been employed in acts of beneficence and religion was well prepared for death, however suddenly it might approach.

— In Russell-place, Mrs. Tennent, relict of W. Tennent, Esq. late of Stanmore, Middlesex, and of Pool, Lanerkshire.

11. At Newport, Herefordshire, in his 44th year, Thos. Foley, Esq. eldest son of the late Hon. Andrew Foley, Member for Droitwich, and for many years one of the Representatives for the county of Hereford.

12. At Denne-park, Horsham, Sussex, Mrs. Eversfield, relict of the late W. Eversfield, Esq. of that place, and of Catsfield, in the same county.

15. At his seat, Gilton-park, in his 86th year, W. Plumer, Esq. MP. for Higham Ferrers, and formerly Representative for the county of Hertford in eight successive Parliaments.

— In Argyle Street, Georgina Harriet, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late George Colebrooke, Esq. of Crawford Douglas. Lieut.

Colonel of the First Somerset Militia, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Geo. Colebrooke, Bart.

16. At Wallingford, in his 65th year, the Rev. E. Barry, DD. Rector of St. Mary's and St. Leonard's in that town.

— In Vere Street, Cavendish Square, Thomas Robertson, Esq. of George Street, Edinburgh, and late Captain in the Naval Service of the Hon. East India Company.

17. At Bath, in his 79th year, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Augustus Montagu Cosby, Senior Officer of the whole of the Honourable Company's service.

#### IN SCOTLAND.

At Echt-house, Sir Harry Niven Lumden, Bart. of Anchindoir, aged 37.

At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir W. Maxwell, Bart. of Calderwood.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Carruthers, relict of the late John Carruthers, Esq. and daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart. of Maxwellton.

At Broughton-ferry, Emma, wife of the Rev. H. Horsley, Prebendary of St. Asaph, and daughter of the late John Bourke, Esq. of Ballygieg, county of Limerick, and of Ballyerk, county of Tipperary.

#### IN IRELAND.

In Drogheda, the Hon. Katherine Lyons Montgomery.

At the Earl of Aldborough's, Emily, the wife of Charles Tyrwhitt Jones, Esq. and daughter of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

At his seat at Daly's Town, in the county of Galway, after a fortnight's illness, the Right Hon. Denis Bowes Daly, who had represented the county of Galway in successive Parliaments for upwards of forty years.

At Longford-house, Sligo, Lady Crofton, wife of Sir James Crofton, Bart.

#### ABROAD.

At Paris, aged 51, the Right Hon. Lucy, Countess of Lieburne, wife of the present Earl of Lieburne, and fifth daughter of the late Viscount Courtney. Her ladyship died somewhat suddenly, although unwell sometime previously, having gone to France for the benefit of her health. She has left three sons, viz. Viscount Vaughan, and the Hon. Geo. and J. Vaughan, and one daughter, Lady Mary Vaughan.

At Golden Grove, Tobago, John Robley, Esq. of Russell-square, London, and President of his Majesty's Council in that island.

At the Cape of Good Hope, after a most severe illness, Robert John Dawes, Esq. Captain of the 19th regiment of Native Infantry, Bengal.

At Sierra Leone, Henry V. Haskins, Esq. Surgeon of the 2d West India regiment, and son of the late Joseph Haskins, Esq. of Shore-house, Devonshire.

#### LONGEVITY.

At Allensmore, near Hertford, Thomas Gilbert, in the 120th year of his age.

*Correction.*—The statement of the death of Colonel Thornton, in our last No. was erroneous.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Henry Kays Bonney, collated to the Archdeaconry of Bedford, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Vince.—The Rev. J. H. Hogarth, LLB., to the Rectory of Strefford, Essex; Patron, John Hogarth, Esq. of Dorking, Surrey.—The Rev. J. Boyce, to the Rectory of Ketnor, alias Culborne, Somersetshire; Patron, Lord King.—The Rev. Thomas Luttrell, to the Vicarage of Minehead, Somersetshire.—The Rev. — Williams, to the Rectory of Fils, Shropshire; Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

CAMBRIDGE.—Robert Woodhouse, MA. FRS. Fellow of Caius College, and Lucanian Professor of Mathematics, was unanimously elected, Jan. 8, Plinian Professor of Experimental Philosophy, in

room of the late Professor Vince.—The Rev. J. Lonsdale, MA. of King's College, elected Christian Advocate, in room of the Rev. Thomas Rennell.—The Rev. Charles Benson, MA. Fellow of Magdalen College, continued Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The Hulsean Prize, adjudged to William Trollope, B.A. of Pembroke-hall. The subject, *The Expedients to which the Gentile Philosophers resorted in opposing the Progress of the Gospel, described, and applied in illustration of the Truths of the Christian Religion.*

The subject for the present year is: *The Argument for the Genuineness of the Sacred Volume as generally received by Christians.*

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

*Hellas*; a Dramatic Poem, on the Greek Model, in reference to the present State of Affairs in Greece. By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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 Murcott, A. Warwick, draper. [Meyrick, 17, Red Lion-square. C.  
 Pigram, J., and T. R. Pigram, Maidstone, Kent, grocers. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.  
 Tatner, C. Horton Kirby, Kent, farmer. [Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctor's-commons. T.  
 Thorbon, J. March, Isle of Ely, draper. [Meredith, 8, Lincoln's-inn, New-square. C.  
 Valentine, R. Hatfield, Hertford, miller. [Bond, Ware, Herts. T.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Dec. 22 to Jan. 22.

Jeffrey, G. spirit-dealer, Glasgow.  
 Stawson, Alex., merchant, Portsoy.  
 Watson, R. and co., stationers, Edinburgh.  
 Bulloch, J. and A. distillers, Duntochar, Glasgow.  
 Davidson, J. and P., merchants, Dundee.  
 Gallaway, W. merchant, Leith.  
 Muir, J. vintner, Glasgow.  
 Samson, J. merchant, Kilmarnock.  
 Sollicit, W. dealer, Edinburgh.  
 McNair, J. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Campbell, J. ship-owner, Kingsburgh, Isle of Skye.  
 Harkness, J. farmer, Glenloun, Argyllshire.  
 Love, W. cattle-dealer, Muirdykes, Renfrewshire.  
 Moffatt, J. merchant, Lerwick, Edinburgh.  
 Murdoch, T. woollen-draper, Falkirk.



## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR DECEMBER, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

## GENERAL REPORT.

WE have to record the most dreary month that appears in the meteorological history of this country. The rains, winds, temperature, both of the air and spring water, amospherical electricity, lightning, and thunder, have all occurred in very considerable degree, for the most part unparalleled within the British isle, and the pressure of the incumbent atmosphere diminished beyond comparison. Rain fell here, more or less, every day, except on the 6th, 11th, 12th, and 15th, the aggregate amounting to between 7 and 8 inches in depth! that is, 1.59 inch more than we have registered in any former monthly period, and almost double the quantity of what we consider as constituting a wet month in this latitude. So copious was its descent on the days and nights of the 24th and 28th, that it amounted to 2.72 inches.

The following is the number of hard gales, or days on which they have prevailed this month, viz. 4 from SE., 10 from SW., and 2 from the West.

The mean temperature of the air, ten feet above the ground, is  $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  higher than the mean of December for many years past, and equal to some of our first spring months, which is in great measure verified by the present forward state of vegetation: nor has the thermometer in the open air, in a northern aspect, once descended to the freezing point within  $4^{\circ}$ . The *maximum*

temperature for the 6th, 7th, 24th, and 28th, occurred in the nights.

The mean temperature of spring water is  $52^{\circ} 57'$ , that is,  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  higher than the mean for December, 1820. This also is a proof of the uncommonly high temperature of the ground at this season of the year.

At 11 P.M. on Christmas-eve, the mercury, in our barometer, and in several other good portable barometers in the neighbourhood, receded 28.10 inches, which is  $\frac{1}{10}$ th lower than it fell during the hurricane on the 4th and 5th of March, 1818, and lower than we ever saw it before. The magnetic needle also was singularly affected on some of the most stormy days, having deviated from its diurnal mean state between  $3^{\circ}$  and  $4^{\circ}$  towards the north.

We had vivid lightning on the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 27th, which was twice accompanied by thunder: and to account for its frequent occurrence at this season, we need only refer to the fact of the unusually high temperature of the ground, and the wet, electric, and violently agitated air, which had oftentimes a turbid aspect.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month are 1 parhelion, 2 *parascelenæ*, 2 solar, and 8 lunar halos, 17 meteors, 6 perfect rainbows, lightning on five different days, and thunder on two.

## DAILY REMARKS.

December 1. A succession of *Nimbi*, with rain and large hailstones of a transparent appearance.

2. A.M. light rain; and fine in the afternoon. A large and a small lunar halo, and two *parascelenæ* in the evening, followed by an overcast sky and light rain.

3. Rain all day, and a gale from SW. in the evening: alternately cloudy and clear by night.

4. A.M. fine: a solar halo at mid-day in passing beds of *Cirrostratus*: overcast in the afternoon, and a shower of rain and a strong gale from SW. in the evening.

5. Sunshine and a continuation of the gale in the morning: P.M. frequent light showers of rain.

6. A *Stratus* in the fields and on the water, followed by a fair day and night, and opposite winds, the lower one from the SE. prevailed. A large halo, and a concentric one composed of three rings of colours. The *maximum* temperature for the last 24 hours occurred in the night.

7. A continuation of the gale, and an overcast sky, followed by light rain after mid-day. The *maximum* temperature occurred again in the night.

8. A fine temperate day, with prevailing *Cirri*, and *Cirrocumuli* in light flocks, nearly all day: rain by night.

9. Overcast and drizzling rain at intervals, with a moderate gale from SW.

10. An overcast sky, except about an hour: rain by night, and a gale from SW.

11. A fine cloudless day: *Cumuli* and *Cirrostrati* by night, in the latter modification a large faintly coloured halo appeared around the moon.

At 20 minutes before 10 P.M. a luminous meteor, 6 or 7 inches in apparent diameter, was observed to descend from an altitude of about  $15^{\circ}$ , between the Dragon and the head of Bootes. It appeared quite circular, of a silvery colour, and to a considerable distance spread a light far brighter than that reflected from the moon, notwithstanding the brilliancy with which she then shone in a cloudless space. Its motion was slow, compared to that of trained and middle sized meteors, and its inclination to the horizon formed an angle of about  $10^{\circ}$ , inclining to the NW., and in that direction a fresh breeze prevailed, which may have had some power over its course in altering it.

from a perpendicular descent. The sky at the same time was interspersed with small *Cumuli*, that were brought up by a warm current from the SE., and attenuated *Cirrostrati* of an electrical appearance, particularly in the region whence the meteor fell.

12. Overcast with a veil of *Cirrostratus* in the day: a fine night, and some dew.

13. AM. mostly overcast: PM. large *Nimbi* with extensive cirros crowns, and light showers.

14. Overcast and light rain at intervals.

15. *Cirrostrati* interspersed about the sky at sunrise: a fine day and night, and 3 small meteors.

16. As the preceding, with the addition of *Cirrocumulus*; and both the earth and pavements gave out an unusual quantity of moisture, which was followed by rain in the night.

17. A rainy day and night, and two perfect rainbows. The gale from SW. soon after midnight blew tremendously, with violent squalls at intervals.

18. A continuation of the gale in the morning.—*Nimbi* and showers throughout the day and night, from one of which, at mid-day, lightning and thunder proceeded. Several electrical discharges again from the clouds at night.

19. Forked lightning and long peals of thunder from passing *Nimbi*, with hail and rain, from 6 till 8 AM. Sunshine between the showers in the day, and lightning again at night.

20. A sunny morning, with passing beds of *Cirrostratus*, in one of which a large solar halo appeared from 11 till 1 o'clock: PM. rain, with a very strong gale from SW., and a few flashes of lightning to the eastward.

21. AM. a continuation of the gale, with squalls and frequent light showers: PM. fine. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the evening.

22. At 9 AM. a faint parheliion appeared to the south of the sun, which was soon afterwards succeeded by two large and brilliant rainbows with their proper colours; the last of these was double, by the reflection of the bright colours from the lower one. A series of *Nimbi* and light showers of rain and hail, with a heavy gale from SW.

23. As the preceding, and 2 rainbows a little before noon.

24. Heavy rain from a turbid-looking sky, and an extremely low barometer, which has sunk gradually since last evening. The wind began to freshen from SE. early in the afternoon, and it increased with the rain to a very hard gale, with hollow sounds resembling distant thunder, till 9 PM., and then abated; but the barometer continued to sink uniformly till 11 o'clock, when it had receded to 28.10 inches, with a temperature of 48°, and several other good

portable barometers in the neighbourhood were equally low at that hour. The hands of all the wheel barometers, that we had access to at the same time, were out of, or below the range of their graduated scales of 3 inches, one  $\frac{1}{10}$ ths, another  $\frac{2}{10}$ ths, and a third between four and  $\frac{1}{10}$ ths of an inch. On examining the best meteorological journals that have been kept by skilful observers in this country, during 27 years, we find that the greatest depression of barometers, placed about the same height from low-water mark as our own, took place at the latter end of January, 1814, when the mercury did not recede below 28.22 inches, with a temperature under 10°; a difference of  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch higher than ours, independent of a lower temperature, which always sinks the barometrical column in the proportion of  $\frac{1}{100}$  of an inch to about every 3° above the freezing point.

25. AM. sunshine and a grey sky, with a brisk NW. wind; and *Cumuli* in the afternoon—4 small meteors appeared between 9 and 10 PM. followed by rain, and a sinking barometer.

26. A rainy day, and a fine evening, when 5 small meteors appeared: the night as the preceding.

27. A succession of low and extensive *Nimbi*, with heavy showers of rain and hail, and brisk winds from SW., yet the barometer rose slowly. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the evening.

28. A very hard gale from SE. in the day, and from SW. by night, with torrents of rain and hail, amounting to 1.65 inch, which is the greatest quantity we have ever registered in 24 hours—with a tide 3 feet higher than is usual at the present age of the moon at this season, the wind having blown violently into Portsmouth harbour; and another great depression of the barometer (see the table). At 2 PM. the clouds broke away a little, when two veils of clouds, *Cirrus* and *Cirrostratus*, were observed above the low turbid *Scud*, or scattered portions of *Nimbi*; also two winds crossing each other from SE. and SW., the lower one eventually gave place to the upper. At this time Venus and the moon were very near each other, about S. by E.; a circumstance rarely to be seen with the naked eye at that hour of the day.

29. Overcast and windy, and passing *Scud* at intervals. The wind from SW. increased to a stiff gale in the evening, and continued to blow hard all night.

30. Sunshine with *Cirrus*, *Cirrocumulus*, and *Cirrostratus*: PM. overcast with *Cumulostratus*, followed by a large lunar halo, and light showers—the wind brisk from the north at night, and a slight hoar-frost towards morning.

31. A fine sunny day, with some fair weather clouds: misty by night, and rain towards morning.

1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

NEW PATENTS.

Bowles Symes, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq. for an expanding hydrostatic piston, to resist the pressure of certain fluids, and slide easily in an imperfect cylinder.—Nov. 10th.

Joseph Grout, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, crape manufacturer; for a new manufacture of crape.—Nov. 13th.

Neil Arnott, of Bedford-square, MD. for improvements connected with the production and agency of heat in furnaces, steam and air engines, distilling, evaporating, and brewing apparatus.—Nov. 14th.

Richard Macnamara, Esq. of Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, for an improvement in paving, pitching, and covering streets, roads, and other places.—Nov. 20th.

John Collinge, of Lambeth, engineer; for an improvement in hinges.—Nov. 22.

Henry Robinson Palmer, of Hackney, civil engineer; for improvements in the construction of rail-ways, and tram-roads, and of the carriages to be used thereon.—Nov. 22d.

Thomas Parkin, of Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, merchant; for an improvement in printing.—Nov. 24th.

William Baylis, jun. of Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier; for a machine for washing and cleansing clothes.—Nov. 27th.

Thomas Motley, of the Strand, patent letter-maker and brass-founder; for certain improvements in the construction of candle-sticks or lamps, and in candles to be burnt therein.—Nov. 27th.

Robert Bill, Esq. of Newman-street, Marylebone, for an improvement in the construction of certain descriptions of boats and barges.—Dec. 5th.

Charles Broderip, Esq. of London, now residing in Glasgow; for various improvements in the construction of steam-engines.—Dec. 5th.

Henry Ricketts, of Phoenix Glass-works, Bristol, glass-manufacturer; for an improvement in the art or method of making or manufacturing glass bottles, such as are used for wine, porter, beer, or cyder.—Dec. 5th.

William Warcup, of Dartford, Kent, engineer; for certain improvements upon a machine for washing linen, cotton, or woollen-cloths, whether in the shape of piece goods, or of any article made up.—Dec. 10th.

William Horrocks, of Portwood-within-Binnington, in the county of Chester, cotton-manufacturer; for an improvement in the construction of looms for weaving cotton or linen cloth by power, commonly called Power looms.—Dec. 14th.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Jan.	Hamburg. 18 Jan.	Amsterdam 22 Jan.	Vienna. 9 Jan.	Nuremberg 14 Jan.	Berlin. 15 Jan.	Naples	Leipsig. 14 Jan.	Bremen 1 Jan.
London ...	25-25	36-7	40-6	10-	fl. 10-6	7-2½	—	6-19	617
Paris .....	—	26	58	118½	fr. 118½	83½	—	80½	17½
Hamburg .	183	—	35½	146	146	154½	—	147½	134
Amsterdam	57½	105½	—	137	138	144½	—	139	125
Vienna ....	252	146½	36½	—	40	105½	—	100½	—
Franckfort.	3½	148	35½	99½	99½	104½	—	100½	110½
Augsburg .	252	147½	35½	99½	99½	105½	—	100½	110
Genoa .....	473	81½	90	61½	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig ....	—	—	—	—	99½	105	—	—	110
Leghorn ...	510	87½	97	57½	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon . ...	560	37½	40½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz .....	15-50	93½	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples . ...	486	—	83	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa . ...	15-56	—	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid . ...	15-60	93½	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto . ...	560	37½	40½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Jan.	Breslaw. 9 Jan.	Christiana. 29 Dec.	Petersburg. 1 Jan.	Riga. 4 Jan.	Antwerp 17 Jan.	Madrid. 10 Jan.	Lisbon. 5 Jan.
London .....	152	7-2½	Sp. 8-90	9½	9 ½	40.1	37½	57
Paris .....	80½	—	—	28½	—	38	10	545
Hamburg ....	147½	154½	195	8 ½	8½	34½	—	38
Amsterdam .	138½	144½	181	9 ½	9½	1½	—	43½
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	588

# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Dec. 25 to Jan. 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-11..12-7
Ditto at sight	12-8 ..12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-12..12-8
Antwerp	12-7 ..12-6
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6 ..37-3
Altona, 2½ U	37-7 ..37-4
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-60..25-40
Ditto..2 U	25-90..25-70
Bordeaux	25-90..25-70
Frankfort on the Main	} ..... 156..155
Ex. M.	
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.	8½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-17..10-14
Trieste ditto	10-17..10-14
Madrid, effective	36½
Cadiz, effective	36
Bilboa	36½
Barcelona	35½
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27..60
Malta	45
Naples	40
Palermo, per oz.	119
Lisbon	49½..50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	39 ..42
Bahia	50
Dublin	8½..9½
Cork	9 ..9½

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	0	0	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	5	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 10½d.

### Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	2	0	0	to	4	5	0
Oxnobles	1	15	0	to	2	5	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Dec. 31 to Jan. 21.

	Dec. 31.	Jan. 7.	Jan. 14.	Jan. 21.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	35 6 to 43 3	35 0 to 43 0	34 6 to 43 0	32 9 to 43 9
Sunderland	36 9 to 44 9	35 0 to 43 9	35 6 to 44 3	41 9 to 45 0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Dec. 22	Dec. 29	Jan. 5	Jan. 12
Wheat	46 8	46 2	45 11	48 4
Rye	21 3	21 11	20 5	22 1
Barley	20 10	19 7	19 2	19 8
Oats	17 7	16 8	16 5	16 7
Beans	23 5	22 8	21 10	22 3
Peas	26 10	26 8	24 3	25 3

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Dec. 24, to Jan. 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	36,238	790	10,235	47,263
Barley	27,840	735	9,892	38,467
Oats	72,948	4,610	37,260	114,818
Rye	673	4	—	677
Beans	9,464	—	—	9,464
Pease	7,809	—	—	7,809
Malt	24,911	Qrs.; Flour 45,693 Sacks.		

### Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	30s. to 36s.
Kent, New Pockets	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 79s.
Farnham, ditto	120s. to 140s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to 45s.

### Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	4..4	0 to 5	0..1 10 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4	0..4	0 to 5	0..1 8 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 5 to 4	6..3	12 to 4	10..1 7 to 1 16

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	2s.	0d. to 3s.	0d.
Mutton	2s.	2d. to 3s.	2d.
Veal	3s.	8d. to 5s.	8d.
Pork	2s.	4d. to 4s.	4d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s.	10d. to 3s.	0d.
Mutton	2s.	0d. to 3s.	2d.
Veal	3s.	8d. to 6s.	0d.
Pork	3s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Dec. 28, to Jan. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,742	1,144	77,220	1,320

**RE OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.**

**By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.**

**(Jan. 22d, 1832.)**

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THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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No. XXVII.

MARCH, 1822.

VOL. V.

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LONDON :

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



## THE LION'S HEAD.

---

We are happy to learn from L. that he has "descended from his poetic flights into another *walk*;" perhaps he has a prose essay on foot for our next Number.

---

To "a Lover of Music" (from Exeter), we have to express our thanks for his communication. He will, no doubt, understand our motives for declining to interfere in a matter, which involves local preferences and jealousies—altogether out of our jurisdiction.

---

We have seen worse verses than L.'s, but we have better, which, we hope, will excuse our refusal.

---

G. R.'s diction would inflate a balloon. He should remember that "a power of fine words" is not "poetic power."

---

T. says, that his tale is out of his own head: is he a tadpole?

---

Of a certain correspondent, we may say, as of certain books, that we should be glad to see more than the Title Pages.

---

Ignotus is referred to our pages for the most satisfactory answer we can give him.

---

As B. says he has the "*Cacoethes Rhymendi*, and loves the luxury of feeling that attends it," Lion's Head would not willingly scratch him again, though many cases which have come under his paws have been successfully treated.—But B. conjures us to tell him, "whether he may ever hope to produce any thing he need not blush at?"—No, never; if he continues to write such poetry as he now submits to our perusal. To be serious, let our correspondent take a hint from Dr. Watts:

How doth the little busy b  
Improve each shining hour.

---

Lion's Head has tried its tooth upon the translation from Horace, sent "for early mastication," but the morsel is too tough.

---

We thank "A Constant Reader," for his translation of "The Opening of the obscure Poem of Lycophron."—In his anxiety to "render it as literally as possible," he has still retained too much of the obscurity.

---

The friend who has sent us a brace of Sonnets, one of them written in a copy of Thomson's Seasons, must excuse us, if we do not put either under our own cover.

---

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum:"—but bonum is not the Latin for Studens's lines on Chatterton.

---

Sam Sparkle's Anacreontic (from—Queen-street, Cheapside—hush!) is too far gone:—the conduits in Cheap do not run wine now-a-days. The Muse is often agreeable in her cups, but when she stammers in her grammar, and stumbles in her metaphors—it is high time she should be seen home. Sam's Muse has not a foot to stand upon. Can he send us something soberer, or was his Muse born with a claret-mark?

---

"Lines to a Friend," on her departure to Antigua, show more sympathy than poetry. Some of them are almost long enough for log-lines.

---

We are sorry that we cannot oblige Caleb, nor Cælebs.

---

We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Common Sense, jun. of Leeds, for the patience and skill with which he has attempted to couch the Eyes of Lion's Head. Will Common Sense, jun. frankly tell us, (in a frank if he pleases,) what we are to think of the following ballad?—

#### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

##### AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

Tom Hood

Alternate

stanzas by

John H. Reynolds

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

Come, girl, said he, hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me ;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be.

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

And is he gone, and is he gone ?  
She cried, and wept outright :  
Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight.

A waterman came up to her,  
Now, young woman, said he,  
If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea.

Alas ! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow ;  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she had said gee woe !

Says he, they've only taken him  
To the Tender ship you see ;  
The Tender, cried poor Sally Brown,  
What a hard-ship that must be !

O ! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him ;  
But, Oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

Alas ! I was not born beneath  
" The virgin and the scales,"  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales.

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place  
That's underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so,  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow !



Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
 He heaved a heavy sigh,  
 And then began to eye his pipe,  
 And then to pipe his eye.\*

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"  
 But could not, though he tried;  
 His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd  
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,  
 At forty-odd befell:  
 They went and told the sexton, and  
 The sexton toll'd the bell.

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\* Catullus has imitated this:

*Ad dominam solam usque pipi-abat.*

*Printer's Devil.*

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N<sup>o</sup> XXVII.

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VOL. V.

ON WITCHCRAFT.

PART I.

*On the Prevalence and Effect of Witchcraft, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.*

————— I am shunn'd  
And hated like a sickness,—made a scorn  
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldames  
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,  
Rats, ferrets, weasles, and I wot not what,  
That have appear'd, and suck'd (some say,) their blood ;  
But, by what means they came acquainted with them,  
I am now ignorant. (*Witch of Edmonton.*)

Hath not this present parliament  
A ledger to the devil sent,  
Fully empower'd to treat about,  
And find revolted witches out ?  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hang'd three-score of them in one shire ?  
Some only for not being drown'd,  
And some for sitting above ground  
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;  
And some for putting knavish tricks  
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,  
Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd  
Of griefs unnatural,—as he guess'd. (*Hudibras.*)

The progress of the human intellect towards perfection has been far more rapid during the last century, than might have been expected from antecedent circumstances. Most of that gloomy dogmatism which fettered the minds of our ancestors has been dissipated, no less by the refulgence of science, than by the extensive dissemination of literature and the arts ; and while the mind of man has become, by these means, enlarged and liberalized, his actions and manners,—influenced by these beneficial causes,—are marked by a more ju-

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icious discrimination of character, and by a fair and candid revocation of all unworthy and unmanly prejudices.

But, notwithstanding this kindly effect of civilization, there are in existence many morose and discontented individuals, who derive a malicious gratification from condemning the manners and usages of the present age, for the purpose of lauding what has been very unjustly denominated the “ simplicity of old times.” Vltio malignitatis humanæ vetera semper in laude, presentia in fastidio

R

sunt.\* This is a silly mode of tormenting one's self; and quite as incongruous, as it is absurd and ridiculous: for those who are thus unhappily inclined, think only of the *advantages* of these ages of simplicity and virtue, while their more than proportionate *evils* are cast into the back-ground,—they look only at the bright and beautiful side of the picture, while they are utterly heedless of its blots and shadows.

It may be alleged, that there are more crimes committed now, than there were formerly. This we will grant to a certain extent, and *only* to a certain extent; for it is very evident, that this increase of crime is the consequence of actual want, and of local circumstances, and not of a natural depravity in the people.† A more refined and extended state of society has necessarily given origin to new vices, and to new laws for their suppression; but it has also totally annihilated the more barbarous atrocities of former ages, and completely swept away the turbulent iniquity, which prevailed to such an extent during that period, so erroneously and unfairly denominated good and simple.‡

Among the happiest and most obvious advantages of this refinement may be reckoned the abolition of those absurd and abominable doctrines which originated in the ignorance and clouded superstition of our forefathers. The age of supernatural wonders has now, indeed, passed quite away; and we no longer live to be tormented by witches, or annoyed and terrified by the unceremo-

nious visitation of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, with all their trumpery." But if there be any one single delusion, the annihilation of which has been attended with the most beneficial result, it is, undoubtedly, that of *Witchcraft*. Now-a-days, (to borrow the words of a contemporary writer) an old crone may be ugly, blear-eyed, decrepid, poor, and boy-hooted, without being a whit the better for it; she may be blessed with "a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, a ragged coat on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side;" all these may she have—and more,—but yet she will be no witch. If she steal sticks, she must go to the police office; and if her black cat fall in the way of a terrier, he must die. Her curse,—be it never so sharp and terrible,—will fall innocuous to the ground; and if the farmer's waggon stick fast between the gate-posts, or his cream prove obstinate in the churning, or his cow unfortunate in her *accouchement*, or the eggs of his poultry come to nought, he will not now attribute his misfortunes to the malicious maledictions of aged women. It was otherwise, however, in days of yore. "For my part," says Sir Thomas Browne, whose philosophy, rich and luxuriant as it was, could not withstand this prevailing opinion, "I have ever believed, and do now believe, that there are witches;§ they that doubt of these, do not only deny them, but spirits, and are

\* Tacitus, De Oratoribus, Cap. xviii. Ed. Homeri.

† This fact may be easily proved by a reference to a table, showing the proportion which the number of persons committed to prison in each county of England and Wales bears to the whole population. Thus Middlesex has one in 588; Warwickshire (including, of course, the populous town of Birmingham) one in 989: while the more pastoral districts, particularly those in Wales, can boast of but a very small number of delinquents. Westmoreland has only one in 5,642; Anglesey, one in 18,522; Cardigan-shire, one in 13,612; and Merionethshire, one in 13,377. It may be necessary to remark, that the table whence this calculation is derived comprises a period of thirteen years, namely, from 1803 to 1817, inclusive.

‡ The good old times, says Lord Byron, in his Preface to Childe Harold, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. The reader may consult Sir W. Scott's Border Minstrelsy for a horrible detail of the unsettled state of Scotland, during those days of anarchy and rudeness,—and the fourth volume of the *Retrospective Review*, (in the article on the Gwedir History) for a view of the contumacious and unruly manners of the Welsh, before they experienced the benefits of civilization.

§ What sort of witches they were that our author knew to be such (observes an annotator) I cannot tell; for those which he mentions in the next section, as proceeding upon

obliquely and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists. Those that, to confute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power to see so much as witches. The devil hath them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft, and to appear to them, were but to convert them.\*"

These were not singular sentiments; nor were they confined to one or two classes of the community. They were, in fact, the sentiments of the million, and influenced the manners of both patrician and plebeian, and continued to do so to a period almost too late for credibility. Several men,—of acknowledged learning and wisdom in other respects,—stoutly advocated the existence of witches, and firmly believed in the potency of their spells; and, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, witchcraft prevailed to such an extraordinary degree, that the legislature thought it necessary to interpose its authority, for the purpose of putting a stop to the progress of a doctrine, the pernicious tenets of which were becoming daily more diffused throughout the kingdom. A statute was accordingly enacted in the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII. which denounced the severest vengeance upon those who transgressed its decrees,—adjudging all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony, without benefit of clergy.† But this, like our present peremptory law against forgery, did but increase the evil it was intended to eradicate; and at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, it seems to have flourished with such vigour, that

another law was passed in the fifth year of that Queen's reign, by which several minor acts of witchcraft, sorcery, and enchantment, were rendered penal.‡

One would imagine that the establishment of protestantism would have conduced to the abolition of this lamentable and pernicious credulity; but, as Dr. Johnson observes, the reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian; and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. The superstition, indeed, was at first increased, rather than diminished, by this measure; and its augmentation is thus accounted for by a writer who has fully exposed the absurdity of the delusion. "Though the laws about religion were changed, the inhabitants of the country were the same; and the monks and nuns being turned loose among the people, infected their minds with superstitious tales: and though these follies are usually matter of jest, while they keep among the vulgar; yet when they happen to find faith among the great ones, and the kindred of the crown, they often draw them to the attempting great changes; for the high stations of the great do not secure either them or their children sounder judgments than their neighbours, nor free them from the superstitions and credulity of the meanest. And when their high spirits and great interests are acted upon by vain hopes and tales, they soon burst the bonds that preserve a nation's peace."§

In 1584, Reginald Scot published his "*Discoverie of Witchcraft*," which curious and amusing work was writ-

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the principles of nature, none have denied. Against such it was, indeed, that the Julian law against witches was made, that is, *those who had intoricated any body with noxious or bad drugs or draughts.* *Alexandri ab Alexandro Genial Dier. lib. 3. cap. 1.* But for the opinion, that there are witches that co-operate with the devil, *there are divines of great note, and far from any suspicion of being irreligious, that do oppose it.*

\* *Religio Medici*, p. 91. See also his *Vulgar Errors*, Books 1, 5, and 7.

† Offenders being lawfully convicted by this Statute, lost the privilege of clergy and sanctuary: but those who stood mute,—challenged peremptorily above twenty jurors,—or would not directly answer, were not deprived of clergy by the words of this Act. *Recves' Hist. of the English Law*, vol. iv. p. 319.

‡ In a sermon preached before the Queen, in 1558, by Bishop Jewel, is the following curious passage: "It may please your Grace to understand that *witches and sorcerers*, within these last four years, are marvellously increased within this your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto the death, their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft. I pray God they may never practise further than upon the subject."

§ *Hutchinson's Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft*, p. 177. Ed. 1718.

ten in behalf of the poor, the old, and the simple, whose age and infirmities had rendered them the objects of so much hatred and persecution. It furnishes a most complete and convincing detection of all the juggling knavery, and silly infatuation by which this vile, mean, and debasing superstition was carried on and supported.\* But it entirely failed in the completion of its purpose, for the doctrine which it attempted to invalidate had gained such a secure footing among the people, and had become so intimately blended, as it were, with their thoughts and feelings, that they either could not, or would not be readily convinced of its fallacy. Besides, there were many individuals in the community, whose interest it was to propagate and encourage this abominable delusion, that they might enrich themselves at the expense of the peace and happiness of those whom they deluded so easily by their ingenious but infamous impostures. Living, as we do now, in an age of morality and refinement, we cannot form any accurate idea of the prevalence of witchcraft, nor of the potency of its effects upon the people. The prince and the peasant were alike influenced by it; and its virulence, like that of some desolating pestilence, contaminated all that was sound and healthy in the state. Our country, observes a writer in one of the most interesting and useful of modern publications,† little deserved the title of "Merry England" in those days. One may almost believe that plague or pestilence would have been mercy, compared with the miseries which this infatuation must have diffused. Even he, who happily lived remote from the seat of this spiritual warfare; though few such there could be,—so rapidly was it transferred from county to county, to the remotest districts; even he, in whose

vicinity no one was suspected of dealing with the foul fiend; whose children, cattle, or neighbours showed no symptoms of being marks for those fiery darts which often struck from a distance, and wounded to death or madness, would not yet escape a sort of epidemic gloom,—a sympathy with the suffering, which was a vague apprehension of the mischief that might be. The atmosphere he breathed would come to him thick with foul fancies; he would be ever telling, or hearing some wild and melancholy tale of crime and punishment; the best feelings and best enjoyments of himself and his kindred would be dashed with something of bitterness, suspicion, and terror, as he reflected that, though yet uninvaded, these were at the mercy of malignant fellow mortals, leagued with more malignant spirits, the laws and limits of whose operations were wholly undefinable. What must have been his feelings on whom the evil eye had glared,—against whom the potent spell had been pronounced, on whom misfortunes came thick and fast, by flood and field,—at home and abroad,—in business and in pleasure; whose cattle died, whose crops were blighted, and about whose bed and board, invisible, unwelcome, and mischievous, guests held their revels? who saw not in his calamities the result of ignorance or error to be averted by caution, nor the inflictions of heaven to be borne with pious resignation, but was the victim of a supposed compact, in which his disasters were part of the price paid by the powers of hell for an immortal soul. In sickness, mental agony,—by far the hardest to endure—was superinduced on bodily. He who pined in consumption shuddered, as he imagined that his own waxen effigy was revolving and melting at the charmed fire; the changes of his sensations

\* In this admirable Treatise, our author does not confine himself to the exposition of the wicked absurdities of witchcraft. He attacks, with equal energy, "the knaverie of conjurors, the impietie of inchanters, the follie of soothsayers, the impudent falshood of couseners, the infidelitie of athicists, the pestilent practices of pythinists, the curiositie of figure-casters, the vanitie of dreamers, and the beggarlie arte of alcumystrie."

† Retrospective Review, vol. 5. It may be necessary to remark, that the present article was written long before the publication of the last number of this Review. We mention this, because we are unwilling to incur the suspicion of plagiarism; and we have contrived to introduce the above passage, from a most judicious summary of witchcraft, because it describes so well the miserable state of our country, when it was labouring under the influence of the "damning spells" of this revolting superstition.

told him when wanton cruelty damped the flame to waste it lingeringly, or roused it in the impatience of revenge; and when came those sharp and shooting pains, the hags were thrusting in their bodkins, and their loud and exulting laugh rang in his ears. They sat upon his breast in that perturbed sleep, from which he awoke gasping; and, as he started up, he saw them melting into air. Yet more miserable was the melancholy wretch whom the fiends were commissioned bodily to possess; with whose breathing frame an infernal substance was incorporated, and almost identified; whose thoughts were agony, and his words involuntary blasphemies: or the unhappy father, who saw the work of hell operating upon his offspring, and resolved their ailments or their death into a mystery and a curse.

But even these evils, horrible and distressing as they are,—were not the only calamities dependent upon this baneful doctrine. The religious principles of the people became affected; and those who believed not in the existence of witches, were accounted sadducees, atheists, and infidels; and sharp and bitter, indeed, was the doom denounced against them.

The question whether there be witches or not (observes one of the most strenuous advocates of witchcraft, and a divine of no mean repute in his day) is not a matter of vain speculation, or of indifferent moment, but an inquiry of very great and weighty importance. For, on the resolution of it depends the authority and just execution of some of our laws; and, what is more, *our religion in its main doctrines is mainly concerned*. There is no one, who is not very much a stranger to the world, but knows how atheism and infidelity have advanced in our days, and how openly they now dare to show themselves in asserting and disputing their vile cause. Particularly the distinction of the soul from the body, the being of spirits, and a future life, are assertions extremely despised and opposed by the men of this sort; and if we lose these articles, all religion comes to nothing. They are clearly and fully asserted in the sacred oracles, but those wits have laid aside those divine writings. They are proved by the best philosophy, and highest reason,—but the unbelievers, divers of them, are too shallow to be capable of such proofs, and the more subtle are ready to

scepticise them away. But there is one head of argument that troubleth them much, and that is the topic of witches and apparitions. If such there are, it is a sensible proof of spirits, and another life; an argument of more direct force than any speculations or abstract reasonings, and such an one as meets with all the sorts of infidels. On which account, they labour with all their might to persuade themselves and others, that witches and apparitions are but melancholick dreams, or crafty impostures. They expose and deride all relations of spirits and witchcrafts, and furnish themselves with some little arguments, or rather colours, against their existence. And when they have once swallowed this opinion, and are sure there are no witches nor apparitions, *they are prepared for the denial of spirits, a life to come, and all the other principles of religion.*\*

The existence of witches being thus satisfactorily established, and their direful power universally acknowledged, we must not be surprised that they were hunted out, and dragged to the bar of public justice to receive the punishment due to their imputed crimes. The first formal trial of any importance, which we find recorded, is that of the witches of Warbois, which took place in 1593. Their accusation was founded on circumstances which, however improbable and ridiculous they may now appear, were in those days sufficiently criminal to ensure the condemnation and death of three harmless individuals. The following particulars of this trial are copied from Dr. Hutchinson's "*Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft*," chap. 7.

Three persons,—old Samuel and his wife, and Agnes Samuel, their daughter, were condemned at Huntingdon by Mr. Justice Fenner, April 4, 1593, for bewitching, as was supposed, five of Mr. Throgmorton's children, seven servants, the lady Cromwell, and the gaoler's man, &c. The father and daughter, indeed, maintained their innocence to the last; but the old woman confessed. It ought to be observed, that this prosecution was not grounded upon any previous acts of sorcery that these people had been taken in, but upon experiments and charms, *which the prosecutors compelled them to use, and tried upon them*.

One of Mr. Throgmorton's daughters had fits, and was ill; but there were no signs or thoughts of witchcraft, till this old mother Samuel, living near them, came in to see her, and sate in the chimney corner,

\* Glanvil's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, pp. 223—224. Ed. 1726.



with a black knit cap on her head; and when the child in her fit saw her, she said, she looked like an old witch, and from that time took a fancy that she had bewitched her. After that, the other children had the same fears and fancies, and fits like her's. After this, the lady Cromwell, to whose husband these Samuels were tenants, came to Mr. Throgmorton's house. She sent for the old woman, and called her witch, and abused her, and pulled off her kercher, and cut off some of her grey hair, and gave it to Mrs. Throgmorton to burn for a charm. At night, this lady,—as was very likely she should, after such an ill day's work,—dreamt of mother Samuel and her cat, and fell into fits; and about a year and a quarter after died. It was stated further on the trial, that there were nine spirits (or familiars) that belonged to these people, and called mother Samuel their old dame. Two of their names I have forgot, but the other seven were Pluck, Hardname, Catch, three Smacs (*that were cousins*) and Blew. The children were said to talk with these spirits in their fits. The standers-by, however, neither saw any shapes, nor heard any voices, but only understood what the spirits said by the childrens' answers, and by what the children told them afterwards.\*

The old woman confessed; but, I pray, take notice how her confession was drawn from her. For about two years after the

first accusation, she maintained her innocence strictly, and said they were wanton children. But by long ill usage, her husband on one side *swearing at and beating her*; and on the other side, Mr. Throgmorton and the children scratching, and trying unfair tricks, and keeping her from her own house amongst his children,—for, contrary to all other cases, her presence was their preservation,—I reckon her health was so impaired, that one night she was vapoured to that degree, that they thought the devil was in her.†

Then observe how very forcibly they drew her confession from her. *The children with tears begged that she would confess. They said they should be well if she confessed, and they would forgive her from the bottom of their hearts; and besides that, they would intreat their parents and their friends, so much as in them lay, clearly to forgive and forget all that had passed.* Still this would not do. She would not confess, she said, what was not true. But Mr. Throgmorton prevailed with her to charge the spirit in the name of God, that they might have no more fits. She yielded to him, and then the children grew well. This surprised the poor woman, and very likely made her believe, that all had really proceeded from her ill tongue; and having been told so often, that if she would but confess, all would be well, and

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\* The following is a specimen of one of these delectable dialogues: it took place between the familiar, Smac, and "Mistress Joan, the eldest daughter of Mr. Throgmorton, about sixteen years of age." *Mistress Joan.* From whence come you, Mr. Smac, and what news do you bring? *Smac.* I come from fighting. *Mistress Joan.* With whom, I pray? *Smac.* With Pluck. *Mistress Joan.* Where did you fight, I pray? *Smac.* In my old dame's bakehouse, (which is an old house standing in old mother Samuel's yard) and we fought with great cowl-staves last night. *Mistress Joan.* And who got the mastery, I pray? *Smac.* I did, for I broke Pluck's head. *Mistress Joan.* I would that he had broke your head also. *Smac.* Is *this* all the thanks I shall get for my labour? *Mistress Joan.* Why do you look for thanks at my hands? I would you were all hanged up, one against the other, and dame and all, for you are all naught; but it is no matter. I do not well to curse you; for God, I trust, will defend me from you all." This exquisite piece of natural eloquence was delivered in evidence before an English judge, Anno Domini, 1593, and went far towards the condemnation of the unfortunate delinquents,—*O tempora!*

† Ford, in his admirable Drama of "The Witch of Edmonton," has put into the mouth of Elizabeth Sawyer (the witch) a speech, perfectly applicable to poor mother Samuel:

And why on me? why should the envious world  
 Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?  
 'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,  
 And like a bow buckled and bent together,  
 By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,  
 Must I for that be made a common sink  
 For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues  
 To fall and run into? *Some call me witch,*  
*And, being ignorant of myself, they go*  
*About to teach me how to be one; urging,*  
*That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)*  
*Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,*  
*Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse;*  
*This they enforce upon me; and in part*  
*Make me to credit it, (Witch of Edmonton, Act II. Sc. 1.)*

they forgive her, she cried and confessed; but in a day or two she denied all again. Then Mr. Throgmorton was angry, and threatened to carry her before the Bishop at Bugden; and upon condition that she might not be carried thither, she promised to confess again, provided it might be to Mr. Throgmorton alone; but he secretly placed people under the window to hear what she said; and by this threatening promise and contrivance, he gained a second confession.

But this confession was not sufficient for the tender and scrupulous conscience of Mr. Throgmorton. He, consequently, invented a charm, which he declared had been revealed to him by spirits; and so great was the influence which he had gained over the mind of this poor old woman, that he made her repeat it "a hundred times over." It was as follows:—"I charge thee, thou Devil, as I love thee, and have authority over thee, and am a witch, and guilty of this matter, that thou suffer these children to be well at present." The children, for whose benefit this damning exhortation was uttered, had the faculty, it appears, of immediately recovering from their indisposition, so soon as they had heard this invocation; and it seems very evident, from a "narrative" of this trial, published the same year, that these children of Mr. Throgmorton were nothing more nor less than a pack of malicious and wicked impostors, instigated, no doubt, by their father, for some purpose best known to himself. The writer of the "narrative," who was clearly no friend to the delinquents, confesses, with much naïveté, that the children would "come out of their fits" at many other absurd experiments;—as "carrying them abroad, or into the churchyard, or even turning their faces one way rather than another."\* It appears, moreover, that these urchins never failed to display their pretended afflictions in the presence of strangers, and that they derived a

great deal of pleasure from the wonderment of those silly persons, who believed all that they saw and heard.

The judge (Fenner) seems, also, to have been fully determined upon the destruction of this ill-fated family. Old Samuel sturdily declared his innocence, and, as no positive proof of guilt had appeared in evidence against him, this precious expounder of the law told him, that "if he would not speak the words of the charm, the court would hold him guilty of the crime he was accused of;" and thus this poor old man was urged to a confession, which, untrue and unjust as it was, occasioned his condemnation and death! A circumstance occurred during the trial, which ought to have convinced every body of the innocence of the daughter, Agnes Samuel. This young girl seems to have been a girl of more than usual virtue and intelligence. The only crime, of which she was guilty, was hiding herself when the officers came to apprehend her, and repeating, by compulsion, the damnatory charm, already pronounced by her father and mother. She strenuously maintained her innocence to the last; and some persons near her advised her, as the only means of prolonging, and, perhaps, of preserving, her life, to plead that she was with child. But she heard the proposal with indignation, and replied:—"No, I will never do that. It shall never be said, that I am both a witch and a w—e." But even this honourable resolution had no effect upon the bigoted minds of her accusers. Nothing but the death of herself and her aged parents would satisfy their blood-thirsty persecutors; and the parents and their child were consequently executed at Huntingdon, a few days after their condemnation.†

Four years after this trial, appeared at Edinburgh the "*Dæmonologie*" of King James the First. Previous to this monarch's accession to the

\* See a Narrative of the Tryal and Condemnation of the Witches of Warbois, 1593.

† "That which makes this execution more remarkable is, that Sir Samuel Cromwell, husband to the aforesaid Lady Cromwell, having the goods of these people, to the value of forty pounds, escheated to him, as Lord of the Manor, gave the said forty pounds to the mayor and aldermen of Huntingdon, for a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, to be paid out of their town-lands, for an annual *Lecture* upon the subject of *Witchcraft*, to be preached at their town every Lady-day, by a Doctor or Batchelor of Divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge." Hutchinson, p. 101. Can any of our readers inform us whether this lecture is still delivered at Huntingdon?

throne of England, several circumstances had occurred to confirm and propagate the delusion which he advocated. The condemnation of the witches of Warbois, the validity of whose crime was doubted by few, was a proof in the minds of the multitude, of the existence and terrific effects of witchcraft; and this occurrence alone furnished a sufficient plea for the prosecution of suspected persons. Besides, the king, who was much celebrated for his wisdom, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman (Agnes Symson\*) accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in the Dialogues of his "Dæmonologie," written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh as aforesaid. This book, soon after his accession, was re-printed in London;† and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system set forth in the "Dæmonologie" was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment, or not to lose it. The royal treatise, as may be readily supposed, completely superseded the work of Reginald Scot; "every one," as an old writer observes, "was very forward to read and admire the king's book on so curious a subject;" and the "Discoverie of Witchcraft," although it contained facts, collected with singular zeal and industry, and a most com-

plete exposition of their absurdity, was despised and ridiculed, while the pedantic treatise of the king was idolized, and all its preposterous details fully credited. Hence the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions, than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted, but that the persuasion made rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated so strongly in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, and in the first year of King James a statute was passed, which repealed, in some measure, that enacted in the 5th of Elizabeth, than which it was more comprehensive and severe, having for its object the more effectual punishment (as the preamble expresses it) of those detestable slaves of the Devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors.‡ This statute is most carefully worded, and comprises every possible (and impossible) species of the crime, whose suppression it was intended to effect. It enacts, 1st, that if any person, or persons, shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit;—2d, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or accursed spirit, to or for any intent or purpose;—3d, or shall take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave, or the skin, bones, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charms, or enchantment;—4th, or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witch-

\* Glanvil has given this examination *verbatim*; and precious nonsense it is. See *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, p. 399. ed. 1726.

† Two editions of the *Demonology* were printed at Edinburgh (the first in 1597, the second in 1600) before James's accession to the throne; and a third in London, in the year of his accession. Webster, in his "Displaying of supposed Witchcraft," has noticed a Latin tract, attributed by some to the king. He says, "There is a little treatise in Latine, titled '*Dæmonologia*,' fathered upon King James, how truly I shall not dispute, for some ascribe it to others."

‡ There was a most marked and formal distinction between these several species of offenders. Lord Coke has thus pithily described the difference. "A *conjuror*, he that by the holy and powerfull names of Almighty God, *invokes* and *conjures the devill*, to consult with him, or to do some act. A *witch* is a person that hath *conference with the devill*, to consult with him, or to do some act. An *inchanter*, (incantator,) is he or she, *qui carminibus aut cantuunculis dæmonum adjurat*. They were of ancient times called *carminæ*, because in those days their charms were in verse.

Carmina de cælo possunt detrudere lunam.  
By rhymes they can pull down full soon  
From lofty sky the wond'ring moon.

A *sorcerer* (*sortilegus*), *quia utitur sortibus in cantationibus dæmonis*. Coke, 3 Inst. 43.

craft; sorcery, charm, or enchantment;—5th, whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body;—6th, that every such person being convicted shall suffer death. It was further enacted, that if any person should attempt by sorcery to discover hidden treasures, or to restore stolen goods, or to provoke unlawful love, or to hurt any man or beast, *though the same were not effected*, he or she should be imprisoned and stand in the pillory for the first offence, and suffer death for the second. Thus was this detestable doctrine established, both by law and fashion; and it became, not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it: and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses.\*

Dreadful was the havoc now committed amongst those unfortunate persons, whose age, poverty, and infirmities marked them as fit objects of suspicion. From the accession of James the First, in the second year of the seventeenth century, to that of Anne, in the first year of the eighteenth, every item of this rigorous statute was acted upon and enforced with the most severe vigilance; and however incredible it may appear, the enormous number of three thousand one hundred and ninety-two† individuals were condemned and executed in Great Britain alone, for the crimes of witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration. Many others were tried, but either the charges against them were not sufficiently substantiated, or the judges were too wise and humane to pronounce their condemnation. That the reader may have some idea of the expeditious and

summary manner in which these unfortunate creatures were disposed of, and of the frivolous circumstances which were deemed worthy of arraignment before a public tribunal, we transcribe a few cases from a chronological table, prefixed to the last edition of Dr. Hutchinson's Historical Essay.

1612. Fifteen indicted at Lancaster, and twelve executed.

1615. Mary Smith hanged at Lynn, in Norfolk. She died very pious and resigned, *and believed herself a witch.*

1618. There were two hanged at Lincoln, upon an indictment of bewitching the Earl of Rutland's children. One old woman confessed that she rubbed one of the Lady Catherine's handkerchiefs upon her cat Rutterkin, and bade her fly and go; whereupon the cat whined, and cried *mew*; by which she understood that Rutterkin had no power over that young lady! Now, what should a cat cry but *mew*? (quoth the doctor.) And how could the poor silly old woman have been suffered to interpret that to her own destruction, if she had not been in the hands of fools? And, therefore, (he continues) though many odd things were sworn by the country people; and though the two were hanged; *and though there stand now in Bettesworth church marble statues of those children, with an inscription, importing that they died in their infancy by wicked practices*, notwithstanding all these things, I say, I do not believe a word of it.

1622. Edward Fairfax, of Fuyston, in the forest of Knaresborough, Esq. at York assizes, prosecuted six of his neighbours for supposed witchcraft upon his children. The common facts of imps and fits, and apparitions of the suspected witches were deposed, and the grand jury found the bills, and the judge heard what the witnesses had to say: but having a cer-

\* Johnson's notes to Macbeth. Lancashire has always had the credit of having been plentifully stocked with witches. A great number were executed in that county after the enactment of King James's statute; "but," observes Dr. Grey, "it was probably by judges, who ran in but too much with the court stream, and favoured the monarch's opinion in his *Demonology*, and fancied, because they had their nightly meetings, they could be nothing else but witches, though in reality (as I have been informed, by one who read the narrative of them, published in those times,) they were nothing better nor worse than *sheep-stealers*!" *Notes to Hudibras, Baldwin's Edition, 1820.*

† We have spared no pains in ascertaining this point; but with all our care and vigilance, we fear our calculation is by no means accurate. We are inclined to believe that there was even a greater number executed in the time specified, than that which we have mentioned.

tificate of the sober behaviour of the accused persons, he directed the jury so well, that they acquitted them.

1634. Seventeen Pendle Forest witches were condemned in Lancashire, by the contrivance of a boy and his father.\*

1642. Mother Jackson condemned in London.

1645. Fifteen condemned at Chelmsford, in Essex, and hanged; some at Chelmsford, and some at Manningtree; another died in gaol, another as going to execution. One was hanged at Cambridge the same year. She kept a tame frog, and it was sworn to be her imp. In this and the following year many were hanged at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk. I have been told near forty at the several times of execution, *and as many more in the county as made up three score.*

1646. Many hanged at Huntingdon, two of whom were Elizabeth Weed and John Winnick.

1649. One at Gloucester, convicted for having sucked a sow, in the form of a little black creature. Great numbers burnt in Scotland in these unsettled times: Mr. Ady saith many thousands.†

1653. Catherine Huxly, hanged at Worcester, and Jane Lakeland, either hanged or burnt at Ipswich.

1664. Alice Hudson and Doll

Dilby, tried at York. Alice Hudson, said she received money from the devil, ten shillings at a time. About this period, Mary Johnson was tried at Hertford and hanged. She said, the devil appeared to her, cleaned her hearth of ashes, and hunted hogs out of the corn. She could not help laughing, she said, to see how he feazed them about!

But the most remarkable trial on record, is that which took place before Lord Chief Justice Hale, at Bury St. Edmund's, Anno 1664. One would have imagined that so eminent a scholar, and so good a man, would have discouraged rather than fostered this cruel and abominable delusion. But it was otherwise decreed, and this celebrated character, whose piety and theological reading (it has been well observed) seemed only to have the effect of rendering him credulous and unrelenting, followed closely in the footsteps of his bigoted predecessors. The following is a relation of the principal incidents of this extraordinary proceeding, and it will plainly show, how strictly the letter of the law was enforced, and how horribly it affected the well-being and security of the community.

Amy Duny and Rose Cullender stood indicted for practising the arts of sorcery and witchcraft; and several witnesses gave evidence as to the

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\* This boy, who was only eleven years of age, must have been one of the veriest rascals that ever existed. In a deposition made at Padham, before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkey, Esquires, two of his Majesty's Justices of the peace for the county of Lancaster, the following facts, with others equally fearful and miraculous, are related. "The deponent saith, that upon All-Saints' day last past, he, this informer, being with one Henry Parker, a near door neighbour to him, in Wheatly Lane, desired the said Parker to give him leave to gather some bullies, which he did; in gathering whereof he saw two greyhounds, namely, a black and a brown; one came running over the next field towards him, he verily thinking one of them to be Mr. Nutter's, and the other to be Mr. Robinson's, the said gentlemen then having such like: and saith, the said greyhounds came to him, and fawned on him, they having about their necks, either of them a collar, unto each of which was tied a string: which collars (as this informer affirmeth) did shine like gold. And he, thinking that some either of Mr. Nutter's, or Mr. Robinson's family should have followed them, yet seeing nobody did follow them, took the same greyhounds, thinking to course with them." The long and short of all this, is the transformation of one of the greyhounds into "one Dickenson's wife," a person well known to this malicious urchin, whose testimony, although it convinced a Jury, and obtained from them a verdict of guilty against seventeen females, did not make quite so formidable an impression upon the Judge, who consequently obtained a reprieve. Four of these ancient women were sent to London to be questioned by the Bishop of Chester "touching their crimes," where they were "viewed and examined by his Majesty's Physicians and Surgeons, and afterwards by his Majesty himself and the council." The result of this examination was the detection of the boy's machinations, who, with his father, was duly punished. See *Webster's Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft*, ch. xiv. p. 276, &c. and ch. xvii. p. 347, &c. Ed. 1677.

† See "A Candle in the Dark: shewing the Divine cause of the distractions of the whole Nation of England and of the Christian World; by Thomas Ady, M.A. 1656."



crimes imputed to them. The prosecutors appear to have evinced great zeal and eagerness in their proceedings. They laid thirteen indictments against the prisoners, comprehending many charges, founded on facts performed, not immediately previous to their apprehension, but *so long as any of the witnesses could remember*. The sum of all the evidence given is briefly as follows. Against Amy Duny, it was sworn, that she once said, "that the devil would not let her rest till she were revenged on one Cornelius Sandwell's wife;" that she told the said Sandwell's wife, that, if she did not fetch home her geese from the common, they would be destroyed,—and they were destroyed; that, if Cornelius Sandwell (whose tenant she was) did not repair the chimney of her house, it would fall,—and it did fall. Then there was terrible testimony concerning a firkin of fish, which went far to prove the bewitching abilities of poor Amy. Mrs. Cornelius Sandwell's brother had sent her a firkin of fine Yarmouth herrings as a present; but when she went to fetch it, the sailors told her that they believed the devil was in it, for it leaped into the sea, and was gone; and, as Mrs. Sandwell very sagely concluded, all this happened at the instigation of Amy Duny. John Soames (another witness) deposed "that he had three carts to carry corn. One of them wrenched Amy Duny's house, upon which she came out in a rage (as who would not?) and threatened;—that this same cart was afterwards overturned twice or thrice that day;—that the cart was also set fast in a gate-head, although they could perceive that it did not touch the posts." But the most material evidence was that deposed by Dorothy Dunent, whose children these unhappy prisoners were said to have bewitched. They were afflicted with fits (the usual malady) which Amy Duny and Rose Cullender had positively and plainly predicted. There was also a charge for bewitching one Susan Chandler, "who looked very thin, and felt a pricking, like pins, in her stomach." This evidence, with more of a like character, having been circumstan-

tially detailed, the judge and jury were very much inclined to doubt its veracity; and there was a pause in the proceedings. It was resolved, however, that the case should be referred to "Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, the famous physician of his time," who was then in court. This was accordingly done, and Sir Thomas declared it was his opinion, "that the devil, in such cases, did work upon the bodies of men and women, upon a natural foundation, (that is) to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did, in an extraordinary manner, afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in the children of Dorothy Dunent; for he conceived, that these swoounding fits were natural, and nothing else but that they call the mother, but *only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the devil co-operating with the malice of these which we term witches, at whose instance he doth the villainies.*"\* This at once decided the point, in the minds of all but Lord Hale, who still had his doubts; "but he proceeded in such fear, and with so much caution, that he would not so much as sum up the evidence, but left it to the jury, with a prayer, 'That the great God of Heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter.'"

The consequence of this irresolution in the Chief Justice was fatal to the prisoners, for in less than half an hour, the jury brought them in guilty upon all the thirteen several indictments; and they were condemned and executed,—declaring their innocence to the last.

We must now bring this paper to a termination. It has already far exceeded the limits we had intended at first to devote to it; but our object has been to show the prevalence and effect of witchcraft at a period when our ancestors could not plead barbarism in extenuation of their folly. Our future views of the subject will comprise the imputed attributes and ceremonies of witchcraft, with its origin, progress, and annihilation.

R.

\* See "A Trial of Witches at the Assizes held at Bury St. Edmund's, for the County of Suffolk, on the 10th of March, 1664, before Sir M. Hale, Knight." Also Hutchinson's Historical Essay.



**THE APPROACH OF SPRING.**

And once again, thou lovely Spring,  
 Thy sight the day beguiles ;  
 For fresher greens the fairy ring,  
 The daisy brighter smiles :  
 The winds, that late with chiding voice  
 Would fain thy stay prolong,  
 Relent, while little birds rejoice,  
 And mingle into song.

Undaunted maiden, thou shalt find  
 Thy home in gleaming woods,  
 Thy mantle in the southern wind,  
 Thy wreath in swelling buds :  
 And may thy mantle wrap thee round,  
 And hopes still warm and thrive,  
 And dew with every morn be found  
 To keep thy wreath alive.

May coming suns, that tempt thy flowers,  
 Smile on as they begin ;  
 And gentle be succeeding hours  
 As those that bring thee in :  
 Full lovely are thy dappled skies,  
 Pearl'd round with promised showers,  
 And sweet thy blossoms round thee rise  
 To meet the sunny hours.

The primrose bud, thy early pledge,  
 Sprouts 'neath each woodland tree,  
 And violets under every hedge  
 Prepare a seat for thee :  
 As maid just meeting woman's bloom,  
 Feels love's delicious strife,  
 So Nature warms to find thee come  
 And kindles into life.

Through hedgerow leaves, in drifted heaps,  
 As left by stormy blast,  
 The little hopeful blossom peeps,  
 And tells of winter past ;  
 While odd leaves flutter from the woods,  
 That hung the season through ;  
 And leave their place for swelling buds  
 To spread their leaves anew.

'Mong wither'd grass upon the plain,  
 That lent the blast a voice,  
 The tender green appears again,  
 And creeping things rejoice ;  
 Each warm bank shines with early flowers,  
 Where oft a lonely bee  
 Drones, venturing on in sunny hours,  
 Its humming song to thee.

The birds are busy on the wing,  
 The fish play in the stream ;  
 And many a hasty curdled ring  
 Crimps round the leaping bream ;  
 The buds unfold to leaves apace,  
 Along the hedgerow bowers,  
 And many a child with rosy face  
 Is seeking after flowers.

The soft wind fans the violet blue,  
Its opening sweets to share,  
And infant breezes, waked anew,  
Play in the maidens' hair ;  
Maidens that freshen with thy flowers,  
To charm the gentle swain,  
And dally, in their milking hours,  
With lovers' vows again.

Bright dews illumine the grassy plain,  
Sweet messengers of morn,  
And drops hang glistening after rain  
Like gems on every thorn ;  
And though the grass is moist and rank  
Where dews fall from the tree,  
The creepy sun smiles on the bank  
And warms a seat for thee.

The eager morning earlier wakes  
To glad thy fond desires,  
And oft its rosy bed forsakes  
Ere night's pale moon retires ;  
Sweet shalt thou feel the morning sun  
To warm thy dewy breast,  
And chase the chill mist's purple dun  
That lingers in the west.

Her dresses Nature gladly trims,  
To hail thee as her Queen,  
And soon shall fold thy lovely limbs  
In modest garb of green :  
Each day shall like a lover come  
Some gifts with thee to share,  
And swarms of flowers shall quickly bloom  
To dress thy golden hair.

All life and beauty warm and smile  
Thy lovely face to see,  
And many a hopeful hour beguile  
In seeking joys with thee :  
The sweetest hours that ever come  
Are those that thou dost bring,  
And sure the fairest flowers that bloom  
Are partners of the Spring.

I've met the Winter's biting breath  
In Nature's wild retreat,  
When Silence listens as in death,  
And thought its wildness sweet ;  
And I have loved the Winter's calm  
When frost has left the plain,  
When suns that morning waken'd warm  
Left eve to freeze again.

I've heard in Autumn's early reign  
Her first, her gentlest song ;  
I've mark'd her change o'er wood and plain,  
And wish'd her reign were long  
Till winds, like armies, gather'd round,  
And stripp'd her colour'd woods,  
And storms urged on, with thunder sound,  
Her desolating floods.

And Summer's endless stretch of green,  
 Spread over plain and tree,  
 Sweet solace to my eyes has been,  
 As it to all must be ;  
 And I have stood his burning heat,  
 And breathed the sultry day,  
 And walk'd and toil'd with weary feet,  
 Nor wish'd his pride away.

And oft I've watch'd thy greening buds,  
 Brush'd by the linnet's wing,  
 When, like a child, the gladden'd woods  
 First lisp the voice of Spring ;  
 When flowers, like dreams, peep every day,  
 Reminding what they bring,  
 I've watch'd them, and am warm'd to pay  
 A preference to Spring.

JOHN CLARE.

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### ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

#### No. I.

It is no uncommon thing to condemn, at one time, that which at another, we readily fall in with ; or to pursue with eagerness that which we have before slighted. When Mr. Park's edition of Horace Walpole's very entertaining Catalogue of our Royal and Noble Authors made its appearance, in 1806, I well remember thinking, that he had spoiled one of the most delightful lounging books in our language, by carrying his improvements too far, by overloading it with notes, and extending it with unnecessary extracts. As a just retribution, however, for my too hasty

censure, I myself, soon after, stumbled on one or two articles which had escaped the researches even of the indefatigable editor, and having since, from time to time, sinned on, by adding yet another and another memorandum to my stock, the collection became tolerably bulky. I now send one or two of these *nugæ literariæ* for the pages of the LONDON MAGAZINE, hoping that, as a curious and not common document will occasionally be discovered amongst them, my contribution may not be entirely unacceptable.

#### KING JAMES THE FIRST

Was transmitted to posterity by the courtier-like pens of his day, as the deepest divine, most acute disputant, truly accomplished scholar, and genuine poet, this wicked world was ever blessed with,—

*Pacificus doctus Jacobus, Solomonque secundus.*

But a *practical* critic, one of those experienced judges of literature, the booksellers, pronounced a very different sentence upon his Majesty's performances ; a sentence, we fear, which time and experience have confirmed.

I have sent you (says the learned Thomas Lydyat, in a letter to Mr., afterwards Archbishop, Usher) the King's book in Latin, against Vorstius, yet scant dry from the press ; which Mr. Norton, who hath the matter wholly in his own hands, *swore* to me he would not print, unless he might have money to print it : a sufficient argument

to make me content with my manuscript lying still unprinted, unless he equivocated : but see how the world is changed ! Time was, when the best book-printers and sellers, would have been glad to be beholding to the meanest book-makers. Now Mr. Norton, not long since the meanest of many book-printers and sellers, so talks and deals, as if he would make the noble King James, I may well say the best book-maker of this his own, or any, kingdom under the sun, be glad to be beholding to him : any marvel therefore, if he think to make such a one as I am his vassal !

Poor Lydyat, the antagonist of Scaliger, the friend of Prince Henry, of Chaloner, and of Usher, was then anxious to publish some additions to a most learned and elaborate treatise he had before printed, *De Emendatione Temporum* ; but we see, even in those days, booksellers knew, and exercised their power, and upon an

author crowned with something more substantial than bays.

Among the various poetical rarities attributed to the peaceful monarch, neither Lord Orford nor Mr. Park

seems to have met with his complimentary strains, written during a visit to his favourite Buckingham, at Burleigh; nor am I aware that they have been ever before printed.

*Verses made by the Kinge, when he was entertayned at Burley, in Rutlandshire, by my L. Marquesse of Buckingham, August, 1621.*

The heauens that wept perpetually before,  
Since we came hither, show theyr smilinge cleere.  
This goodlye house it smiles, and all this store  
Of huge prouision smiles vpon vs heere.  
The buckes and stagges in fatt they seeme to smile:  
God send a smilinge boy within a while.

*Votum, a Vow, and Wish, for the Felicity or Fertility of the Owners of this House.*

If euer, in the April of my dayes,  
I satt upon Parnassus' forked hill,  
And there, inflam'd with sacred fury still,  
By pen proclaim'd our great Apollo's praise:  
Grant, glistringe Phœbus, with thy golden rayes,  
My earnest wish which I present thee heere,  
Beholdinge of this blessed couple deere,  
Whose vertues pure no pen can duly blaze.  
Thou, by whose heat the trees in fruit abound,  
Blesse them with fruit delicious, sweet and fayre,  
That may succeed them in their vertues rare!  
Firme plant them in their natie soyle and ground!  
Thou Joue! that art the only God indeed,  
My prayer heare: sweet Jesu! interceed.

These are faithfully copied from a manuscript in the Bodleian. The following are taken from a transcript in the hand-writing of Camden the antiquary and topographical historian, who entitles them,

*Verses ascribed to the King's Maiesty, Dec. 9, 1618.*

Yee men of Brittain! wherefore gaze yee so  
Vpon an angry starr? when, as yee know,  
The sunne must turne to darke, the moone to bloode,  
And then 't will be to-late for to turne good.  
Oh! be so happy then, whilest time doth last,  
As to remember Doomes day is not past,  
And misinterpret not, with vaine conceipt,  
The carracter you see on Heauen's gate;  
Which, though itt bring the world some news from fate,  
'The letter's such, that no man can translate.  
And, for to ghesse at God Almighty's mind  
Were such a thing might cossen all mankind.  
Therefore I wish the curious man to keepe  
His rash imagination till hee sleepe:  
Then let him dreame of famin, plague and warr,  
And thinke the match with Spain hath rays'd the starr.  
Or lett him feare that I, their prince, or minion,  
Will shortly change, or, which is worse, religion.  
And, that he may haue nothing elce to feare,  
Lett him walk Paules, and meete the Divell there.  
Or if he be a Puritan, and 'scapes  
Jesuits salute him in their proper shapes,  
Their ielosies I would not haue bee treason  
In him whose fancy ouerrules his reason.  
Yett, to be sure he did no hurte, 'twere fitt  
He should be bould to pray for no more witt,  
Butt only to conceale his dreame, for there  
Are they that would beleue all he dares feare.

The comet to which his Majesty alludes, appeared in the latter end of 1618, and occasioned great dismay in the minds of his faithful subjects, who, young and old, were fain to believe that the end of the world was coming. The panic was universal: business was every where at a stand; Paul's walk crowded with frightened inquirers; its quire more fully attended than usual, by those who fancied they had now no time to spare; whilst reams of paper were printed with prognostications, warnings, calls to repentance, and the like; till Dr. Bainbridge, the mathematician, published a treatise calculated to give

general comfort, for it went to show that the enemy so dreaded was still at a considerable distance, "as far above the moon (says he) as the moon is above the earth." That learned and discreet knight, Sir Richard Baker, sagely observes, some thirty years after, "what it portended is onely known to God!" but he afterwards very positively assures us, that "the sequell of it was, that infinite slaughters and devastations followed upon it, both in Germany and other countries." King James, it seems, though he believed in witches, had not much faith in the stars.

#### KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

Aubrey, who dearly loved, and implicitly believed, the marvellous, tells us, that when James the First was about to depart for England, in order to receive the crown, an old man, dressed like a hermit, came to take leave of him. His visitor was second-sighted. He took little notice of Prince Henry, but addressing himself to the Duke of York, "fell a weeping, to think what misfortunes he should undergo, and that he should be one of the miserablest, unhappy princes that ever was."

A vast number of Charles's letters are still in private hands, and there were probably many more at the

commencement of the last century. About that time, there was an idea of collecting them for publication, but a learned and eminent literary character of the day very strongly urges, in a letter to the Bishop of Rochester, that they should not be printed; observing that "they would detract very much from his reputation, and somewhat from his integrity."

I met with the following amongst a collection of papers, from Dr. Mead's collection. It is addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, after the capture of the Isle of Rhé, in 1627.

Steenie,—I have receaved y<sup>e</sup> yoyfull newes of your happie success in y<sup>e</sup> taking of Re, by Dic Greame. I pray God to giue you as much contentment alwais, as I receaved then; and then I assure you ye will be in no danger to dy of melancolie. Beecher lykwais gaue me two letters from you, out of which I haue taken suche notes, as to know what ye desyer and want, then burned them. After thease, ere yesternight, I haue receaved another, all which by this occasion ye shall see some answer to, though I hope to please you better in my actions, then my words. I haue made reddie a supply of victualles, munition, 400 men for recrutes, and 14,000 pounds reddie monie to bee brought to you by Beecher, who by the grace of God shall sett saile within thease eight dayes. Two regiments of a thousand men a peece, victualle for three monthes, shall be embarked by y<sup>e</sup> tenth of September. I haue sent for as manie officers from y<sup>e</sup> Low Cuntries as may bee had; of which, till my next, I can giue you no parfaite account. I hope lykwais ye shall haue 2,000 men out of Scotland vnder y<sup>e</sup> command of my Lo. Morton, and Sir Willam Balfore. So far for supplies, which by the grace of God I shall send speedilie to you, and you may certainlie expect.

Now I shall giue you my opinion in some things that Beecher has been talking withe me, and that I haue understood by your last dispatche. And first, in case the Frenche King should dye, what were to be done upon it. My opinion is (and not without aduysment) that you ar to prosecute the warr, and by no meanes to be the first motioner of treaties; for it is bothe dishonorable and unsafe, considering what men of faithes the French of late hath proued themselves. But if they should offer, then to harken, but not to belife too hastilie. And believe it, this is the best way to gaine our cheefe ends; for certainlie making shewes, or being indeed desyrus of a treatie before they of themselves demande it, may muche hurt vs, no way helpe vs.

I have seene a draught of a manifest which ye haue sent my Lo. Conway, which if ye haue not yet published, I would wishe you to alter one point in it, which is, that wheras ye seeme to make the cause of religion the *only* reason that made me take armes; I would onlie have you declare it the *cheefe* cause, you hauing no need to name anie other, so that ye may leaue those of the religion to thinke what they will. But I thinke it muche inconvenient, by a manifest to be tyed onlie to that cause, of this warr; for cases may happen, that may force me goe against my declaration (being penned so) which I should be loathe should fall out.

I haue sett three maine projects afoote, (besyds manie smale) Mint, increasing of the Customes by imposing on the hooke of rates, and raiseing of a Banke. The two first I shall certainelie goe speedilie through withall; the last is most difficult, but I haue good hopes of it.

So going to bed, and wishing thee as much happiness and good success as thy owen hart can desyer, I rest

Your louing, faithfull, constant frend,

CHARLES R.

I cannot ommit to tell you that my wyfe and I wer neuer better togeather. She, upon this action of yours, shoing herselfe so louing to me, by her discretion upon all occasions, that it makes vs all wonder and estime her.

## NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

———*Quæ fuit durum pati  
Meminisse dulce est.—Seneca.*

The sullen passage of thy weary voyage  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.—*Shakspeare.*

It was on the 28th of August, 1816, that I embarked at Gravesend, and sailing the following morning, we soon reached the Downs, where we could not come to anchor, the wind blowing hard on shore. In the evening of the 31st, so violent a gale came on that several coasting vessels were wrecked in the night, and even our topmasts were damaged. The gale lasted all night, and in the morning it was our lot to pick up five men and a boy, the crew of a sloop laden with Portland stone from Weymouth: the vessel, which could not be lightened, soon afterwards went down in our sight. We now found ourselves near Cherbourg, and, therefore, tacked to make for Spithead to repair our tops. The wind had by this time abated; the morning of the 2d of September dawned calm and fair, and we found ourselves off the Isle of Wight. It was not till the next evening that we could attain anchorage in St. Helen's roads, where we eventually waited for a fair wind twelve days; lodging on shore, like Henry Fielding upon his voyage to Lisbon; but not like him meeting with so many enter-

taining adventures, or rather, not like him gifted with so humorous or philosophic a mind to create or record them.

Oh reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring;  
Oh gentle reader! you would find  
A tale in every thing.

It was not till the 16th of September that we weighed anchor for the last time; and it cost us three or four days more to pass the Land's End. We posted rapidly through the bay of Biscay in a gale; but not before the abatement of the wind gave us full proof of the heavy swell of this far-famed cauldron. The great boil was of course more mountainous after, than during the storm, and this must be that misery infernal which Shakspeare meant by the words—

———Imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round  
about  
The pendent world.

On the 26th we emerged from this eternal sea-quake, and on the 30th made the island of Porto Santo, and soon afterwards Madeira came in



sight. We sailed between these islands, and though we touched at neither, the very neighbourhood had the refreshing effect of the first stage, the first inn. In the morning we lay to in Funchal bay, with the intention of landing for an hour, but were refused that permission, because we had procured no bill of health, for half a guinea, from the Portuguese consul in London. We were forbid from the Leo rock, a smaller rock by the side of which more resembled a huge sitting beast, elevating his mouth—a lion in the path! After a sultry row back to our ship of ten miles, we made away from this inhospitable island, with a fair breeze, which continued for two days. In the morning of the 3d of October we passed the island of Palma,—the loftiest land we had yet seen, and it was not till the 6th that we crossed the tropic of Cancer. On this day the first flying fish were seen, sparkling from the waves in shoal-flights, and descending into them again as quickly. They can only fly while their finny wings are wet. A day or two afterwards we first witnessed, in the dark of night, alongside the vessel, that phosphorescent appearance of the sea, which is attributed by Capt. Cook to a luminous animal. On the evening of the 9th the island of St. Jago was in sight (one of the Cape de Verds), and, intending to water at Port Praya, we bore up off the land till day-light the next morning, when we unfortunately passed it, mistaking it for Mayo; that which we took for St. Jago turning out to be Fogo. We were, therefore, fain to pursue our course, there being no convenience for watering at Fogo. Thus we were again disappointed, of our landing. This day we saw many bonitos (*scomber pelamis*) and albigores (*scomber thynnus*) leap out of the water to the height of five feet, when they turned in the air and fell into the sea again. On the next day the island of Brava was in sight, and on the 13th the thermometer attained its greatest height during the voyage, namely, 83°.

My journal now presents no other record than that of a calm for a fortnight upon the burning line. A calm is the very bane of a ship; there are few quarters from which the wind can blow that a sailor cannot

make some course upon; but a calm is death. Dr. Donne had felt what it was to be becalmed on the line, before he wrote thus:

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage;  
A stupid calm, but nothing it doth suage.  
The fable is inverted; and far more  
A block afflicts now than a stork before;  
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;  
In calms heav'n laughs to see us languish thus.  
As steady as I could wish that my thoughts were,  
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,  
The sea is now; and as the isles which we  
Seek when we can move, our ships rooted be;  
—————In one place lay  
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.

We were now almost constantly visited by that elegant and companionable little bird called by the sailors Mother Carey's Chicken. It is the *procellaria pelagica*, or stormy petrel; but we found it by no means the forerunner of storms. It is black, with a white rump, and flies close to the waves like a swallow. Its legs are long like a lark's, and it rests its tired body by literally treading upon the sea, with its wings expanded, whence it is called petrel, after St. Peter. It does not swim. It is delightful to see it evade the rise of every wave, which it never suffers to wet it, close as it flies to the sea.

On the 26th October we fell in with a Spanish or Portuguese insurgent pirate. In return for our account of ourselves, she gave us something like Scrub's budget of news: she showed no colours, but said she came "from sea," and was bound "to sea;" which put me in mind of the Devil's answer (to the question in Job), "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

On the next day we were gratified by a sight of the fish called by the seamen the Portuguese Man of War, and described by Capt. Cook as the *Holothuria Physalis* of Linnæus. It is a species of mollusca of the nautilus kind.

On the 28th October we met the Millwood of New York, bound from Canton to Europe with tea, which afforded us an opportunity of writing home.

On the 4th November we crossed the equinoctial line, and were afterwards favoured by fair winds to Rio de Janeiro. On the 12th, we had the good fortune of another means of writing to England, by meeting two transports from Rio: and on the 18th, in the morning, we saw the coast of Brazil, as we stood into the bay of St. Ann's. The next day we saw, for the first time, two large albatrosses (*diomedea exulans*). This bird had long possessed a great interest in my mind, from the conspicuous part it plays in Mr. Coleridge's wonderful ballad of the "Ancient Mariner." The idea of this tale is, doubtless, taken from the following passage in Capt. George Shelvocke's *Voyages*, 1719.

We had continued squalls of sleet, snow, and rain, and the heavens were perpetually hid from us by gloomy dismal clouds. One would think it impossible any thing could live in so rigid a climate; and, indeed, we all observed, we had not the sight of one fish of any kind since we were come to the southward of *Strait le Maire*, nor one sea bird, except a disconsolate black albatross, who accompanied us several days, hovering about as if he had lost himself; till Simon Hatley, my second captain, observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined, from his colour, that it might be some ill omen, and being encouraged in his superstition by the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea, he, after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the albatross, perhaps not doubting that we should have a fair wind after it."

The poet has certainly worked this hint up into an awful and beautiful poem; but landsmen make a great mistake when they attribute to sea-birds the habit of resting upon the ships they follow. It is only the poor land-bird, accidentally blown off the shore,

In mare lassatis volucris vaga decedit alis,  
that is glad to rest "upon the mast or shrouds;" no albatross would "come for food, or play to a mariner's halloo." It is out of an albatross's power to rise from a ship's deck; it has always great difficulty in rising from the sea, and begins by scrambling along the waves: its wing has no less than five joints to

spread before the bird can fairly get under weigh:

Parva motu primo mox sese attollit in auras.

As he makes wing he gets power.

Mr. Wilson has fallen into a similar error in the following passage in the "Isle of Palms."

But sea-birds he oft had seen before,  
Following the ship in hush or roar,  
The loss of their resting mast deplore,  
With wild and dreary cries.

I would not be pedantic; and am aware that Mr. Campbell's line

Doom'd the long isles of Sydney's cove to see,

is just as good as ever, after the reader is told that there are no long isles even in Port Jackson, and none at all in Sydney cove. But merely descriptive

Authors, before they write, should read, if they have not had an opportunity of seeing. Mr. Campbell himself, in his poetical specimens, has selected a passage from the late Mr. Headley's poems, in which that tasteful young student undertakes to describe New Zealand. To be sure he calls upon Fancy to conjure up the picture; and a pure fancy-piece it is.

Lo! at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise,  
Casting their shadows far along the main,  
Whose brows cloud-capt in joyless majesty,  
No human foot hath trod since time began;  
Here death-like silence ever-brooding dwells,  
Save when the watching sailor startled hears,  
Far from his native land, at darksome night,  
The shrill-ton'd petrel, or the penguin's voice,  
That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing,  
Through the black regions of a nameless main.

Surely Mr. Headley might have learned from Capt. Cook that New Zealand is well-peopled; if not that the penguin does not fly, but swims; and where did he get the "shrill-toned petrel?" I never heard it.

On this same day we saw also several dolphins (*coryphæna hippurus*), one of which we caught with a hook and line, and killed. It was the most beautiful creature I ever saw; its colours shifting into an endless variety of blues, greens, and yellows; its back blues and greens, its

belly yellows, orange, or gold; spotted with blues and lilacs; its fins like a peacock's neck; in short, it is the "very very peacock" of fishes. Nothing but the last scene of a pantomime can approach its brilliancy; and then, it is as much superior to that as nature is to art. So died our coryphæna hippurus; and so moralizes the noble poet of our times, in one of his sullen fits:—

———Parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
imbues  
With a new colour, as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and  
all is grey.

The likeness of this idea occurs in the following weak, cold, wire-drawn passage of Falconer's "Shipwreck;" but the condensation, the application, the moral, are all Lord Byron's!

But while his heart the fatal jav'lin thrills,  
And fitting life escapes in sanguine rills,  
What radiant changes strike the astonish'd  
sight,  
What glowing hues of mingled shade and  
light;  
Not equal glories gild the lucid west,  
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.

These sights consoled us for the loss of land this day, and on the next the new world was again in view. On the following morning (21st Nov.) we were brought in sight of the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and came to anchor there in the evening. It was under a glowing sunset, with a light fair breeze, that we glided into this sublime and beautiful harbour. The hilly points of land, past which we sailed, were covered with (to us) exotic vegetation, and the wooded mountains of the distance were obviously un-European. It was like sailing in a ship of heaven into a new planet. It comes not within my plan to copy full, true, and particular accounts from histories, or voyages and travels; suffice it to say, that on the following morning I went on shore for nearly a fortnight, during which time I saw enough of America to appreciate its grandeur and fertility, and of the Portuguese to estimate their pettiness and barbarity. I made one considerable excursion into the interior, namely, to the waterfalls of Tejeuca, distant three leagues. The party was made by my friend, the

Chevalier Langsdorff, the Russian Consul General. The whole road lay along narrow passes, round romantic mountains, in many parts very steep and precipitous. Magnificent aloes, and warm orange-trees with their fruit,

Like golden lamps in a green night,  
grew spontaneously; and frequent streams refreshed, and cascades illustrated the landscape. We took our breakfast under the first, and our dinner under the second waterfall. The first meal was made before the cottage of two intelligent Frenchmen, who had commenced a coffee plantation here. The scenery and properties made me fancy myself on the stage of a theatre. A French nobleman, who is building a house in the neighbourhood, came walking down the passes of the waterfall to join our party, it was

———much like the back scene of a play,  
A melo-drame, which people flock to see,  
When the first act is ended by a dance,  
In vineyards copied from the south of  
France.

We could see him zig-zag towards us ten minutes before he arrived—I had nearly said, *came on the stage*. Our outward journey was performed under 85 degrees of heat in the shade, which seemed to be enjoyed by the monkey, the snake, the parrot, and the humming-bird; but our homeward took place under a cool moonlight, and was attended by the sparkling of fire-flies, and the singing of crickets.

On the morning of the 4th December we quitted the English hospitality, Portuguese music, and tropical heat of Rio, and returned on board of ship. The next morning, at daylight, we got under weigh, and were towed out of this beautiful harbour; in the evening we lost sight of Cape Frio. The following morning, early, we crossed the tropic of Capricorn, and proceeded on our course to Australasia, with a fair wind. We now came into the principality of *Whales*, and were almost constantly attended by albatrosses and petrels. In the evening a calm, which we attributed to our propinquity to the island of Tristan d'Acunha, although the rain prevented us from seeing it, brought no less than eight albatrosses to swim

and feed at our stern.\* They bit the bait, but avoided the hook, of lines that were thrown towards them; but on the 2d January, 1817, the crew were fortunate enough to catch nine large ones by similar means. One measured ten feet from wing to wing's extremity. On this day we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. We were now visited by what the sailors call the Cape Pigeon. It is the small blue pintado bird mentioned by Mr. Anderson, in his observations on Christmas island, in Cook's Voyages. That great circumnavigator himself, in his second voyage, also describes "the brown and white pintado, which we named Antarctic Petrel." It is, undoubtedly, of the petrel tribe, and is in every respect shaped like the pintado, differing from it only in colour. The head and fore part of the body of this are brown; and the hind part of the body, tail, and the ends of the wings are white. In the Edinburgh Natural History the only pintado is called the *Procellaria Capensis*, from the Cape of Good Hope, and is described as "white with brown spots," from no later an authority than Dampier's Voyages.

On the 8th January we saw a strange sail, being the only vessel, except one whaler, we had seen since we left Rio de Janeiro. If my meagre narrative has made so much of birds and fishes, how much more interesting is the sight of a ship full of human creatures, especially in a latitude where

Ships are rare,  
From time to time, like pilgrims, here and  
there  
Crossing the waters.

At day break the next morning the ship which we saw yesterday was only ten miles astern of us, and another vessel appeared to be still nearer. The wind being very light we lay to till the first ship came up, and spoke her; she proved to be the *Galatea*, of Boston, from Gibraltar to Calcutta. In the evening the other ship came near enough to show also

American colours. The next morning both the vessels were considerably ahead of us, and passed out of sight in the course of the day. On the evening of the 13th we were near the site of the island laid down in the charts as Necklegel, but did not see it.

We had now reached so cold a latitude, that on the 28th January the thermometer's greatest height was 52°.

On the 1st February a gale of wind from the SW. afforded me an opportunity of verifying the description in Donne's "storm."

Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far  
Asunder, meet against a third to war,  
The south and west winds join'd; and as they blew,  
Waves, like a rolling trough, before them threw:  
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,  
Like shot not feared till felt, our sails assail.

On the 9th we saw the smaller gull, which I took to be Capt. Cook's chocolate-coloured albatross; and on the 11th I counted no less than twenty albatrosses about us. On the next day an innumerable shoal of fish, which the sailors call *black-fish*, were rolling along with the ship, like porpoises. I could not find it described in the Edinburgh Elements of Natural History, and was at a loss whether to call it a whale, a physeter, or a dolphin. From its size and bottle nose I take it to be the *balæna rostrata*: but then some of the crew, who had been whalers, said it produced spermaceti, as the physeter only does; and its motion more resembled that of a porpoise (*delphinus*). It was quite black; except that it had a grey patch on the back; it had one fistula at the back of the head, and an adipose fin on the back; it was about fifteen feet long.

On the 15th a phosphorescent sea and Portuguese men of war betrayed a warmer latitude; and at daybreak on the 17th the coast of Australia

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\* The Aleutians assured my friend Langsdorff that the albatrosses cannot fly in a calm, and may then be taken by the hand, either by land or by water (see his Voyages and Travels, pt. ii. p. 106.) I believe the tale: the bird is the mere creature of storm, and has no more power over itself than a paper kite, or an air balloon: it is all wing, and has no muscle to raise itself with; it must wait for a wind before it can get under sail.

came in sight, being the first land we had seen for seventy-seven days. It was clifty and woody, and had a look of home. It was now calm, and we lay off Cape Bridgewater. Clouds of smoke rose from the shore, supposed to be from fires kindled by the natives. Capt. Cook observed similar fires on the coast.

On the next day the land was out of sight. A single penguin came swimming round the ship, and looking up at us with wonder and pleasure, like a savage man. It was cruelly shot for its curiosity. It is the link between a fish and a bird. It cannot fly: its wings have no feathers, but resemble and are used like fins: it swims under the water just like a fish: its tail has rigid unplumed feathers, and is wedge-shaped. I could not find the species exactly described in the Edinburgh Elements of Natural History. The *aptenodytes patachonica*\* comes nearest to it. I describe our penguin as follows: back and throat, black; belly and breast, white; wings, black above and white below; feet, black below and white above; nails, black; fourth, or inner toe, very small and detached; bill, light brown; a yellow mark behind the ears.

On the 19th we passed King's Island, barely in sight, and entered Bass's Strait. All this day greater numbers of porpoises had been sporting along than we had ever seen before. From close observation, I judged them to be the dolphin of the ancients; the *dolphinus delphis* of Linnæus; for what we call the dolphin is of another genus, the *coryphæna hippurus*. The porpoise appears to roll round in the water, as if it were one of the wheels of Neptune's car. I say appears, for it does not roll. Ovid's word is right, it leaps out:

his description is as beautiful as it is correct.

Undique dant saltus; multaque aspergine  
rorant;

Emerguntque iterum; redeuntque sub æ-  
quora rursus:

Inque chori ludant speciem: lascivaque  
jactant

Corpora; et acceptum patulis mare naribus  
efflant.

The Edinburgh Natural History says that the dolphin is very accurately figured on some ancient coins of Magna Græcia; but in the gem of Cupid riding on the dolphin, the fish is a mere chimæra; and in the notes to the *Delphin* Virgil, lib. v. 594, (one should not quote any other upon such a subject) it is said: "quem falso incurvo corpore pinxere veteres, nisi fortè sic apparet propter impetum ac velocitatem motûs, cùm erumpit è mari;† Verè enim dicitur à Plinio (lib. 9, 8.) velocissimum omnium animalium, non solùm marinorum; ocyor volucris, ocyor telò—tanta vi exilit, ut plerùmque vela navium transvolet." This is likewise true.

The next night a strong gale blew us through the strait. At day-break Round Island was in sight, and we passed it close on the left for the sake of avoiding a dangerous rock called the Crocodile, over which we saw the sea breaking, about four miles to the right, near the Slipper Islands. We passed also on the right the Twins, or Curtis's Islands, and the Seal Islands, and, on the left, two or three more rocks called Barren Islands. Behind, on this side, stretched Wilson's promontory, on the main land of New South Wales. Kent's Island we did not see.

At two o'clock on the following morning we found ourselves close on

\* I have since found from Wood's Zoography that this is the *aptenodytes patachonica* of Linnæus and Buffon.

† I dare say Dr. Franklin never read the notes to the *Delphin*, or any other Virgil, yet my sagacious brother journalist (ut me collaudem) has made exactly the same remark in his pleasing journal of a Voyage to Philadelphia, in 1726, (see his Mem. Vol. ii. p. 231.) "Every one takes notice of that vulgar error of the painters, who always represent this fish monstrously crooked and deformed, when it is, in reality, as beautiful and well shaped a fish as any that swims. I cannot think what could be the original of this chimæra of theirs! (since there is not a creature in nature that resembles their dolphin) unless it proceeded at first from a false imitation of a fish in the posture of leaping, which they have since improved into a crooked monster, with head and eyes like a bull, a hog's snout, and a tail like a blown tulip."



shore, and continued coasting all day with a fair breeze. The land exactly accords with Captain Cook's description. "The sea-shore was a white sand, but the country within was green and woody." We again saw columns of smoke. In the forenoon, we passed the Ram-Head, and in the afternoon doubled Cape Howe. On the rocks we saw many seals. In the evening we passed the Green Cape, so called from the turf upon it. The country is thus accurately described by Captain Cook; "it is of a moderate height, diversified by hill and valley, ridge and plain, interspersed with a few lawns\* of no great extent, but in general covered with wood: the ascent of the hills and ridges is gentle, and the summits are not high."—*First Voyage*.

The next morning found us off higher hills, and a long table mountain. We saw several fires on the Coast. At noon we passed Mount Dromedary, off which lies Montague Island. The land was more distant to-day, and showed ranges of higher hills, one behind the other, like the waves of the sea. We passed Bateman's Bay, and Point Upright; and in the evening brought in sight the peaked hill, which Capt. Cook likened to, and called the Pigeon House.

Early the next morning we doubled Cape St. George. The land was still distant; but we saw Flat Hill. In the evening, having run our distance by the log, we lay to all night off Botany Bay; and at day-light of the 24th of February made sail for Port Jackson, and anchored in Sydney Cove in good time in the morning; and thus ends the narrative of a voyage of 152 days at sea, during which we travelled 15,335 miles by the log.

Thus have I extracted all the honey of my voyage for the reader: the sting remains with me. I am not ungrateful enough to forget the beautiful sunsets of the first half of the voyage; nor the frequent reliefs to the eye which the sight of islands afforded; but no landsman can form an idea of a three weeks' calm near the line; and if the first half of the voyage was too hot, the second was too cold and cloudy; so that we had

no sunset or moonlight scenes at all; and then we saw not any land for seventy-three days, nor any ship for forty-four. Thus deserted, the albatross,

The bird that loved the man,

took pity on us; and from Rio de Janeiro we were hardly ever without him; we were also visited by sea hens and Cape pigeons; and, during the whole voyage, I do not think I missed my favorite little petrel for a week together.

Having passed so many months with sight of "nothing lovely but the sea and sky," it might be expected that I should not close my narrative without some observation or reflection upon the kindred immensities. But I have little to add to the facts above recorded, from which it will be abundantly seen how interesting is the sight of the smallest fish and bird, and therefore it will be presumed, (and the presumption will be of the truth,)

How like a load on the weary eye,  
Lie the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky.

As the profound author of this quotation has anticipated my next feeling on board ship, I had better have recourse to his words:

I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves—a single solitary wild duck. It is not easy to conceive how interesting a thing it looked in that round, objectless desert of waters. I had associated such a feeling of immensity with the ocean, that I felt exceedingly disappointed, when I was out of sight of all land, at the narrowness and nearness (as it were) of the circle of the horizon. So little are images capable of satisfying the obscure feelings connected with words!

The "flat sea," (as Milton calls it) can be seen only for five or six miles round; but when a headland is in view (and the peak of Teneriffe may be seen 180 miles off) the ideas of vastness and distance are restored. I have only one or two other remarks. The panorama of an ordinary sea is mere sameness; but when there is a heavy swell, and the wind blows, it is sport to see the head of a huge wave, as it rises into

\* It is now ascertained that these are mere marshes.



the wind's sweep, dashed off into atoms like dust, and converted into foam. On ordinary occasions, the only amusement of sailing is to look over the ship's quarter, and watch the recurrent foam that follows the stern, in sight and sound exactly like a waterfall. As the sea settles after each dash; the froth veins and clouds the dark water, and gives it the precise resemblance of marble,\* whence the epithet in Virgil is peculiarly happy.

*Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.*

A beautiful effect is produced by the sun's shining through the spray at the ship's side; a perfect rainbow is seen in the dark sea, on the other side of the spray, and may be fancied some fathoms deep.

An Iris sits amid th' infernal surge  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dies, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams un-

shorn:  
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable  
mien.

And now I have exhausted all the pleasures of ship-board—which (to my thinking) are few indeed, and small, compared with its many and great pains. Some allowance must certainly be made in weighing this opinion, for the wearisome length of this voyage broken only by one landing, performed in a heavy uneasy ship, and ushered in by a storm in the channel. But when all this is done, a cabin is a small room that serves for parlour and bed room, and kitchen and store room, never secure from pitching and rolling at an angle of forty-five degrees from nature's level each way; so that I cannot think that even a pennyless disabled sailor would live twelve months in a house on shore, which should be subject to the same motion—no, not if he were paid a hundred pounds for it, and had a sick wife and large fa-

mily. He that would go to sea had need have neither ears nor nose; for booms and bulk heads will creak, and provisions will emit their odour. Were a man, like the king of the black isles in the Arabian Nights, marble from the girdle downwards, he might with impunity go to sea as a passenger; but he who has the misfortune to have a stomach and legs unused to balance his body on moving boards, had better stay on *terra firma*.

A sailor does not live in *presenti*, but only in retrospection and anticipation: his conversation is, "Where was I this time last year?" and "How soon shall we reach such a place?" The bachelor critic in *Gil Blas* maintained that the wind was the most interesting circumstance in the tragedy of *Iphigenia*; but I am sure it is the only important topic of conversation on board of ship.

Man was never meant to cross an ocean; and as Sir Philip Sidney well says of a ship, "That dwelling place is unnatural to mankind; and then the terribleness of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth still vex the mind, even when it is best armed against it."

To conclude,—the greatest pleasure of a voyage is the end of it; and I may venture to assert, that the cry of "Land!" was never yet heard without joy, even by one of so roving a spirit that he would go to sea again the next day.

Even such a one does not love the sea for itself, but only as the vehicle of seeing various countries; and truly, the sight of a foreign land or town is for the first twenty-four hours enchanting, though a great part of the pleasure must be set down to the account of getting from ship-board on dry ground. But no sight can be cheaply purchased by even a month's restless imprisonment at sea; and when all lands are seen, none is like *home!*

B. F.

\* The Carystian marble was sea-green. Salmas. ad Hist. Aug. p. 164.

## PETER KLAUS.

## THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit, but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffrey Crayon drew his Rip Van Winkle.

This story of The Goatherd is to be found in Büsching's Popular Tales, page 327, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in fact, is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans, but all springing from one and the same source. According to this primal story, the Emperor once took refuge, with a party of his followers, in the Kyffhäuser mountains, where he still lives, though under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench before a stone table, supporting his head on his hands, and in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown through the table down to his feet, while his head nods and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are, for the most part, tolerably long, something about a hundred years' duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterranean abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value; great, however, was his surprise, when, upon showing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar.

But even the first tale of the Emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and perhaps, to speak it fairly, is nothing more than a popular version of The Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the country. It is, indeed, surprising how small a stock of original matter has sufficed for all the varieties of European legend; the sources are remarkably few to him who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to follow up the various streams to their fountain head; and it is a task which, if ably executed, might prove both curious and instructive.

PETER KLAUS was a Goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhäuser mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, shook his ears amidst the

shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his enquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps, and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and

not one spoke a syllable ; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage ; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but no where could he find any traces of them ; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him ; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment ; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhäuser ; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house : It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side

was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door ; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names ; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in enquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him ; " Kurt Steffen ? " The bye-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said ; " He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day. " Velten Meier ? " " Heaven rest his soul ! " replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch ; " Heaven rest his soul ! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave. "

The Goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old ; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name : " Maria ! " — " And your father's ? " — " Peter Klaus ! Heaven rest his soul ! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhäuser mountains, when his flock returned without him ; I was then but seven years old. "

The Goatherd could contain himself no longer ; " I am Peter Klaus, " he cried, " I am Peter Klaus, and none else, " and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, " Yes, this is Peter Klaus ! Welcome, neighbour ! — Welcome after twenty years ! "

## The Early French Poets.

### JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Bellay ! first garland of free poesy  
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits ;  
Well worthy thou of immortality,  
That long hast travel'd by thy learned writs,  
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,  
And give a second life to dead decays ;  
Needs must he all eternity survive,  
That can to others give eternal days.  
Thy days, therefore, are endless ; and thy praise  
Excelling all that ever went before.

SUCH is the encomium which Spenser annexes to his translation of *The Ruines of Rome*, by Bellay. It is somewhat too lofty for the occasion ; and is made of less value, by being coupled with the praise of *Bartas*, whose Muse has not much right to the epithet bestowed on her in the ensuing lines ; except it be for the subject of which she treats.

And after thee 'gins *Bartas* hie to raise  
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.  
Lâve, happy spirits ! th' honour of your  
name,  
And fill the world with never-dying fame.

Yet this honourable testimony from the author of the *Faery Queene*, who has still more distinguished the subject of it by translating several of his poems, secures for Joachim du Bellay undeniable claims to attention and deference from an English reader. When, indeed, we consider, that not only the boast of *Eliza's* days dipped his plumes in the Gallic Hippocrene, but that the Father of English poetry used to refresh himself largely at the same fountain, we cannot look upon it but as a source of hallowed waters.

In the *Defence and Illustration of the French language*,\* a judicious and well-written treatise, to which I have more than once had occasion to refer, Bellay betrays a want of reverence for his predecessors, which has been amply retaliated by posterity on his own age. Of all the ancient French poets, he observes, that *Guillaume de Lorris* and *Jean de Meun* are almost the only authors worth reading ; and that, not because there is much in them that deserves

imitation, but for that first image, as it were, which they present of the French language, made venerable by its antiquity. He adds, that the more recent were those named by *Clement Marot*, in his Epigram to *Hugues Salel* ; and that *Jan le Maire de Belges* seemed to him the first who had illustrated the French language ; by which he explains himself to mean, that he imparted to it many poetical words and phrases, of which the most excellent writers of his own time had availed themselves.† Most of these, I doubt, have since been thrown away by the purists.

He speaks of “*vers libres*,” unfettered verse ; such, he says, as had been used by *Petrarch*, and by *Luigi Alamanni* in his not less learned than pleasant poem on Agriculture.‡ *Alamanni* indeed, who during his retreat from Florence had experienced the liberality and protection of *Francis I.* and who was probably known to Bellay at the court of that monarch, had written his *Coltivazione* in blank verse ; and some, though without sufficient ground for the assertion, have pronounced him to be the first who employed it in a long poem. But that *Petrarch* ever wrote Italian poetry without rhyme or that he ever mingled *versi sciolti*, or blank verse, in his compositions, as *Boccaccio* is observed to have done, I am not aware that any other critic has asserted.

Whilst I am on this subject, let me remark, that it is to the Italians we owe our blank verse ; and that the two books of the *Æneid*, in the

\* *Oeuvres de Joachim du Bellay*. Paris edition in 12mo. about 1568.

† *L. ii. ch. 2.*

‡ *Ibid. ch. 7.*

Their Bank, their traffic; their Exchange, their bart'ring :  
 To see their antique hats with formal beak ;  
 Their broad-sleeved mantles, and their unbrimm'd bonnets :  
 It doth one good to mark their uncouth jabb'ring ;  
 Their gravity; their port; their sage advice  
 On public questions; yea, it doth one good  
 To see their senate balloting on each thing ;  
 In every port their gondolas afloat ;  
 Their dames; their masquing, and their lonely living.  
 But the best sight of all is to behold  
 When these old wittols go to wed the sea,  
 Whose spouses they are, and the Turk her leman.

The 151st sonnet, To Courtiers, is another that is remarkable for its mixture of sprightliness, drollery, and caustic humour. England came in for a large portion of his gall. At f. 189, is a poem called Execration sur l'Angleterre; but in his Regrets (sonnet 162) it appears that he had been softened towards this country.

Of his Voeux Rustiques, imitated from the Latin of Navagero, the following is no unfavourable specimen.

*D'un Vanneur de blé aux vents.*

A vous troupe legere,  
 Qui d'aile passagere  
 Par le monde volez,  
 Et d'un siffiant murmure  
 L'ombrageuse verdure  
 Doucement esbranlez,  
 J'offre ces violettes,  
 Ces lis et ses fleurettes,  
 Et ces roses icy  
 Ces vermeillettes roses,  
 Tout fraîchement éclaues,  
 Et ces oeillets aussi.  
 De votre douce haleine  
 Evantez ceste pleine,  
 Evantez ce séjour :  
 Cependant que j'ahanne  
 A mon blé, que je vanne  
 A la chaleur du jour. F. 444.

The original is in the taste of the Greek *ἐπιγράμματα*, of which no one

knew the relish better than Navagero.

*Aure quam levibus percurritis aëra pennis,  
 Et strepitibus blando per nemora alta sono ;  
 Serta dat hæc vobis, vobis hæc rusticus  
 Idmon*

*Spargit odorato plena canistra croco.  
 Vos lenite æstum, et paleas sejungite inanes,  
 Dum medio fruges ventilat ille die.*

This has been made a sonnet of by Lodovico Paterno; and a fine one it is:—

*Aure, O Aure ! che'l ciel nudo e sereno  
 Cingete con le piume innamorate,  
 E fra le selve dolce mormorate,  
 Spargendo i sonni alla fresch 'ombra in  
 seno :*

*Queste ghirlande, e questo vaso pieno  
 D'amomo e croco, e questi d'odorate  
 Viole ampi canestri a voi sacrate  
 Vi sparge Icon, che'l mezzo dì vien  
 meno.*

*Voi l'arsura temprate omai che l'onde  
 E l'aria e i campi d'ogn' intorno accende  
 E mostra le sue forze ad ogni parte :  
 Ei mentre a ventilar le biade attende,  
 E rocamente al suon Eco risponde,  
 Scacciate voi le paglie a parte a parte.*

*Componimenti Lirici scelti da  
 T. J. Mathias, T. iii. p. 249.*

I wish I had something worthier to be put by the side of these, than the attempt which is here offered to my reader.

Ye airs ! sweet airs, that through the naked sky  
 Fan your aurelian wings in wanton play ;  
 Or shedding quiet slumber, as ye fly,  
 'Mid the dim forest murmuring urge your way ;  
 To you these garlands, and this basket high  
 Pil'd up with lily-bells and roses gay,  
 And fragrant violets of purplest dye,  
 Icon, all fainting in the noontide ray,  
 Scatters, a votive offering to your power :  
 And O ! as ye receive the balmy spoil,  
 Temper the inclement beam ; and while his flail  
 He plies unceasing through the sultry hour,  
 Hoarse Echo answering ever to his toil,  
 Dispel the parted chaff with brisker gale.

But to return to Bellay. His epigrams on a little dog, on a cat, and on the Abbé Bonnet, are exquisitely droll and fantastic.

In his hymn *De la Surdité*, a whimsical encomium on Deafness, addressed to his friend Ronsard, there is some very striking imagery.

Je te salue O sainte et alme surdité,  
Qui pour trone et palais de ta grand' majesté  
T'es cavé bien avant sous une roche dure,  
Un antre tapissé de mousse et de verdure ;  
Faisant d'un fort hallier son effroyable tour,  
Où les cheutes du Nil tempestent à l'entour.  
Ià se voit le silence assis à la main dextre,  
Le doigt dessus la levre, assise à la senestre  
Est la melancolie au sourcil enfonsé :  
L'estude tenant l'oell sur le livre abbaissé  
Se sied un peu plus bas, l'Ame imaginative,  
Les yeux levez au ciel, se tient contemplative  
Debout devant ta face ; et là dedans le rond  
D'un grand miroir d'acier te fait voir jusqu'au fond  
Tout ce qui est au ciel, sur la terre, et sous l'onde,  
Et ce qui est caché sous la terre profonde ;  
Le grave Jugement dort dessus ton giron,  
Et les Discours ailez volent à l'environ. (F. 501.)

Hail to thee, Deafness, boon and holy power,  
Thou that hast scoop'd thee out an ample bower  
Within a hard rock where thy throne is seen,  
Hung round with tapestry of mossy green.  
The stony tower, embattled, guards thy state,  
And Nile's steep falls are thundering at the gate.  
There Silence on thy right hand still doth sit,  
His finger on his lips ; and in a fit  
Of tranced sorrow, Melancholy lost,  
Upon thy left, like a for-pined ghost.  
A little lower, Study bends his look  
For ever glew'd upon his wide-spread book.  
Before thee, rapt Imagination stands,  
With brow to heaven uplifted, while her hands  
Present to thee a mirror of broad steel,  
That in its depth all wonders doth reveal,  
Of sky and air, and earth, and the wide ocean ;  
All things that are, whether in rest or motion.  
Grave Judgment on thy lap, in sleep profound  
Is laid ; and winged words flit hovering round.

His advice to the young king, the monitor in the courtier.—Of the Francis the Second, on his accession to the crown, is remarkable for its freedom. The poets of those times seem to have kept firm hold on one of the most valuable privileges of their profession, and not to have sunk

the monitor in the courtier.—Of the poems which Spenser translated from Bellay, the following Sonnet is rendered with a fidelity that has not in the least injured its spirit. I have selected it as the best of those which he has taken.

Sur la croupe d'un mont je vis une fabrique  
De cent brasses de haut : cent colonnes d'un rond,  
Toutes de diamans ornoient le brave front,  
Et la facon de l'œuvre estoit à la Dorique,  
La muraille n'estoit de marbre ni de brique,  
Mais d'un luisant cristal, qui du sommet au fond,  
Elançoit mille rais de son ventre profond,  
Sur cent degrez dorez du plus fin or d'Afrique.  
D'or estoit le lambris, et le sommet encor  
Reluisoit escaillé de grandes lames d'or :  
Le pavé fut de jaspé, et d'esmauraude fine.  
O vanité du monde ! un soudain tremblement  
Faisant crouler du mont la plus basse racine,  
Renverse ce beau lieu depuis le fondement.

(Edit. Rouen, 1597, fo. 391.)



On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,  
 An hundred cubits high by just assize,  
 With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,  
 All wrought with diamond, after Dorick wise ;  
 Nor brick nor marble was the wall to view,  
 But shining crystal, which from top to base  
 Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,  
 One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase :  
 Gold was the parget ; and the ceiling bright  
 Did shine all scaly, with great plates of gold ;  
 The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.  
 O ! world's vainness ! whiles thus I did behold,  
 An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,  
 And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

(*The Visions of Bellay, 2.*)

Joachim du Bellay, descended from one of the noblest families in Anjou, was born at Liré, a village eight miles from Angers, in the year 1524. The facility and sweetness with which he wrote gained him the appellation of the French Ovid. He was highly esteemed by Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, and by Henry the Second, who granted him a considerable pension. He passed some years in Italy, whither he went in the suite of his kinsman, Cardinal du Bellay. We have seen how ill he was pleased

with that country, and yet how much he learned from it. Another of his family, Eustache du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, obtained for him in 1555, a canonry in his church. He was carried off at an early age by a fit of apoplexy, in January, 1560 ; and was buried in the church of Notre Dame.

Many epitaphs were made for him, in which he was called *Pater Elegantiarum* ; *Pater Omnium Leporum*.

He wrote Latin Poems that are not so much esteemed as his French.

## THE GREEN-ROOM.

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD HERBERT,

No. III.

To Russell Powell, Esq.

My dear Russell,—It was my intention to have addressed this letter to your sister ; but as I am apprehensive that the subject of it would prove but uninteresting to her, and as I know your passion for theatrical matters, I shall devote this sheet to you, and write to her anon upon some topic more pleasant and suitable to female curiosity. You will find that my letters contain a sort of narrative, broken into chapters as the post requires, so that I need not be wasting my time upon repeated prefaces. Having introduced you to my friends, the Mortons, I have only now to relate whatever occurs, that may prove entertaining. And so I proceed.

The stocking of Prudence Morton is, as I have hinted, subject “ to all

the skiey influences ” in its colour—but setting this aside, she is naturally a kind-hearted and pleasant girl. I called one morning at the house of my friends, and was announced to Prudence only (her sister and her aunt being busied elsewhere)—she was sitting in state, over a little pink-lined and cotton-furnished box, and playing at needle and thread with a bit of muslin scarcely large enough to have made a tippet for a fly ;—a volume of Southey's *Roderick* was open on one side of her work-box. She received me with a little momentary disappointment, as though she had hoped for some one of a wider fame ; but her natural kindness triumphed over her artificial manner, and in three minutes she laid aside her parody on work, pushed the little

thread-closet towards the middle of the table, descended from her blue throne of state, and began to converse with me unaffectedly and amusingly, though still with something of her customary flightiness. She did not load the great guns of her visiting and company powers, and destroy me with her elegant vehemence,—but chatted like a girl in a parlour, with ease, playfulness, and spirit, and was content to discourse without aiming at effects. On my asking her whether she had seen Mr. Kean (with whom she was intimate, as I have before hinted, and of whose fame she was extremely chary), she turned her chair towards me, and said, “Seen him! Yes! the clever creature! He kindly called the other morning to ask how we were, and we had a delightful theatrical conversation. Not that I dislike Macready—but I never saw any picture so expressive as the fine countenance of Kean, when he is addressing you on dramatic subjects. Don’t you think so? But oh! true—you never saw him in a room—you should go to the Green-Room with Tom, for he has the *entré* at all the houses—I wonder why they call it a Green-Room—for Tom says it is not green.” This hint of the Green-Room was enough for me, and I picked it out of the tangled threads of Prudence’s discourse, and made use of it. I found that Tom, in the leisure of his industrious idleness, passed many an hour at the theatres, and that his acquaintance with the performers secured him free ingress and egress at all seasonable times, as the leases specify, to and from the theatrical premises. I begged Prudence to arrange for my accompanying Tom some morning or evening, which she cheerfully undertook to do. And, indeed, so earnest was she on this subject, that she promised, if possible, to pack up her brother, and send him to me at the breakfast hour on the following morning. At this moment, Mrs. Morton and Agnes came in from a walk, and our conversation became general. I sat chatting upon pleasant little scandals, until within half an hour of dinner; and then Mr. Morton, who had returned from the City, true as the dial, would have me stay the day, as he had an inclination to try a rubber

after tea. The hours passed cheerfully—we made up a table—but without Prudence and Tom, as usual. The first was finishing the *Bride of Lammermuir*, with as many tears in her eyes as I had trumps in my hand; and Tom was plaiting a whip-thong, and whistling a Yorkshire tune out of time, and with many dreary pauses between. The thong was tied to the chair-rail, and he worked away like a saddler,—pretending at the same time to read *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*, which lay open (at the index) in his lap. Mrs. Morton revoked in the first deal, which made us all serious, until I trumped the best club, and by my bad play restored the cheerfulness of the table. Tom promised at the door, as he let me out, to be with me in the morning after breakfast; for Prudence had told him what I wished—but he begged me at the same time to give up “that union of the black handkerchief and buff waistcoat,” which he protested was quite gothic.

Tom was with me at the stirring of my second cup of cocoa, and burst into my room as though he “would have told me half my Troy was burnt.” I poured him out a cup of my patent beverage, which he would not taste, and pushed a chair towards him, which he as carelessly kicked away. All breakfast-time he was fretting me, and strutting his hour, about my best Brussels carpet, with his muddy buskin. Speeches from various plays were mouthed by him in a most tragic fury, and he turned to me at the conclusion of each separate passage, with a request that I would tell him “where that was;” I guessed awry, and so pestered him. He raved about as Octavian; and I arose, intreating him to sit down; when he immediately saddened into Jaffier, and threw himself on my Belvidera neck with all his weight. I had scarcely set him upright, and relieved myself from the oppressive pathos of this embrace, when he fenced at me with his fingers, and put in some mortal thrusts about the region of my waistcoat pocket. I half offended him by expressing doubts of his grace at this amusement—when he doubled up his affronted fingers, started into another

attitude, and, with a quickness which I could not counteract, snatched a smart hit upon my chest bone, that staggered me up against my own breakfast table, convulsed the whole family of the tea-things, and made my milk-jug shed some natural tears. My awkwardness, and abrupt flight from the visitation of his knuckles, perfectly restored his good humour and his confidence—and he relapsed into a theatrical conversation. “I’ll tell you what, Edward, you bury yourself here in this gothic spot, without having a notion of life—why an Abbey statue has ten times the *nous* about him, not barring Sir Cloudesley Shovel. If, instead of sitting here in your poor’s box, (I hate the Albany—it’s so like a genteel King’s Bench!) with as little to do as a money-taker after a charity sermon, you were to doff that morning gown, and accompany me to a rehearsal of ———’s play; I would engage you will say to me, Tom Morton, I thank you for breaking my monumental existence, and will hereafter follow wherever you shall choose to lead. Why you are like the man in the Arabian Nights, with a marble moiety.” And with this my young gentleman ran lightly through the figure of a quadrille—*dos-à-dos*-ing it with an arm chair, and concluding with a harlequin-roll of his head in its loose socket, and with a “Well, Edward, what say you?” “My dear fellow,” said I, “if you will introduce me to the real interior of a London theatre, nothing will give me greater pleasure, and I will be out of my *shell* in two seconds; you know that I am anxious to see all the *lions*—and surely one of them must be kept behind the scenes of a metropolitan theatre.” Tom, with no allowance for metaphor, only informed me that Kean once kept one, but that it was since dead! I rang my bell; my table was immediately cleared, and in a few minutes I was fitted with bright boots, like Dan in John Bull, to accompany my heedless guide on his proposed walk. He dragged me into Piccadilly, at as rapid a rate as though we were going off by the Bath mail, and heard the carts *horn*-ing their way up to the White Horse Cellar; but he did not so hastily pass the print-shop at the corner of

Sackville-street; for there, as he assured me, was a portrait of old Fewterel worth looking at; and there, sure enough, was an awkward sprawling animal, painted as formidably as war-like man could desire. As we eagerly trod the pavement, Tom assuring me that the rehearsal must have begun some time back, I made inquiries of him as to his power, and the propriety, of introducing me, which he begged me to be perfectly easy about, muttering something about settling any door-keeper. We were soon at the stage door of Covent Garden theatre.

The porter permitted him to pass; and as he had firm hold of my arm, I was suffered to pass also, though I own I looked upon myself as an impertinent intruder, and could have been pleased to escape from the suspicious gaze of passing actors, actresses, musicians, servants, and the long living *et cetera* of a play-house. One tall serious gentleman, in a well-shaped, but aged and napless hat, and in a coat that had evidently not been made without seams, passed me with a proud tragedy step and an inquiring stare, that made me quail within myself, and feel as if I was about to play Tom Thumb, to his Lord Grizzle. Another, a young lady, gaily *pelissée*, nodded familiarly to Tom, and looked curiously at me, taking me, as I conceived, for some unwarrantable personage that had no business in that part of the house. Some viewed me with wonder, others with disregard, or so I read their looks, as they passed to and fro on the stone staircase that led from the entrance to the stage. But in spite of my feelings, Tom dragged me on to the *boards*, as they are termed, which I now trod for the first time in my life, and not much to my satisfaction, as I determined it. The first act of Tom’s ascension to this Covent Garden throne, was to confer with Mr. ———, one of the great tragedians of that magnificent theatre, and arrange for my seeing the house, as it is termed. This gentleman, in a true Coriolanus key, ordered forth one of the *red coat men*, as he called them, and gave him directions to escort me on the view. We accordingly began our voyage of discovery—the servant preceding us

with a lantern, and Tom and myself following with a silent and determined curiosity. We were first shown the two Green-Rooms, which certainly, by day, looked miserably enough; but as I shall have to speak of them anon in a better light, I shall not here pause to give an unfavourable account of them. I was then taken into several of the principal dressing-rooms; and one I could not but regard as a place of sweet interest, for the guide addressed me with, "This, Sir, was Miss O'Neill's room." There were two full-length mirrors in it, and I found it was impossible not to contemplate them with a foolish (perchance) and romantic delight, as having so often reflected the handsome form of that fair and far-famed woman. There—before those simple mirrors had stood Belvidera, and Monimia, and Isabella, in all their gentle beauty and feminine bravery; there, methought, on the first tremulous night which was to mar or make her fame, had lingered this young and intelligent and charming creature, dreading all that she was about to dare,—and sighing in timid apprehension of her splendid trial! A thousand of these idle yet delightful day-dreams of the moment flitted through my mind, as I looked upon the silent, yet not ineloquent furniture of this diminutive and simple room. I seemed to have a perfect vision of *Juliet*, reclining in strange and painful terror on her chair, just before she astounded the public with her gentle presence—and again, I as plainly beheld her, in my mind's eye, resting in all her heated agitation, and palpitating distress, after leaving the house in a tumult of sorrow, admiration, and intense feeling. I know not whether my friend Tom entered into any of these my sensations; I fear not; for he was intently considering his own symmetry in the mirrors, and his thoughts appeared to be of too domestic a kind to quit the all-satisfying home of his own person.

From these rooms we were conducted to the wardrobe, a truly curious scene; and here we found tailors and dress-makers as earnestly engaged, as if trade were only at its height in the loftiest part of the interior of the theatre, and that the

motley artizans were engaged in some fashionable contract for supplying the army of Brutus with garments, or completing a large order for Virginius for ready money only. The exactness with which the various dresses are kept is highly to be admired; and I could not fail to take a hint for the arrangement of my own habiliments, for which my little wardrobe has ever since been the better. Mr. Macready was at this time giving some directions about a Roman vest; and the *sincere* steel and the superfine stuff of which it was made really surprised me; for I, like a very country gentleman, had supposed that every ornament and property of a theatre was as unreal and slight as the keenest economy could make it. The trappings, however, of a Roman warrior of the true Covent Garden *breed*, are as solid, honest, and handsome, as old Cassius himself could desire; and I verily believe, that Mr. Charles Kemble, or Mr. Young, or Mr. Macready, as harnessed for the night and fairly accoutred, might safely have walked through Rome's Cheapside without being once suspected to be any other than Rome's true man. Macready's face perchance might have told an English story,—but I would vouch for it, that Charles Kemble, with his fine, earnest, and classic features, and his noble figure, might meet a Roman in the market-place, and be deemed a true dweller by the Tiber, and nothing native to the Thames. The dresses for all the plays are kept properly sorted and ticketed, and those needed for the night are duly laid forth in the previous morning.

From the wardrobe, we were conducted to the carpenters' room. The machinery by which the scenery is shifted, and by which the skies and ceilings of rooms are *laid on*, is almost fearful to look at; and I confess, that when I was walking about in the theatre's heaven, I had all the feeling of being half-mast high in a man of war, with all the sails, cordage, and pulleys, around me. Indeed, it is a question to me whether a ship is half so well rigged as a play-house. As you are nearly grown up, my dear Russell, I may inform you of the stuff that storms are made of, though I should pause at telling

your little sisters such destructive facts. With them, thank heaven, at present, thunder is thunder—lightning, lightning—and rain, rain. But if, to this moment, your faith has remained strong in the sincerity of theatrical elements, now lay aside your belief, for know that the wind is not wind, but brewed from an old barrel covered with silk, which by being turned quickly round *blows* fit to wreck a vessel. The thunder keeps its gloomy state in a large sheet of iron, and it only bellows to the ear when some rash intruder dares to shake its throne. A long hollow tube, lined on the inside with loose pegs, and filled with peas, will wet the *cars* through presently: it is held upright, and the shower continues until all the peas have performed their journey through the pegs; and then it is but turning it down anew, and “*sponge*,” you are not “dry again.” I saw no lightning, but the man assured me that it was not real; you may believe him or not, as you choose. Our guide was happy to find that the *wind* was a little disconcerted, for it allowed him to make one little but well-established joke, which Tom had heard four-and-twenty times, that “it took a deal of repairing, for in times like these it was very difficult to *raise the wind*.” Having been conducted over and under the stage, and let into all the mystery of lamp, and trap, and fly, and wing, I was taken by Tom to the stage itself, where I beheld a rehearsal of —’s play, going on as tamely as it possibly could on an Author’s night. I could scarcely believe that that earnest gentleman in every-day attire was

Mr. Macready; or that Charles Kemble was wearing a common hat and dress, and talking in a voice more familiar than Melpomene is said to sanction. Miss Foote looked as pretty, and as prettily dressed, as ever; and seemed to be ever thus armed, like Branksome’s Knights. I found the rehearsal tedious and unamusing; for each performer so studiously avoided emphasis or energy, and appeared to guard so cautiously against over-informing his companions, that the play was uttered with much less spirit than a spelling lesson at school, and I certainly never saw boys half so imperfect.

On quitting the theatre, Tom undertook to conduct me to a Green-Room at night, that my dramatic education might be advanced as much as possible; and in the mean time, we adjourned to my chambers to take our dinner and to pass the hours till the evening. Nothing could exceed the volatile spirit that characterized Tom’s conversation. He was life itself. After dinner, when he had dipped his muzzle, as he himself called it, in a bottle of claret, he grew more and more communicative, and at length asked me if I knew ——. On my replying that I did, he said, “I have a Sonnet of his in my pocket-book which Prudence allowed me to copy from her album. It’s very tender, but Prudence says not more tender than true. I don’t particularly want it,” continued he; “will you have it?” I gladly accepted the cast-off verses, and on reading them, I could not help fancying that you would like to put them into your book, and therefore here they are.

#### A DREAM.

To ———

The ring by unknown hands was brought to me,  
 As I lay prison’d in a dreary dream;  
 And while I cherish’d it, my thoughts of thee  
 Did tow’rds a grave most desolately stream.  
 Darkness had ’spoiled the adornment of thine eyes,  
 And from thy cheek the perfect spirit had gone,—  
 Thy lips had lost their lustre and their sighs,  
 And thou didst seem some beauty graved in stone.  
 Then I awoke, and wept that fate should so  
 Distemper my remembrances of thee,  
 Cruelly tainting even my dreams with woe,  
 And darkening my good thoughts with mystery:  
 And when I touch’d thy living hand, I seem’d  
 Still tangled in the terror I had dream’d!



If you had heard Tom read these lines, I think you would have sworn pensive poetry for ever. He drawled his voice with such painful slowness, and afflicted the passages with such cruel emphasis, that literally the town crier would have been a man of pathos compared with him. We took coffee at eight, and soon afterwards started for the theatre.

In passing across the stage (not Covent Garden), I heard Miss Kelly's delightful voice making the very most of some waiting-maid prattle; and at each pause in the dialogue, the merriment of the audience broke upon my ear in a deep, subdued, yet pleasant murmur. Harley too was speaking; and his tones seemed to come from every part of the house at once, so quick and continual were his movements. I stood awhile at the side scene, and was pleased at seeing the earnestness with which these admirable performers entered into the cunning of the scene. The colouring is rather strong, or I should say, for ever let me see a Comedy from the *wing*. But I was now conducted into the Green-Room.

It is a square unfurnished-looking place, with benches on each side, fastened to the walls; and having at one end a huge mirror, capable of giving back the actor to himself, in all his glory; or, of showing the lady how fair, how wondrous fair, she is. A table stands near to this glass with a goblet and water (the only refreshment allowed), and these furnish a pretty excuse to the well-dressed to sun themselves in the lustre of the mirror. One hand is pouring out the water, while the other is trimming a curl, or adjusting a point of lace; and not till the eye is satisfied to the utmost, does the water ascend to the lip, and only then to be sipped and set down again. It is amusing to see the several characters sitting in easy and general conversation: Artaxerxes giving an account to Dr. Cantwell of his having caught cold at Lady Cork's party, while the Doctor is speaking of having been at the Somerset-house Exhibition. Mawworm is giving a relation of a cold dinner to Mandane. And Artaban and old Lady Lambert are disputing about the sinking fund, though neither of them has a second idea on the subject. The performers

sit around the room on benches, until they are in turn wanted on the stage, when a little boy, generally known as the call-boy, comes to the door and announces the name of the party required, a short time before it is necessary for the character to go on the stage. The boy receives the name from the prompter, or rather a number referring to the name; and it is his sole business to connect the Green-Room with the stage. In the very middle of an interesting conversation or anecdote, this imperative boy's voice utters at the entrance, "Miss Kelly!" or, "Mr. Harley!" or, "Mr. Dowton!" and the conversation is stopped—the anecdote ruined—and the party summoned rises, plumes her or his dress at the mirror, and goes to contribute amusement elsewhere. I confess discourse is not so sprightly as a stranger might expect in this anti-room of the drama;—but I was impressed with a high respect for the good sense, taste, and feeling, which marked the observations of all the principal performers with whom I conversed. In Miss Kelly there is a strength of mind, and a delicacy of taste, quite delightful; and the only drawback to the pleasure you take in her conversation is the detection, which you cannot avoid making, of a melancholy about her character and manner, forming a painful contrast with that arch pleasantry that attends her on the stage. Mr. Harley, too, is a shrewd and sensible man; and Wrench is the soul of gentlemanly whim and good fellowship. The stage manager is always in attendance until the performances are over.

At the conclusion of the play I took my departure;—for the whole mystery of this scene, when once tasted, is perfectly understood, and seen into. The sameness of sitting heroes and resting actresses becomes tiresome in an hour;—and, I confess, I was not sorry to take my leave. Before we retired, however, Tom received a paper from Harley, which gave him the utmost delight;—and when we reached the Albany he sang it to me (for it was a song) with admirable spirit and life. At my earnest entreaty he favoured me with a copy, and with this I beg to conclude this letter.



## THE EXHIBITION.

*A Song.*

Come, come—I am willing  
 To down with my shilling,  
 The time to be killing  
     With varnish and paint ;  
 So up the stone staircase  
 I corkscrew my carcase,—  
 As steep and as dark as  
     St. Paul's ;—and as faint :  
 Tall women and towers,  
 And children with flowers,—  
 Twelve rosy old Hours,—  
     A study of cows ;—  
 A view on the Humber,  
 And nags out of number,—  
 With other live lumber,  
     At Somerset House !  
                     Tol de rol, &c.

One dandy Adonis,  
 And two noble cronies,  
 Beside rampant ponies  
     Reclining in curls ;  
 And tumble-down torrents,  
 And pictures of Florence,  
 And portraits by Lawrence  
     Of lanky old Earls :  
*That* a man ! what a log !—  
 Turn to the catalogue !  
 How like a water-dog  
     After a souse !  
 That sky is too milky,—  
 That dress is too silky,—  
 How charming is Wilkie  
     At Somerset House !  
                     Tol de rol, &c.

I've seen the room fuller,  
 And yet felt it cooler ;—  
 Lord ! there's Mrs. Buller,  
     All pensive and red !  
 I wonder such fat ewes  
 Make paintings and statues,  
 I'll never to that use  
     Abandon my head !  
 Here, Wealth hath call'd her men,  
 Hairy Jews, balder men,  
 Grim gouty aldermen—  
     Wigs, beards, and brows !  
 I think 'tis a pity,  
 The hanging committee  
 Thus flatter the city,—  
     At Somerset house !  
                     Tol de rol, &c.

The sculpture invites me,  
 For marble delights me,—  
 Except when it spites me  
     In desolate busts ;  
 A neat modell'd wax man,  
 Two babies by Flaxman,  
 The head of a tax-man

Whom nobody trusts!  
 Fighters who've fill'd a ring,  
 Two sleepy children,  
 Sweetly bewildering  
 Many a spouse:—  
 Oh! that Raphael or Titian  
 Could rise at my wishing  
 In this exhibition  
 At Somerset House!

Tol de rol, &c.

There, my dear Russell, there is a song for you.—I have let you a little into the mystery of a London Theatre, such as the mystery is. If you find my description dull, you will be pleased to attribute the dulness to the subject;—if you are amused, I

beg you to give me the credit for amusing you. With remembrances to all the Powells.

Ever yours, &c.

EDWARD HERBERT.

Albany, — 18—.

## *The Twelve Tales of Lyddalcross.*

### TALE THIRD.

#### THE KING OF THE PEAK, A DERBYSHIRE TALE.

What time the bird wakes in its bower,  
 He stood, and look'd on Haddon tower;  
 High rose it o'er the woodland height,  
 With portals strong, and turrets bright,  
 And gardens green; with swirl and sweep,  
 Round rush'd the Wye, both broad and deep.  
 Leaping and looking for the sun,  
 He saw the red-deer and the dun;  
 The warders with their weapons sheen,  
 The watchers with their mantles green;  
 The deer-hounds at their feet were flung,  
 The red blood at their dew-laps hung.  
 Adown he leap'd, and awhile he stood,  
 With a downcast look, and pondering mood;  
 Then made a step, and his bright sword drew,  
 And cleft a stone at a stroke in two—  
 So shall the heads of my foemen be,  
 Who seek to sunder my love from me.

(*Old Derbyshire Rhyme of Dora Vernon.*)

“Now, why stays the tale, and what stops the ballad?” said the impatient proprietor of Lyddalcross; “have I heated my hearth, have I spread my tables, and poured forth my strong drink for the poor in fancy and the lame in speech? Up—up, and give me a grave tale or a gay to gladden or sadden the present moment, and lend wings to the leaden feet of evening time. Rise, I say; else may the fire that flames so high—the table which groans with food, for which water, and air, and earth, have been sought—and the board that perfumes you with the odour of

ale and mead—may the first cease to warm, and the rest to nourish ye.”

“Master of Lyddalcross,” said a hale and joyous personage, whose shining and gladsome looks showed sympathy and alliance with the good cheer and fervent blood of merry old England; “since thy table smokes, and thy brown ale flows more frankly for the telling of a true old tale—then a true old tale thou shalt have—shame fall me if I baulk thee, as the pleasant folk say, in the dales of bonny Derby.

Those who have never seen Haddon Hall, the ancient residence of the

Vernons of Derbyshire, can have but an imperfect notion of the golden days of old England. Though now deserted and dilapidated—its halls silent—the sacred bell of its chapel mute—though its tables no longer send up the cheering smell of roasted boars, and spitted oxen—though the music and the voice of the minstrel are silenced, and the light foot of the dancer no longer sounds on the floor—though no gentle knights and gentler dames go trooping hand in hand, and whispering among the twilight groves—and the portal no longer sends out its shining helms, and its barbed steeds;—where is the place that can recal the stately hospitality and glory of former times, like the Hall of OLD HADDON?

It happened on a summer evening, when I was a boy, that several curious old people had seated themselves on a little round knoll near the gate of Haddon Hall; and their talk was of the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Mannors, and many old names once renowned in Derbyshire. I had fastened myself to the apron-string of a venerable dame, at whose girdle hung a mighty iron key, which commanded the entrance of the hall; her name was Dolly Foljambe; and she boasted her descent from an ancient red cross knight of that name, whose alabaster figure, in mail, may be found in Bakewell church. This high origin, which, on consulting family history, I find had not the concurrence of clergy, seemed not an idle vanity of the humble portress; she had the straight frame, and rigid, demure, and even warlike cast of face, which alabaster still retains of her ancestor; and had she laid herself by his side, she might have passed muster, with an ordinary antiquarian, for a coeval figure. At our feet the river Wye ran winding and deep; at our side rose the hall, huge and grey; and the rough heathy hills, renowned in Druidic, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman story, bounded our wish for distant prospects, and gave us the mansion of the Vernons for our contemplation, clear of all meaner encumbrances of landscape.

“Ah! dame Foljambe,” said an old husbandman, whose hair was whitened by acquaintance with seventy winters; “it’s a sore and a

sad sight, to look at that fair tower, and see no smoke ascending. I remember it in a brighter day, when many a fair face gazed out at the windows, and many a gallant form appeared at the gate. Then were the days when the husbandman could live—could whistle as he sowed; dance and sing as he reaped; and could pay his rent in fatted oxen to my lord, and in fatted fowls to my lady. Ah! dame Foljambe, we remember when men could cast their lines in the Wye; could feast on the red deer and the fallow deer, on the plover and the ptarmigan; had right of the common for their flocks, of the flood for their nets, and of the air for their harquebuss. Ah! dame, old England is no more the old England it was,—than that hall, dark and silent and desolate—is the proud hall that held Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak, and his two lovely daughters, Margaret and Dora. Those were days, dame; those were days.” And as he ceased, he looked up to the tower, with an eye of sorrow, and shook and smoothed down his white hairs.

“I tell thee,” replied the ancient portress, sorely moved in mind, between present duty and service to the noble owner of Haddon, and her lingering affection for the good old times, of which memory shapes so many paradises, “I tell thee the tower looks as high and as lordly as ever; and there is something about its silent porch, and its crumbling turrets, which gives it a deeper hold of our affections, than if an hundred knights even now came prancing forth at its porch, with trumpets blowing, and banners displayed.”

“Ah! dame Foljambe,” said the husbandman; “you deer now bounding so blythely down the old chase, with his horny head held high, and an eye that seems to make nought of mountain and vale; it is a fair creature. Look at him! see how he cools his feet in the Wye, surveys his shadow in the stream, and now he contemplates his native hills again. So! away he goes, and we gaze after him, and admire his speed and his beauty. But were the hounds at his flanks, and the bullets in his side, and the swords of the hunters bared for the brittling; Ah! dame,

we should change our cheer: we should think that such shapely limbs, and such stately antlers, might have reigned in wood and on hill for many summers. Even so we think of that stately old hall, and lament its destruction."

"Dame Foljambe thinks not so deeply on the matter," said a rustic; "she thinks, the less the hall fire, the less is the chance of the hall being consumed; the less the company, the longer will the old hall floor last, which she sweeps so clean, telling so many stories of the tree that made it;—that the seven Virtues in tapestry would do well in avoiding wild company; and that the lass with the long shanks, Diana, and her nymphs, will hunt more to her fancy on her dusty acre of old arras, than in the dubious society of the lords and the heroes of the court gazette. Moreover, the key at her girdle is the commission by which she is keeper of this cast-off and moth-eaten garment of the noble name of Manners; and think ye that she holds that power lightly, which makes her governess of ten thousand bats and owls, and gives her the awful responsibility of an armoury, containing almost an entire harquebuss, the remains of a

pair of boots, and the relique of a buff jerkin?"

What answer to this unceremonious attack on ancient things committed to her keeping, the portress might have made, I had not an opportunity to learn; her darkening brow indicated little meekness of reply; a voice, however, much sweeter than the dame's, intruded on the debate. In the vicinity of the hall, at the foot of a limestone rock, the summer visitors of Haddon may and do refresh themselves at a small fount of pure water, which love of the clear element induced one of the old ladies to confine within the limits of a large stone basin. Virtues were imputed to the spring, and the superstition of another proprietor erected beside it a cross of stone, lately mutilated, and now removed, but once covered with sculptures and rude emblems, which conveyed religious instruction to an ignorant people. Towards this fountain, a maiden from a neighbouring cottage was observed to proceed, warbling, as she went, a fragment of one of those legendary ballads which the old minstrels, illiterate or learned, scattered so abundantly over the country.

#### DORA VERNON.

##### 1.

It happen'd between March and May-day,  
When wood-buds wake which slumber'd late,  
When hill and valley grow green and gaily,  
And every wight longs for a mate;  
When lovers sleep with an open eye-lid,  
Like nightingales on the orchard tree,  
And sorely wish they had wings for flying,  
So they might with their true love be;

##### 2.

A knight all worthy, in this sweet season  
Went out to Carcliff with bow and gun,  
Not to chase the roebuck, nor shoot the pheasant,  
But hunt the fierce fox so wild and dun.  
And, by his side, was a young maid riding,  
With laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair;  
And who was it but young Dora Vernon,  
Young Rutland's true love, and Haddon's heir.

##### 3.

Her gentle hand was a good bow bearing,—  
The deer at speed, or the fowl on wing,  
Stay'd in their flight, when the bearded arrow  
Her white hand loosed from the sounding string.  
Old men made bare their locks, and blest her,  
As blythe she rode down the Durwood side,  
Her steed rejoiced in his lovely rider,  
Arch'd his neck proudly, and pranced in pride.

This unexpected minstrelsy was soon interrupted by dame Foljambe, whose total devotion to the family of Rutland rendered her averse to hear the story of Dora Vernon's elopement, profaned in the familiar ballad strain of a forgotten minstrel. "I wonder at the presumption of that rude minion," said the offended portress, "in chaunting such ungentle strains in my ear. Home to thy milk-pails, idle hussey—home to thy distaff, foolish maiden; or if thou wilt sing, come over to my lodge when the sun is down, and I will teach thee a strain of a higher sort, made by a great court lord, on the marriage of her late Grace. It is none of your rustic chaunts, but full of fine words, both long and lordly; it begins,

Come, burn your incense, ye god-like  
graces,

Come, Cupid, dip your darts in light;  
Unloose her starry zone, chaste Venus,  
And trim the bride for the bridal night.

None of your vulgar chaunts, minion, I tell thee; but stuffed with spiced words, and shining with gods, and garters, and stars, and precious stones, and odours thickly dropping; a noble strain indeed." The maiden smiled, nodded acquiescence, and tripping homewards, renewed her homely and interrupted song, till the river bank and the ancient towers acknowledged, with their sweetest echoes, the native charms of her voice.

"I marvel much," said the hoary portress, "at the idle love for strange and incredible stories which possesses as with a demon the peasants of this district. Not only have they given a saint, with a shirt of hair cloth and a scourge, to every cavern, and a druid with his golden sickle and his mistletoe to every circle of shapeless stones; but they have made the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Cockaynes, and the Foljambes, erect on every wild place crosses or altars of atonement for crimes which they never committed; unless fighting ankle-deep in heathen blood, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the holy Sepulchre, required such outlandish penance. They cast too a supernatural light round the commonest story; if you credit them, the ancient chapel bell of Haddon, safely lodged on the

floor for a century, is carried to the top of the turret, and, touched by some invisible hand, is made to toll forth midnight notes of dolour and woe, when any misfortune is about to befall the noble family of Rutland. They tell you too that wailings of no earthly voice are heard around the decayed towers, and along the garden terraces, on the festival night of the saint who presided of old over the fortunes of the name of Vernon. And no longer ago than yesterday, old Edgar Ferrars assured me that he had nearly as good as seen the apparition of the King of the Peak himself, mounted on his visionary steed, and, with imaginary horn, and hound, and halloo, pursuing a spectre stag over the wild chase of Haddon. Nay, so far has vulgar credulity and assurance gone, that the great garden entrance, called the Knight's porch, through which Dora Vernon descended step by step among her twenty attendant maidens, all rustling in embroidered silks, and shining and sparkling like a winter sky, in diamonds, and such like costly stones—to welcome her noble bridegroom, Lord John Manners, who came cap in hand with his company of gallant gentlemen—"

"Nay, now, dame Foljambe," interrupted the husbandman, "all this is fine enough, and lordly too, I'll warrant; but thou must not apparel a plain old tale in the embroidered raiment of thy own brain, nor adorn it in the precious stones of thy own fancy. Dora Vernon was a lovely lass, and as proud as she was lovely; she bore her head high, dame; and well she might, for she was a gallant Knight's daughter; and lords and dukes, and what not, have descended from her. But, for all that, I cannot forget that she ran away in the middle of a moonlight night, with young Lord John Manners, and no other attendant than her own sweet self. Aye, dame, and for the diamonds, and what not, which thy story showers on her locks and her garments, she tied up her berry brown locks in a menial's cap, and ran away in a mantle of Bakewell brown, three yards for a groat. Aye, dame, and instead of going out regularly by the door, she leapt out of a window; more by token she left one of her silver heel-slippers fastened in the grating,

and the place has ever since been called the Lady's Leap."

Dame Foljambe, like an inexperienced rider, whose steed refuses obedience to voice and hand, resigned the contest in despair, and allowed her rustic companion to enter full career into the debatable land, where she had so often fought and vanquished in defence of the decorum of the mode of alliance between the houses of Haddon and Rutland.

"And now dame," said the husbandman, "I will tell thee the story in my own and my father's way. The last of the name of Vernon was renowned far and wide for the hospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendour of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. This is speaking in thy own manner, dame Foljambe; but truth's truth. He was much given to hunting and hawking, and jousting, with lances either blunt or sharp; and though a harquebuss generally was found in the hand of the gallant hunters of that time, the year of grace 1560, Sir George Vernon despised that foreign weapon; and well he might, for he bent the strongest bow, and shot the truest shaft, of any man in England. His chase-dogs too were all of the most expert and famous kinds—his falcons had the fairest and most certain flight; and though he had seen foreign lands, he chiefly prided himself in maintaining unimpaired the old baronial grandeur of his house. I have heard my grandsire say, how his great grandsire told him, that the like of the knight of Haddon, for a stately form, and a noble, free, and natural grace of manner, was not to be seen in court or camp. He was hailed, in common tale, and in minstrel song, by the name of the KING OF THE PEAK; and it is said, his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, good Queen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headsman's axe.

"It happened in the fifth year of the reign of his young and sovereign mistress, that a great hunting festival was held at Haddon, where all the beauty and high blood of Derbyshire assembled. Lords of distant counties came; for to bend a bow, or brittle the deer, under the eye of Sir George Vernon, was an honour sought for by

many. Over the chase of Haddon, over the hill of Stanton, over Bakewell-edge, over Chatsworth hill and Hardwicke plain, and beneath the ancient castle of Bolsover, as far as the edge of the forest of old Sherwood, were the sounds of harquebuss and bowstring heard, and the cry of dogs and the cheering of men. The brown-mouthed and white-footed dogs of Derbyshire were there among the foremost; the snow-white hound and the coal-black, from the Scottish border and bonny Westmoreland, preserved or augmented their ancient fame; nor were the dappled hounds of old Godfrey Foljambe, of Bakewell bank, far from the throat of the red deer when they turned at bay, and gored horses and riders. The great hall floor of Haddon was soon covered with the produce of wood and wild.

"Nor were the preparations for feasting this noble hunting party unworthy the reputation for solid hospitality which characterised the ancient King of the Peak. Minstrels had come from distant parts, as far even as the Scottish border; bold, free-spoken, rude, rough witted men; 'for the selvaige of the web,' says the northern proverb, 'is aye the coarsest cloth.' But in the larder the skill of man was chiefly employed, and a thousand rarities were prepared for pleasing the eye and appeasing the appetite. In the kitchen, with its huge chimneys and prodigious spits, the menial maids were flooded nigh ankle deep in the richness of roasted oxen and deer; and along the passage, communicating with the hall of state, men might have slid along, because of the fat droppings of that prodigious feast, like a slider on the frozen Wye. The kitchen tables, of solid plank, groaned and yielded beneath the roasted beeves and the spitted deer; while a stream of rich smoke, massy, and slow, and savoury, sallied out at the grated windows, and sailed round the mansion, like a mist exhaled by the influence of the moon. I tell thee, dame Foljambe, I call those the golden days of old England.

"But I wish you had seen the hall prepared for this princely feast. The floor, of hard and solid stone, was strewn deep with rushes and fern; and there lay the dogs of the chase in



couples, their mouths still red with the blood of stags, and panting yet from the fervour and length of their pursuit. At the lower end of the hall, where the floor subsided a step, was spread a table for the stewards and other chiefs over the menials. There sat the keeper of the bows, the warder of the chase, and the head falconer, together with many others of lower degree, but mighty men among the retainers of the noble name of Vernon. Over their heads were hung the horns of stags, the tusks of boars, the skulls of the enormous bison, and the foreheads of foxes. Nor were there wanting trophies, where the contest had been more bloody and obstinate—banners and shields, and helmets, won in the Civil, and Scottish, and Crusading wars, together with many strange weapons of annoyance or defence, borne in the Norwegian and Saxon broils. Beside them were hung rude paintings of the most renowned of these rustic heroes, all in the picturesque habiliments of the times. Horns, and harquebusses, and swords, and bows, and buff coats, and caps, were thrown in negligent groups all about the floor, while their owners sat in expectation of an immediate and ample feast, which they hoped to wash down with floods of that salutary beverage, the brown blood of barley.

“At the upper end of the hall, where the floor was elevated exactly as much in respect, as it was lowered in submission at the other, there the table for feasting the nobles stood; and well was it worthy of its station. It was one solid plank of white sycamore, shaped from the entire shaft of an enormous tree, and supported on squat columns of oak, ornamented with the arms of the Vernons, and grooved into the stone floor, beyond all chance of being upset by human powers. Benches of wood, curiously carved, and covered, in times of more than ordinary ceremony, with cushions of embroidered velvet, surrounded this ample table;—while in the recess behind appeared a curious work in arras, consisting of festivals and processions, and bridals, executed from the ancient poets; and for the more staid and grave, a more devout hand had wrought some scenes from the controversial fathers and the

monkish legends of the ancient church. The former employed the white hands of Dora Vernon herself; while the latter were the labours of her sister Margaret, who was of a serious turn, and never happened to be so far in love as to leap from a window.”

“And now,” said dame Foljambe, “I will describe the Knight of Haddon, with his fair daughters and principal guests, myself.” “A task that will last thee to doomsday, dame,” muttered the husbandman. The portress heeded not this ejaculation, but with a particular stateliness of delivery proceeded. “The silver dinner bell rung on the summit of Haddon hall, the warder thrice wound his horn, and straightway the sound of silver spurs was heard in the passage, the folding door opened, and in marched my own ancestor, Ferrars Foljambe by name. I have heard his dress too often described not to remember it. A buff jerkin, with slashed and ornamented sleeves, a mantle of fine Lincoln green, fastened round his neck with wolf-claws of pure gold, a pair of gilt spurs on the heels of his brown hunting-boots, garnished above with taslets of silver, and at the square and turned-up toes, with links of the same metal connected with the taslets. On his head was a boar-skin cap, on which the white teeth of the boar were set tipt with gold. At his side, was a hunting horn, called the white hunting horn of Tutbury, banded with silver in the middle, belted with black silk at the ends, set with buckles of silver, and bearing the arms of Edmund, the warlike brother of Edward Longshanks. This fair horn descended by marriage to Stanhope, of Elvaston, who sold it to Foxlowe, of Staveley. The gift of a king and the property of heroes was sold for some paltry pieces of gold.”

“Dame Foljambe,” said the old man, “the march of thy tale is like the course of the Wye, seventeen miles of links and windings down a fair valley five miles long. A man might carve thy ancestor’s figure in alabaster in the time thou describest him. I must resume my story, dame; so let thy description of old Ferrars Foljambe stand; and suppose the table filled about with the gallants of the chase and many fair ladies, while at the head sat the King of the Peak himself,

his beard descending to his broad girdle, his own natural hair of dark brown—blessings on the head that keeps God's own covering on it, and scorns the curled inventions of man—falling in thick masses on his broad, manly shoulders. Nor silver, nor gold, wore he; the natural nobleness of his looks maintained his rank and pre-eminence among men; the step of Sir George Vernon was one that many imitated, but few could attain—at once manly and graceful. I have heard it said, that he carried privately in his bosom a small rosary of precious metal, in which his favourite daughter Dora had entwined one of her mother's tresses. The ewer-bearers entered with silver basins full of water; the element came pure and returned red; for the hands of the guests were stained with the blood of the chase. The attendant minstrels vowed, that no hands so shapely, nor fingers so taper, and long, and white, and round, as those of the Knight of Haddon, were that day dipped in water.

“There is wondrous little pleasure in describing a feast of which we have not partaken; so pass we on to the time when the fair dames retired, and the red wine in cups of gold, and the ale in silver flagons, shone and sparkled as they passed from hand to lip beneath the blaze of seven massy lamps. The knights toasted their mistresses, the retainers told their exploits, and the minstrels with harp and tongue made music and song abound. The gentles struck their drinking vessels on the table till they rang again; the menials stamped with the heels of their ponderous boots on the solid floor; while the hounds, imagining they heard the call to the chase, leaped up, and bayed in hoarse but appropriate chorus.

“The ladies now re-appeared, in the side galleries, and overlooked the scene of festivity below. The loveliest of many counties were there; but the fairest was a young maid of middle size, in a dress disencumbered of ornament, and possessed of one of those free and graceful forms which may be met with in other counties, but for which our own Derbyshire alone is famous. Those who admired the grace of her person were no less charmed with her simplicity and natural meekness of deportment.

Nature did much for her, and art strove in vain to rival her with others; while health, that handmaid of beauty, supplied her eye and her cheek with the purest light and the freshest roses. Her short and rosy upper-lip was slightly curled, with as much of maiden sanctity, perhaps, as pride; her white high forehead was shaded with locks of sunny brown, while her large and dark hazel eyes beamed with free and unaffected modesty. Those who observed her close, might see her eyes, as she glanced about, sparkling for a moment with other lights, but scarce less holy, than those of devotion and awe. Of all the knights present, it was impossible to say, who inspired her with those love-fits of flushing joy and delirious agitation; each hoped himself the happy person; for none could look on Dora Vernon without awe and love. She leaned her white bosom, shining through the veil which shaded it, near one of the minstrel's harps; and looking round on the presence, her eyes grew brighter as she looked; at least, so vowed the knights, and so sang the minstrels.

“All the knights arose when Dora Vernon appeared. ‘Fill all your wine-cups, knights,’ said Sir Lucas Peverel. ‘Fill them to the brim,’ said Sir Henry Avenel. ‘And drain them out, were they deeper than the Wye,’ said Sir Godfrey Gernon. ‘To the health of the Princess of the Peak,’ said Sir Ralph Cavendish. ‘To the health of Dora Vernon,’ said Sir Hugh de Wodensley; ‘beauty is above titles, she is the loveliest maiden a knight ever looked on, with the sweetest name too.’ ‘And yet, Sir Knight,’ said Peverel, filling his cup, ‘I know one who thinks so humbly of the fair name of Vernon, as to wish it charmed into that of De Wodensley.’ ‘He is not master of a spell so profound;’ said Avenel. ‘And yet he is master of his sword,’ answered De Wodensley, with a darkening brow. ‘I counsel him to keep it in its sheath,’ said Cavendish, ‘lest it prove a wayward servant.’ ‘I will prove its service on thy bosom where and when thou wilt, Lord of Chatsworth,’ said De Wodensley. ‘Lord of Darley,’ answered Cavendish, ‘it is a tempting moonlight, but there is a charm over Haddon to-night it would

be unseemly to dispel. To-morrow, I meet Lord John Manners to try whose hawk has the fairer flight, and whose love the whiter hand. That can be soon seen ; for who has so fair a hand as the love of young Rutland? I shall be found by Durwood-Tor when the sun is three hours up, with my sword drawn—there's my hand on't, De Wodensley ;" and he wrung the knight's hand till the blood seemed starting from beneath his finger nails.

" ' By the saints, Sir Knights,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon, ' you may as well beard one another about the love of ' some bright particular star and think to wed it,' as the wild wizard of Warwick says, as quarrel about this unattainable love. Harken, minstrels : while we drain our cups to this beauteous lass, sing some of you a kindly love strain, wondrously mirthful and melancholy. Here's a cup of Rhenish, and a good gold Harry in the bottom on't, for the minstrel who pleases me.' The minstrels laid their hands on the strings, and a sound was heard like the swarming of bees before summer thunder. ' Sir Knight,' said one, ' I will sing ye, Cannie Johnie Armstrong with all the seventeen variations.' ' He was hanged for cattle stealing,' answered the knight. ' I'll have none of him.' ' What say you to Dick of the Cow, or the Harper of Lochmaben?' said another, with something of a tone of diffidence : ' What ! you northern knaves, can you sing of nothing but thievery and jail-breaking?' ' Perhaps your knightship,' humbly suggested a third, ' may have a turn for the supernatural, and I'm thinking the Fairy Legend of young Tamlane is just the

thing that suits your fancy.' ' I like the naïveté of the young lady very much,' answered the knight, ' but the fair dames of Derbyshire prize the charms of lovers with flesh and blood, before the gayest Elfin-knight that ever ran a course from Carlisle to Caerlaverock.'— ' What would your worship say to William of Cloudesley?' said a Cumberland minstrel, ' or to the Friar of Orders Grey?' said a harper from the halls of the Percys.

" ' Minstrels,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish, the invention of sweet and gentle poesy is dead among you. Every churl in the Peak can chaunt us these beautiful but common ditties. Have you nothing new for the honour of the sacred calling of verse, and the beauty of Dora Vernon? Fellow—harper,—what's your name? you with the long hair and the green mantle,' said the knight, beckoning to a young minstrel who sat with his harp held before him, and his face half buried in his mantle's fold : ' come, touch your strings and sing ; I'll wager my gold-hilted sword against that pheasant feather in thy cap, that thou hast a new and a gallant strain ; for I have seen thee measure more than once the form of fair Dora Vernon with a ballad-maker's eye.—Sing, man, sing.'

" The young minstrel, as he bowed his head to this singular mode of request, blushed from brow to bosom ; nor were the face and neck of Dora Vernon without an acknowledgment of how deeply she sympathized in his embarrassment. A finer instrument, a truer hand, or a more sweet and manly voice, hardly ever united to lend grace to rhyme.

#### THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

##### 1.

Last night a proud page came to me ;  
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free ;  
The moon is up at midnight hour,  
All mute and lonely is the bower :  
To rouse the deer, my lord is gone,  
And his fair daughter's all alone,  
As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—  
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

##### 2.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon  
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,  
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,  
With love and joy blush'd deeply red :

Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,  
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss;  
And one of those long looks, which earth  
With all its glory is not worth.

## 3.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,  
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by;  
Life, fly thou on; I'll mind that hour  
Of sacred love in greenwood bower;  
Let seas between us swell and sound,  
Still at her name my heart shall bound;  
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,  
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

“ ‘Fellow,’ said Sir Ralph Cavendish, ‘thou hast not shamed my belief of thy skill; keep that piece of gold, and drink thy cup of wine in quiet, to the health of the lass who inspired thy strain, be she lordly, or be she low.’ The minstrel seated himself, and the interrupted mirth recommenced, which was not long to continue. When the minstrel began to sing, the King of the Peak fixed his large and searching eyes on his person, with a scrutiny from which nothing could escape, and which called a flush of apprehension to the face of his daughter Dora. Something like a cloud came upon his brow at the first verse, which, darkening down through the second, became as dark as a December night at the close of the third, when rising, and motioning Sir Ralph Cavendish to follow, he retired into the recess of the southern window.

“ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the lord of Haddon, ‘thou art the sworn friend of John Manners, and well thou knowest what his presumption dares at, and what are the letts between him and me. *Cavendo tutus!* ponder on thy own motto well.—‘Let seas between us swell and sound:’—let his song be prophetic, for Derbyshire,—for England has no river deep enough and broad enough to preserve him from a father’s sword, whose peace he seeks to wound.’ ‘Knight of Haddon,’ said Sir Ralph, ‘John Manners is indeed my friend; and the friend of a Cavendish can be no mean person; a braver and a better spirit never aspired after beauty.’ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the King of the Peak, ‘I court no man’s counsel; hearken to my words. Look at the moon’s shadow on Haddon-dial; there it is beside the casement; the shadow falls short of twelve. If it darkens the

midnight hour, and John Manners be found here, he shall be cast fettered, neck and heel, into the deepest dungeon of Haddon.’

“All this passed not unobserved of Dora Vernon, whose fears and affections divined immediate mischief from the calm speech and darkened brow of her father. Her heart sank within her when he beckoned her to withdraw; she followed him into the great tapestried room. ‘My daughter,—my love Dora,’ said the not idle fears of a father, ‘wine has done more than its usual good office with the wits of our guests to-night; they look on thee with bolder eyes, and speak of thee with a bolder tongue, than a father can wish. Retire, therefore, to thy chamber. One of thy wisest attendants shall be thy companion.—Adieu, my love, till sunrise!’ He kissed her white temples and white brow; and Dora clung to his neck, and sobbed in his bosom;—while the secret of her heart rose near her lips. He returned to his guests, and mirth and music, and the march of the wine-cup, recommenced with a vigour which promised reparation for the late intermission.

“The chamber, or rather temporary prison, of Dora Vernon, was nigh the cross-bow room, and had a window which looked out on the terraced garden, and the extensive chase towards the hill of Haddon. All that side of the hall lay in deep shadow, and the moon, sunk to the very summit of the western heath, threw a level and a farewell beam over river and tower. The young lady of Haddon seated herself in the recessed window, and lent her ear to every sound, and her eye to every shadow that flitted over the garden and chase. Her attendant maiden—shrewd, de-

mure, and suspicious, of the ripe age of thirty—yet of a merry pleasant look, which had its admirers—sat watching every motion with the eye of an owl.

“It was past midnight, when a foot came gliding along the passage, and a finger gave three slight scratches on the door of the chamber. The maid went out, and after a brief conference suddenly returned, red with blushes from ear to ear. ‘Oh, my lady!’ said the trusty maiden,—‘oh, my sweet young lady,—here’s that poor young lad—ye know his name—who gave me three yards of crimson ribbon, to trim my peach-bloom mantle, last Bakewell fair.—An honest or a kinder heart never kept a promise; and yet I may not give him the meeting. Oh, my young lady, my sweet young lady, my beautiful young lady, could you not stay here for half an hour by yourself?’ Ere her young mistress could answer, the notice of the lover’s presence was renewed.—The maiden again went—whispers were heard—and the audible salutation of lips; she returned again more resolute than ever to oblige her lover.—‘Oh, my lady—my young lady; if ye ever hope to prosper in true love yourself—spare me but one half hour with this harmless kind lad.—He has come seven long miles to see my fair face, he says;—and, oh, my lady, he has a handsome face of his own.—Oh, never let it be said that Dora Vernon sundered true lovers!—but I see consent written in your own lovely face—so I shall run—and, oh, my lady, take care of your own sweet handsome self, when your faithful Nan’s away.’ And the maiden retired with her lover.

“It was half an hour after midnight, when one of the keepers of the chase, as he lay beneath a holly bush listening, with a prolonged groan, to the audible voice of revelry in the hall, from which his duty had lately excluded him, happened to observe two forms approaching; one of low stature, a light step, and muffled in a common mantle:—the other with the air, and in the dress, of a forester—a sword at his side, and pistols in his belt. The ale and the wine had invaded the keeper’s brain, and im-

paired his sight; yet he roused himself up with a hiccup and a ‘hilloah,’ and ‘where go ye, my masters?’—The lesser form whispered to the other—who immediately said, ‘Jasper Jugg, is this you? Heaven be praised I have found you so soon;—here’s that north country pedlar, with his beads and blue ribbon—he has come and whistled out pretty Nan Malkin, the lady’s favourite, and the lord’s trusty maid.—I left them under the terrace, and came to tell you.’

“The enraged keeper scarce heard this account of the faithlessness of his love to an end,—he started off with the swiftness of one of the deer which he watched, making the boughs crash, as he forced his way through bush and glade direct for the hall, yowing desertion to the girl, and destruction to the pedlar. ‘Let us hasten our steps, my love,’ said the lesser figure, in a sweet voice; and unmantling as she spoke, turned back to the towers of Haddon the fairest face that ever left them—the face of Dora Vernon herself. ‘My men and my horses are nigh, my love,’ said the taller figure; and taking a silver call from his pocket, he imitated the sharp shrill cry of the plover; then turning round he stood and gazed towards Haddon, scarcely darkened by the setting of the moon, for the festal lights flashed from turret and casement, and the sound of mirth and revelry rang with augmenting din. ‘Ah, fair and stately Haddon,’ said Lord John Manners, ‘little dost thou know, thou hast lost thy jewel from thy brow—else thy lights would be dimmed, thy mirth would turn to wailing, and swords would be flashing from thy portals in all the haste of hot pursuit. Farewell, for a while, fair tower, farewell for a while.—I shall return, and bless the time I harped among thy menials and sang of my love—and charmed her out of thy little chamber window.’ Several armed men now came suddenly down from the hill of Haddon, horses richly caparisoned were brought from among the trees of the chase, and the ancestors of the present family of Rutland sought shelter, for a time, in a distant land, from the wrath of the King of the Peak.”



## BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS,

## No. III.

## THE RIVER-ROCK, OR THE CRIMSON HERMITS;

*A Melo-Drama, in Two Acts.*

That this evil wants a remedy is not to be contested; nor can it be denied that the theatre is as capable of being preserved by a reformation, as matters of more importance, which, for the honour of our national taste, I could wish were attempted; and then, if it could not subsist, under decent regulations, by not being permitted to present any thing there but what were *worthy* to be there, it would be time enough to consider whether it were necessary to let it totally fall, or effectually support it.

*Life of Colley Cibber, Chap. III.*

The melo-drama is of recent origin; its birth-place is France; it burst into being at an early period of the revolution. The severity of the French Theatre\* refusing admission to all except the legitimate offspring of the Muses, this noisy, ranting, squeaking, squalling, strutting, swaggering, turbulent brat, was forced to seek a home on one of the minor stages. The melo-dramatic family is now, however, so numerous, and in so prosperous a way, that, in the French capital, no fewer than four theatres are devoted to its support. It speedily found its way into England; and there is scarcely a piece acted on the *Boulevards*, to the great astonishment and delight of the Paris *rabble*,† but has been presented at the LONDON THEATRES ROYAL—the PATENT METROPOLITAN THEATRES

—the LEGITIMATE-DRAMA THEATRES—the GREAT NATIONAL THEATRES, which SHAKSPEARE and CONGREVE have illuminated; where GARRICK, and KEMBLE, and SIDDONS have trod,—before, what have been understood to be, the politest audiences of one of the most enlightened nations of the world! We have few, very few *original* melo-dramas on the English stage; but French melo-dramas now form so essential a portion of the *British Theatre*, that the series of the BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS would be incomplete without a specimen of a work of that nature. The piece to be submitted to the judgment, and, we will venture to say, the admiration of the reader, is partly original, and in part *taken out* of the French.‡ The characters, or rather agents, in

\* I speak here of the *Théâtre Français*, the theatre justly distinguished as the NATIONAL THEATRE, because it is there the honour of the national drama is preserved inviolate. A Frenchman may, without blushing, lead a foreigner to its gates, and exclaim, “See here! this is the sanctuary of my great countrymen,”—(and he grows an inch taller in saying so)—the sanctuary, “pure and undefiled, of MOLIERE, CORNEILLE, and VOLTAIRE! Here may you contemplate the living glories of our scene—a TALMA and a MARS!” If I happen to find myself along with an intelligent foreigner in the neighbourhood of Brydges-street, I *sneak* away with him; for it is a hundred to one but the play-bills announce one French melo-drama at one of our *national* theatres, and *two* at the other.

† Ask the first water-carrier you may chance to meet in the streets of Paris, who was MOLIERE, and he will answer you—the author of *Tartuffe*. Every name that adds to the glory of France is dear to a Frenchman, and MOLIERE, TALMA, and NAPOLEON, are names equally familiar to him. Talk to a London hackney coachman about CONGREVE or KEMBLE! The very *rabble* of Paris, who flock nightly to see a blustering *melo-drama* at the *Ambigu-Comique*, would set fire to the *Théâtre Français*, if such an exhibition were attempted *there*. But of such an innovation there is no danger. Its directors consider themselves the appointed guardians of the public taste, and of the literary honour of the nation. Such as it is, they endeavour to maintain it, and are restrained from any attempts to *improve* it through the help of melo-dramas, monkeys, horses, dogs, and rope-dancers, by a foolish respect for the public—and themselves.

‡ This phrase is used, as being more accurate in its application than the word *translated*; for though these pieces are *taken out* of the French, they are seldom *put into* English, but left dangling between the two languages, in a sort of melo-dramatic jargon, which is neither one nor the other—like Mahomet’s coffin, swinging between floor and ceiling.



this melo-drama, as in all others, consist of tyrants and victims, rightful lords and wrongful lords, clowns, robbers, assassins, and females in distress; and the dialogue, as usual, is composed chiefly of threat, defiance, remonstrance, and exclamation. These requisites being absolute, and an author in the *melo-drama* line denied the free choice of character and dialogue, it is evident, that he can evince the originality and superiority of his powers, in his particular walk of the drama, only by the accumulation of imminent dangers, and extraordinary escapes; ingenious disguises, and surprising discoveries; obstacles, apparently insurmountable, suddenly obtruded, and unexpectedly overcome; wreaths of flowers; daggers; dances; dungeons in unfathomable caves, and castles on inaccessible eminences, &c. &c. &c. His work, therefore, must be tried, not by any ordinary canons of criticism, but simply by its power of maintaining the audience, or, properly speaking, the spectators, in a state of anxiety and uneasiness, from the rising till the falling of the curtain. To effect this is a difficult task; for the melo-dramatic materials being always the same, it will sometimes happen that one melo-drama is exceedingly like many others; and it requires an uncommon and *kaleidoscopic* kind of genius to vary those same materials *ad infinitum*, and, by the same means, perpetually to produce new subjects

of interest and surprise. This task will be found to be accomplished in the following piece.

It has become a fashion to decry this species of entertainment as unworthy of holding a place in our great national theatres.—Why?—Is it because melo-dramas usurp that portion of the time, allowed for an evening's amusement, formerly allotted to farce, or the minor comedy? Or because they frequently occupy the place of comedy and tragedy too? Or because they present a jumble of incongruities, altogether revolting to good taste? Or because their means, like their effects, are absurd, exaggerated, and unnatural? Or because by their broad and palpable daubings, they wean and seduce the audience from the habit of attention required by lighter and more delicate pencilling; tend to deaden its sense to the touch of a comic point, a fine trait of character, or a neat turn in dialogue,—in short, to render it insensible to any thing less powerful than the blow of the melo-dramatic sledge-hammer? These, perhaps, may be among the objections to melo-dramas, but I do not feel myself bound to answer them: I shall no longer delay the treat prepared for the reader, and (without involving my own opinion either way on the subject) I “cut short all intermission,” by presenting him with a specimen of

#### THE RIVER-ROCK; OR, THE CRIMSON HERMITS.

*A Melo-Drama, in Two Acts, by the Stage-Carpenters of the Theatre-Royal.*

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**BARON GLOOMDORFF.** The rightful Baron, disguised as **FELLTREEO**, a Wood-cutter.

**BARON STRANGLEDORFF**, the Usurper, disguised as **SANGUINO**, disguised as a Crimson Hermit.

**POIGNARDO,**  
**DAGGERDORFF,**  
**PISTOLBERG,**  
**BLOODMANDORFF,**  
**CUT-THROATO.**

} Banditti, disguised as Crimson Hermits.

**POLTROONO**, faithful follower of the Baroness, afterwards disguised as a Minstrel and a Robber: a coward who performs prodigies of valour.

Thirty-five Banditti, or usurping Knights, disguised as Crimson Hermits.

Forty Villagers, afterwards disguised as Minstrels.

**BARONESS GLOOMDORFF**, disguised as **BONASILDA**.

**LUBETTA**, her daughter, disguised as a Villager.

Forty female Villagers, afterwards disguised as Ladies of Fashion.

**Act I. Scene I.**—On one side, a Cottage—on the other, a dark Wood—at the back, a winding River; up which at some distance stands the RIVER-ROCK, craggy and inaccessible. Beyond the River is a woody Country, and in the distance, on an Eminence, is seen the Castle of Gloomdorff.\*

VILLAGERS discovered dancing round a May-pole, decorated with Garlands.—FELLTREEO and LUBETTA on one side of the Stage; SANGUINO, POIGNARDO, DAGGERDORFF, PISTOLBERG, BLOODMANDORFF, CUT-THROATO, and several other HERMITS, † in crimson dresses, on the other.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Let us dance, and let us sing,  
Blithely round the May-pole go,  
While the youths and maidens bring  
Flowers along our path to strow. ‡  
Let us merry be, and gay,  
'Tis the village holiday.

CHORUS OF HERMITS. (*Sung aside.*)

All impatient, now do we  
Pant for crimson blood § and crime;  
But we should discover'd be,  
For it is not yet the time. ||  
Then let them merry be, and gay,  
'Tis the village holiday.

VILLAGERS AND HERMITS TOGETHER.

Come, then, youths and maidens, pray,  
Here to join in frolic play;  
Come, and merry be, and gay,  
'Tis the village holiday.

*Lubetta.* If you wish me not to dance, I won't, dear father.

*Felltreeo.* Thou art a dutiful child, and believe me ever thy affectionate father.\*\* (*Distant thunder—the dancing ceases.*)

*First Villager.* Hark! it thunders! I fear a storm is coming. ††

*Second Villager.* Then let us to our homes. But first a blessing from the holy hermits.

*Sanguino.* Then kneel, my sons; but 'tis St. Brema's Eve, and, at our cell, our daughters their blessing must receive. At midnight must they come, and mark me! alone! alone! ‡‡

\* This scene is minutely described; its effect on canvass must be enchanting. The scene-painter is always one of the chief inventors of a melo-drama, and mainly contributes towards its success. Sometimes scenes are painted to fit melo-dramas; sometimes melo-dramas are made to fit scenery. When the wardrobe and scene-room are overstocked with the glittering relics of damned operas, &c. an order is issued to the several carpenters of the theatre, to construct scaffolds of wood and words to use them up.

† "Don't you be too sure that he is a beef-eater."

‡ *Strow* is very bad English, but *strew* would be a bad rhyme. In this world, we cannot have every thing our own way. For the rest, it may be said of these verses, that they are infinitely superior to any thing that has yet appeared in the way of melo-dramatic poetry.

§ This epithet may, perhaps, be objected to as redundant; if blood were ever sky-blue, the hermits would be justified in defining the particular colour they "pant for." Perhaps, though, as they are not hermits, but assassins—no matter; as Figaro says, "Nos faiseurs d'Opéra-Comiques (melo-dramas) n'y regardent pas de si près."

|| This is an artful preparation; it is a hint that the time will come.

\*\* This pathetic opening, as simple and natural as the conclusion of a letter, begets a strong moral interest in favour of both father and daughter.

†† This is a very intelligent villager.

‡‡ This speech may sound rather harsh and grating to the ear—it may seem somewhat cramp and crooked; but the style throughout the piece is pure and unadulterated melo-drama—stuff of the first quality; like the poetry, superior to any thing of the kind yet produced. As Baron Munchausen says to his readers, "If you won't take my word for it, go and judge for yourself." He would have his readers undertake a voyage to the moon; I propose to mine to read a melo-drama. Read a melo-drama! If the Baron and I "speak not sooth," we are neither of us in much danger of detection on the terms we offer. But, *joking apart*, I am in earnest.

**Felltreeo.** (*Taking Lubetta's hand.*) Stay near me, my child.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) Ha! by Heaven, that caution shall be useless.—Approach, my sons.

(*Music expressive of craving a blessing.\* Each Hermit lays his left hand on the head of a villager.*)

**Sanguino.** (*Beckons Felltreeo to approach—he declines.*) Ha! 'tis strange. The villagers appear to be struggling to disengage themselves from the hermits, who seem to be grasping them firmly by the hair. Each hermit draws a dagger, concealed in his staff, and is about to strike. *Music expressive of killing a villager.*

**Sanguino.** Damnation! we are observed!

(*The hermits quickly conceal their daggers; the villagers rise.*)

**Sanguino.** Retire, my sons; and remember midnight, my daughters. At our cell—alone—alone!

*All the villagers.* We will obey you, holy father. (*All exclaim, aside.*) But 'tis mysterious.† (*Exeunt villagers on one side—all the Crimson Hermits, except Sanguino, on the other.*)

**Sanguino.** My son, of all the villagers thou alone refusest still permission to thy daughter our blessing to receive.

**Felltreeo.** Holy father, innocent is she, and therefore needs it not.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) 'Tis strange! I'll question him.—Think'st thou, my son, I'm not a real hermit?

**Felltreeo.** (*Aside.*) To seem too well informed may be dangerous; I must dissemble.‡—Wherefore should I such suspicion harbour? Yet hermits dwell in solitary caves, while you—

**Sanguino.** (*Confused.*) Aye—true—but—because—therefore—

**Felltreeo.** And then that crimson garment, colour to hermit so unusual.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) Meddling fool! dearly shall he pay for this.—Thou surely can'st not think——

**Felltreeo.** Humph! Well, I busy not myself with others' deeds. Heaven grant you may be what you seem.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) 'Tis as I suspected.—Well, Felltreeo, at midnight, Lubetta to our cave our blessing to receive will come.

**Felltreeo.** No! holy father.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) I was not prepared for this; but escape me shall she not!—At to-morrow's dawn then will she to the castle hie to receive from Baron Strangledorff the reward of virtue.

**Felltreeo.** No! for virtue is its own reward!—But how so well know you the Baron's intention?

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) By hell I had nearly betrayed myself.—Well, well, do even as thou wilt.

**Felltreeo.** The Baron is a tyrant; and when youth, beauty, and innocence fall into the power of a tyrant, their situation is dangerous.§ But good even, holy father.

\* Melo-dramas are not made to be read,—the thing was not seriously proposed in the last note—but pray reader, the reader of this, the only melo-drama ever intended to be read, just turn over any other you please, and you will there find the homage paid to the descriptive and expressive powers of music in the extraordinary claims made on its assistance. BISHOP (*our only dramatic composer!*) will, no doubt, be called on for the contribution of his aid towards the support of the RIVER-ROCK. Poor Bishop! that powers like his should be so “cabin'd, cribb'd, confined!” That he should be compelled to corrupt the very soul of his lyre, by infusing it into the rotting carcasses of “slaves,” “virgins of the sun,” and—“River-Rocks!” To your mettle, Bishop! Give your country an opera—let us have at least one which we may quote when an exulting foreigner asks us, “Who are your dramatic composers, and what have they done within these last twenty years?” Sing song, ding dong! I have much to say to Bishop, which shall be said hereafter. He requires to be roused—he wants a shake o' the elbow—and is worth it.

† Rather so, it must be allowed. But, without mystery, what would become of melo-dramas?

‡ This expedient, though, on the present occasion, a very obvious one, is somewhat hackneyed. Like “mystery,” perhaps, it is indispensable.

§ If any doughty caviller should perceive a disputable point in this assertion of Fell-

*Sanguino.* Good even, my children.

*Felltreeo. (Aside.)* Alas ! I have not always been what I seem.\*

*(Exit with Lubetta into the cottage.)*

*Sanguino.* Too plain he knows my secret—he must be disposed of.† Yet there is one he cannot know. *(Pointing towards the castle, and with a fiend-like laugh.)* There I defy the world itself to penetrate my mystery. *(Thunder and music—night comes on—he whistles—Hermit appears.)* Retire to the River-Rock ; there await my orders. *(Hermit disappears—music and lightning.)* 'Twill be a stormy night ; 'tis as I could wish. *(Hail, rain, wind, and music.)* 'Tis well, the storm increases.

*Poltroono. (Without.)* Holloa ! holloa !

*Sanguino.* Ha ! sure I'm not mistaken ! By hell, 'tis she ! What brings her here ? No matter ; she must be disposed of. And her companion too—the very foe !—'tis he !‡ Him 'twill be easy to dispatch. I will retire, and observe them.

*(Conceals himself behind a tree.)*

*Enter POLTROONO, leading in the BARONESS GLOOMDORFF.*

*Baroness.* Thank heaven, we are here at last.

*Poltroono.* Here ! and a pretty place it is : between you, and me, and the post,§ I don't like the appearance of it, my lady.

*Baroness.* Once more I charge you to conceal my rank. No longer I the Baroness Gloomdorff, but the unknown, simple Bonasilda.

*Sanguino.* 'Tis as I suspected.

*Poltroono. (Trembling.)* Bless me, what's that ?

*Baroness.* 'Twas but the wind.

*Poltroono.* Then the wind can talk, I suppose. I wish we had a flambeau, for it is as dark here as a dark entry.

*(Lightning.)*

*Baroness.* O happy flash ! I see a cottage.

*Poltroono.* I wish we could see the inside of it, for I'm as wet as a mop, and as uneasy as a fish out of water. I'll call : Holloa, house ! house ! I'm as hoarse as a raven.||

*Sanguino. (Coming forward.)* Why that bawling, and at this time o' night ?

*Poltroono.* You don't suppose I should bawl so at noon-day, do you ? Besides, if you were as hungry as a hunter, you'd bawl too. I don't like his looks.

*Baroness.* Silence, fool ; see'st thou not he is a holy hermit ? Father, shelter and a little food seek we.

treeo's, he is requested to send his objections, under cover, to the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE. But he is forewarned, that melo-dramatic moralists are cautious men, and never venture a sentiment which has not ages of experience to support it : thus they never trust themselves beyond " virtue is its own reward," " Heaven will protect the innocent," " mercy well becomes the brave," &c. &c. Their old school-copies cut up to great advantage.

\* More mystery ! the plot thickens. To speak out, this Felltreeo is neither more nor less than—but the reader shall enjoy the pleasure of the surprise in its appointed place.

† This phrase, according to Mr. George Robins, means to be sold—taken melo-dramatically, its signification is, to be stabbed, hanged, throttled or shot, as may best suit the convenience of the case. Numerous examples of it may be found in the first melo-drama that comes to hand.

‡ This is the common, but very ingenious mode of interesting the audience about certain *hes* and *shes*, without letting them into the secret of who those *hes* and *shes* may be.

§ This is a very fair—I had nearly said a flattering, specimen of melo-dramatic wit. It must be allowed, that the comic scenes of the melo-dramas hitherto acted are rather inferior to this ; indeed, they seldom attain even the degree of power of comic writing exhibited in " Virtue's Harvest Home," the five-act melo-drama, or comedy, given in the first number of the " BEAUTIES."

|| " There is nothing new under the sun ;" so said King Solomon. The similes used by modern melo-dramatic wits were rather the worse for wear even in his time. If the public cannot console themselves for the want of novelty by a reflection which carried consolation into the bosom of a king, and a wise one too, they must be hard to please.

**Sanguino.** (*Aside.*) The fates are propitious to my schemes: they'll fall an easy prey.—Let me entice—invite you, daughter, to my cell.

**Poltroono.** Entice! Did you mark that? I tremble like a leaf.

**Baroness.** Peace! the heavens will protect the innocent.

**Poltroono.** That's very well for you; but who will take care of me?

**Sanguino.** (*Leading them towards the wood.*) Silence, and follow me.

**Lubetta.** (*At the cottage window.*) Don't follow.

**Poltroono.** There, did you hear that?

**Sanguino.** Psha! 'twas but an echo.

**Poltroono.** "Follow," and "don't follow!" a queer sort of an echo. For my part, I'll take echo's advice.

*Enter LUBETTA.*

**Lubetta.** As 'tis far to the holy father's cell, perhaps you will prefer reposing in our cottage.

**Poltroono.** Indeed! don't be too sure of that.—I don't half like her looks.

**Baroness.** Willingly, fair stranger. Father, on your solitude intrude we will not.

**Sanguino.** As you please, daughter. (*Aside.*) Curse on her intrusion! but dearly shall she pay for this.

(*Exit into the wood. As he goes out, a paper drops from his girdle.*)

*Enter FELLTREEO.*

**Poltroono.** I'm glad we've got rid of that fellow. But who's this?—I don't like his looks.

**Lubetta.** 'Tis my dear father, come to give you welcome.

**Poltroono.** Her father! all of a kidney, no doubt.

**Felltreeo.** We are honest, though poor: nought to fear beneath our roof you'll find.

**Poltroono.** Good wine needs no bush.

**Felltreeo.** A chearful fire and a homely meal is all Felltreeo can afford you.  
(*Exit with Baroness and Lubetta into the cottage.*)

**Poltroono.** A homely meal! it shall be a hearty one too. (*Takes up the paper dropt by Sanguino.*) Paper! (*significantly.*) This may prove useful.  
(*Exit into the cottage.*)

**Scene II.—The interior of Felltreeo's Cottage.** FELLTREEO, BARONESS, LUBETTA, and POLTROONO, at supper. A lamp burning.

**Baroness.** Your story interests me. You say, it is fifteen years since the rightful baron of Gloomdorff was forcibly taken from his castle. (*Aside.*) Alas! too well I know all this!

**Felltreeo.** Aye, madam; and on that same fatal night, this peaceful territory first became the sojourn of a band of ruthless robbers. Their number is forty-one.

**Baroness.** The number also of the Hermits.

**Felltreeo.** Then, too, appeared these Hermits, who took possession of the River-Rock, to which unknown the entrance is to all except themselves. 'Tis said, they pass their nights in prayer and watching; but I suspect, since none return who thither go——

**Baroness.** Foul murder! and yet 'tis strange that still they thither hie.

**Felltreeo.** 'Tis so.\* The villagers oft have tracked them through the forest of blood; but their lives have ever paid the forfeit of their rashness.

**Poltroono.** If you suspect the Hermits, why not string them, when they come down to the village? †

**Felltreeo.** Why that, indeed, we might; but 'tis not done. ‡

\* I am quite of Felltreeo's opinion.

† This is so very sensible a question of Poltroono's, that, begging his pardon, one would take him for a fool. If all were done in a melo-drama that might be done, or that common sense would suggest as proper to be done, what becomes of plot, interest, surprise, &c.?

‡ There is your answer, Mr. Poltroono, and be satisfied with it.

*Baroness.* But the baron—was it e'er suspected into whose hands he fell?

*Felltreeo. (Aside.)* Her solicitude is extraordinary; too well I could inform her.—It ne'er has been discovered—but you appear agitated.

*Baroness. (With great emotion.)* But tell me; lives he still?

*Felltreeo.* He does—(checking himself,) at least I hope so. (*Music expressive of Felltreeo's hoping so.*)

*Baroness. (Aside.)* Should it be he! but then, that woodman's habit! Alas! delusive hope!

*Felltreeo. (Aside.)* Should it be she! But then that mean attire! Oh! 'tis impossible.\*

*Baroness.* Ha! I've an idea!†—I'll sing his favourite air—if it move him.—Woodman, to while away the time, I'll sing an air I once most fondly loved.

*Poltroono.* Thank'ee, Madam Bonasilda; for whenever I hear that air I sleep like a top! (*He falls asleep.*)

*Felltreeo.* Bonasilda! Alas! my hopes are flown.

*Baroness sings, and accompanies herself on the guitar.*

When first we fondly truly loved,  
We stray'd together side by side,  
Our passion was by friends approved,  
And Egbert swore to be my bride.‡

(*Here Felltreeo falls asleep.*)

*Lubetta. (Aside.)* That air! should it be! This will decide it. Oh! madam, prythee—for mercy's sake—on my knees I implore you—lend me the guitar.

*Lubetta sings.*

And years roll'd on, and Egbert's heart  
Was ever constant, ever kind;

(*The Baroness falls asleep.*)

And oft they swore they ne'er would part,  
Yet Cupid, oh! is painted——

*Lubetta falls asleep;—the guitar drops gently from her hand—a gust of wind is heard, which extinguishes the lamp. § Stage dark.*

A trap door is seen to open, through which rise SANGUINO and his forty followers. Their Hermits' cloaks are thrown open, and discover their robbers' costume. They appear, as is customary, in short jackets of dismal colours, brown half-boots, and naked legs; each wears a belt carrying several pistols, and a dagger of the length of a common roasting spit. As robbers, they have all shaggy black heads, and copper complexions—except BLOODMANDORFF and CUT-THROAT, who, as the most cruel, are sallow and red-haired. They each carry a dark lanthorn, and grope cautiously about the stage. One after another passes his lanthorn before the faces of the sleepers. (*Appropriate music.*)

*Sanguino.* 'Tis well; they sleep, and victory is certain.

*The Baroness moves—they all hide their lanthorns and bend in an attitude of prayer.*

\* By no means: nothing is impossible in a melo-drama, except that which is probable. This situation occurring at least once in every existing melo-drama, the reader is already convinced that Bonasilda is Felltreeo's wife; notwithstanding any doubts the noble and unfortunate wood-cutter himself may entertain on the subject.

† A very rare possession for a melo-dramatic personage! Her ladyship would do well to husband it carefully (if it really be an idea, which, as I never yet met with one in a melo-drama, I much doubt,) for she may be assured she will not be furnished with a second. In this kind of dramatic literature ideas are not "as plenty as blackberries."

‡ The style of this poetry would induce one to believe it was originally intended for a comic opera. The "Oh!" in the second verse, an evident imitation of Mr. Moore, and the anacreontic touch in the last line, are conclusive of its having been contributed by another hand. I think I could guess the author, one of the most devoted of the imitators of the Lyrist's Ohs! and Ahs!—often, however, putting them into wrong places.—Another reading satisfies me that the song is from an "ENGLISH OPERA."

§ A convenient gust of wind! This is in the best taste of melo-drama. All the dramatic personæ are asleep.—And the spectators?



**Cut-throat.** Shall we dispatch them, captain?

**Sanguino.** Ever for shedding blood, Cut-throat! Harm them not for your life; but, if they resist, then all your daggers in their bosoms.

**Bloodmandorff.** You are too humane.\*

*(Music. Several of the robbers take up the Baroness and Lubetta, and descend the trap with them; the rest follow.)*

**Sanguino.** Now, proud fair one, art thou in my power! Too late will Felltreeo repent his opposition to Sanguino. *(He descends the trap, which, in falling, awakes Felltreeo and Poltroono.)*

**Felltreeo.** Where is my child, my Lubetta?

**Poltroono.** Where my mistress, the Baroness Gloomdorff?

**Felltreeo.** Oh, then, 'twas she, my dear, my long lost wife!

**Poltroono.** Your wife! Yes, it must be he! my honour'd, long lost master! *(Falls at his feet—music.)*

**Felltreeo.** Yes, the rightful Baron of Gloomdorff, beneath these homely garments cautiously disguised. But 'tis no time for parley. If, as I suspect—ha! what means this? *(Takes up a lanthorn left by one of the robbers.)* 'Tis but too certain—it bears Sanguino's name! Captives in the River-Rock, then are they lost indeed! Its entrance all unknown, no mortal power can save them.

**Poltroono.** For virtue in distress there's always hope.—'Tis well remembered—the paper!—*(Takes from his pocket the paper dropt by Sanguino.)* O, horror! read here!

**Felltreeo.** My blood freezes while I read *(reads)*; “Annual statement of the victims murdered by the Crimson Hermits, corrected to the 31st December.” O bloody record! *(turns the leaf,)* “Total, nine hundred and thirty-seven.”

**Poltroono.** And see too! *(reads)*; “Errors excepted—signed—Cut-throat.”

**Felltreeo.** The ruthless emissary of Sanguino.

**Poltroono.** And, seemingly, his accountant-general too.

**Felltreeo.** But see what follows! *(reads)*; “The only entrance to the River-Rock is beneath the northern tower of the castle of Gloomdorff.”

**Poltroono.** And further—“To gain the River-Rock the castle must be first secured.”

**Felltreeo.** And further—a plan of the fortifications.

**Poltroono.** And further—their weakest points indicated.

**Felltreeo.** And further—when it may most successfully be attacked. The heavens are propitious! O happy paper! † But here come our friends.

*Enter the Male Villagers.*

Now to the attack—follow me—we'll rescue them or die.

**Poltroono.** But hold, we are unarmed.

**Felltreeo.** Alas! 'tis true! then all again is hopelessness and despair.

**Poltroono.** *(Perceiving several pistols and swords left by the robbers.)* Ha! what have we here!

\* The kind-hearted soul! These conflicts between cruelty and humanity are to be found in all the pieces of this nature. They beget a sort of interest in favour of banditti on the part of the spectators, and serve to hint that, here and there, may be found a generous assassin, who does not kill for the mere pleasure of killing.

† Happy paper, indeed.—The property-man went one night to old Philip Astley, and, with a long face, informed him, that he had no white paper left to make snow with, and desired his instructions how to act under so embarrassing a circumstance. Astley, who (like the makers of the River-Rock) knew that when you cannot do as you will you must do as you can, was immediately ready with an expedient, and replied:—“Well, well, well, what do you stand there for? if you have no white to snow, you must snow brown.” A captious critic might, perhaps, reproach Sanguino with indiscretion, for committing such important information to paper, and with extraordinary stupidity for not taking better care of it. But the entrance to the Rock being, as Felltreeo says, “all unknown,” I beg Mr. Critic to suggest some more probable way of getting at it, if he can. Melodrama-makers, whose business it is to get their personages into very wonderful scrapes, must find some very wonderful means of getting them out again, and, to this end—they snow all the colours of the rainbow.

*Felltreeo*. A box of cartridges too! \* Sure the heavens smile on us (*They all arm themselves.*) But let us kneel in gratitude. (*They kneel—music.*) Now, brave companions, 'tis lovely woman in distress! we'll rescue them, or perish in the attempt!

GRAND CHORUS. †

To the River-Rock we fly,  
There to conquer or to die;  
The valiant-brave with courage dies,  
When lovely beauty is the prize!  
Then march, and onward, forward press,  
'Tis female woman in distress.

(*Exeunt, brandishing their swords.*)

[It was intended merely to give a specimen, by a scene or two, of this delightful and interesting production, as has been done of others; but having, doubtless, awakened in the reader a deep anxiety as to the fate of the personages concerned, it would be inhuman not to relieve it. Were the entire piece to be given, other authors, from whom but limited extracts have been made, might be jealous (and justly jealous) of so marked a distinction. At once to avoid a proceeding so offensive, and to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, a rapid outline of the remaining *business* of the RIVER-ROCK is annexed.]

*Scene III*—Is what may be called a scene *of course*; a scene containing the usual and indispensable business of melo-drama. It is night, and, *of course*, it thunders and lightens. *Felltreeo* and *Poltroono* enter. In the *last* scene they declared they would go and rescue the ladies, or perish in the attempt; and *this* is ingeniously contrived to show that they are going. Having said a few words to convince the audience that their valour and determination are in a flourishing condition, they quit the scene. Scarcely have they turned their backs, when, *of course*, banditti appear. *Of course* they stride cautiously, and on tiptoe, across the stage; they place their ears to the ground, *of course*, and, *of course*, hear footsteps; *of course* they brandish their long daggers; swear, *of course*, that *Felltreeo* shall not escape them; but, this time, *of course*, he does.

*Scene IV*—Presents a view of the banqueting-hall of *Gloomdorff* castle. The usurper and his forty knights, attired in splendid habits, are seated at a table, on which is placed a sumptuous repast. The usurper on a throne at the upper end—on each side of him stands a vacant chair—soft music heard—the usurper exclaims, “Ha! they come!” The Baroness, *Lubetta*, and forty female villagers, in splendid dresses, are ushered in:—they fancy they recognise the features of the usurper—not sure—throw out a cunning question, relative to the *Crimson Hermits*—no answer—the Baroness (*aside*) exclaims, “’Tis strange!” The Baroness and *Lubetta* are placed one on each side of the usurper—he pleads his passion to them (usurpers, and melo-dramatic tyrants, are allowed to make love to two at a time,) as does each of the knights to a villager. Their suit is, *of course*, rejected:—refreshments are offered by little girls in picturesque attitudes—the refreshments, like the suit of the usurper and his “myrmidons,” as the Baroness emphatically terms them, is rejected.—(Melodramatic heroines never eat.)—The usurper, under the influence of the tender passion, is outrageously amiable,

\* The robbers not only leave their arms behind them, but ammunition too! *Felltreeo* may well exclaim, “The heavens smile on us!” But how else would you arm two-and-forty men in a little village, at midnight?—Besides, the effect!—stage-effect!

† The reader will not be insensible to the exquisite poetry of this chorus. It is unequalled by any thing, of similar length, in the language, except, perhaps, the following ballad:

Sons of freedom! hear my story:  
Mercy well becomes the brave;  
Humanity is Britain's glory;  
Then pity and protect the SLAVE.

There's the whole of the story, and a very interesting one it is! Come ye writers of comic operas, look to your great models!

and roars his vows of affection "like any sucking dove:"—he orders a grand ballet to be performed, expressly, as he says, "to please the eye of beauty;" but greatly distracts its attention by his obstinate perseverance in his courtship. The Baroness, very naturally, pleads her virtue; Lubetta, her innocence, and, once or twice exclaims, "O, my dear father!" The usurper, finding his delicate attentions utterly disregarded, becomes enraged.—*Music*—"Like master like man:"—all the knights, throughout this scene, appear affected by the same sentiments and passions as the usurper, and precisely at the same instant; so that when he stamps and frowns with rage and disappointment, they all stamp and frown with rage and disappointment. The dancers are ordered to retire—the usurper threatens vengeance;—the ladies, after a short consultation, agree to trust to Providence (finding that nothing else remains to be done), whereupon, they are all conveyed to the River-Rock, there to receive instant death.—Thus endeth the first act.

#### ACT THE SECOND.

*Scene I*—Opens with a chorus of villagers, who again swear to conquer or die, with their long-lost new-found Lord (Felltreeo,) the rightful Baron of Gloomdorff. The spectators are now informed, that on the previous night, each of the party had suffered the loss of a young and beautiful female; and, it further appears, that the Crimson Hermits are the cause of their absence. In proof of this we have the united testimony of the forty villagers, who had each found, in their deserted apartment, as Felltreeo had done in his, a dark lanthorn, bearing the name of Sanguino. The means of their sudden and secret removal does not long remain a mystery; for Poltroono, on a more careful examination of the fortunate paper, so opportunely lost and found in the first act, discovers, in a *nota-bene*, that there are subterraneous passages communicating between the River-Rock and every one of the cottages on the territory: the whole being thus in the power of those abominable Crimson Hermits. This is highly *melo-dramatic*. The Baron had previously called his saint to witness that his rage was at its height—he now begs him to take notice that it is considerably higher—but, anxious to spare the effusion of blood (meaning thereby his own and that of his party, for he vows to kill as many Hermits as he can conveniently lay hands on), he proposes to take the castle by surprise; and, to that end, he and his followers assume the novel disguise of Minstrels. By one of those *singular* instances of good fortune, not uncommon in *melo-dramas*, it happens that they have each such a disguise about them; and, forthwith, they adopt them. All this passes under the very walls of the castle, which (so luck would have it) is unguarded at the time. The Baron (Felltreeo), being an excellent marksman, takes his cross-bow, and splits a link in each of the main-chains which support the draw-bridge; it falls with a tremendous crash, which, fortunately, is not heard in the castle, and, a third time swearing to conquer or die, the heroes enter.\*

*Scene II*—Discovers the usurper, in the council-hall of the castle, holding consultation dire with his followers.—The Baron and his party, concealed behind the columns, are listening. The Baroness and Lubetta, together with all the females confined in the River-Rock, being unanimously convicted of "Virtue" by the assembly, it is determined that they shall instantly be put to death—"be disposed of" is the formula of the sentence. The Baron, whose horror upon this occasion is more to be commended than his prudence, exclaims, "Blood-thirsty villains!" He and his party are discovered, and a battle is about to ensue; when, finding that on putting on their minstrel disguises (in the last scene) they had somehow or other mislaid their arms, they surrender to the usurper at discretion. The tyrant indicates no disposition towards using his advantage generously, and exclaiming, "Now art thou in my power," orders them all to the River-Rock, also to "be disposed of;" but adds (for some unexplained reason,

\* The incident of the cross-bow is novel; but not more remarkable for boldness and vigour of invention than hundreds of others which we have hitherto seen, or are yet to see, in *melo-dramas*.

or, which is as likely, for no reason at all), "at more convenient time." Poltroono, by having ingeniously contrived to assume the dress worn by the usurping party, and by mingling with them, alone escapes this decree.

The third and last scene exhibits the interior of the River-Rock, an appalling combination of every thing that has ever appeared, or been described, as an appendage to the cave of banditti. The ladies are chained to projections of the rock on one side—the gentlemen on the other; and, by a refinement of cruelty, which none but so melo-dramatic a villain as the usurper could have contrived, the chains are just one inch too short to allow of the opposite sufferers embracing, which, undoubtedly, would somewhat have consoled them in their forlorn position. The Baron and Baroness distinctly recognise each other as man and wife, and Lubetta as their daughter; and eulogize the power of the voice of nature which whispered something to this effect at their first interview. Here follows a scene of heart-rending distress, which is interrupted by the arrival of the usurper and his followers, among whom is Poltroono. The tyrant threatens, the Baron defies; but in order at once to strike terror into the latter and his friends, at a signal given, the villains throw open their splendid habits, and discover themselves as the Crimson Hermits!—A crash of music—general start—exclamation—and a *tableau général*.<sup>\*</sup> At a second signal the Hermits are converted into banditti, and a similar succession of crash, start, &c. is the consequence. But here Poltroono's danger is imminent. Unprepared for this manœuvre, he retains his splendid dress as one of the usurper's knights. This excites suspicion, and he is ordered to "be disposed of;" but the tyrant—Baron—Hermit—robber, unwilling too hastily to diminish his numbers, devises a mode of proving whether Poltroono be really one of his band or an intruder, which creates a beautiful interest.† The number of the banditti, including Sanguino himself, is forty-one—he ranges them in line—he proceeds to count them, to appropriate music—all appears to be lost—he begins with the nearest man, and ends with Poltroono, exclaiming, "forty-one: 'tis well!" Most miraculously he omits to take himself into the account, and more miraculously no one reminds him of the omission. Poltroono is saved, and, fortunately, left alone to guard the prisoners. Sanguino and his "myrmidons," after drinking, and brandishing their daggers at their intended victims, sing a chorus, the burthen of which is,

Plunder, blood, and generous wine!

and go out on their nightly business of depredation. Poltroono now, *of course*, discovers himself; *of course*, he releases his friends; *of course*, one of the robbers returns for something he needs not have left behind him; *of course*, he spreads an alarm; *of course*, the Baron and his party arm themselves; *of course*, the banditti return; *of course*, a desperate battle ensues, and Poltroono, all coward as he was thought to be, *of course*, performs prodigies of valour. Each of the ladies, instead of getting out of the way of danger, *of course*, places herself between the two furious combatants, for the purpose, *of course*, of letting them strike at each other over her head, and across her bosom; *of course*, without the slightest injury to her. The Baron and his party are, *of course*, all but defeated; when Poltroono, rushing to the magazine, on which is inscribed, in large characters, PATENT DISCRIMINATING GUNPOWDER, and thrusting a lighted torch into it, an explosion takes place, by which the guilty are blown into millions of atoms, while the innocent remain unhurt. The Baron and his friends come forward, bearing the affrighted females in their arms; they kneel amidst the falling fragments of rock and robbers, and thus concludes this master-piece of the melo-dramatic art, "THE RIVER-ROCK; or, THE CRIMSON HERMITS."

And now, reader, in return for the delight which the perusal of this

\* These words prove that part of this piece is "taken out" of the French: the inadvertence of the *translating carpenter*, or, perhaps, his inability to "put" the phrase "into" English, has left this little patch of the original sticking to his text. This, however, is a common occurrence.

† Nothing would be easier than to look in his face, and thus the question would be settled at once;—but no, that would be common, and un-(*melo*)-dramatic.

charming work has afforded you, I beg that the first time you see announced for performance, at either of the ROYAL, PATENT, LEGITIMATE, NATIONAL THEATRES, a kindred composition, whether it be new or old, you will contribute your mite to the preservation and amendment of the public taste, by lending it your support; but at the same time, I intreat you will candidly acknowledge whatever obligations you may perceive due from it to the RIVER-ROCK, in respect either of plot, incident, character, or dialogue.

P.\*

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CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

*Lives of the Poets.*

No. V.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH WARTON.

THE Memoirs of Joseph Warton, by Dr. Wooll, the present Headmaster of Rugby school, is a book which, although it contains a faithful representation of his life and character by one who had been his pupil, and though it is enriched with a collection of letters between some of the men most distinguished in literature during his time, is yet so much less known than it deserves, that in speaking of it to Mr. Hayley, who had been intimate with Warton, and to whom some of the letters are addressed, I found him ignorant of its contents. It will supply me with much of what I have to relate concerning the subject of it.

There is no instance in this country of two brothers having been equally celebrated for their skill in poetry with Joseph and Thomas Warton. What has been already told of the parentage of the one renders it unnecessary to say more in this respect of the other. He was born at Dunsfold, in Surrey, under the roof of his maternal grandfather, in the beginning of 1722. Like his brother, he experienced the care of an affectionate parent, who did the utmost his scanty means would allow to educate them both as scholars; but with this difference, that Joseph being three-and-twenty years old at the time of Mr. Warton's decease, whereas Thomas was but seventeen, was more capable of appreciating, as it deserved, the tenderness of such a father. To what has been before said of this estimable man, I have to add, that his poems, of which I had once a cursory view, appeared to me

to merit more notice than they have obtained; and that his version of Fracastorio's pathetic lamentation on the death of his two sons particularly engaged my attention. *Suavis adeo poeta ac doctus*, is the testimony borne to him by one† who will himself have higher claims of the same kind on posterity.

Having been some time at New College school, but principally taught by his father till he was fourteen years old, Joseph was then admitted on the foundation of Winchester, under Dr. Sandby. Here, together with two of his school-fellows, of whom Collins was one, he became a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine. Johnson, who then assisted in editing that miscellany, had sagacity enough to distinguish, from the rest, a few lines that were sent by Collins, which, though not remarkable for excellence, ought now to take their place among his other poems.

In 1740, Warton being superannuated at Winchester, was entered of Oriel College, Oxford; and taking his bachelor's degree, in 1744, was ordained to his father's curacy at Basingstoke. Having lost his father about a year after, he removed to the curacy of Chelsea, in February, 1746. Near this time, I suppose a letter, that is without date of time or place, to have been written to his brother. As it informs us of some particulars relating to Collins, of whom it is to be wished that more were known, I am tempted to transcribe it.

DEAR TOM,—You will wonder to see my name in an advertisement next week,

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† Mr. Crowe, in one of his Crewian Orations.



so I thought I would apprise you of it. The case was this. Collins met me in Surrey, at Guildford races, when I wrote out for him my Odes, and he likewise communicated some of his to me : and being both in very high spirits, we took courage, resolved to join our forces, and to publish them immediately. I flatter myself, that I shall lose no honour by this publication, because I believe these Odes, as they now stand, are infinitely the best things I ever wrote. You will see a very pretty one of Collins's, on the Death of Colonel Ross before Tournay. It is addressed to a lady who was Ross's intimate acquaintance, and who, by the way, is Miss Bett Goddard. Collins is not to publish the Odes unless he gets ten guineas for them.

I returned from Milford last night, where I left Collins with my mother and sister, and he sets out to-day for London. I must now tell you, that I have sent him your imitation of Horace's Blandusian Fountain, to be printed amongst ours, and which you shall own or not as you think proper. I would not have done this without your consent but because I think it very poetically and correctly done, and will get you honour.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will let me know what the Oxford critics say. Adieu, dear Tom.

I am your most affectionate brother,

J. WARTON.

On this Dr. Wooll founds a conjecture, that Warton published a volume of poems conjointly with his brother and Collins ; but adds, that after a diligent search he had not been able to discover it. I think it more likely that the design was abandoned. However this may be, it is certain that he himself published a volume of Odes in 1746, of which, as I learn from a note to the present Bishop of Killaloe's verses to his memory, a second edition appeared in the following year. To complete his recovery from the small-pox, which he had taken at Chelsea, he went, in May 1746, to Chobham ; and then, after officiating for a few months at Chawton and Droxford, returned to his first curacy of Basingstoke. In the next year he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Wynslade, by which preferment he was enabled immediately to marry a young lady in that neighbourhood, of the name of Daman, to whom he had been long attached. Of the country adjacent to Wynslade, Thomas Warton has given a very pleasing

description in one of his sonnets, and in an "Ode sent to a friend on his leaving a favourite village in Hampshire." Both were written on the occasion of his brother's absence, who had gone in the train of the Duke of Bolton to France. One motive, on which he went, would not now be thought quite creditable to a clergyman. It was that he might be at hand to join the Duke in marriage to his mistress, as soon as the Duchess, who was far gone in a dropsy, should be no more. Warton set out reluctantly, but with the hope that he might benefit his family by compliance. He had not been away five months, when the impatience for home came on him so strongly, that he quitted Montauban, where the Duke was residing, and made his way towards England by such conveyances as he could meet with ; at one time in a courier's cart ; at another, in the company of carriers who were travelling in Brittany. Thus he scrambled on to Bourdeaux, and till he reached St. Malo's, where he took ship and landed at Southampton. When he had been returned a month the Duchess died. He then asked permission to go back, and perform the marriage ceremony ; but the chaplain of the embassy at Turin was already on his way for that purpose.

He was now once more at Wynslade, restored to a domestic life, and the uninterrupted pursuit of his studies. Before going abroad, he had published (in 1749) his Ode on West's translation of Pindar ; and after his return, employed himself in writing papers, chiefly on subjects of criticism, for the *Adventurer*, and in preparing for the press an edition of Virgil, which (in 1753) he published, together with Pitt's translation of the *Æneid*, his own of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, his notes on the whole, and several essays. The book has been found useful for schools ; and was thought at the time to do him so much credit, that it obtained for him the degree of Master of Arts by diploma from the university of Oxford, and no doubt was instrumental in recommending him to the place of second master of Winchester School, to which he was appointed in 1755. In the meantime he had been presented by the Jervoise family to the



rectory of Timworth; and resided for a short time at that place.

In 1756, appeared the first volume of his *Essay on the genius and writings of Pope*, dedicated to Young. The name of the author was to have been concealed, but he does not seem to have kept his own secret very carefully, for it was immediately spoken of as his by Akenside, Johnson, and Dr. Birch. The second volume did not follow till after an interval of twenty-six years. The information contained in this essay, which is better known than his other writings; is such as the recollection of a scholar, conversant in polite literature, might easily have supplied. He does not, like his brother, ransack the stores of antiquity for what has been forgotten but deserves to be recalled; nor, like Hurd, exercise, on common materials, a refinement that gives the air of novelty to that with which we have been long familiar. He relaxes, as Johnson said of him, the brow of criticism into a smile. Though no longer in his desk and gown, he is still the benevolent and condescending instructor of youth; a writer, more capable of amusing and tempting onwards, by some pleasant anticipations, one who is a novice in letters, than of satisfying the demands of those already initiated. He deserves some praise for having been one of the first who attempted to moderate the extravagant admiration for Pope, whom he considered as the poet of reason rather than of fancy; and to disengage us from the trammels of the French school. Some of those who followed have ventured much further, with success; but it was something to have broken the ice. I do not know that he published any thing else while he remained at Winchester, except \* an edition of Sir Philip Sydney's *Defence of Poesy*, and *Observations on Eloquence and Poetry from the Discoveries of Ben Jonson*, in 1787. His literary exertions, and the attention he paid to the duties of his school, did not go unrewarded. In 1766 he was advanced to the Head-mastership of Winchester, and took his two degrees in divinity; in 1782, Bishop Lowth gave him a prebend of St. Paul's and the rectory of Chorley, which he

was allowed to exchange for Wickham, in Hants; in 1788, through the intervention of Lord Shannon with Mr. Pitt, he obtained a prebend of Winchester; and soon after, at the solicitation of Lord Malmesbury, was presented by the Bishop of that diocese to the rectory of Easton, which, in the course of a twelve-month, he exchanged for Upham.

In his domestic relations, he enjoyed as much happiness as prudence and affection could ensure him; but not unembittered by those disastrous accidents to which every father of a family is exposed. Some years after his marriage (1768) his letters to his brother discover him struggling under his anguish for the loss of a favourite daughter, who had died under inoculation, but striving to conceal his feelings for the sake of a wife whom he tenderly loved. In 1772, this wife was also taken from him, leaving him with six children. His second son, Thomas, fellow of New College, a man on whom the poetic spirit of the Wartons had descended, was found by him, one day when he returned from the college prayers, sitting in the chair in which he had left him after dinner, without life. It was the termination of a disease under which he had long laboured. This happened in 1786; and before he had space to recover the blow, in four years after, his brother died. In 1773, he had solaced himself by a second marriage with Miss Nicholas, the daughter of Robert Nicholas, Esq. In both his matrimonial connexions, his sister described him as having been eminently fortunate.

The latter part of his life was spent in retirement and tranquillity. In 1793, he resigned the mastership of Winchester, and settled himself on his living of Wickham. He had intended to finish his brother's *History of English Poetry*, which wanted another volume to complete it; and might now have found time enough to accomplish the task. But an obstacle presented itself, by which it is likely that he was discouraged from proceeding. The description given by Daniel Prince, a respectable old bookseller at Oxford, of the state in which his brother's rooms were found at his decease, and of the fate that

\* Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix.

beset his manuscripts and his property, may be edifying to some future fellow of a college, who shall employ himself in similar pursuits.\* "Poor Thomas Warton's papers were in a sad litter, and his brother Joe has made matters worse by confusedly cramming all together, sending them to Winchester, &c. Mr. Warton could not give so much as his old clothes; his very shoes, stockings, and wigs, laid about in abundance. Where could his money go? It must lay in paper among his papers, or be laid in a book; he could not, nor did not spend it; and his brother, on that score, is greatly disappointed."

A republication of Pope's Works, with notes, offered him an easier occupation than the digesting of those scattered materials for the History of Poetry which he had thus assisted in disarranging. He was probably glad to escape from inaction, and set himself to parcel out his Essay into comments for this edition; which, in 1797, was published in nine volumes. His indiscretion, in adding to it some of Pope's productions which had been before excluded, has been most bitterly censured. That it would have been better to let them remain where they were can scarcely be questioned. But I should be more willing to regard the insertion of them as proof of his own simplicity, in suspecting no harm from what he had himself found to be harmless, than of any design to communicate injury to others. A long life, passed without blame, and in the faithful discharge of arduous duties, ought to have secured him from this misconstruction at its close. After all, the pieces objected to are such as are more offensive to good manners than dangerous to morality. There are some other of Pope's writings, more likely to inflame the passions, which yet no one scruples to read; and Dr. Wooll has suggested that it was inconsistent to set up the writer as a teacher of virtue, and in the same breath to condemn his editor as a pander to vice.

He bestowed on his censurers no more consideration than they deserved, and went on to prepare an

edition of Dryden for the press. Two volumes, with his notes, were completed, when his labours were finally broken off by a painful disease. His malady was an affection of the kidneys, which continued to harass him for some months, and ended in a fatal paralysis on the twenty-third of February, 1800, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He was interred in the cathedral at Winchester, where, by the contributions of his former scholars, a monument, executed by Mr. Flaxman, was raised to his memory, of a design so elegant, as the tomb of a poet has not often been honoured with. It is inscribed with the following epitaph.

H. S. E.  
Josephus Warton, S. T. P.  
Hujus Ecclesie  
Prebendarius:  
Scolæ Wintoniensis  
Per annos fere triginta  
Informator:  
Poeta servidus, facillia, expolitus:  
Criticus eruditus, perspicax, elegans:  
Obiit XXIII<sup>o</sup>. Feb. M.D.CCC.  
Ætat. LXXVIII.  
Hoc quaecunque  
Pietatis monumentum  
Præceptori optimo,  
Desideratissimo,  
Wilemici sui  
P. C.

In the frankness of his disposition he appears to have resembled his brother, but with more liveliness and more love of general society. I have heard, that in the carelessness of colloquial freedom, he was apt to commit himself by hasty and undigested observations. As he did not aim at being very oracular himself, so he was unusually tolerant of ignorance in others. Of this, a diverting instance is recorded by Dr. Wooll: meeting in company with a lady who was a kinswoman of Pope's, he eagerly availed himself of the occasion offered for learning some new particulars concerning one by whom so much of his time and thoughts had been engaged. "Pray, Sir," began the lady, "did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?" "Yes, Madam;" was the reply. "They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?" was the next question. "I never heard but of one attempt, Madam;" said Warton, beginning perhaps to expect some discovery, when his

hopes were suddenly crushed by an "Oh! no," from the lady, "I beg your pardon, Sir. That was Mr. Shakspeare. I always confound them." He had the good breeding to conceal his disappointment, and to take a courteous leave of the kinswoman of Pope.

He was regarded with great affection by those whom he had educated. The opinions of a man so long experienced in the characters of children, and in the best methods of instruction, are on these subjects entitled to much notice. "He knew," says his biographer and pupil, "that the human mind developed itself progressively, but not always in the same consistent degrees, or at periods uniformly similar. He conjectured, therefore, that the most probable method of ensuring some valuable improvement to the generality of boys was not to exact what the generality are incapable of performing. As a remedy for inaccurate construction, arising either from apparent idleness or inability, he highly approved, and sedulously imposed, translation. Modesty, timidity, or many other constitutional impediments, may prevent a boy from displaying before his master, and in the front of his class, those talents of which privacy, and a relief from these embarrassments, will often give proof. These sentiments were confirmed by that most infallible test, experience; as he declared (within a few years of his death) that "the best scholars he had sent into the world were those whom, whilst second master, he had thus habituated to translation, and given a capacity of comparing and associating the idiom of the dead languages with their own."

It is pleasant to observe the impression which men, who have engrossed to themselves the attention of posterity, have made on one another, when chance has brought them together. Of Mason, whom he fell in with at York, he tells his brother, that "he is the most easy, best natured, agreeable man he ever met with." In the next year, he met with Goldsmith, and observed of him "that of all solemn coxcombs, he was the first, yet sensible; and that he affected to use Johnson's hard words in conversation."

Soon after the first volume of his

Essay on Pope had been published, Lyttleton, then newly raised to the peerage, gave him his scarf, and submitted some of his writings, before they were printed, to his inspection.

Harris the author of *Hermes*, and Lowth, were others in whose friendship he might justly have prided himself.

He was one of the few that did not shrink from a collision with Johnson; who could so ill endure a shock of this kind, that on one occasion he cried out impatiently, "Sir, I am not used to contradiction." "It would be better for yourself and your friends, Sir, if you were;" was the natural retort. Their common friends interfered, to prevent a ruder altercation.

Like Johnson, he delighted in London, where he regularly indulged himself by passing the holidays at Christmas. His fondness for every thing relating to a military life was a propensity that he shared with his brother; and while the one might have been seen following a drum and fife at Oxford, the other, by the sprightliness of his conversation, had drawn a circle of red coats about him at the St. James's Coffee House, where he frequently breakfasted. Both of them were members of the Literary Club set on foot by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This gaiety of temper did not hinder him from discharging his clerical office in a becoming manner. "His style of preaching," we are told by Dr. Wooll, "was unaffectedly earnest and impressive; and the dignified solemnity with which he read the Liturgy, particularly the Communion Service, was remarkably awful."

His reputation as a critic and a scholar has preserved his poetry from neglect. Of his Odes, that to *Fancy*, written when he was very young, is one that least disappoints us by a want of poetic feeling. Yet if we compare it with that by Collins, on the *Poetical Character*, we shall see of how much higher beauty the same subject was capable. In the Ode to *Evening*, he has again tried his strength with Collins. There are some images of rural life in it that have the appearance of being drawn from nature, and which therefore please.

Hail, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,  
 Whose soft approach the weary woodman  
   loves,  
 As homeward bent to kiss his prattling  
   babes,  
 He jocund whistles through the twilight  
   groves.

•   •   •   •   •  
 •   •   •   •   •

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks re-  
   pair,  
 Light skims the swallow o'er the watery  
   scene,  
 And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-fur-  
   row'd field,  
 Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the  
   green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,  
 His nibbling sheep and lengthening sha-  
   dow spies;  
 Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful  
   hour,  
 And the hoarse hummings of unnumber'd  
   flies.

But these pretty stanzas are inter-  
 rupted by the mention of Phœbus, the  
 Dryads, old Sylvan, and Pan. The  
 Ode to Content is in the same metre  
 as his school-fellow's Ode to Even-  
 ing; but in the numbers, it is very  
 inferior both to that and to Mrs. Bar-  
 bauld's Ode to Spring.

In his *Dying Indian*, he has pro-  
 duced a few lines of extraordinary  
 force and pathos. The rest of his  
 poems, in blank verse, are for the  
 most part of an indifferent structure.

In his *Translations from Virgil*, he  
 will probably be found to excel Dry-  
 den as much in correctness, as he  
 falls short of him in animation and  
 harmony.

When his Odes were first publish-  
 ed, Gray perceived the author to be  
 devoid of invention, but praised him  
 for a very poetical choice of expres-  
 sion, and for a good ear, and even  
 thus perhaps a little over-rated his  
 powers. But our lyric poetry was  
 not then what it has since been made  
 by Gray himself, the younger War-  
 ton, Mason, Russell, and one or two  
 writers now living.

If he had enjoyed more leisure, it  
 is probable that he might have writ-  
 ten better; for he was solicitous not  
 to lose any distinction to be acquired  
 by his poetry; and took care to re-  
 claim a copy of humorous verses,  
 entitled, an *Epistle from Thomas*  
*Hearne*, which had been attributed  
 by mistake to his brother, among  
 whose poems it is still printed.

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## THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

*John Keats*

————— Methought I saw  
 Life swiftly treading over endless space;  
 And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,  
 The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,  
 Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently  
 On the dead waters of that passionless sea,  
 Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath:  
 Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,  
 Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings  
 On crowded carcasses—sad passive things  
 That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil  
 Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep  
 Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,  
 How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair  
 On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were  
 Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse!  
 And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,  
 Meekly apart, as if the soul intense  
 Spake out in dreams of its own innocence:  
 And so they lay in loveliness, and kept  
 The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept

## THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Thy spell is o'er me cast, thy visions round me cling.

Whence, and what art thou? I have felt thy power  
 When my soul wish'd not for thee. I have sought,  
 And found thee not. In life's aspiring hour,  
 Courted and worship'd, to my youthful thought  
 No utterance thou gavest. I had wrought  
 The chaplet for my fair one; I had strung  
 The rosary of hope, and love had taught  
 My heart love's rhetoric; yet never hung  
 Thy charm upon my lips, thy numbers on my tongue.

I courted thee no longer, for the tomb  
 Made havoc of my hopes, and I became  
 The sport and prey of sorrow; but in gloom  
 And solitude, in misery and shame,  
 In every feeling that unnerves the frame,  
 Thy impulse was upon me: then arose  
 My first and rude attempt; then didst thou claim  
 Thy long rejected suppliant, and disclose  
 In simple humble strain the descant of his woes.

Eliza's! my Eliza's! there she lay,  
 And there I laid me silent and alone;  
 There knelt, there wept, upon the senseless clay  
 There call'd in low and suffocating tone.  
 Is grief forbidden? Did my feeble moan  
 Disturb her, that they tore me from her side?  
 Eliza lay beneath that lonely stone,  
 And I but wish'd to rest me by my bride:  
 Why was that boon withheld,—my only wish denied?

They bade me bear my sorrows. I did strive  
 And grapple with calamity and death;  
 Became but as the form of one alive,  
 The semblance of a man. I drew my breath  
 Like one, to whom the insulting foeman saith,  
 "Lo! thy last moment;" but anon my brain  
 Grew torpid as the child's that slumbereth:  
 Anon, 'twas fire and madness, and again  
 Thy spell was on my soul in wild impassion'd strain.

I shook thee off, and to the brawling stream,  
 The silent glen, I hurried me away.  
 I fought with fate, for on my troubled dream  
 The past return'd in agony: thy sway  
 Relax'd not, till at last the cheerful day  
 Was as the night; one dread unearthly hue  
 Came on the face of all things, and I lay  
 Full in thy presence. Was that vision true?  
 Didst thou possess the mind, or madness cheat the view?

I know not, and I care not. There is joy  
 In deep delusion: wherefore should the wise  
 Recall my thoughts to truth's severe annoy,  
 And hold her painful mirror to my eyes?  
 As dear to me as aught I now may prize,  
 Each visionary gleam or touch of thine,  
 All idle fancies that unbidden rise.  
 As dear to me as aught that can be mine,  
 The wild and wand'ring thought, the rude and untaught line.

I will not, cannot fly thee; thou must be  
 As present on the full and noisy mart,  
 As in the desert; upon plain or sea,  
 On wold or mountain, of myself be part.  
 I cannot fly thee: round this wither'd heart  
 Cling, if thou wilt, but spare thy wearied slave:  
 Exert thy nobler power, thy gentler art;  
 Bid the vain world resume whate'er it gave,  
 But speak of brighter hopes, of bliss beyond the grave.

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## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VII.

WE left Leghorn with a gentle breeze, and we sat on deck enjoying ourselves as the vessel glided smoothly under the Cape Monte Nero, on whose brow is the celebrated church la Madonna di Monte Nero, for a long time enriched and hemiracled by the ignorant seamen in those seas. Few Italian ships sail past the hill without

saluting our Lady of Monte Nero; our crew, however, took no notice of her ladyship: she was too far from their homes to be entitled to any particular reverence. The reputation of few shrines reaches twenty miles; every town in Italy has a saint and a shrine of its own, both of which are objects of little considera-



tion at twenty miles distance. The greater saints are not much better off than the lesser. Santa Rosalia, for example, is no better than she should be at Naples, and San Gennaro is an old rogue at Milan; while San Carlo of Borromeo is treated in turn with equal disrespect at Naples and in Sicily. We went to bed at a late hour, and before morning we were roused by the violent pitching of the vessel; on going upon deck, we found the wind high, and the sea rolling heavily: the island of Elba lay close under our bows; it frowned darkly through the twilight, and was covered with clouds. We soon found it was our courageous captain's determination to take refuge here, and in half an hour we came to anchor in Porto Ferrajo. On landing we found a curious poor little town, and were surrounded by a strange, wild looking, fishy set of people; we managed, however, to get an excellent breakfast of goats' milk and broiled fowl, after which a soldier conducted us to a house which Buonaparte inhabited during his stay here. We found it finely situated on a little eminence commanding a pleasant view of the neighbouring coast of Tuscany; in the outer hall we saw the door-posts and window-frames scratched with the names of his soldiers and attendants. From the house we were taken to a little place hard by, which he had converted into a theatre; we saw two little forts that he erected during his stay here, and were told that he had opened an iron mine, which now yielded more ore than any of the others. Buonaparte could certainly have had no intention of remaining here, and must have done these things merely from an impatience of idleness. He had a national flag while he was here; it was white with a broad red stripe, and three bees in the middle.

We walked a little about the island; it is generally hilly and barren, but there are some pleasant patches cultivated with corn and vines, and several curious little villages. In the evening the wind grew calm, and we departed: we had a beautiful view in getting out; Piombino, Castiglione, and one or two other towns, were bright and rosy with the beams of the setting sun. There are two small islands, each crowned by a lit-

tle tower, which lie between Elba and the Continent; it is all fairy land. The wind which carried us out was gentle, and the next morning we found we had but just passed the four or five little islands called the Formiche; the day continued fair and calm, but towards night the wind sprang up, and carried us to Mont Argentaro, shining and white, whence, perhaps, its name. And now a scene opened around us as wild and beautiful as a landscape in romance; the islands of Giglio and Monte Cristo, with others whose names we know not, the coast, the sea, boats setting off from various points to go to the night fisheries, and a mass of clouds which fell on Elba as we sailed away.

The remainder of our voyage was uncomfortable enough; we quarrelled with the captain, morning, noon, and evening; we went to our little mess at twelve o'clock, smoked ourselves into a doze the rest of the day, and slept all the night. For various reasons, which need not be explained, we always lay down in our clothes; and one evening, after we had been about three hours in bed, or rather in *sail-cloth*, for that was the fact, we were awakened by a noise that might have roused the seven sleepers; in a moment we jumped up; the ship was rolling dreadfully, and we heard a horrible clamour of voices above our heads, from which, however, nothing could be learned. We soon scrambled up the ladder and got on deck; the captain and sailors were calling lustily upon the Madonna, or San Gennaro; but little could be gathered from their confused and contemptible cries; the night was very rough and dark, and nothing could be seen save now and then when the wind swept the clouds from the moon, and she shot a yellow and uncertain light upon the torn sail and tangled cordage, or glanced for a moment upon the tossing sea. What a dreary anthem is sung by the wind and the waves when they are roused to strife! What a piercing treble shrieks in the blast, and what an awful bass rises from the bubbling sea! There are, perhaps, no three objects in the world so grand in themselves, and so apt to lend and borrow effect, as darkness, the wind, and the ocean. When the black and rushing waters stretch out

into the endless distance of darkness; when the wind and the thunder shout in our ears; when the vessel welters on with blind and desperate violence, and the waves, crushed beneath the keel, reel back and hiss like startled serpents; and imagination, ever busy when she should be still, figures the hidden rock and hungry monsters of the deep; there is a terrible whole presented to the senses, and the heart labours hard in its silent cell. We remained about ten minutes in fright and in confusion, and then we learned that the cause of this nocturnal disturbance was that our mariners, either stupid or asleep, had suffered the sail to remain stretched until the wind had broken the yard and almost overset the vessel. The extreme boisterousness of the night increased the alarm produced by this circumstance, which called us from our beds; we returned to them when quiet was re-established, and we left the captain and crew busily employed in repairing the damage. We lay at anchor the whole night, but by dawn the yard was cobbled up, the sail hoisted, and once more we scudded away before the gale. We had scarcely begun to move when we heard the report of cannon, and on running upon deck we found the vessel had anchored within reach of the guns of a fort, one of those which were erected to protect the country ships against the corsairs, but which so little answered the purpose, that Algerine galleys had several times been known to run in and cut out vessels within musket shot of the batteries. It was, however, customary for every vessel anchoring under the guns to pay a certain sum for the protection supposed to be afforded; this our captain did not think proper to do, and as there happened to be a pretty brisk wind, as soon as he saw the usual signal on the fort he hoisted sail and made off. The fort continued firing at us as long as we were within reach, but either the people were very bad marksmen, or else only loaded with powder, for nothing touched us. The captain, we apprehend, thought the fort was in earnest, or else he was resolved to make security doubly sure, for at the second flash he ran away from his post at the helm, and jumped

manfully down the hatchway, but happening to fall upon the ladder, he sprained his ankle and broke his shins, in consequence of which he limped off to bed, where he remained till dinner-time; then being somewhat comforted by a couple of pounds of macaroni, half a pound of Parmigiano, bread, fruit, and about half a gallon of wine, he made his appearance upon deck, and being seated in the sun, amused himself with four or five segars, which he had stolen out of our basket. The Roman coast is flat, and, in some places, covered with patches of wood; in some parts wild and bare, in others, bushy. It seemed to us to have an unwholesome appearance; but, perhaps, it seemed so only because we knew it was unwholesome, for we knew that the Malaria, whose breath is poison, was floating over it. Soon after noon we came in sight of two large fishing-boats, which lay about ten miles out from the mouth of the Tiber: they both belonged to our captain, who immediately lowered a boat and went off to them, although it was a violation of the quarantine laws. As we neared the vessels in the course of our manœuvring about, we were shocked to observe the condition they were in. Who would suppose, that the swimming skiff, which looks so pretty, and so inviting, at a distance, with its puffed white sail and painted side, could be such a nest of filth and misery within? The fishermen could hardly be said to have any clothes; nothing, we believe, but a ragged shirt covered them, and they all looked half famished. How dreadful, how shameful it is, that these poor creatures are compelled to labour from morning till night, exposed to sun, and wind, and wave, without the defence of good clothes, or the support of generous food. The captain took some fish, and returned on board, bringing with him his son, and leaving in exchange the boy belonging to our vessel, who could not have been transferred with more indifference if he had been a dog. The captain's son had been placed as a spy upon the fishermen, and it was necessary to remove him on account of an ulcerous sore in his foot, which obstinately refused to heal, although covered with a scalded plantain leaf, and wrapped up in five or

six dirty rags. When his wound was washed and dressed the captain began to instruct him as to what lies he must tell in order to deceive the officers of the quarantine: as, that he was called Gaetano, son of Gabrielle Massa; that he came with the vessel from Genoa, and had not been on board any other, &c.: when the docile youth had learned his lesson, which, however, for fear of any blunder was several times afterwards repeated to him, the captain took him upon his knee, and began to question him about the sailors on board the fishing-boat; how much fish they took; how many hours they worked; whether a good account was kept of the sale; whether they grumbled at his having so large a share, &c. &c. The boy, thus carefully instructed, and disciplined in falsehood and treachery, had naturally profited by the lessons he had received, and was as worthless a little wretch as could well be found; still he was his father's darling, probably by a sympathy of merit, perhaps by a similarity of ugliness, for he had both these recommendations to his worthy parent's affections. As soon as he was able to limp about he resumed his vocation of spy, to the great satisfaction of his admiring sire, who highly approved of the diligence and ingenuity which he exerted in his calling. We scarcely need mention our passing Monte Circeo, the white-faced Terracina, and Gaeta, one of the few cities in the kingdom of Naples which of late years has dared to resist an enemy,—since, of course, we saw but little of them. One evening, after supper, we came upon deck, and immediately our eyes were riveted upon a red light, far off, flaming high in the air. "It is Vesuvius," cried we: it was, and our hearts leaped within us. How grand, how awful is that light when it first bursts upon the stranger's eye! It fixes itself in the memory for ever; that shooting flame, that river of fire, will perhaps be one among the last recollections that the mind will lose. Towards morning we came in sight of the tower-crowned Cape of Misenum; a little wind enabled us to double it, and the Gulph of Pozzuolo lay before us; the breeze slept upon the golden shore, and the purple of the morning still lingered on

the hills and in the clouds; the sea presented a broad surface, undulating, but unbroken, save when our lazy oars dipped in the waves, and shook from their broad blades a shower of gems. In the back ground Vesuvius lifted up his mighty fork, dark, swarthy, and alone, standing apart in sullen greatness, and frowning on all around: a column of smoke rose from his highest summit, and then stretched out in a line, sometimes dark, and sometimes gilded, for leagues across the sky. We had but just looked around when up rose the burning sun—

Not as in northern climes obscurely bright, but fresh as a bridegroom, and looking gladly and gaily athwart the hills. How majestically does he roll up into heaven, shedding ten thousand glories from his golden hair! All nature gladdens before the god; even the grim Vesuvius dimples into smiles. The Scirocco breathes upon the waters; ripples rise and sink, and rise again gradually, growing into waves, which flash as they roll. But who may hope to describe the magnificence of opening day in a scene like this, where plenty has exhausted her horn, and where nature has lavished every element of beauty and grandeur? We may talk of mountain and sea; of a shore crowded with ruins and palaces; of hills crowned with towers and convents; of a burnt and smoking volcano; of a bay sprinkled with islands; of vines, and figs, and olives; of the thousand shifting effects of light and shade; of beauty here, and sublimity there, until the mind runs riot in the glittering confusion, and the images mass together like the gay but unmeaning glories of a kaleidoscope. We grieve that we cannot master the difficulties of the subject; we grieve, but we submit. The captain sent off a boat to get some water, having wisely suffered himself to run out of that indispensable necessary; and as the day was hot, and the boat absent for three or four hours, we all experienced the miserable suffering of thirst, and when the boat returned, we gulped down that element, which the worthy Squire Headlong despised so heartily, as eagerly as though it had been true Falernian. The captain ought to have been

hanged for such an impudent prospective violation of his quarantine oath, but, we are sorry to say, he was not hanged. We tolled all day across the gulph with straining oars, and night fell upon us before we could get round Posilipo. We had told the captain who was passenger with us, that we were so ill-contented with Don Guiseppe Russo, we had determined not to give him a single grain above the sum which we had agreed to pay for our voyage; and one day, when the two captains were communing together, and Don Guiseppe was reckoning up how much he should gain by his voyage, as, so much by his rice, so much by his cheese, so much by his passengers, and then the *buona mano*, the other frankly told him, we did not mean to give him any thing. Our captain was very much dismayed by this information, but he was not a man to let money go without striking a blow for it; accordingly, when we sat at supper, he very gravely addressed the German in the following speech, as near as we can translate it, which, we suppose, he had conned for the purpose. "I always look upon my passengers, Don Pepuno, while they remain with me, just as though they were my own children," (the old rascal had been trying to coax us into a good humour all day,) "there

is nothing in the world I would not do for them, and I would rather go without myself than that they should want for any thing; and yet to-night I dreamt, that some one came and told me, you did not mean to give me any *buona mano*." \* The German was a very bluff fellow, and immediately replied, "Captain Russo, there was no occasion for your dreaming a dream about that, because, if you had asked me, I could have told you so, without giving you the trouble to go to bed and dream; if you treat your children as you have treated us, you treat them very ill, that's all I know about it: but there is no need of all this roundabout nonsense; the plain fact is, you have behaved very ill to us, and we won't give you any thing."—*Figuratevi!* as the Neapolitans say; the captain's consternation was ludicrous beyond description, but it was such a point-blank reply, that he was quite stunned, and we heard no more of his dream. After supper we went upon deck, and found our humble bark was riding at anchor, under the shade of a hundred "mighty Argosies." I intended to write rather more than this, but I must break off here, for C—— is abed, asleep, and snoring like an elephant, and I am weary of solitude and silence. Farewell.

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OLD SONG.

SONNET.

'Twas not the voice of nightingale; 'twas not  
 Woman's sweet voice when first of love she tells;  
 'Twas not the sound of distant shepherd bells,  
 Naiade, or nymph in her Egerian grot,  
 Or plash of waves in that so lonely spot:  
 'Twas not the baleful Ocean, when he swells  
 Into the clouds; or bees in lowly dells,  
 Passion'd me so,—the world was all forgot:  
 But 'twas an echo of far years, when grief,  
 Like to an April cloud, did pass away;  
 Joy's herald, that did show in woe so brief  
 Love's gentle dream coming with flowers of May:  
 What time I leap'd to hear the cuckoo singing,  
 And earth, sky, air, the voice of Summer bringing.

Feb. 16, 1821.

R——.

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\* The corresponding expression for *buona mano*, in English, is, "something to drink." The incessant *thirst* with which the English are troubled is very justly complained of by travellers.

## THE DYING POET'S FAREWELL.

*Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quis nunc abibis in loca?*

O thou wondrous arch of azure,  
Sun, and starry plains immense !  
Glories that astound the gazer  
By their dread magnificence ;—  
O thou ocean, whose commotion  
Awe the proudest to devotion,  
Must I—must I from ye fly,  
Bid ye all adieu—and die !—

O ye keen and gusty mountains,  
On whose tops I braved the sky ;  
O ye music-pouring fountains,  
On whose marge I loved to lie ;  
O ye posies,—lilies, roses,  
All the charms that earth discloses,  
Must I—must I from ye fly,  
Bid ye all adieu—and die !

O ye birds, whose matin chorus  
Taught me to rejoice and bless ;  
And ye beasts, whose voice sonorous  
Swell'd the hymn of thankfulness ;  
Learned leisure, and the pleasure  
Of the muse, my dearest treasure,  
Must I—must I from ye fly,  
Bid ye all adieu—and die !

O domestic ties endearing,  
Which still chain my soul to earth ;  
O ye friends, whose converse cheering  
Wing'd the hours with social mirth ;  
Songs of gladness, chasing sadness,  
Wine's delight without its madness,  
Must I—must I from ye fly,  
Bid ye all adieu—and die !

Yes—I now fulfil the fiction  
Of the swan that sings in death :—  
Earth, receive my benediction ;  
Air, inhale my parting breath ;  
Hills and valleys, forest alleys,  
Prompters of my muse's sallies ;  
Fields of green, and skies of blue,  
Take, oh take my last adieu.

Yet, perhaps, when all is ended,  
And the grave dissolves my frame,  
The elements from which 't was blended  
May their several parts reclaim ;  
Waters flowing, breezes blowing,  
Earth, and all upon it growing,  
Still may have my alter'd essence  
Ever floating in their presence.

While my disembodied spirit  
May to fields Elysian soar,  
And some lowest seat inherit  
Near the mighty bards of yore ;  
Never, never to dis sever,  
But to dwell in bliss for ever,  
Tuning an enthusiast lyre  
To that high and laurel'd quire.

H.



## THE LYRICS OF HORACE :

BEING THE FIRST FOUR BOOKS OF HIS ODES.

*Translated by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, MA. FRS.\**

QUINTILIAN remarks of Horace, that he is "almost the only one of the Roman Lyrics worthy of being read." *De Institut. Orat.* x. 575. It is singular that he should have hazarded this judgment, when he had mentioned Catullus in the sentence immediately preceding. The playful trifles of the latter (we do not wish to sully our own imaginations, or those of our readers, by any allusion to his indecencies) are very far superior, in a certain artless and spontaneous effect, to any sallies of a similar kind in the latter. There is not in Horace a stroke of such natural and amiable tenderness, as the infantile gesture of the babe of Torquatus.† The wonderfully impetuous poem of the Atys leaves the boldest flight of Horace toiling and panting behind it. Catullus, in fact, considered simply as a poet, possessed over Horace the same ascendancy as that held by Lucretius over Virgil: the writers of the republic had the advantage of composing at an era when the fastidiousness of criticism, the slavish obsequiousness to models, and the squeamish anxiety to "gild refined gold, and paint the lily," had not tamed and trammelled the vigour of original genius. How strange is it, that with the powers and graces of the Catullan lyrics impressed upon his memory (could he for an instant have forgotten them?) the rhetorician should have afforded to Catullus only a dry notice on the acerbity of his iambic verses!

But his definition of the character of Horace is singularly neat; "insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris et verbis felicissimè audax." In this

lies partly the secret of that attraction which the works of Horace have retained in every nation of the least pretensions to literary taste. To the awful and chastened splendour, and the ideal grandeur of Pindar, he has no claim: in pure and flowing simplicity he is very far inferior to Anacreon: he has nothing of the breathless burning emotion which escapes in gasps, and sighs, and fluttering accents, from the lips of the enthusiastic Sappho:‡ but he copes with them all at once, though inferior in the single comparison with either.

*Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.*

If not sublime, he is at least lofty: if not artless, he is at least not florid: if not pathetic, he is pensive: if not impassioned, he is tender. The variety of his manner excites and refreshes the attention by a perpetual relief and interchange. His *political* odes claim indulgence as courtly compositions: they are stiff, stately, and well-studied stanzas, and that is all. But he has *patriotic* odes; and they breathe considerable moral energy. Nothing can be finer than his description of the degeneracy of the Romans, and the contrast with the hardy and rustic manners of the ancient race, who, as Roscommon vigorously phrases it, "quash'd the stern Æacidæ." This kind and degree of the sublime he certainly possessed. Of anacreontic elegance the ode, ii. 11, "Quid bellicosus Cantaber," may be adduced as a pleasing instance, though more elaborate and artificial than the native effusions of the Teian poet. Of passion, we scarcely recollect an instance, except in iv. 1, "Cur manat rara meas la-

\* Longman. 1821.

† Torquatus velo parvulus,  
Matris e gremio sum  
Porrigena teneras manus,  
Dulce rideat ad patrem  
Semihiente labello.

‡ The "elegant version" of Philips has found another encomiast, in Mr. Lamb, the new translator of Catullus. If the epithet be deserved (and we think it is), there cannot be a stronger proof, how totally the writer has failed in conveying any thing like the spirit and character of the original.





sentiment and knowledge. No one, whose character deserves respect, walks into the fields with a *Catullus* or *Anacreon* in his pocket; but the works of *Horace* are our friends and companions: "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur."

Needs there any more be said to account for the constant supply of competitors for the Horatian wreath? A library, a good deal better furnished than the *Radcliff*, might be constructed out of the versions of Horace alone.\* A cavilling critic somewhere remarks, "Horace we have none." It might with far more justice be affirmed, "Horace we have much." That we have any one single and entire version of him, completely adequate in all respects, and realizing the ideal standard of what every man conceives a translation of Horace ought to be, it would not merely be too much to assert, but extravagant to suppose. In every translation, even the most successful, there must be a falling off; there must be inequalities; there must be

moments of weariness, exhaustion, and inanition. The translator of Horace stands simply in the same predicament with every other; and this sort of hypercriticism tends to the conclusion, that not merely we do not possess Horace, but that we possess no ancient poet whatever. A greater number of odes, equally spirited, easy, and faithful, may be selected from Francis (especially including those furnished him by Dr. Dunkin), than any previous calculation could have counted upon. It is, moreover, practicable to compile out of our literature a *variorum* translation of the lyrics of Horace, characterised by as high and various excellence as, perhaps, is within the grasp of human attainment. Cowley has too much Italianized the ode to Pyrrha; but he has much of the sweetness and tenderly plaintive flow of the original.

In the clear heaven of thy brow  
No smallest cloud appears,

is a beautiful development of the metaphor that was in the poet's mind. The odes of Dryden are master-

\* These are a few of them. We speak only of those which we have seen.

- I. Art of Poetry, Epistles, and Satires Englished. By Thomas Drant. 1567.
- II. Certain selected Odes Englished. By John Ashmore. 1621.
- III. All the Odes and Epodes. By Henry Rider. 1638.
- IV. Odes of Horace, the best of Lyric Poets, containing much morality and sweetness. By Sir Thomas Hawkins. 1638.
- V. Poems of Horace paraphrased. By several Persons. Edited by H. Brome. 1680.
- VI. Odes and Epodes. Translated by J. H. Esq. 1684.
- VII. Odes, Satires, and Epistles. Done into English by Thomas Creech. 1688.
- VIII. Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare; with a Translation of Dr. Bentley's Notes and Notes upon Notes. By several Hands. Lintot. 1713.
- IX. Odes of Horace. By Henry Coxwell, Gent. Oxford. 1718.
- X. Horace's Satires, Epistles, and Art of Poetry. Done into English by S. Dunster, DD. Prebendary of Sarum. 1719.
- XI. Odes and Satyrs. By the most eminent hands (Rochester, Roscommon, Cowley, Otway, Prior, Dryden, &c.) Tonson. 1730.
- XII. Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare. By Mr. Wm. Oldisworth. 1737 (sometimes spelt *Oldsworth*).
- XIII. A Translation of the Odes and Epodes. Attempted by T. Hare, AB. Master of Blandford School. 1737.
- XIV. Odes of Horace, disposed according to chronologic order. By P. Sanadon, with an English Translation in poetic-prose, by Mathew Towers, LL.D. 1744.
- XV. Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare, in English. By Joseph Davidson. 1746.
- XVI. Poetical Translation of the works of Horace. By the Rev. Philip Francis. 1750.
- XVII. Works of Horace in Prose. By Christopher Smart, AM. 1762.
- XVIII. Works of Horace. By Mr. Duncombe, Sen. J. Duncombe, and other hands, with Imitations. 1767.
- XIX. Translation of Horace's Epistle to the Pisos, with Notes. By George Colman. 1783.
- XX. Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare. By William Boscawen, Esq. 1793.
- XXI. Lyrics of Horace in English Verse. 1803. (This version is by the old translator of *Catullus*; who also translated the *Monobiblos*, or First Book of *Propertius*; the First Book of *Lucretius*; and the *Basis* of *Secundus*.)

pieces. The fastidiously undervalued and neglected Creech has hit off a few odes with much fluency. But nearly the best lyrical translator was Oldsworth. This is the man, who, in Pope's ride with Lintot the bookseller, is panegyricized by the latter, as "turning an ode of Horace quicker than any man in England." His translation bears evidence of this. It has often the slovenliness, but often the vigour, of haste. The ode to Chloe is thus elegantly turned.

You shun me, Chloe, as a fawn,  
To seek its dam, affrighted flees  
O'er every mountain, wood, and lawn,  
And trembles at each rushing breeze.  
Her breath alternate comes and goes  
If but a lizard stir the leaves;  
If but a zephyr fan the boughs  
She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.

In the following stanza there is a very great resemblance to the manner of Dryden: iii. 29.

Happy the mortal who can say,  
'Tis well, for I have liv'd to-day.  
To-morrow let black clouds and storms  
arise,  
Or let the sun exert his beaming power,  
Nothing can interrupt my bliss,  
I seized and have enjoy'd my hour:  
The gods themselves, howe'er they smile  
or frown,  
Cannot recall what's past, for that is all my  
own.

But it is high time to attend Mr. Wrangham. We remember the publication of a sermon, to which the worthy author had annexed an essay on the virtues of tar-water. In like manner, the literary lucubrations of Mr. Wrangham seem rather contrasted than consistent. He published, we believe, in 1816, a volume of sermons, and tacked on to them some of Virgil's *Bucolics*. "There is" nothing "in this more than natural:" since, in our country, no man is thought qualified for a degree in theology who is not an adept in Horace and Virgil. A political journalist, meaning to praise the clergy, spoke of them as men who liked their "pint of port, and quoted Horace." He might have said, "*translated*."

Mr. Wrangham modestly observes, that if asked by the public the rather posing question, (as we think it) "quid habes illius?"—he shall console himself with the reflection, that "in proportion as success is honourable, failure is venial." But he does

not tell us why a respectable clerical gentleman cannot leave this world without translating Horace at all.

It is ominous to stumble at the threshold: but we feel curious to know what the Epodes have done that they should not be allowed the place which they held, when we ourselves were at school, among the *Lyrics* of Horace? Before we got to the version itself, we were also a little staggered by the information that the translator had "adopted several of the Horatian inversions, and almost invariably preserved his lyrical implications of one stanza with another." "If wrong," he says, "he errs with scholars and poets: with Sherrburn, and Holyday, and Sandys, and May:" that is, with writers of remote date, a formal system and an obsolete style, who, with all their raciness of expression and truth of feeling, cramped their native vein and their native tongue, by an unnecessary and technical exactness. As to inversion, he that professes to deal in it professes to make the language walk upon its head.

We were much afraid that Mr. Wrangham would give us English *Sapphics* and *Alcaics*: but so far from this, he appears to have been too busy with the collocation of words and distribution of commas to notice the numbers at all. If there is any one thing more than another that contributes to that delightful variety which we have remarked in Horace, it is the diversity of his measures. How can any writer entertain a hope of having conveyed to English readers a just impression of the lyrical genius of Horace, when he has "*done*" the lyrics of Horace into the metre of *Gay's Fables*?

It is quite useless to insist on the resource derived from the use of diversified metres, namely, the power of adapting the rhythmical expression to the peculiar character of the subject. Of this advantage, Mr. Wrangham has voluntarily deprived himself: he has put himself into a child's go-cart, and keeps trundling about with the conscious air of imagining himself in the chariot described by Propertius,

à me  
Nata coronatis Musa triumphat equis.

Let Mr. Wrangham's version from *Od. vii. b. 1*, be compared with that of Francis.

Comrades, where fortune, kinder she  
Than Telamon, shall marshal me,  
We'll go: nor, gallant hearts! despair—  
Teucer your guide leaves nought to fear.  
*Wrangham.*

Bold let us follow through the foamy tides  
Where Fortune, better than a father,  
guides;  
Avaunt despair! when Teucer calls to  
fame,  
The same your augur and your guide the  
same.

*Francis.*

Again let us parallel, with a writer  
already quoted, the passage, b. 1,  
od. xxxv.

With massive nails in front of thee  
Stalks terrible Necessity;  
Whose brazen hand vast wedges fill,  
And molten lead, and hook of steel:  
And Hope, and white-robed Faith are there,  
Still-clinging Faith—on earth too rare!  
*Wrangham.*

Where'er thou lead'st thy awful train,  
Necessity still stalks before,  
Whose brazen hand the hook and nails  
retain,  
The plummet and the wedge, the emblems  
of her power:  
Fidelity in white array,  
And eager Hope still guard thy way.  
*Oldsworth.*

We shall say nothing of the merits  
of the version; but looking to the  
metre alone, is it not obvious, that a  
writer, who doggedly confines him-  
self to *namby-pamby*, must be left  
behind in the race by every versifier  
who expatiates in bold and unshack-  
led numbers?

Mr. Wrangham "ventures to claim  
some commendation for himself, on  
the score of his own fidelity:" now  
this is a claim which we feel very  
strongly disposed to resist: of his  
fidelity to the grace and spirit of his  
author we shall say nothing; but re-  
stricting ourselves to the diction, we  
must observe, that in i. 23,

It feels its heart's fond purpose fail,  
is not a translation of "*corde tre-  
mit*;" and that "*alarms of me your  
bosom seize*," can as little be said to  
represent the simple word "*vitas*."  
In i. 5, "*qui nunc te fruitur credulus  
aureâ*" is expressed,

Fond dupe, he hopes—*so sweet that kiss!*  
Thou'lt still be witching, still be his.

For the "*fontibus integris*," i. 26,  
we have only "*gushing springs*;"  
and for the "*frigus amabile*" of

Bandusia, we are put off with "*cool  
fresh shade*:" the "*lymphæ*" also  
lose their *loquacity*, and are curtailed  
of their *leaps*, and we have only the  
"*headlong waters that*" dash "*with  
sparkling flash*."

As a proof of our kindly dispo-  
sition towards Mr. Wrangham, we  
shall neither quote his *Ode to Pyrrha*  
nor that to *Chloe*. In sober sadness,  
we have been rather puzzled in our  
choice; but, after some search, we  
have decided on the Ode to the Me-  
mory of Quintilius, as something  
better versified, and, at all events,  
something better *rhymed*, than the  
generality. We must observe, how-  
ever, that "*saddest song*" for "*li-  
quidam vocem*" is but a slovenly in-  
stance of *fidelity*; and that "*horrid  
wand*" is, on the other hand, literal  
without being faithful: it does not  
convey the meaning to an English  
ear; *horrida* is used metonymically;  
the effect is put for the cause; the  
sense is, causing tremblings, *tremor-  
striking*.

#### ODE XXIV. 1.

When one so loved, so valued, dies,  
What shall controul our sympathies?  
Muse! the deep funeral wail prolong:  
Thine sweetest lyre; thine saddest song.  
And closes endless sleep his eye?  
Ah! when shall Faith, of Equity  
Twin-sister, Truth, and Honour's train—  
When shall they see his like again?  
He dies—by all mourn'd justly he:  
Virgil! by none more mourn'd than thee!  
Vainly thy pious prayers arise  
And claim Quintilius of the skies—  
Not so bestow'd! with mightier spell  
Than Orpheus could'st thou sweep the  
shell,  
Not to the shade would blood return,  
Which once beyond life's fated bourn  
Stern Mercury with horrid wand  
Has driven to join his dusky band.  
'Tis hard: but what we may not cure,  
We learn by sufferance to endure.

Upon the whole, we feel ourselves  
compelled, however unwillingly, to  
refer this last of the third centenary  
of Horatian interpreters to a passage  
of his adopted poet:

Phœbus volentem—loqui  
——increpuit lyrâ.

In future, when we wish to call  
up recollections favourable to Mr.  
Wrangham's abilities, we shall think  
of his Translation of Milton's *De-  
fensio Secunda*, and remember to for-  
get his "*Lyrics of Horace*."

## DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

*In a Letter to B. F. Esq. at Sydney, New South Wales.*

My dear F.—When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alcander to Strephon, in the shades." Cowley's *Post-Angel* is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard-street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and *the man* at the other; it would be some baulk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honour to reckon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously.—And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this pre-

sent reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i. e.* at hearing he was well, &c.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Joey Munden. You have no theatre, I think you told me, in your land of d——d realities. You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823. This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devises, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement to you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since—of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her—for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops, could with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the con-

scious avbiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favour to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habbakuk) falling in with the true present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot; or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it?—or a rock?—no matter—but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey 'tis likely, in a languid mo-

ment of his Lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancy, that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surry, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment hoarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of Saint Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing—at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here, a licence there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite sea-worthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will



scarcely endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigour is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the by-standers: or this last is the fine slime of Nilus—the *melior lutus*,—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the *sol pater* to their equivocal generation. A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavour, than you can send a kiss,—Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet vision, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve-months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself where-about you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how we look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites do? are they th\*<sup>v</sup>\*ng all day long? Merciful heaven, what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony.—

We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning?—It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists.—Is there much difference to see to between the son of a th\*<sup>v</sup>\*f, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations?—I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples.—Do you grow your own hemp?—What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your lock-smiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous windows, in pump-famed Hare-court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us, a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding  
shores  
Hold far away.

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W. two springs back corrected my delusion. Since then the old di-

vorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

Something of home matters I could add; but *that*, with certain remembrances, never to be omitted, I re-

serve for the grave postscript to this light epistle; which postscript, for weighty reasons, justificatory in any court of feeling, I think better omitted in this first edition.

ELIA.

London, March 1, 1822.

### ON BLACK CATS.

Sleep thou in peace, my sable Selima, rest and be thankful, for thou wert born in an enlightened age, and in a family of females, and elderly gentlemen. Well is it for thee, that thou wert not cotemporary with the pious Baxter, that detester of superstition; or the learned Sir Thomas Brown, the exploder of vulgar errors; or the great Sir Matthew Hale, whose wholesome severities against half-starved sorceresses, so aptly illustrated his position, that Christianity is "parcel of the common law of England." Rest, I say, and be thankful, for the good old times had been bitter times for thee.

Why should colour excite the malignant passions of man? Why will the sole-patentee of reason, the *soi disant* Lord of Creation, degrade himself to the level of the Turkey-cock, that is filled with rage and terror at a shred of scarlet? What is a hue—an absorbed or reflected ray, or, as other sages tell, a mere extended thought—that we should love or hate it? Yet such is man, with all his boasted wisdom. Ask why the Negro is a slave? He's black, not like a Christian. Why should Bridget's cat be worried? Why, to be sure, she's black, an imp of darkness, the witch's own familiar; nay, perhaps, the witch herself in disguise: a thing most easily put to proof; for if you knock out Grimalkin's eye, Bridget will appear next day with only one: maim the cat, its mistress halts; stab it, she is wounded. Such are the dangers of necromantic masquerading, when the natural body is punished with the stripes inflicted on the assumed one: and this was once religion with royal Chaplains, and philosophy with the Royal Society!

These superstitions are gone: this

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baseless fabric of a vision is dissolved; I wish that it had left not a wrack behind. But when Satan disappears, an unsavoury scent remains behind him; and from the carcass of buried absurdity, there often proceeds an odour of prejudice—the more distressing, because we know not whence it comes. Neither elderly ladies nor black cats are now suspected of witchcraft; yet how seldom are they fully restored to their just estimation in the world.

Be it perverseness, or be it pity, or be it regard for injured merit, I confess myself an advocate for the human tabbies, so famed for loquacity, and for their poor dumb favourites in black velvet.

Whether it be true, that Time, which has such various effects on divers subjects, which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small-beer, which turns abuse to right, and usurpation to legitimacy, which improves pictures while it mars their originals, and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for;—whether this wonder-working Time be able to deface the loveliness of woman, shall be a subject for future inquiry. But, my pretty Selima; thou, that like Solomon's bride, art black, but comely; thee, and thy kind—the sable order of the feline sisterhood, I would gladly vindicate from those aspersions, which take occasion from the blackness of thy coat to blacken thy reputation.

Thy hue denotes thee a child of night; Night, the wife of Chaos, and being a female, of course the oldest female in being. How aptly, therefore, dost thou become the favourite of those ladies, who, though not so old as night, are nevertheless in the evening of their days. Thou dost

Y

express thy joy at the return of thy mother, even as the statue of Memnon at the approach of her rival, frisking about in thy mourning garb by moonlight, starlight, or no light, an everlasting merry mourner; and yet a mute in dress, and silence too, not belying thy name by volubility.

How smooth, how silky soft are thy jetty hairs! A peaceful multitude, wherein each knows its place, and none obstructs its neighbours. Thy very paws are velvet, and seem formed to walk on carpets of tissue. What a pretty knowing primness in thy mouth, what quick turns of expression in thy ears, and what maiden dignity in thy whiskers. Were it not for thine emerald eyes, and that one white hair on thy breast, which I abstain from comparing to a single star, in a cloudy sky, or a water lily lying on a black lake, (for, in truth, it is like neither,) I should call thee nature's monochrom. And then the manifold movements of thy tail, that hangs out like a flag of truce, and the graceful sinuosity of thy carriage, all bespeak thee of the gentle kind. False tokens all: thou can'st be furious as a negro despot; thy very hairs, if crossed, flash fire. Thou art an earth-pacing thunder-cloud, a living electric battery, thy back is armed with the wrath of Jove.

Hence do thy enemies find occasion to call thee a daughter of darkness, clad in Satan's livery—a patch on the fair face of nature; and therefore, an unseemly relic of a fashion, not only unbecoming in itself, but often perverted to the purposes of party.

Yet, my Selima, if thy tribe have suffered much from the follies of mankind, they have profited by them also. If the dark age looked black upon them; if the age of black arts, black friars, and black letter set them in its black-book, and delivered over their patronesses to the blackness of darkness; yet time hath been when they partook of the honour and worship paid to all their species, while they walked in pride at the base of the pyramids, or secreted their kittens in the windings of the labyrinth. Then was their life pleasant, and their death as a sweet odour.

This was, indeed, common to all thy kind, however diversified by

colour, or divided by condition.—Tabby and tortoise-shell, black, white, and grey, tawny and sandy, gib and grimalkin, ye were a sacred race, and the death of one of ye was mourned as a brother's—if natural; and avenged as a citizen's—if violent: and this in the cradle of the sciences, (so called, I presume, because the sciences were babies there,) and in spite of the 700,000 volumes of Alexandria.

Yet I cannot but think that the wise Egyptians distinguished black with peculiar reverence. We know that their religion, like their writing, was hieroglyphical; that their respect for various animals was merely symbolical; that under the form of the ox, they gratefully remembered the inventor of agriculture, and adopted a beetle as the representative of the sun. Now, of how many virtues, how many powers, how many mysteries may not a black cat be an emblem? As she is cat, of vigilance; as she is black, of secresy; as both, of treachery, one of the greatest of political virtues, if we judge from the high rewards continually given, and daily advertised for it. Again, we know the annual circle, and the signs by which it was measured, was another object of idolatry; but one ample half of time is typified by a black cat.

But should these deep speculations be deemed mystical by the present age, which, if it be an age of light, is certainly an age of lightness, it may, at least, be admitted, that the Egyptians would prefer their own colour, and we are assured by Volney and others, that they were not only black, but literally negroes.

As for the esteem they entertained for cats in general, we may account for it on the supposition, that they were delivered, at some period of their history, in an extraordinary manner, from a swarm of rats, either national or political. And that the agents of this deliverance were represented under the feline figure, which may be plausibly considered as a bodily representative of the spirit of reform.

After all, Selima, I doubt whether thou hast lost as much by never being worshipped as thou hast gained by living in a Christian country.

State is burdensome, and superstition is seldom prone to regard its objects with affection.

But there is one of thy hues whose condition might have been envied by all the sacred mousers of Egypt.

Well may she be proud and coy, whom fate has appointed, not to be the idol of the children of Ham, but the favourite of the loveliest of the daughters of Britain.

ΑΙΑΟΤΡΟΦΙΑΟΣ.

## REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE Opera, however fashionably it proceeds under the auspices of its noble Committee, languishes in respect to its original and greatest charm—its music. *Il Barone di Dolsheim*, an Opera, by Signor Giovanni Pacini, is the only novelty that has been brought forward, and its recommendations are so few, as scarcely to entitle it to remembrance. Pacini is an imitator of Rossini, but he appears to miss the leading points of attraction in that composer—animation, and melody. He aims at complication, and his Opera contains little beside concerted pieces, which render it heavy and tiresome. Signor Cartoni, on this occasion, made his début. He is a singer of limited powers, and very far below the first class. Both Madame Camporese and Signora Caradori had characters; the former in one affecting scene sustained her reputation; but time and experiment only lead to the conviction that the powers of the latter are too feeble for the amplitude of space in which they are excited. Signors Curioni, Ambrogetti, and Placci, were also among the dramatis personæ. There was little for Curioni to do, but Ambrogetti contrived to render himself as prominent and as high in favour as usual; the whole, however, is tiresome, and the Opera will have but a short life, and by no means “a merry one.”

The Concerts of Ancient Music are commencing under the same list of royal and noble directors, and with nearly the same orchestra, as last year. Indeed, this establishment is one of *principles*, and these principles are confirmed by the testimony of consenting ages. So long therefore as it exists, and we hope, for the sake of the fine examples it holds forth, it will exist so long as music is known in England, the Concert can undergo little change, although it has the

power to introduce and preserve a succession of style more complete than any more modern accademia. The rule that twenty years must have passed over a composition before it can be heard from this orchestra, demands no more than the consecrating hand of time, while it gradually opens the same train (at this remove indeed) as is open to other performances, and affords the additional security that the piece will be proved worthy by having been retained so long in recollection. It is certainly highly desirable to hear the splendid and perfect effects produced by this band—but no room in London is so difficult of access. Surely the noble directors would render an acceptable service to art if they would open some door to those who have earned a title to distinction, and whose taste might be matured by hearing such a Concert. The subject is worthy the consideration of these great conservators and promoters of legitimate science.

The Oratorios at Covent Garden are this year under the management of Mr. Bochsa, and the conduct of Sir George Smart. The first, which took place on January 30, was a splendid performance. Part I. consisted of a Selection from the Messiah; and the second, of a portion of Rossini's Sacred Oratorio, *Mose in Egitto*. The third was a miscellaneous Act, commencing with Mr. Attwood's Coronation Anthem, and comprehending a motley mixture of sacred and profane, *The Heavens are telling*, and *Quel occhietto coccoletto*. These mixtures are a monstrous satire upon the religious observances which assume the necessity of excluding the public from the enjoyments of the theatre, and, at the same time, allow the commingling of the highest mysteries of Christianity with the lowest buffooneries of the Italian comic Opera.

The orchestra exhibited a grand display of talent; no less than eight of the principal English and Italian female, and twelve male, vocalists of both countries, and of the first class.

The instrumental band was equally numerous, and well assimilated in its proportions. The manager, Mr. Bochsa, who of all living artists possesses the most unbounded fertility, activity, and facility, accompanied by eminent genius, has himself produced an Oratorio, to be called *The Deluge*, to words written by Mr. C. Dibdin, which will very shortly be given under his own direction, and with an orchestra of augmented power. There is, therefore, every appearance of these performances being continued with great spirit during the present season. We shall render an important service, both to the public and the profession, if we can impress upon the manager that a very general fault is their enormous length, which fatigues even the gluttons in music, and injures his own interests by sending the hearer away so supersaturated, that his appetite is rarely strong enough to venture upon a second such entertainment, although he cannot find it in his heart to make a timely retreat from the first.

*The Vocal Concerts*, so long a favourite resort of the fashionable world while conducted by Messrs. Greatorex, Bartleman, and the Knyvetts, are no more; but will undergo a transmigration and revival, under the name of Subscription Concerts, to be given by the surviving proprietors, Messrs. Greatorex and W. Knyvett, at the smaller rooms of the Royal Harmonic Institution. The plan is said to be entirely new; but the difference appears to lie only in the exclusion of chorusses, and the introduction of an instrumental quintette, or quartette.

To the honour of English humanity and art, a Subscription Concert for the benefit of the widow and children of Andreas Romberg, the celebrated composer, was given at the Argyll Rooms, on the 11th of February.

Madame Catalani has been at Liverpool, where she was received with the most unbounded delight. This

singer has announced her intention of declining all engagements for a fixed sum, and of giving a few Concerts in London previous to her final retirement.

The publications of this month are headed by a third volume of *National Airs*, from Mr. Moore and Mr. Bishop. The prominent beauties of the first number immediately raised this work to the highest estimation. The second, though it could not boast of single pieces as exquisite as the first, was yet excellent and equal. This number, perhaps, is scarcely so brilliant in its poetry as either of the former; but, upon the whole, is fully upon a par with No. II. Mr. Moore's facility seems less, and his vigour and wantonness are settling down into calmer, more tender, more melancholy sentiments. We too, probably feeling the effects of time, may like his conceits less, and his pensiveness more; such, at least, are our impressions. This number contains additional marks of Mr. Bishop's talent. The symphonies and accompaniments are as felicitous as any part of the work.

There is a very elegant publication, *The Beauties of Rossini*, selected and arranged by Mortellari. This first number contains the best airs, duets, and trios, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Much of Rossini's music deserves to live for its vivacity and its melody, and in this form his Operas are stripped of the load of recitative and chorus, and complicated finales, which are rarely pleasurable to general collectors; if then, the publication be rendered at less cost than the foreign scores, it cannot fail to be useful and successful, considering the demand there now is for Italian music.

The new Novel of *The Pirate* has furnished in its poetry themes for musicians. The Serenade, *Love wakes and weeps*, has been already set by Mr. Banister, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. S. Webbe, Jun. The second has ventured to settle the long disputed point as to the authorship of the Scotch Novels, by assigning peremptorily these words to Sir Walter Scott, in his title: this is the least worth notice of the three; Mr. Banister's is just pretty. Mr. Webbe's has much more pretension, but it is somewhat lowered by being too chromatic. His *Farewell to Northaven* is a good imitation of Scotch melody, and is agreeable and expressive; Sir John Stevenson's *Soft Breezes Breathing*, is a very poor thing indeed. We hope his genius is not on its death bed! It begins to "babble of green fields."

Mr. Kiallmark has two really sweet songs: *Araby's Daughter*, to which he has put symphonies and accompaniments, and *Helen's Farewell*, an elegant and plaintive melody.



*Wake, Rosa wake*, a serenade for three voices, is simple and pretty.

M. Pio Cianchettini has published (at Liverpool) the variations and words, sung by Madame Catalani, to Rode's air. They are exceedingly difficult, and will serve as a monument of what that astonishing singer can do, though she must be heard to be understood. Notes can convey no adequate notion of the force and effect she gives, and therein lies the wonder. Mrs. Salmon is, we apprehend, fully equal to Catalani in execution, and even superior in precision, tone, and finish; but the one is a trickling fount, limpid and beautiful; the other, a mountain torrent, headlong, irresistible, sublime.

Mr. Cramer has arranged Gluck's Air, *Che farò senza Euridice*, as a rondo for the pianoforte, with great taste. The peculiar grace and sentiment of the air is enriched by the elegance of the adaptation; the introduction is highly expressive, and its resemblance to the subject artfully contrived. If this composition may not be ranked with Mr. Cramer's finest and most difficult productions, it may be at least classed with the most elegant. We cannot bestow the same praise on his *Hibernian Impromptu*, which has nothing to distinguish it as the work of a great master.

*Les Petits Delassements*, No. II. by Kiallmark,

*L'Accueil Favorable*, by Rolfe,

A Swiss Air, with variations, by Pannormo, and a Temple to Friendship, with variations, by Eavestaff, are all very pretty lessons for the pianoforte; the two first especially.

*O softly sleep*, arranged for the harp, by Dizi, is an elegant little piece. The introduction is very graceful, and the air judiciously treated. It is by no means difficult.

*John Anderson my Jo*, and *The last Rose of Summer*, with variations by Chipp,

are of the same description for the harp. The variations of these two Airs bear too near a resemblance; the fourth of the one, and the fifth of the other, are precisely the same in their structure.

The eleventh number of the Operatic Airs is by Meves. The subject is an old air from Martini's *Cosa Rara, Pace cara, mia Sposa*. There is an ease, grace, and flow of melody about Mr. M.'s compositions, which is always very agreeable to us, and the piece before us possesses all these qualities. It has nothing of originality or force, but it is never vulgar, and the passages, though not entirely new, (no passage now can be so) are so put together, as to be very pleasing.

*Fantasia, with variations for the harp, on the Scotch Air, Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*, by Bochsa. This piece is one of Mr. B.'s best efforts, and is capable of great effect; it is full of imagination and great originality. The style of the first variation is particularly novel and beautiful. Its execution demands great powers; in fact, those of the composer himself can alone do it complete justice; the adaptations of this month are, *Rossini's Overture to L'Inganno Felice*, with a flute or violin accompaniment; *Winter's Overture to Il Ratto di Proserpina*, arranged by Little, with a flute and violoncello accompaniment; and the *Marche des Mariages Samnites*, by Von Esch, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte, by Coggins.

We have reserved the last place in our vocal criticism, for the notice of a very singular adaptation of Lord Byron's not less singular song, *I drink to thee, Tom Moore*, by Mr. Bishop. It is wild, strong, original, and productive of high excitement, if sung as boldly as it is written, by a full tenor voice. We recommend it as a nervous and a curious composition.

## SONNET.

I look'd upon the bust of Love you sent  
For comfort; but the shy and sulky boy  
Turn'd his cold face away, if no joy,  
No hope were his to give me: sadly bent  
To inflict, instead, unpitying punishment,  
He seem'd:—again, more fix'd regards employ  
My scrutiny; and lo! smiles, faint and coy,  
Peep round his playful mouth. Say, is it meant  
That Love repels with frowns our first appeals  
For favour; but if faithful we maintain  
Our hearts, he then relentingly reveals  
His smiles, and gradual all our will we gain.  
Is this the Love which you love, Isabel?  
And did he come to me this truth to tell?



## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

DRURY LANE is certainly an unfortunate house. We know not whether its present fallen state is to be ascribed to the mismanagement of the *Great Lessee*—that luminary of the dramatic hemisphere, and to the satellites which revolve around him, or whether its decay is to be attributed to the naturally capricious taste of the public, and to its old predilection for Covent Garden. The comfortless and pleasureless nature of the performances at Drury are, however, sufficiently apparent both in company and audience. We sauntered down the Pit avenue on a late evening without the interruption of a single human being, until we came to a chilled money taker, who sat shivering over an empty till, and appeared to shake off a fit of drowsiness to take our half-price cash. We scarcely saw a footmark in the saw-dust to startle our *Robinson Crusoe* admiration. Our two shillings were slid into the drawer and fell upon wood, and not upon silver, or our ears deceived us. On entering the Pit, we were able to take a seat at any part of the outskirts, although Mr. Kean was playing the part of Reuben Glenroy, in that ridiculous modern jumble of sentiment and slang, called *Town and Country*;—by *slang*, we do not mean that which Capt. Grose (fit name for his work, and worthy to rank with *Kitchener on Cookery*) has interpreted,—but the real characteristic *slang* of modern dramatic writing. The Pit was, indeed, by no means overflowing; and the audience were huddled together in tippets, muffs, cloaks, and great coats, like a batch of Greenlanders, sitting together and endeavouring to *thaw* some amusement in the days when whales are coy and blubber is shy. Although the play of *Town and Country* is constructed upon the *moving* principle, and is intended “to go about harpooning the sorrow from your eyes,”—it met with little success on this dreary evening, and the *blubber* of the audience (if we may use so vulgar a word) was quite as difficult

to be got at, as in the genuine Greenland seas, by *bona fide* whalers. Perhaps the paucity of the company, the poverty of the times, nay, the tarnished pannels of the boxes, might mar the cunning of the scene; but it cannot be denied, that Mr. Kean did not sway the minds of his auditors as he is wont to do.

The character of Reuben Glenroy is that of a lover in Wales that saves the life of a Beau (Mr. Penley) in a stormy Cambrian night, and in return for cherishing this young founding of fashion, finds that a young lady,—“beautiful as, &c. with forehead, like, &c.—her eyes of a circulating-library-brightness—her cheeks rosy as, &c.—her form graceful as—” (see the usual *forms*, which are kept ready printed in Leadenhall-street for use:)—This young lady, in short, is borne away (Reuben calls it *seduced*)—and then follow divers acts of despair and philanthropy. Melancholy puts on a pair of pantaloons and boots, and goes about relieving the distressed, and retrieving gambling brothers and gadding sisters-in-law. The end of the play restores Miss (whatever her name is), unsullied and faithfully fond, to the arms of Reuben—at the very moment that he had bound the beau-serpent (Mr. Penley) to amend his crimes by marriage. We really pitied Mr. Kean in this unnatural part. What has he to do with preaching long lectures to Mrs. W. West on the virtues of nursing her own children!—What to him is the ruin of Mr. Barnard, at *Rouge et Noir*, in a back room at the Five Compasses, Brook-street! Mr. Kean is not formed for this modern trifling. His soul is in arms. Give him the snake curls,—the crimson mantle,—the white-rose shoes,—the gauntlets, the truncheon, the ermined cap, the crown;—give him these, or some of these, with “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” and you shall see a giant genius rush forth in all its pride, energy, and beauty;—but confine him to the tasteless prison of modern costume, and surround him with the generation of 1820, and he *dwarfs* immediately, and you perceive

but the little gentleman that knows Mr. Elliston, and has a house in Clarges-street. Nothing can be nobler than the throe, the passion, the agony, of his Othello,—its sun-scorched love and tyger jealousy!—Nothing, perhaps, can surpass the towering craft and swelling courage of his Richard—in his wooing of the Lady Anne—in his wild madness of battle in Bosworth Field!—We can never (we hope) forget his Hamlet, his Iago, his Shylock,—but we do not wish to remember his Duke Aranza, nor his Reuben Glenroy.

*Adeline; the Victim of Seduction.*

—“Adeline; the Victim of Seduction!” “Phœbus, what a name!”

The innocent country reader, lounging over a five o'clock tea-cup, will think we are about to criticize a novel; but we assure our country friend, that we are honestly treating “of and concerning” a *pathetic* drama from the French. We should suppose that, if there be any superiority in the productions of the French stage over those of the English, it lies in their sprightliness of dialogue, and the easy, rapid succession of incidents;—for there is little force or distinction of character, and none of that sterling constant interest which the patient unraveling of some tangled passion raises in the mind. Our dramas differ as essentially as our wines,—and we make as vigorous a stand for our *port*, as they for their *champaigne*. Now we think very few persons would send to France for their *port*,—no one, indeed, we suspect, except Mr. Elliston!—And from him we should not have expected so egregious a blunder. But he *has* committed an error of this kind,—and since he has brought up a bottle of *Adeline*, with a kind of boast that he is giving us “something of a very superior flavour,” let us hold up the glass and criticize its contents.

*Adeline* is an Afterpiece in three Acts (it was at first tried as a *leader*, but was reduced to the *wheel*), and is described in the bills as “a pathetic drama,” for the sake, we suppose, of admonishing ladies to come furnished with a double stock of cambric handkerchiefs, and to warn gentlemen against a paucity of barcelonas. The pathos, as it will appear in our rela-

tion of the plot, is utterly French,—being no other than such a pathos as the accidents and offences of a daily newspaper afford, or as may be struck off, with the irons, in the Newgate press-yard on a black Monday morning. The heart is tortured in all possible ways,—human nature is insulted by the most barefaced and unaccountable vices and cruelties,—and over the extremest miseries and villanies there is cast a thin veil of gauzy sentiment, which makes the whole doubly improbable, and wretched. The plot and characters of this pathetic drama are these. Adeline is the daughter of an old blind soldier who makes the most sententious and moral father, and to whom she is the most affectionate and watchful child. She is courted by a portrait painter, Fabian; and we presume, that while he takes off her head he takes off her heart. This Fabian is, however, no portrait painter, but the Prince in disguise,—and so it turns out satisfactorily in the end; for when his great blue mysterious portrait-painting cloak is thrown aside, he has on a spangled jacket, and a pair of white tight pantaloons perfectly convincing. Fabian wishes to possess Adeline, without absolutely making her a princess,—for he very wisely apprehends the difficulty of *unmarrying*; and he therefore advises with a good wholesome worthless rascal in regimentals, who for no reason on earth, except “to touch the true prince,” recommends a sham parson, and a mock wedding. Adeline is therefore married to Fabian in humble state, and then the mischief begins. A kind, old, faithful, nimble gardener (Knight) on the second day of the honey moon, lets the young lady into the secret of her being confined (imprisoned), and of her not being really Mrs. Fabian. She longs to abscond from her new home, but the key is not at hand, and Fabian’s friend urges her to keep her room. The gardener gets over the wall and fetches the blind father, who, just as his daughter is being dragged into the Chateau, obtains admission and rescues his child. He is not aware of her wedding, and very naturally asks why she absented herself for a day and night,—we forget her reply, but it satisfies him. She returns to the

cottage, and he binds her down to give up her intimacy with "that Fabian." Fabian comes, however, to the cottage; and Adeline has a parting interview, in which she learns that she is not only not married, but that there is already a Mrs. Fabian. A shriek produces the blind father, who has heard enough to satisfy him of his daughter's ruin,—and he therefore produces pistols and calls Fabian out! Fabian very properly, we think, stands on one side, receives the old gentleman's fire, and does not blow his father-in-law's brains out. The parent goes to court, blindly enough to be sure, to get redress, and the King promises very virtuously to him and to the young lady. We should, however, state that the real Mrs. Fabian, previously to Adeline quitting the cottage, calls to abuse the minx that intrigues with her good man; but, ascertaining the girl's story, hugs her to her heart, swears an eternal friendship, and gives her lavender-drops in her hysterics. There is to be a great gala-day at the palace, heaven knows why!—And there being a stream in the palace-garden, Adeline drowns herself in the presence of Miss Tree, throws the dancers into confusion, is brought out by the Corps de Ballet, forgives her seducer, sinks into the callimanco lap of the old blind gentleman, and dies to the tune of a falling curtain. This is a sketch, as well as we can write from recollection, of this pathetic drama,—and it only remains for us, after remarking that the language is as turgid and trumpery as such a plot requires, to speak of the performers.

Miss Copeland is a very interesting little girl, and contrives to throw a force and pathos into the unnatural part of Adeline, which we really could not have expected. Her death by water (they have no *humane societies* abroad, we presume) was really affecting, if you forgot the folly of the scene,—but it was almost impossible to dismiss from the mind the unnatural miseries in which she was enmeshed. To be sure, she destroys herself in the most picturesque manner, by flinging herself off a bridge (cousin german to the Pagoda Bridge in the Park) at the conclusion of Miss Tree's *pas seul*! Mr. Penley enacted

Fabian after a fashion; and Mr. Cooper did his best for the bad friend. Poor Knight fidgeted through a very indifferent character in a very agreeable manner, and really "gave to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." The old blind gentleman seemed playing one long game at blindman's buff.

Mr. Elliston is now at Paris, we understand, buying up sentiment by the yard, and pathos by the pound. Gad-a-mercy, what bitter work do we foresee to be in store for us! We do, however, hope that the officers at Dover will, out of tenderness to English taste and tears, well rummage the manager's trunks, and seize every rag of sentiment they can find. They will deserve to be sainted if they prevent the importation of more *Adelines*!

By the bye, we have said nothing of *Owen, Prince of Powys, or Welch Feuds*, and nothing have we to say. Mr. Kean wasted a great deal of powerful acting on a very foolish Cambrian. He must, as we have said before, have his soul stirred by the life of the part, and Owen was absolutely lifeless! All through the piece, we could not avoid recollecting, as applicable to the matter in hand, the caricature in Bowles's shop window, of the Quaker addressing the smirking footman:

With lengthen'd face and drawling chin,  
He ask'd is friend Ow—en within?  
When John, who dearly loved a joke,  
In tone like that the Quaker spoke,  
With face and body bent full low,  
As drawlingly replied N—O!

But who could, with a penny-weight of brains, lay the scene of a tragedy in Wales? The peculiar dialect of the Welch will rise up; and is it tragic?—Alack, no!—We understand that Mathews has a choice specimen of Welch character in his approaching entertainment, in which the dialect is given to the life. The character is described to us as that of a fat Cambrian valetudinarian, who visits every watering place, and talks only of waters, in the hopes of "getting thinner." Mr. Mathews, having caught this whimsical character, is too wise a man to hoard him up for a tragedy.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Montrose; or the Children of the Mist.* This is a very uninteresting and unintelligible opera, founded on one of the Scotch novels. The story is luckily too well known by our readers to make it necessary for us to detail the plot, particularly as the tale itself is strictly adhered to in the drama, not only in its incidents, but in its language; there is this defect, however, in the play, that the characters are not described or realized to the audience, and the incidents are hurried on and confounded, without order or connexion: the novel remedies all this, by descriptive and explanatory passages; but it would really require the intervention of a chorus to render the scenes of the opera intelligible to an unlearned audience. The wildness and mystic insanity of Allan M'Aulay, untameable except by music, and marvellous enough in the legend, are perfectly unaccountable until nearly the conclusion of the drama; and the character, in the hands of Mr. Abbott, certainly added something to its incoherence. Randal of the Mist was powerfully represented by Mr. Yates; but the mystery of these gentlemen of second-sight is certainly, at the best, of a very inferior interest. The Earl of Menteith was well dressed by Mr. Duruset, and might have been well performed if he had had a single thing to do worth the doing; Montrose was personated by Mr. Connor; the character is thus described in the novel. "He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial, and possessed, of course, that graceful ease of deportment proper to those to whom habit has rendered all postures easy. His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality among the royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which, descending two or three inches lower than the others, intimated Montrose's compliance with that fashion against which it pleased Mr. Prynne, the puritan, to write a treatise, entitled, 'The unloveliness of Lovelocks.'"

"The features which these tresses inclosed were of that kind which derive their interest from the character

of the man, rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well opened, quick, grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face; so that, in general, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome than a hard-featured man." A great deal more of this highly wrought description follows; but enough has been extracted to make it doubtful, as we think, whether Mr. Connor sat for the picture.

Erort was fearfully represented by Mrs. Faucit; and Donald met with an arch master, in Taylor, the singer. It was our misfortune to witness this opera, on a night when Mr. Liston's "hoarseness was so palpable," (as Mr. Abbott eloquently described it) as to prevent his appearing at all, and Mr. Meadows "threw himself on the liberality of the public," in the part of Captain Dalgetty. It was never our chance to meet with any gentleman half so well armed against humour as Mr. Meadows; and we hope, on all accounts, that Mr. Liston's hoarseness will not continue palpable many nights longer. But Miss Stephens requited us for all disappointments! pretty herself, and prettily dressed, she came forward but to give delight to every one. Her voice in the first song she sings, "We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin," is quite enchanting! So much of sweetness, simplicity, girlish pathos, and clear power, it is impossible to imagine in any other singer. Her dress is striking—the scarlet skirt, blue bodice, and the black curls of her hair, are quite a picture of the days of Montrose. In the last act, she sang "Charlie is my Darling," which, to avoid a trifling anachronism, is altered and spoiled by a single word: *Chevalier* is changed for *Cavalier*, and it is quite surprising how much spirit is lost in the music by it. Miss Stephens did not sing this charming air with confidence and life, and we were disappointed—for we reckoned upon it. We have heard a young lady sing it at the piano in a private room, with thrice the spirit.

The scenery is beautiful, and nearly all new, or at any rate new to us.

One scene of the mist on the mountains by moonlight was so real, that an old gentleman near us begged his daughter to put her handkerchief to her mouth, and take care of her cough. We never saw any thing half so real, except a few November evenings in London, about six years ago.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

We are not subdued to the notice of a French melo-drama at this little theatre; nor to a critique upon a gorgeous parody of a Scotch novel; but we have something better, far better than either. We cannot close our observations on the theatres; without noticing a very ingenious, delightful, and intellectual produc-

tion, consisting of a course of lectures, delivered by Mr. Bartley, on the Structure of the Universe. The beautiful, the extremely beautiful representations of the heavenly bodies exceed all that we could have conceived to be achievable. The lectures are clearly and forcibly written, and delivered by Mr. Bartley in a way that all clergymen would do well to imitate. The theatre was, indeed, but poorly attended on the evening we visited it; but we are quite sure that it would be crowded every evening in Lent, if it were known how admirable these lectures are, not only in language and delivery, but also in scenic illustration.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

“ Marriage, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
With what new scenes and changes fraught;  
To what variety, untried,  
Of beings may a man be tied.  
Here will I pause—if it be bliss  
To wed,—and many vouch for this;  
'Then he who asks so blest a lot  
Must marry, but to whom or what?  
These arms were made to hug a wife;  
But I am pozed; for death and life,  
At once my antidote and bane,  
Are set before my eyes, 'tis plain.  
One tells me I shall quickly end,  
And to oblivion descend;  
The other, I shall never die,  
But live in my posterity.  
O whither will these doubtings tend,  
And what must my conjectures end?

Why, since all marriage is a venture,  
In which like lotteries we enter,  
What if I settle it by lot,  
If I shall wed, or I shall not!”

He took a penny, that had known  
Its master's fate—to lie alone,—  
How many weddings, oh how many,  
Depend on turning of a penny,—  
He toss'd it up—the mode is common,  
It rose—it turn'd—it fell—'twas woman!



## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

*Exhibition of Drawings, Soho-square.*—We have not often experienced more real gratification, than has been afforded us in the course of the last month, by an hour's lounge among the drawings now exhibiting at No. 9, Soho-square. Mr. Cooke has contrived to blend in one small but rich collection, the highest names of ancient and modern art. Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Corregio, Claude, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Girtin, Turner, Stothard, Dewint, &c. We should find it rather difficult to explain how it happens, that we feel even more gratification in the inspection of a great master's sketches, than in a full-dressed visit to his finished works. In the last instance, a more laborious effort of mind is required: before we can form a correct judgment, we must enter into something like a regular and systematic estimate of the power and proper range of the pencil; but when we sit down in front of the first slight tracings of the master's hand, we seem to be put in possession of the workings of his mind,—its first ideas,—its progressive mutations and connections: we sit down with him in his study, and hear him communicate the unvarnished secrets of his art, and the rich resources of his genius. A short time since, we were turning over the hints and scraps of an artist's port-folio, and we felt some surprize at the innumerable felicities scattered through the earlier indications of many of his most popular paintings, but which had altogether evaporated in the refined and elaborated transfer of the same ideas to his canvas. And we have reason to believe, that the same disadvantageous comparison might often be made between the first rude, bold, fearless sketch of a poet's creation, and the polished transcript, which, with tremour and hesitation, he puts forth to the world. In one instance, we know this to be the fact, and that what was, originally, a noble and animated effusion of feeling and genius, was not given to the press until it had been tamed down to a mere enamelled copy of its former energy and grandeur. Something of all this passed through our minds, while we

were contemplating the fine relics of the old school, which adorn the middle room of Mr. Cooke's exhibition. We have not, of course, room to enumerate the *Lions* of the collection, and we shall leave them to roar for themselves; but there were some of the less conspicuous works which pleased us much. There was a specimen of rich and bold handling, by Aldegrevier; a piece or two of good free sketching, by Mompert; a slight but spirited group of fir-trees, by Vandyke; a queer but clever river view, by Breughel; a fine scene in the Garden of Olives, by Julio: and a noble affair of Hercules and the Nemean Lion, by Rembrandt. In the modern part, there is a fine series from Turner, with all his excellences, and some of his affectation. An early drawing of Westminster Bridge, tasty, but feeble, gives no indication of his present power; but there are some beautiful specimens of his Southern Coast drawings, and there is a small view of Vesuvius, magnificently conceived and executed—the tornado of flame and fiery sleet rushing from the volcano's mouth is admirably expressed. We were gratified by the design, at least, of Mr. Gandy's noble, but crowded and over-coloured, architectural inventions; we were delighted with some exquisite drawings, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and to keep up this pretty sort of climax, we were fascinated by Stothard's beautiful tinted sketches from the Spectator. Varley's Landscape is cold, hard, and mechanical. We greeted with much pleasure our old acquaintance, the 'Connoisseur in his Study,' by Stephanoff; but we were not long delayed by Mr. Martin's laboured designs from the Ode to the Passions: Mr. Ward's 'Heron receiving the attack of the Hawk' was worth them all put together. On the whole, we received so much gratification, that we shall assuredly pay Mr. Cooke a second visit.

*English Poets.*—An elegant edition of the British Poets, in 100 Volumes, royal 18mo. is on the eve of being published. It includes our most celebrated Poets, from Chaucer and Spenser, down to Burns and Cowper, together with the standard Trans.



lations from the Classics. Great care has been taken to rectify numerous errors which had crept into the text of preceding collections. The Life of each Author is prefixed to his Works. As far as they extend, the Lives written by Dr. Johnson are adopted; the remainder of the Biographical Memoirs, fifty in number, are original compositions. The edition is embellished by proof impressions of nearly two hundred masterly engravings.

*Lord Byron and Sir W. Scott.*—A comparative estimate of the respective merits of these two eminent poets has recently appeared in a German Journal, preceded by some remarks on the state of our national poetry at the period immediately preceding their appearance on the literary horizon. Fine poetical feeling, it is asserted, was totally dormant in England during the 18th Century. Originality and genius displayed themselves in works of humour and the Comic Epopee,—in the Drama, which could boast of the facetiousness and humour of Foote, the wit and vivacity of Sheridan,—and in the Parliamentary eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, but not in the inspirations of the Muse. The Nineteenth Century has distinguished itself from its predecessor by the production of two genuine poets allied only in power, in almost every other respect entirely dissimilar. The antithesis is, indeed, sufficiently striking: in Byron, the poet himself is always apparent; his peculiar trains of thought, his reflections, his own individual character are every where prominent. In Scott, on the contrary, the poet himself completely disappears, while his character and the events in which they are involved stand out in relief, not only visible, but prominent and tangible. In Byron, we meet with only *one* character, though variously arrayed. In the compositions of his rival, the characters are most diverse and multifarious. In this estimate, the writer takes into account the Scotch Novels, which he assigns, seemingly as a *mere matter of course*, to Sir Walter.

In Byron there is but little action; in him all is declamation, reflection, or sudden, animated description: in Scott, events crowd upon each other; he seldom pauses for mere reflection. Byron describes his actors in a minute and masterly style, but still always *describes*: Scott, on the contrary, makes his personages describe themselves, by exhibiting them in all the animation of reality. In Byron's poems we discover the workings of a powerful fancy, the starts of an inspired mind; yet are his productions but fragments and sketches: while Scott possesses symmetry, continuity, integrity. But if the manner of the one be so dissimilar from that of the other, their spirit is still more so. The one exhibits the world as one great prison, as a cavern

of death where all is gloomy, cheerless, and appalling: the other displays some redeeming points even in the most depraved natures; his views of life are rather consolatory than sombre. Lastly, Byron avoids, even in his poems, every object that may remind him of his '*Fatherland*'; unlike his own Foscari, his affections are not knit to his home, to the soil which gave him birth: he is any thing but a patriotic poet, in whatever sense we take the epithet. To Scott, on the contrary, his '*Fatherland*,' seems as a holy sanctuary, on whose altars he deposits with filial reverence the fruits of his genius and his affection.

*Polish Journals.*—The productions of the periodical press in Poland are at present very numerous. There are now no fewer than twenty-four Journals of various descriptions; some political, others devoted to subjects of literature or science. Of these, twelve are published at Warsaw, viz.—1. *Pamiętnik Warszawski* (the Warsaw Journal) which appears monthly, notices subjects belonging to science and art. It is edited by M. F. Bentkowski, Professor of History.—2. *Isis Polska* (the Polish Isis) or Journal of Science, contains accounts of new discoveries, and intelligence relative to the arts, manufactures, and trade: like the preceding it is published monthly with plates; and is edited by M. Korwin.—3. *Sylvanus*, a quarterly publication, relative to planting and agricultural pursuits.—4. *The Sybil*, edited by M. Gerzymala, is a national Journal, devoted to the literature, history, and politics of Poland, and to whatever is collaterally connected with these subjects. A number, consisting of three or four sheets, appears every fortnight.—5. *Dekada Polska* (the Polish Decade) so called because published every tenth day, confines itself to the notice of the more important political events. 6, 7, and 8. *The Warsaw Courier*, the *Warsaw Correspondent*, and the *Warsaw Gazette*, are all political papers. The following are of a more literary and miscellaneous nature.—9. *Wamba*; this work relates more particularly to the fine arts, and their various dependencies. It is edited by M. M. Dmochowski and Lisiecki, and is published weekly.—10. *Momus*, is a professedly entertaining Miscellany, conducted by Żolkowsky, a celebrated comic actor, and contains amusing anecdotes, epigrams, jeux d'esprit, &c.—11. *Sygodnik Muzycgny*, (the Musical Journal) is published weekly in a quarto form; it is edited by Kurpinski.—12. *Gazeta Literacka* (the Literary Gazette) is also a weekly publication of a single quarto sheet. This work notices both Polish and Foreign literature, and frequently contains articles displaying much information and considerable learning.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THERE is no foreign news of any description to record this month. The Greeks, the Persians, and the Turks, still continue skirmishing with various success; and notwithstanding the ever varying rumours to the contrary, the differences between the Porte and Russia have as yet assumed no definite shape whatever. In Spain, the Cortes have recognized the independence of the South American colonies, and have nobly made the odious offence of trafficking in slaves, *high treason*.

In France the Chambers have been constantly occupied in discussions upon the laws affecting the press, which have at length been carried to the full extent of Ultra ambition. Several amendments were proposed in the course of the discussions, which were uniformly rejected by a large majority. One only, acknowledging the inviolability of the sale of national domains, and guaranteeing their tranquil possession, was permitted to remain. During this contest, the Liberaux adopted a new mode of warfare. Finding that they were uniformly frustrated by organized majorities, they came to the determination of not going through the form of a vote at all; and accordingly, after having delivered their sentiments, when the question came to be put, they unanimously rose and left the chamber. Previous to their departure, however, they gave their reasons in terms sufficiently expressive, as the following sentences, taken from their principal speakers, will clearly show.

M. B. Constant—"We protest in the face of France, of which we are the representatives."

M. Keratry—"We will not be accomplices in the destruction of our liberties."

M. de Grammont—"Proceed as you think right—there is no longer a chamber."

M. de la Fayette—"We protest, and we appeal from this proceeding to the energy of the French people."

This, it must be admitted, is at all events ominous language, particu-

larly when used within the very Temple of Legislation. In such a spirit, however, have these odious enactments passed, that there may be now said to exist no press in France, except that created by the breath of the minister. Such is the only atmosphere in which public opinion can evaporate. There may be danger, however, in its too great condensation. This political determination of the *côté gauche* may be new in France, but it has been resorted to more than once in this country. Our readers may recollect the secession of Mr. Fox and the Whig party, in the year, we think, 1793, an example which was followed in Ireland by the same party, headed by Mr. Grattan. Here the experiment failed; and after a short time these great men found, that the expression of their dissent was better, however fruitless, than the despair of silence. In France, however, at this peculiar juncture, it is difficult to say, whether or not the policy is a wise one. Insurrections are hinted at, in various places; and, according to the state of the journals, perhaps even a hint on such a subject is more than could have been expected. A serious conspiracy has been discovered at Nantes, where an attempt had been made to corrupt the 13th regiment of the line—some officers have been arrested, and several others have absconded. We should much distrust, in the event of any popular commotion, the fidelity of the French army.

The meeting of parliament, which took place on the 5th of February, for the dispatch of business, promises to add some new features of interest to our domestic report. The king opened the session in person. The doors of the House of Lords opened about twelve o'clock, and very soon afterwards the benches exhibited a brilliant display of Peers and Peeresses. At two his Majesty entered the house, preceded by the great officers of state, and after the House of Commons had been summoned, he proceeded to read, in an audible voice, the following speech:—

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I have the satisfaction to inform you, that I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.—It is impossible for me not to feel deeply interested in any event that may have a tendency to disturb the peace of Europe. My endeavours have, therefore, been directed, in conjunction with my Allies, to the settlement of the differences which have unfortunately arisen between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte; and I have reason to entertain hopes that these differences will be satisfactorily adjusted.—In my late visit to Ireland, I derived the most sincere gratification from the loyalty and attachment manifested by all classes of my subjects.—With this impression, it must be matter of the deepest concern to me, that a spirit of outrage, which has led to daring and systematic violations of the law, has arisen, and still prevails in some parts of that country.—I am determined to use all the means in my power for the protection of the persons and property of my loyal and peaceable subjects. And it will be for your immediate consideration, whether the existing laws are sufficient for this purpose.—Notwithstanding this serious interruption of public tranquillity, I have the satisfaction of believing that my presence in Ireland has been productive of very beneficial effects, and all descriptions of my people may confidently rely upon the just and equal administration of the laws, and upon my paternal solicitude for their welfare.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

It is very gratifying to me to be able to inform you, that during the last year the Revenue has exceeded that of the preceding, and appears to be in a course of progressive improvement.—I have directed the estimates of the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy which the circumstances of the country will permit; and it will be satisfactory to you to learn, that I have been able to make a large reduction in our Annual Expenditure, particularly in our Naval and Military Establishments.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I have the greatest pleasure in acquainting you, that a considerable improvement has taken place in the course of the last year, in the Commerce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, and that I can now state them to be, in their important branches, in a very flourishing condition.—I must at the same time deeply regret the depressed state of the Agricultural Interest.—The condition of an interest, so essentially connected with the prosperity of the country, will, of course, attract your early attention; and I have the fullest reliance on

your wisdom in the consideration of this important subject.—I am persuaded that, in whatever measures you may adopt, you will bear constantly in mind that, in the maintenance of our public credit, all the best interests of this Kingdom are equally involved; and that it is by a steady adherence to that principle that we have attained, and can alone expect to preserve, our high station amongst the nations of the world.

After the delivery of this speech, the King took his departure from the house. The address, which was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Roden, and seconded by Lord Walsingham, was agreed to with but little debate, and without any division. In the House of Commons, however, two amendments were proposed; one by Sir Francis Burdett, to postpone, till the Friday following, the consideration of the address, which was lost by a majority of 128. The second, and the much more important amendment, was proposed by Mr. Hume, which “returned to the King the grateful acknowledgments of the house for the reductions already made; represented the excessive distress of the land owners and occupiers, and the classes connected with them; expressed an opinion that excessive taxation was the main cause of such distress, and prayed for such immediate reductions in the expenditure, from the highest to the lowest department, as should relieve the nation from a large portion of the taxes.” This amendment also caused a division, upon which the numbers appeared to be, in its favour, 89—against it, 171—leaving a majority of 82.

Dispatches upon the state of Ireland, transmitted to ministers by the Marquis Wellesley, were subsequently laid upon the table of both houses. They include the actual situation of that country for almost the entire month of January, being the time of his Excellency's Vice Government up to the period of the sitting of parliament. During this interval, the discontent and disturbances had much increased. The maximum of men in arms, as mentioned in the first dispatch, only amounts to 200, and the hostile force specified in the last, is rated at 2,000! The mischief, of course, was propor-

tionate, and Lord Wellesley says he was obliged to resort to new precautionary measures, and also to military operation; in connexion with these, he demands, in consequence, fresh legislative coercive enactments. These enactments were proposed by the minister, and carried with unusual rapidity through both houses. The "security" measures for that wretched country are, first a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, throughout all parts of the Island, whether they are tranquil or not, and next, a re-enactment of the insurrection bill, equally and equitably general in its operation. Our readers in this country are tolerably aware of what the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act means, but they may not perhaps be equally conversant with the legislative qualities of a local bill, like the Irish Insurrection Act. This bill, then, be it known to them, supersedes altogether the antiquated constitutional thing called "trial by jury," and vests in a bench of magistrates, the power of transporting beyond the seas any of his Majesty's subjects who shall appear out of their own houses, from the hours of sunset to sunrise, winter or summer, unless they shall satisfactorily account to the aforesaid magistrates for indulging such ambulatory propensities. It might, perhaps, in some degree tend to reconcile the country to those measures, if, coeval with their enactment, there was even a promise held out, that, on their successful operation they would be followed up by measures of conciliation. But no such promise has been hinted at, and, indeed so far from it, Lord Londonderry expressly stated that any sectarian relief bill, under "existing circumstances," ought not to be discussed or solicited: to "support any political change, or countenance any redress of political grievances in such a state of things, would be to hold out a premium at once to further insurrection," are stated to be his Lordship's precise expressions; and if the Roman Catholics of Ireland cannot take the hint, they little understand either the proverbial clearness of the noble Marquis's eloquence, or the expressive cheers with which the ministerial forces hailed the very intelligible declaration. In

the mean time, the members of that persuasion have met in Ireland, and agreed forthwith to petition. There is a long account given in the Dublin papers of their debate on the occasion, which would be ludicrous in the extreme to any person who could for a moment forget the misery of a people in the contemplation of individual absurdity. The accounts from the interior, are the counterpart of those which we have given these three months—rape, murder, fire—fire, murder, rape—the same national planxty, with variations. It is difficult to understand the policy of Lord Wellesley—a professed friend to conciliation, he calls for coercive measures, without even the distant promise of any definite equivalent—a professed friend to the Catholics, his very first act is to create an inveterate Orangeman a Baronet, and his next, to take to his councils as Solicitor General, a well known, and, we believe, a conscientious enemy to any further concessions. These things, coupled with Lord Londonderry's declaration, look ominously; but still the faith of the Catholics is strong, and we hope it may be justified. By the bye, in the discussion on Irish Grievances, we do not observe any allusion made by Lord Londonderry to the promise he made during the King's visit, on the pier at Howth, as to the attempted repeal of the Irish window tax.

The next proceeding of any interest in the House of Commons has been upon the subject of Sir Robert Wilson's dismissal. The gallant general entered into a full explanation of his conduct on the 14th of August, and moved for "copies of the correspondence which had taken place between him and the Commander in Chief, and others, on the subject of his dismissal." Ministers resisted this motion, not on the positive demerits of Sir Robert Wilson, but on the constitutional prerogative of the King to erase from the army list any officer in the service, no matter whether he had purchased his commissions or not, and the house coincided with their view of the question, by a division of 199 against 97, leaving a majority against Sir Robert's motion of 102.

After various strong petitions had

been laid upon the table of the house from the distressed Agricultural Counties, Lord Londonderry brought forward upon the 15th of February his proposed plan for their relief. It was substantially as follows: by various reductions, retrenchments and savings, he calculated upon a surplus revenue, as compared with last year, of five millions; and this, upon the principle recognized by the house in 1818, was to be transferred to the Sinking Fund, which was to be held sacred. By an immediate reduction of the five per cents., a saving of an annual sum of 1,400,000*l.* was calculated on, and this, together with a surplus to be derived from a contemplated reduction of the four per cents., he proposed applying to the relief of the existing distress. This was to be done by a reduction of one shilling a bushel on the duty on malt, which it was hoped would assist the agriculturists. Another idea intended to be acted on, was to raise from the bank four millions upon exchequer bills, at three per cent. to be lent at the same rate to distressed parishes for four or five years, upon the security of their poor's rates. It was also proposed to revive the Agricultural committee, in order to revise some provisions in the Corn Laws, which were allowed to be universally mischievous, but the general principle upon which those laws were founded, was nevertheless to be held sacred. The propositions of the noble Marquis, after some strong remarks from Messrs. Hume and Brougham, were agreed to without a division. It is said, that a few days previous to the promulgation of this plan, Lord Liverpool called a meeting of some of the most eminent of the London bankers, at Fife-house, and requested their opinion as to whether an issue of exchequer bills to the extent of five millions, to be lent, under regulations, by government, to the Country bankers, would enable them to advance sums to the farmers, as they had been accustomed to do previous to the decline of agriculture, so as to save the farmers from the

consequences of a forced and depreciated sale of their produce. The answer, however, was by no means satisfactory. The London bankers stated, that their correspondents in the Country banks were so far from wanting money, that they were actually at a loss how to apply their unemployed capital.

Ministers have determined to pay off the Navy per cents.; or, rather, to reduce the interest from five to four per cent.; and, in consequence, the following plan was on the 22d submitted to the proprietors.

A new Stock to be created, bearing an interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum; the interest to be payable on the fifth of January, and the fifth of July in each year; and not to be paid off until the fifth of January, 1829.

All holders of five per cents. who shall not signify their dissent, to have, for every 100*l.* five per cent. annuities, 105*l.* in the new four per cent. stock.

The first dividend of the new four per cent. stock to be payable on the fifth of January, 1823.

Books to be opened at the Bank, from Monday, the fourth of March, to Saturday, the sixteenth of March, 1822, both days inclusive, for receiving signatures of persons dissenting.

Persons not signifying their dissent within this period, to be deemed to have assented, unless they shall have been out of the United Kingdom for the whole of such period; in which case, they shall be permitted to express such dissent at any time before the first day of June, 1822; and any persons who may be in any other part of the world, except Europe, to be permitted to express their dissent at any time before the first day of March, 1823.

Persons dissenting to be paid off in the numerical order in which their names may be subscribed. Such payment to commence on the fifth of July, 1822, and to be continued at such periods, and in such manner, as parliament may direct.

All holders of five per cent. stock will receive the dividends due on the fifth of July, 1822.

With respect to trustees, the principle adopted in 1749 will be followed, by which trustees were indemnified by Act of Parliament.

*February 26.*



## MONTHLY REGISTER,

MARCH 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SEVERAL counties have followed the example of Norfolk, and held public meetings to embody and represent their sentiments concerning the agricultural distresses in petitions to Parliament: with some variation of phrase, and with occasional reference to other sources of oppression, they all concur in complaining of taxation as a main cause of their sufferings, and in urging reduction as the most obvious measure of relief.

On Friday, the 15th day of February, the Marquis of Londonderry opened to the country, in Parliament, the ministerial view of the Agricultural distresses, and the modes of relief proposed to be adopted. His Lordship proposes a reduction of one shilling a bushel upon malt, which will certainly be felt, not only as a relief from taxation (although a very slight one), but as an encouragement to a greater consumption of the commodity grown by the farmer. His Lordship next proposes to renew the Agricultural Committee (which was done on Monday night), with a view to their framing some train of expedients to preclude the inundation of the English market with the foreign growth in the event of open ports. The actual provisions not being yet before us, it is impossible to speak of them with accuracy; but in principle they must be erroneous, and what is still more singular, they go to contradict *pro tanto* the dicta of the famous Agricultural Report, the work of ministers themselves; and if it be at all useful to circulate these grand objections, now is the moment. For it is quite clear that the country does, or does not, grow enough for its consumption. If it does grow enough, *any* laws that can be framed will be useless. If the country does not grow enough, such laws must have a tendency to produce a very high price, and consequently a very serious fluctuation—the two circumstances most to be deprecated. For the moment it is known that the supply is likely to be short, the farmer will hold his stock, and he will readily find assistance from his bankers and monied connections, so long as the probability of an advance continues. Any *restrictive regulations* (and none other can avail to contravene large importations) will come in aid of this stinting of the market, and the consequences upon the country must be dreadful.

The last part of the scheme is to offer a loan of four millions to parishes on the mortgage of their rates, and repayable by instalments in a course of years. This loan,

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as described by the Noble Marquis, is designed to enable farmers to avoid the sale of their growth at low rates. In other words, to raise the price of corn and shift the burden from the landed interest to the consumer. This, however, is only to shift the burden, and not relieve the country. But there are so many insurmountable objections to the execution of this part of the plan, that we apprehend it will either be abandoned by ministers, or neglected by those for whose use it is designed.

It should seem (and at this particular point of time there may be some utility in endeavouring to impress the fact,) that ministers do not sufficiently consider the inevitable effects of the open intercourses of peace in bringing subsistence to a general level throughout the world, although they have themselves declared in the agricultural report, that the mouths would fly to the cheap subsistence, if the cheap subsistence did not come to the mouths. What is the reason why the British should not produce as cheaply as the foreign grower? The difference is in the fertility of the soil and the habits of the labourer. These, we apprehend, the superior capital, skill, and industry of the British agriculturist more than compensate. But then comes in taxation, which sweeps away, probably, not less than one-fourth of the whole production. This, then, is the true source of evil, and this must be reduced—if England is to be prosperous. Another error, no less striking, is the perpetual confusion of ministers relative to abundance. Abundance never ought to be, and never can be, a cause of distress, beyond the temporary depression of price which a sudden glut occasions; and with respect to subsistence, or indeed any article of life or luxury, abundance must always be the source, politically speaking, of happiness. It is the *unequal distribution* that creates the distress. Suppose, for instance, three persons to exist in a place where two of them can produce more than is necessary for the three. If the third man having nothing to offer that is desirable to the other two, but still having the *latent* power of production, be starved, while the two others have more than they can consume; who would allege that the abundance of the two was the cause of the starvation of the third? In such a condition we consider England to be; and whether the persons who take from the industry of the many be called tax-gatherers, tax-eaters, paupers, or by any other name of reproach, or mi-



sary, the effect is the same. There is a certain disproportionate number of unproducing consumers, who want to be brought into a state of activity—who ought to be made to produce, and who would, while they thus could reciprocate demand and supply, create new funds for the benefit of themselves and of the commonwealth. Thus too, the objects of revenue, as well as the sphere of happiness, would be extended. We possess all the elements of wealth; waste soil and seas, superabundant art, capital and unemployed millions. The true problem for political science is then to combine these elements, and to bring them into useful activity. Till this be done, the state must continue in danger, and a large proportion of the population in misery. It appears to us, that facts sufficiently establish the necessity for some national stimulus—“*Laissez nous faire*,” or “time and patience” is a doctrine no longer suited to the complicated involutions of advanced civilization. During six years of peace, we have seen only the alternate depression of agriculture and manufactures. The contraction of demand, which must for a considerable time follow contraction of income, must increase the evil; and those regulations and adjustments which might now be peaceably effected, may, by delay, but too probably come with a vengeance.

The extraordinary mildness of the season has been particularly favourable to the turnip crop, and to the general supply of winter food for stock. Nothing but the most unexpected and improbable severity of weather can render the quantity any other than most abundant, while, on the contrary, if the same mild temperature should continue, the grass will be as early as plentiful, which will probably occasion a demand for lean stock. The prices of meat at Smithfield have rather declined since our last report, and the country markets exhibit the same appearances. The differences in various parts of the kingdom are, however, very considerable. The lambing time has been amazingly favoured by the mild air. The wheats thrive and look excellently well. Indeed, all nature is forward and prolific. Violets, primroses, and other spring flowers are rapidly appearing, even in the eastern counties. Man only wants to discover a happier mode of distribution. It appears that foreign agriculture is suffering the same depression with the British. Lord Londonderry stated, that in Silesia the wheat had been left to rot on the ground. The inhabitants probably were living on rye bread and the sour drink of Russia! Political science is yet in its infancy.—February 20.

## HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR JANUARY, 1822.

Now with grey hairs and bruises of many days,  
The old year lies buried with her ancestors.

THE new year of the Chronologist, but not of the Horticulturist, has commenced; for it is only with this month that the leisure of the gardener concludes, and with February commences his annual plenitude of healthful labours and delightful cares. In January, as in the preceding month, the requisite labours in the garden are but few in number; it is a mere courier month, and prepares the way for its successors. Manuring, digging, and trenching the ground for the reception of future crops, protecting the tender inhabitants of his soil, forming hot beds for early forcing, with the insertion of a few small successional crops, and the completion of any requisite planting and pruning, comprise the Horticulturist's January employments.

The want of the warm and enripening beams of the sun, during the summer which is just past, added to the unusual mildness of the winter we are so unseasonably enjoying, has been exceedingly prejudicial to store fruit in general: not having thoroughly ripened, it has a natural tendency to wither and decay, and the present season affording those powerful assistants to putrefaction, a temperate and

moist atmosphere, the gifts of Pomona rapidly corrupt, and this decay commences almost universally at the core. The varieties of apples and pears, are all as unusually forward in becoming fit for use, as they are in decaying; many varieties, especially of pears, which should not be in season until this month, were extinct before the close of the last. Fruit towards spring must become scarce; every person, therefore, should, without delay, place the soundest of his stock of apples and pears in casks of dry sand, as this will greatly prolong their preservation. 1. The flower bud of the daffodil (*Pseudo-narcissus*), with a considerable portion of its scapus, or stalk, is this day apparent. 3. The leaflets of the honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*) are completely expanded. 4. During the night of this day, the first fall of snow took place, and covered the face of nature with a fleecy mantle of several inches in depth, accompanied with piercing winds from the East and North. In severe winters, when a long continued reduction of temperature occurs, nothing is more to be desired by the Horticulturist than this chaste covering of winter; it protects the vascular

system of his hardy plants from rupture and consequent decay, and preserves his early crops, and the more tender objects of his care, from destruction. Snow was formerly considered by philosophers as being assistant to vegetation, in consequence of containing nitrous salts; the unequalled songster of the seasons, coinciding in this erroneous opinion, declares, that

— Thro' the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, the ethereal *nitre* flies.

Plants, however, are only benefited by the shelter it affords them; and the soil (especially that turned up in preparatory ridges), by being pulverised and minutely divided during its gradual dissolution. 7. Scarcely a vestige of the snow remains, a misty mildness envelopes the day; and as in early spring, partial frosts chill the evening air. The monthly rose, which, in unvarying succession, flowers throughout the year, is now blooming in solitude, and affords melancholy rather than pleasurable sensations,—

No flower of her kindred  
No rose bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

8. The leaf buds of the elder (*Sambucus nigra*) have burst, and its red-tinted leaflets are expanding. The flower buds of the laurel are unusually forward. Numbers of the “Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,” the common daisy (*Bellis perennis*) are in full bloom. The remaining flowers of the chrysanthemum, and the leaves of the American laburnum (*Cytisus Laburnum*), this day were no longer to be found, the keen winds and frost of the previous night deprived them of the small residue of their virility. 9. The blackberry still continues in full leaf, this with the holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), and its season-proclaiming berries, the common broom (*Spartium scoparium*) and the furze, with its hardy and cheerful looking blossom, are now the only ornaments of our hedges. 12. The polyanthus is in full flower, the other fragments of the tribes of Flora remain the same as in the preceding month, with the exception of the chrysanthemum, which a few days back “her sunny robe resigned.” 16. The berries of the ivy (*Hedera helix*) are rapidly swelling; this sombre evergreen, it is well known, and the common nettle (*Urtica urens*) flourish best near buildings, and perhaps for the same reason, namely, requiring a soil containing nitrate of potass. In few places does ivy grow in such richness as upon the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, which the Scottish novelist has so well described during the meridian of its glory;—but it is now no longer a habitation for Leicester or Elizabeth,

No high-toned clarion sounds alarms,  
No banner wakes the pride of arms;  
But *Ivy*, creeping year by year,  
Of growth enormous, triumphs here.  
Each dark festoon with pride upheaves  
Its glossy wilderness of leaves  
On sturdy limbs, that, clasping, bow  
Broad o'er the turrets utmost brow,  
Encompassing, by strength alone,  
In fret-work bars, the sliding stone,  
That tells how years and storms prevail,  
And spreads its dust upon the gale.

19. The whole plant of the chrysanthemum is now dead. Notwithstanding the mildness of the season, the depredations of the garden mouse are by no means extensive; the best means of defence for the bean and pea crops, which chiefly suffer from their attacks, is to sprinkle the surface of the soil, immediately over the rows, with coal ashes. 24. The sweet-scented horehound continues in undiminished fragrance: the winter aconite (*Helleborus hibernicus*) the winter anemone and the American primrose, are partially in full flower. 26. The snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), the morn-star of flowers, is now coming generally into flower, and seems

As Flora's breath, by some transforming  
power  
Had changed an icicle into a flower,  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains  
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

The male catkin of the filbert, with its crimson coronet, is generally apparent. I was this day shewn a gum cistus, with several flower buds within a few days of expansion, growing in an open exposure. The heads of the artichoke are rapidly advancing. Things past, we readily confess, are too apt to fade from the records of our memory; and thus are we rendered incapable of a strictly just comparison between things that have been and things that are; this, however, being admitted, it may be advanced I believe with little fear of contradiction, that a January, equal to that now concluded in mildness and joyous aspect, few can remember to have known. We may conclude that it was a morning as unseasonable as that of the 27th, that prompted the Muse of the Bard of Avon to exclaim,

The seasons change their manners, as if  
the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd  
them over.

It is to be hoped that the unfolding vegetation of next month, may not suffer by an equally unseasonable *reduction* in temperature; we cannot, however, but have our fears.

Essex.  
c 8

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Feb. 21.)

It is with much pleasure that we have to state the favourable opinion that seems to be generally entertained by the public, of the commercial prosperity of the kingdom, partly arising from actual improvement, and partly from the confident expectation of beneficial regulations. This expectation is not a little encouraged by a late publication, under the sanction of government, where it is asserted, that early in the ensuing session of parliament, the Board of Trade will enter minutely into "The enlargement of the Transit and Warehousing System."—"The consolidation and simplification of our Navigation Laws, with the revision and suppression of some of the obsolete enactments."—"A revision of the Lights Harbour Dues, and Pilotage and (in due time) the Dock System." The last effort of the Board of Trade this session will be "The revision and amendment of the Prohibitory System in general, and the substitution of Protecting Duties, in exchange for the existing actual prohibitions."

We quote the exact words of this important pamphlet, as we have no doubt the measures alluded to will have the most beneficial effect on the commerce and general prosperity of the country. In fact, we can already confirm, at so early a period, the anticipated improvement of commerce; particularly in colonial productions. Indigo, Coffee, Cotton, Saltpetre, Dyewoods, and Spices, also Hemp and Tallow, have, within the last two weeks, become in great request, and there is a marked difference in the general tone of public opinion: it is now believed the great depression of prices, in consequence of the return to a metallic currency, has reached the lowest point; and as many of the most important articles of consumption have declined far below the price at which they can be brought to market, a reaction may be anticipated; it appears already to have commenced, and we have little doubt that it will become general throughout the extensive trade of Great Britain.

No change has taken place since our last, in the commercial policy of foreign countries, that seems likely to affect Great Britain. The new Tariff expected at St. Petersburg had not appeared when the last arrivals were received, but it is said to be actually under discussion, and to be chiefly directed against foreign (i. e. British) manufactured goods. What we stated in our last, of Spanish America, is confirmed; our future commercial relation with that country will of course greatly depend on

the kind of connection that will be established between the Colonies and Spain. It was erroneously reported that the Cortes had resolved to recognise the independence of the Colonies. They have only resolved to send commissioners to treat, and it is to be apprehended, that a long period will elapse before any final arrangement is made.

*Cotton.*—Notwithstanding the approach of the great sale at the India House on the 8th of February, there was a good demand for Cotton in the last week of January and first week of February, and the quantity of Bengals sold by private contract up to February 5th, amounted to about 3,000 bales; ordinary, 5d. 5½d. to 5¾d.; fine to good fair 5¾d. to 5½d.; very good, 6½; about 200 Surats, 6½d. to 7d.; a few Madras, 6½d. all in bond. The price of the Bengals was on account of the sale about ½ lower.

Particulars of the sale at the India House, 8th Feb. 18,801 bales; 181 Bourbon, common fleecy to fine and good, 10½d. a 12½d.; 9 damaged, 9d. a 10½d.; 59 Madras, very good, 7½d. a 8d.; 985 ordinary to good fair, 6d. a 6½d.; 135 damaged, 3½d. a 6½d.; 2,259 Surat, good Toomel, 6½d. a 7½d.; 4,325 fair clean and bright to good fair, 6½d. a 6¾d.; 1242 ordinary and leafy, 6½d. a 6¾d.; 21 damaged, 2½d. a 6¾d.; 668 Bengal, good to very good DT. and SR, 6d. a 6½d.; 7,696 fair to pretty good, 5½d. a 5¾d.; 494 ordinary and middling, 5½d. a 5¾d.; 536 damaged, 1½d. a 6½d. The Madras and Bourbon nearly all sold at the previous prices; the Surats were ½d. a ½d. per lb. under the prices of the October sale, and nearly 3,000 bags were taken in; only about 500 bags Bengals were withdrawn, the remainder sold, the ordinary and fine ½d. advance on the October sale prices, the good and fair ½d. lower. It is calculated, that of this sale, 6,000 bags were taken for export or on speculation.

This considerable sale did not diminish the demand by private contract, 1,800 bags having been sold in the week ending the 12th, viz. 274 Bowedas, fair 8½d. a 8¾d. to 9½d.; for good, 38 ordinary, 7½d. a 8d.; 15 Madras, good fair 6½d.; 800 Surats, common ordinary, 6d. and 6½d. to 6¾d. good fair; 600 Bengals, ordinary 5½d. good fair, 5½d. very good, 6½d. a 6¾d. all in bond; and duty paid, 20 Surinam, very good, 11½d. a 11¾d.; 55 Barbadoes, fair, 9d. 9½d.; 8 Montserrat, 8½d.; and 2,000 bales and upwards in the week ending yesterday, the 19th. viz. 500 Surats, good

Toomel of last sale at 7d. per lb. ; 30 middling fair, 6½d ; 1,400 Bengal, a few ordinary at 5½d. a 5¾d. ; fair, 5½d. a 5¾d. ; all in bond. The request appears since to have in some measure subsided, and no purchases of any other description are reported.

At Liverpool, the demand for Cotton has on the whole been steady, and the sales for the four weeks up to the 16th, amounted to about 31,000 bales. The arrivals in the first two weeks were above 16,000 bags : those for the last two weeks were not stated.

*Sugars.*—The demand has on the whole been steady throughout this month, without any remarkable fluctuation. Last week the demand was rather slacker, till Friday, when it in some measure revived ; the prices were fully supported, except for inferior browns, which in several instances were reported rather lower. Yesterday the market appeared heavy at the opening, but, before the close of the day, the demand revived very considerably ; the sales effected were more extensive than they had been for a length of time preceding, and prices must in general be quoted 1s. higher.

The demand for refined goods, which was pretty brisk at the beginning of this month, has since given way, and that for the finer sorts were last week very languid ; low qualities, however, were in demand, and realized high prices. At a public sale last week, 97 chests of Havannah sugars went at rather high prices, viz.—

Sound. Damaged.

White, good .... 41s. .... 34s. to 34s. 6d.  
——, ordinary... 39s. .... 32s. 6d.

Grey..... 37s. .... 30s.

250 bags of fine brown Bourbon were withdrawn at 20s. 6d. At a previous sale, at the beginning of this month, (8th) 345 chests of Havannah were brought forward, when the yellow sold at full prices ; good colour, but rather soft, at 26s. to 28s. ; low white, or grey strong, 35s. 6d. to 37s.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette :—

January	26	.....	31s.	7½d.
February	2	.....	33s.	2½d.
	9	.....	32s.	4½d.
	16	.....	32s.	2½d.
	23	.....	31s.	8½d.

*Coffee.*—The coffee market presents a very considerable improvement during the course of the last month. In the first fortnight after our last report, the public sales of coffee were quite inconsiderable, the demand was general and extensive, and foreign descriptions were as much inquired after as parcels for home consumption ; in the last week of January good ordinary Jamaica realised 108s. ordinary St. Domingo 104s. and 400 bags of fine ordinary coloury Brazil 106s. In a few days British plantation calculated for home consumption rose 4s. to 6s. per cwt. good ordinary Jamaica being sold in considerable

parcels at 114s. to 114s. 6d. fine ordinary 115s. to 117s. 6d. Dutch Triage 113s. to 115s. middling 128s. to 130s. good middling 134s. to 138s. 20 bales of ordinary Mocha were taken in, no offers being made above 12½. The public sales being so few, and the quantity in the market so very trivial, the holders were almost able to fix their own prices ; the grocers purchased only for their immediate wants, but there was much inquiry for exportation, and about the 5th instant 107s. were paid for St. Domingo, and for 200 bags of fine quality 108s. Unless there should be very large arrivals a further advance is anticipated ; for it must be observed, that of the stock now in the West India warehouses, which is very scanty when compared with former years, only a small proportion is available, the remainder being either in dispute or not claimed, and has lain in the stores for a series of years. In the second week in February, up to the 12th, there was only one public sale, consisting of 14 casks, 111 bags British Plantation, and 27 bags Brazil, ordinary middling Demerara realised 130s. middling Demerara 129s. and 129s. 6d. fine ordinary Jamaica 116s. The purchases by private contract were also at very high prices ; St. Domingo realised 108s. and 109s.

On the 12th, though the demand was not brisk, coffee was generally 2s. to 4s. higher than on the preceding Tuesday ; and at a sale on that day higher prices were obtained than at any previous sale. This sale consisted of 400 bags Brazil, which sold, ordinary 102s. to 104s. good ordinary 106s. 6d. to 107s. fine ordinary 108s. 6d. to 110s. ; 120 hhds. Jamaica sold, good middling 134s. and 135s. ; middling 124s. to 127s. ; ordinary middling rank taken in, 120s. 6d. to 121s. fine ordinary 118s. to 120s. good ordinary, also rank 112s. For 70 bags of St. Domingo ordinary, mixed with black beans, 106s. was offered ; the whole was then withdrawn at 110s. There were few purchasers of coffee by private contract last week. The public sale went off without briskness, but the previous prices were fully maintained ; good St. Domingo in considerable parcels sold 107s. 6d. to 108s. ; fine ordinary Cuba 108s. 6d. to 109s. 6d.

The public sale of coffee yesterday (19th) consisted of 389 bags Foreign, and 5 hhds. Jamaica ; the former chiefly Brazil—good ordinary sold 107s. to 108s. fine ordinary 109s. 6d. to 111s. 6d. ; for 100 bags good ordinary pale St. Domingo 109s. was offered by two parties and refused ; 5 hhds. very rank Jamaica good ordinary mixed taken in at 108s. 6d. Generally the coffee sale may be stated fully 1s. higher.

*Baltic Produce.*—There has been a very great advance in the price of tallow. The extensive holders and speculators entirely governed the market, and the day for the

delivery of several large parcels contracted for being arrived, the sellers were obliged to apply to the speculators who held almost the whole quantity in the market, and were able to command their own prices; so that at the beginning of this month, that is between the 5th and 12th, the buyers were obliged to take 2000 casks at 58s. A further rise took place, and yellow candle tallow was at 59s. 6d. and 60s. and other kinds in proportion. A decline has since taken place. Few purchases have lately been reported of yellow candles, and it is therefore difficult to state the price correctly. The extensive holders and speculators demand 58s. but 56s. appears to be more nearly the present price; the speculators have been much disappointed, no duty being yet reported, nor any mention in Parliament even of the probability of such a measure.

Hemp and flax have been in steady demand, and the prices of hemp have advanced.

*Oils.*—The rapid advance of tallow added to the previous disposition of the trade to purchase Greenland oil has had a favourable effect on the market. Some small parcels of Greenland oil have lately been sold at 23l. without casks.

*Spices.*—East-India Company's sale, 11th February:—Pepper 2443 bags Company's, black, sold at 7½d. to 7¼d.; Saltpetre 446 tons private trade, sold at 24s. 6d. to 26s. 6d.; Cinnamon 504 bales, first quality, sold at 7s. 9d. to 8s. 11d.; 228 bales, second quality, 6s. 1d. to 6s. 7d.; 381 bales, third quality, sold at 5s. 1d. to 5s. 5d.—Mace, 76 casks, first quality, sold at 5s. 1d.—Nutmegs, 500 casks, ungarbled, sold at 3s. 7d. to 3s. 8d.—Cloves, private trade 3s. 9d.—Cassia Lignea 7l. 12s. to 7l. 16s.—Ginger 11s. to 12s. 6d.—Present stock, sold and unsold—Cinnamon 621,000lbs.; Cloves 118,000lbs.; Mace 191,000lbs.; Nutmegs 907,000lbs.; Cassia 2800 cwt.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Archangel, Jan. 1822.*—Our trade begins, though slowly, to become more active, and most of our productions to recover a little from the great depression under which they have for some time been; and our Russians in expectation of a farther rise, are less eager in bringing goods to market. The last price paid for mats was 300 r. for the thousand, all the money down, there are now no sellers of this article. Linseed is sold at 17 to 18½ r. per Chetwert, and is still in demand at that price, but there is little offered for sale, so that the buyers will probably be obliged to submit to an advance.—In *Corn*, nothing doing, the price therefore nominal.—*Wheat* on the spot, 13 to 15 r. (new cannot be delivered at that rate, as the prices in the interior are still higher).—*Rye*, 9½ r.—*Oats*, 5½ r. per Chet-

wert.—*Tar*, since the rise of 25 cwt. on the article in London has been sold at 6 r. per barrel, and is now held by most owners at 6½ r. For pitch, 125 copecs have already been demanded, but an abatement might be obtained. Contracts have been made for small parcels of *Bristles* of St. Petersburg, 70 r.; and some crown bristles at 111 r. per pood.—*Hemp*, first quality, at 85 r.—*Potash*, 75 and 82 r. per 10 pood, and now they ask for the first and second quality of hemp, 80 and 85 r.; for *Flax*, 105 and 120 r. per 10 pood, according to the quality.—*Tallow* can now be purchased at 105 r. per 10 pood.

As the price of Russian productions in foreign countries appears to become more firm; and the Russians, on account of the prevailing scarcity of money, and the loss which they still sustain, even at the present prices, are obliged to limit their purchases in the interior, a farther rise towards the summer appears probable.

*Riga, 25th Jan.*—Winter has at length set in with us, and a road being now fit for sledges, trade has become more brisk.—*Flax*. Though we have received considerable supplies, there are more buyers than sellers at the following prices; Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 41 r. cut Badstub 37 r.; Risten Threband, 29½ r.—*Hemp* is in continual demand, the stock here very inconsiderable: for delivery with all the money paid, there is a want of respectable sellers; clean Ukraine was lately sold at 105 r. all money down; and is held at 114 r. with 10 per cent. earnest, and 112 r. offered. The last prices paid for Outshot were, Ukraine, 85 r.; Polish, 91 r. all money down; and for Pass; Ukraine, 75 r.; Polish, 81 r.; all money down; but is not now to be had on those terms, for that upon the spot has been sold; Druiania, clean, 31 r.; ditto Pass, 25½ to 26 r.; ditto Torac, 14½ to 15 r.—*Hemp Oil* for delivery at the end of May, 100 r. are asked, but we believe that purchases might be made at 98.—*Potashes*, for Polish crown, good, on contract, 100 r. all the money down, are asked. In other export articles, nothing doing; since last week, pretty large quantities of salt have been sent into the interior; for Liverpool, 62 r. have been paid, and in small quantities even 65 r.; St. Ubes, 55 to 56; best reddish course Cetta, 62 r.; for Terravecchia salt, 72 r. have been asked, and for French grey, 47 r.; a parcel of very white French has been sold for 50 r. on credit. The market for colonial produce remains dull, yet there appears a tendency to an increased demand for raw sugar.

*Hamburg, 9th Feb.*—Cocos without demand.—*Coffee*. As considerable sales have been made this week as the preceding. A parcel of about 600 bags of coloury Brazil, and several smaller parcels of the same kind were sold at 12½ to 12¼d.; another



considerable parcel of ordinary Brazil in casks, at 12d.; and ordinary Laguyra at 12½d. We have but a small stock of Domingo, and good ordinary is not to be had at 12½ to 12¾d., and fine ordinary not under 12¾d. Since the arrival of the English mails of the 1st and 5th, all descriptions have again risen.—*Dye-woods*. Logwood remains steady in price, and yellow of good quality, is more in demand.—*Spices*. Pimento meets with a ready sale, but pepper is less inquired for. In the finer kinds, less is doing.—*Sugar*. There have been this week but few sales of the inferior descriptions of refined goods; but the demand for better qualities has been the more con-

siderable, so that not only the parcels of fine ordinary and middling refined brought to market were sold ¼d. higher, but many orders could not be executed from the want of a sufficient supply, which renders a further rise very probable. Our stock of lumps is also greatly reduced, so that those of strong middling quality are very saleable, though more than 9d. is seldom to be obtained for them. No change whatever has taken place in the price of raw sugar, and the business done is entirely limited to our own consumption. Fine descriptions of every kind are rather scarce, and the holders consequently very firm.

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*T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.*

### *Gazette—Jan. 26 to Feb. 10.*

Allsup, C. High Holborn, hatter. [Pearce, St. Swithin's-lane. T.

Banting, J. Cumberland-street, Marylebone, carpenter. [Williams, Gray's-inn. T.

Bond, W. Houndsditch, wafer-manufacturer. [Knight, Basinghall-street. T.

Burgie, J. Mark-lane, carpenter. [Leigh, Charlotte-street, Mansion-house. T.

Camp, J. Broad-street, Wapping, victualler. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row. T.

Coldman, J. New Kent-road, carpenter. [Meymott, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's-road. T.

Dye, R. Peckham, wheelwright. [Dixon, St. Swithin's-lane. T.

Edmonds, E. Newport, Monmouth, draper. [Pearson, Pump-court, Temple. C.

Green, C. Leather-lane, Holborn, victualler. [Vandercom, Bush-lane, Cannon-street. T.

Knibbs, J. H. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker. [Pasmore, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street. T.

Lidbetter, T. Southwark, Sussex, corn-merchant. [Gregson, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. C.

Lilley, N. Leeds, linen-manufacturer. [Holme, New-lan. C.

Niblett, F. St. Mary Axe, milliner. [Warrand, Mark-lane. T.

Pasmore, J. Farnham, Surrey, linen-draper. [Holme, New-lan. T.

Polley, W. Newington-workhouse, Surrey, contractor for the rope-manufacturers. [Orme, 3, Church-row, Stepney. T.

Ridgway, R. B. H. Charles-street, St. James's, wine-merchant. [Allen, 45, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane. T.

Sampson, D. W. Gailspur-street, tea-dealer. [Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Smith, A. King-street, Cheapside, Scotch-factor. [Batsford, 3, Horsleydown-lane, Southwark. T.

Tanton, W. Prince Edward's island, North America, merchant. [Raine, Temple. C.

Thomson, C. Deans, Durham, cattle-jobber. [Bell, 9, Bow Churchyard, C.

Wasbrough, M. Camberwell, Surrey, stationer. [Abraham, Jewry-street, Aldgate. T.

Weetch, S. George-street, Commercial-road, Ratcliff, linen-draper. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.

White, J. Great Winchester-street, Stationer. [Aspinall, Furnival's-inn. T.

Williams, W. Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Birkett, Cloak-lane. T.

Jan. 29.—Aspell, J. Manchester, check-manufacturer. [Hurd, Temple. C.

Bowring, J. G. Fenchurch-buildings, broker. [Kearsey, 116, Bishopsgate-street. T.

Butcher, J. Alphamstone, Essex, maltster. [Daniell, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. C.

Cave, W. J. West Smithfield, copper-smith. [Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street. T.

Dent, A. Size-lane, merchant. [Kearsey, 116, Bishopsgate-street. T.

Green, W. Jun. Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, ironmonger. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.

Halliley, R. Lumby, York, dealer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square. C.

Hampson, R. and T. Hampson, Liverpool, corn-merchants. [Perkins, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.

Howard, J. Norwich, butcher. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn. C.

Mackie, J. Walling-street, merchant. [Tomlinson, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.

Mildred, T. D. Size-lane, merchant. [Kearsey, 116, Bishopsgate-street. T.

Russell, H. and R. Bruce, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, cabinet-makers. [Parton, Bowchurch-yard, Cheapside. T.

Feb. 2.—Alderson, J. Liverpool, oil-merchant. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.

Baker, T. Wolverhampton, Stafford, mercer. [Williams, 9, Old Buildings, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Bramwell, J. Leadenhall-street, hatter. [Shelton, Old Bailey. T.

Chinnock, R. Frome Selwood, Somerset, builder. [Jeyes, 69, Chancery-lane. C.



## BIRTHS.

- Jan. 20. At Darley Abbey, Dorsetshire, the lady of J. Watts Russell, Esq. MP. a son.
22. In Upper Gower-street, the lady of J. A. F. Simpkinson, Esq. a daughter.
- In Chesterfield-street, Lady Maria West, a daughter.
23. In Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of Sir Gregory Page Turner, Bart. a son and heir.
24. At Resishaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, Lady Sitwell, a daughter.
- In Manchester-square, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Orde Poulett, a son.
25. At Brighton, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Taylor, 10th Royal Hussars, a son.
- At Boxley, Kent, the lady of the Hon. William Fraser, a daughter.
26. In Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the lady of John Mitchell, M.D. a daughter.
29. At Hythe, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Goldfinch, Royal Engineers, a son.
- In Jermyn-street, the lady of Sir Frederick Baker, Bart. a son.
- Feb. 1. In Montague-place, at the residence of Mr. Serjeant Pell, the Hon. Mrs. Pell, a daughter.
2. At Brighton, the Rt. Hon. Lady Caroline Hamilton, a daughter.
5. At Preshaw House, Hants, the Rt. Hon. Lady Mary Long, the lady of Walter Long, Esq. a daughter.
8. In Manchester-square, the lady of J. Green Wilkinson, Esq. of Bargate House, Hants, a son.
9. In Stratton-street, Piccadilly, Lady Jane Peel, a son.
10. At Puttenham, Surrey, the lady of Richard Sumner, Esq. a daughter.
15. Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, the lady of Henry Hoyle Oddie, Jun. Esq. a daughter.
16. At Lindley-hall, the lady of T. Applewhalke, Esq. a son and heir.
20. In Portland-place, the lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. MP. for Ludgershall, a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Ferregles, Dumfries, the lady of Alexander Gordon, Esq. twins, (sons).

## IN IRELAND.

- At Dublin, the lady of the Hon. Francis Annealey, a daughter.
- At Killea House, the lady of the Hon. Richard St. Leger, a son.
- At Rathkeale, County of Limerick, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Dick, of the 42d Highlanders, a son and heir.
- At Clontarf, the lady of the Hon. John Prendergast Vereker, a son.

## ABROAD.

- At Bombay, the Hon. Mrs. Buchanan, a son.
- At Rome, in the Palace of her Brother-in-law, the Prince of Prossedi, Donna Letitia Buonaparte Wyse, the lady of Thos. Wyse, Jun. Esq. of the Manor of St. John, Ireland, a son and heir. Two days afterwards, (Jan. 8,) the Infant was baptized by his Eminence, Cardinal Fesch, by the name of Napoleon; the Sponsors, John Talbot, Esq. nephew of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Donna Carlotta Buonaparte Gabrielli, Princess of Prossedi.

## MARRIAGES.

- Jan. 19. At Ingleby Manor, Yorkshire, Tatton Sykes, Esq. second son of the late Sir Christopher Sykes, Bart. of Sledmere, in the same County, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir Wm. Foulis, Bart.
22. Count St. Martin D'Agile, Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sardinia, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Chas. Finch.
24. At Mary-le-bone Church, Robert Berkeley, Esq. only son of Robert Berkeley, Esq. of Spetchley, Worcester, to Henrietta Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Paul Benfield, Esq.
29. At St. Martin's in the Fields, Thomas Henry Algernon Stephens, Esq. to Maria Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. R. Brickenden, and niece to the Earl of Cavan.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rt. Hon.

the Earl of Beotiva, to Olivia, relict of the late Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq. and daughter of Sir John Stevenson.

— At Plympton, St. Mary, Erving Clarke, Esq. of Efford, to Anna Letitia, third daughter of Paul Treby, Esq. of Plympton.

Feb. 2. The Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, Vicar of Sandhurst, Berks, to Mrs. Augustus Faulkner, daughter of the late General Spry, of the Engineers.

4. At Liverpool, Thomas Shaw Brandreth, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Ashton Byrom, Esq. of Fair View, near Liverpool.

5. At Liverpool, Mr. Edw. Martineau, to Eleanor, fourth daughter of the late Edward Rogers, Esq. of that Town.

9. At St. Martin's in the Fields, Samuel Barlow, Jun. Esq. of Mitcham House, Surrey, to Mary Ann, only daughter of William Stark, Esq. of Clapton.

— At St. Michael's, College Hill, William Boyd, Jun. Esq. of Shamrock Lodge, County of Down, Ireland, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Christopher Magnay, Esq. the Lord Mayor.

11. By special license, by the Bishop of Norwich, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Albemarle, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir Henry Huskoke, Bart. of Wingerworth, in the County of Derby. The Bride was given away by her uncle, Thomas William Coke, Esq. of Holkham, Norfolk.

12. At Addesley, in the County of Salop, by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Cust, the Hon. John Henry Knox, third son of Viscount Northland, to Lady Mabella Needham, youngest daughter of the Earl of Kilmorey.

— At Chertsey, by the Rev. Wm. Corbett Wilson, Jun. AM. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Chas. Corbett Wilson, second son of the Rev. William Corbett Wilson, of Hardwick Priory, Warwickshire; to Mary, second daughter of the late Anthony Benn, Esq. of Hensingham, Cumberland.

14. At Hadleigh, the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, to Adine, second daughter of A. D. Lewis Agassiz, Esq. Finsbury-square.

— By the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Edward Murray, second son of the late Right Rev. Lord Bishop of St. David's, and nephew of the Duke of Athol, to Ruperta Catherine, only child of the late Sir George Wright, Bart.

18. At Exeter, John Tyrell, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister, and of Clonard, County of Kildare, to Mary Ann, only child of John Mackintosh, Esq. of Exeter.

19. At Burnham, Norfolk, by the Rev. W. Bolton, the Rev. Philip Ward, MA. to Horatia Nelson Nelson, the adopted daughter of the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.

21. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by Special Licence, by the Rev. Charles Gore, Wm. Gore Langton, Esq. Jun. of Burderop Park, Wilts, eldest son of Wm. Gore Langton, Esq. of Newton Park, Somerset, to Jescinthia Powell Collins, only daughter of H. Powell Collins, Esq. of Hatch and Lillesdon, in the county of Somerset.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Charles Dundas, Esq. MP. for the County of Berks, to Mrs. Erskine, widow of Major Erskine, of Vinlan, and niece to the Earl of Lauderdale.

## IN IRELAND.

At Charles Town, in County of Louth, by the Rev. Dr. Vesey, Thos. Locke, Esq. Barrister at Law, eldest son of Ralph Locke, Esq. of Longford Hall, Shropshire, to Anna Shaw, only daughter of the Hon. Matthew Plunket, and niece to the Rt. Hon. Lord Louth.

## ABROAD.

At Van Diemen's Land, by special license, Mr. Scott, Surgeon to the Royal Navy, and Resident Surgeon of that Colony, to Lucy Margaretta Davey, only child of Lieut. Col. Davey, late Lieut. Governor of Van Diemen's Land.

At Rome, Capt. Robt. Manners Lockwood, eldest son of Thos. Lockwood, Esq. of Dan-y-Craig in Glamorganshire, to the Rt. Hon. Lady Julia Gore, daughter of the late Earl of Arran, KP. and sister of the Marquess of Abercorn.

## DEATHS.

- Jan. 20. Sophia, the wife of George Cobb, Esq. of Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire.
- Lately, in York-place, Clifton, Mrs. Jane Mackworth, only surviving sister of the late Sir Hubert Mackworth, Bart. of Gnoil Castle, Glamorganshire.
- In St. James's square, her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's.
- At Oxford, the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, Principal of Brasen Nose College, Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church. In 1796, he published "The Eternal Filiation of the Son of God, asserted on the Evidence of the Scriptures, &c."
21. After a severe illness, Sir Buckworth Herne Soame, Bart. of Heydon, Essex. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Colonel Peter Buckworth Herne Soame.
- Hewett Cobb, Esq. of Clement's-inn, and of Sydenham, in Kent, many years proprietor of the Brighton Theatre.
23. Mary, the lady of Wilther Branston, Esq. of Oakley Hall, Hants, and youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lobb Chute, Esq. of the Vine, Hants.
24. In College-street, Westminster, James Smith Goodliff, of the House of Commons.
25. At Maidenhead, aged 77, James Payn, Esq. upwards of 50 years Recorder of that Town, and Treasurer for the county of Berks.
28. Richard Baldwin Smith, eldest son of Richard Smith, Esq. of Harborne Heath, near Birmingham.
- At Kirkby-Mallory, Leicestershire, the Hon. Lady Noel, wife of Sir Ralph Noel, Bart. sister of the late Thomas Lord Viscount Wentworth, and mother-in-law to Lord Byron.
29. At Thorndon Hall, Essex, Frances Lady Petre, wife of the Rt. Hon. Lord Petre.
30. At Dawlish, in his 23d year, Henry Verney Jackson, Esq. of Jesus College, Oxford, only son of Henry Jackson, Esq. of Lower Skelly, Swansea.
- Feb. 1. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Joseph Fogg, of Regent-street, after having been delivered of a son on the 18th ult. Her only daughter died on the 14th ult.
- At his apartments at the Royal Naval Hospital, after a short illness, Capt. Sir Thomas Lavie, KCB. of his Majesty's ship Spencer.
2. In Howland-street, in his 75 year, Charles Binny, Esq. formerly of Madras.
- Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Charles Baldwin, of Newgate street.
3. In Hans-place, aged 62, James Stirling, Esq.
4. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, on her birth-day, Sophia Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart. of Ashley-park, Surrey.
- In Welbeck-street, aged 84, William Adam, Esq. Architect.
- At Greenwich, Mrs. Garrick, relict of George Garrick, Esq. brother to the celebrated English Roscius; and mother-in-law to Mrs. George Garrick, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
- At her seat, Northgate-house, Halifax, Mrs. Lister, relict of Joseph Lister, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late General Sir W. Fawcett, KB.

6. At her house, in Pall Mall, in her 78th year, Lady Bunbury, relict of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart.
7. At Clapton, Emanuel Muller, Esq.
8. In Pall Mall, aged 73, Thomas Wagstaffe, Esq. of Wood Hall, Shenley Hill, Berks.
9. At his apartments in the Albany, Piccadilly, Rear-admiral John William Spranger.
10. In his 69th year, Christopher Rawdon, Esq. of Elm-house, near Liverpool, one of the Deputy-Lieutenants of the West Riding of the county of York.
11. In Newgate-street, in his 25th year, Mr. Henry Baldwin, Bookseller.
- In Caroline-street, Bedford-square, in his 60th year, Arthur Win. Davis, Esq. an Historical and Portrait Painter of superior talent. His Death of Lord Nelson, and other large works are well known to the public.
14. In Queen's-square, Bath, James Richard, only son of Boyd Miller, Esq. of Clapham Common, Surrey.
15. At her residence, in Smith-street, Chelsea, aged 81, Mrs. Nunn, relict of the late Capt. Loftus Nunn, Comptroller of his Majesty's Hospital, Chelsea.
17. The Rev. Thomas William Shore, Vicar of Otterton, Devon, and brother to Lord Teignmouth.
24. At his chambers, 3, Garden-court, Temple, James Boswell, Esq. one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts, and Editor of Mr. Malone's last Edition of Shakspeare, lately published.
- At his house, Stratton-street, Thomas Coutts, Esq. Banker, aged 87, father of the Countess of Gullford, Lady Burdett, and Marchioness of Bute.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Glasgow, Capt. J. Aveling of the 77th Regt.

## IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, in his 79th year, Richard Nevil, Esq. of Furnace, in the county of Kildare, for many years Teller of his Majesty's Exchequer in Ireland.

## ABROAD.

At Genoa, in his 31st year, Lieut. D. G. Stow, RN. eldest son of Daniel Stow, Esq. of the Post Office.

In Jamaica, Peter Campbell, Esq. of that Island, and of Kilmory, Argyle.

At Barbadoes, Lieut.-Col. John Piper, CB. of the 4th, or King's Own Regt. after an illness of three days.

At Surat, in his 38th year, John Morison, Esq. Collector and Magistrate of that Zillah, which office he had filled with ability for 17 years.

At Caen, of a pulmonary consumption, Michael O'Brien, Esq. Surgeon. Royal Navy, late Dispenser of the Naval Hospital, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

## LONGEVITY.

At Watergrass-hill, Ireland, aged 113 years, Edmond Barry. He had been a pensioner 65 years; was at the battle of Fontenoy and several others in the reign of George II. He was six feet two inches, remarkably upright, and was able to walk a mile at least every day, till within three days of his death.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &amp;c.

The Rev. R. J. Francis, to the rectory of Charleton St. Mary, Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Deacon; Patron, the Corporation of Norwich.—The Rev. James Hoste, MA. to the vicarage of Emplugwell, Rutlandshire. Patron, the Rev. R. Turner, Great Yarmouth.—The Rev. F. Ellis, MA. to the rectory of Lassau, Hants; Patron, G. P. Jervoise, Esq. of Herriard-house.—The Rev. W. Cooke, AM. of New College, and successor of Hereford Cathedral, appointed one of the Domestic Chaplains of the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Molesworth.—The Rev. W. Edge, BA. to the rectory of Nedging, Suffolk, on his own petition.—The Rev. G. Beckett, MA. of Trinity College,

Cambridge, son of Sir John Beckett, Bart. to the vicarage of Gainsborough, and Prebend of Corringham, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Fothergill.—The Rev. J. Footit, Vicar of Upton, to the vicarage of Baraby, in the Willows near Newark. The Rev. G. G. Stonestreet, LL. B. appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of York.—The Rev. J. Baker, MA. Spiritual Chancellor of the diocese of Durham, to the Living of St. Mary the Less; Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

OXFORD.—The Rev. T. Lee, DD. President of Trinity College, nominated one of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, vice the Rev. Dr. Hodson, late Principal of Brasenose.



## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR JANUARY, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

## GENERAL REPORT.

THIS month has been dry and calm, and the state of the air mild for the season. Several hoar-frosts, however, appeared in the early part of the mornings, and the thermometer was under  $36^{\circ}$  on ten different nights, and three times below the freezing point. The mean temperature of the air is  $1.33^{\circ}$  higher than in last January; and rather more than  $2\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$  above the mean of January for seven years past. The mean temperature of spring-water at 8 AM. is  $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  higher than in January, 1821. The aggregate of the spaces described by the rising and falling of the mercurial column is unusually small for January, and the pressure of the atmosphere very great, the mean height of the barometer being nearly

$\frac{7}{10}$ ths of an inch above that of the preceding month.

The wind having prevailed 23 days between the W. by S. and N. by E. points of the compass this month, the depth of rain, therefore, does not amount to  $\frac{1}{10}$ ths of an inch, even with a pluviometer placed near the ground; and the evaporation is nearly as much again as in former Januaries.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 1 parhelion, 3 lunar halos, 3 meteors, 1 rainbow, and 3 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from SE. and 2 from NE.

## DAILY REMARKS.

January 1. After a slight shower, a sunny day, and a bright moonlight night, when *Cirrostratus* came up from the westward and produced a large lunar halo; a slight hoar-frost towards morning.

2. A sunny day: a double rainbow at 4 PM. the diameter of the interior bow to the outside of the colours measured  $83^{\circ} 50'$ —a very bright moonlight, followed by hoar-frost on the leeward side of the house-tops only, the unobstructed current of air to windward having been too humid for its production.

3. AM. overcast with *Cirrostratus*: PM. rain, and a strong gale from SE. The maximum temperature for the last 24 hours occurred in the night.

4. Rain and sleet with the wind from NW.: PM. fine, but a hard gale from NE., and passing *Cumulostratus*.

5. AM. fair, with *Cumuli*, and a continuation of the gale: PM. a clear sky, and a rose-coloured twilight, which we have not seen for many weeks past. A faint discus halo about  $7^{\circ}$  in diameter, and of a greenish colour, appeared around the moon in the evening, followed by a slight hoar-frost, and the dikes slightly frozen over.

6. A fine day, but a keen northerly breeze: cloudy at intervals by night, and frosty.

7. A slight shower of snow early, which is the first we have seen here this winter, followed by a cold rainy morning: PM. cloudy and fine.

8. A fair day, with a mixture of *Cirrocumulus* and *Cirrostratus* forming a mackerel-back sky: overcast after sunset.

9. A slight hoar-frost early, and a fine day, with passing clouds: a blush on the twilight, followed by a clear sky and some dew by night.

10. Overcast with a veil of *Cirrostratus*, except about two hours in the morning, and a humid air beneath.

11. Calm and overcast, except in the afternoon, when it was fine, and the clouds coloured at sunset.

12. Overcast with a veil of attenuated *Cirrostratus*, and calm—drizzling rain about 2 hours in the evening.

13. Overcast and calm—much dew towards morning.

14. A clear sky except two or three hours in the afternoon, when *Cumuli* appeared. 2 middle-sized meteors in a westerly direction in the evening.

15. Fair, with a very dry NW. breeze. (See evaporation column in the table.)

16. At 40 minutes past 8 AM. a beautifully coloured parhelion appeared on the east side of the sun in a thin watery *Cirrostratus*: the sky soon afterwards became overcast with *Cumulostratus*.

17. Light rain in the morning and afternoon: a clear sky by night, and one small meteor.

18. Sunshine, with the lighter modifications of clouds: a humid air by night, when low beds of *Cirrostratus* passed over.

19. Overcast in the morning with *Cirrostratus*, and afterwards with *Cumulostratus*, accompanied by light airs.

20. The sky shrouded with close *Cumulostratus* nearly all day; and light rain by night.

21. A fair, calm, and clear day, except about 2 hours: cloudy by night.

22. A *Stratus* early—calm and overcast throughout the day and night.

23. As the preceding, except the *Stratus*: rain by night.

24. Light rain and calm in the morning: PM. overcast.

25. Sunshine and *Cirrus* in *stris*, followed by *Cirrocumulus*, &c. and a brisk wind. The dark part of the moon this evening was well-defined by the naked eye till she set, being of a bright copper colour.

26. A sunny day, with various modifications of clouds, and a brisk NW. wind: a rainy night.

27. An overcast and calm day: drizzling rain by night.

28. AM. as the preceding: PM. a clear sky.

29. A slight hoar-frost early, and a sunny morning, with passing beds of *Cirrostratus*, which increased in extent, and shrouded the sky the remainder of the day and night.

30. A slight hoar-frost early, followed by a sunny morning: PM. a clear sky, calm and frosty.

31. The ground, &c. covered with rime, and both the inside and outside of the windows overspread with icy efflorescences early. A fair day. At 9 PM. a yellow discus halo appeared around the moon, surrounded by a ring of green and a ring of red, the latter being  $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  in diameter, followed by light rain.



26    **A METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1892.** [March.]  
*Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.*

**A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.**

A clear sky, 4; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 11; an overcast sky, without rain, 11½; rain, 4½.—Total, 31 days.

## NEW PATENTS.

James Winter, Gent. of Stoke-under-Hamdon, Somersetshire, for certain improvements in a machine for sewing and pointing leather gloves with neatness, much superior to that which is effected by manual labour.—Dec. 19th.

Samuel Brierley, of Salford, Manchester, dyer; for an improved method of preparing raw silk, and cleansing the same, for the purpose of dying and manufacturing.—Dec. 19th.

John Gladstone, of Castle Douglas, in the stewartry of Kircudbright, and county of Galloway, engineer and mill-wright; for an improvement or improvements in the construction of steam-vessels, and mode of propelling such vessels by the application of steam or other powers.—Dec. 20th.

Julius Griffith, Esq. of Brompton-Crescent, for certain improvements in steam-carriages; and which steam-carriages are capable of transporting merchandise of all kinds, as well as passengers, upon common roads, without the aid of horses. Partly communicated to him by foreigners residing abroad.—Dec. 20th.

Pierre Erard, of Great Marlborough-street, musical instrument-maker; for certain improvements on pianofortes, and other keyed musical instruments, communicated to him by a foreigner—Dec. 22d.

George Linton, of Gloucester-street, Queen-square, Middlesex, mechanist; for a method of impelling machinery without the aid of steam, water, wind, air, or fire.—Dec. 22d.

Richard Ormrod, of Manchester, iron-founder; for an improvement in the mode of heating liquids in boilers, and thereby accelerating and increasing the production of steam; communicated to him by a person residing abroad.—Jan. 7th.

Richard Summers Harford, of Ebbro Vale Iron-works, Aberistwyth, iron-master; for an improvement in that department of iron commonly called puddling.—Jan. 9th.

James Harris, of St. Mildred's-court, London, teadealer; for an improvement in the manufacture of shoes for horses and cattle.—Jan. 9th.

William Ravenscroft, of Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn, peruke-maker; for a forensic wig, the curls whereof are constructed on a principle to supersede the necessity of frizzing, curling, or using hard pomatum, and for forming the curls in a way not to be uncurled; and also for the tails of the wig not to require tying in dressing; and, further, the impossibility of any person untying them.—Jan. 14th.

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 15 Feb.	Hamburg. 12 Feb.	Amsterdam 15 Feb.	Vienna. 1 Feb.	Nuremberg 8 Feb.	Berlin. 9 Feb.	Naples. 29 Jan.	Leipsig. 4 Feb.	Bremen 11 Feb.
London ...	25.35	36.8½	40.8	10.1	fl. 10.6	7.2½	580	6.18½	617
Paris .....	—	26½	57½	118½	fr. 119	84	22.80	80	—
Hamburg .	183½	—	35½	145½	146½	154	42.20	146½	134
Amsterdam	58½	106½	—	136½	138½	145	47.60	138½	125½
Vienna ....	251	146½	36	—	40	105½	57.50	101	—
Franckfort.	3½	147½	36	99½	100	104½	—	100½	111
Augsburg .	250	147½	36	99½	99½	105½	57.7	100½	110½
Genoa .....	473	82	90½	61½	—	—	19.05	—	—
Leipsig ....	—	—	—	—	99½	104½	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	510	88½	97½	57½	—	—	117.60	—	—
Lisbon ...	555	37½	41½	—	—	—	49½	—	—
Cadiz .....	15.60	93½	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ....	430	—	82½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa ...	15.55	—	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15.70	94½	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	555	38	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Feb.	Breslaw. 6 Feb.	Christiana. 30 Jan.	Petersburg. 25 Jan.	Riga. 18 Jan.	Antwerp 11 Feb.	Madrid. 5 Feb.	Lisbon. 11 Feb.
London .....	152	7.3	Sp. 9.24	9½	9½	39.11	37½	51½
Paris .....	80½	—	—	98½	—	—	16.4	548
Hamburg ....	149½	155	203	8½	8½	34½	—	38
Amsterdam .	138½	145½	—	9½	9½	2½	—	42
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	865



ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Feb. 21st, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark .....	15	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	16	—	1482	100	Do. new .....	41	7½p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham .....	85	—	1780	—	Vauxhall .....	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes .....	98	—	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo .....	5 5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided) .....	560	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l. ....	27 10	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l. ....	22 10	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny .....	80	4	958	150	— Bonds.....	100	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater..	98	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield .....	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	80	—	300	100
Coventry .....	1000	44	500	100	Commercial.....	105	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	2	—	4548	100	— East-India				
Derby.....	135	6	600	100	Branch .....	100	5	—	100
Dudley .....	68	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street.....	38	1 17 6	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester.....	62	3	3575½	138	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	2008	50
Erewash .....	1000	58	281	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	65
Forth and Clyde .....	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	—	1	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share .....	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	31 10	1 6	3762	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction .....	225	9	11,815½	100	East London.....	95	—	3900	100
Grand Sarrey .....	56	8	1521	100	Grand Junction .....	54	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan .....	100	5	60,140l.	—	Kent .....	31	—	2000	100
Grand Union .....	19	—	2849½	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan .....	95	5	19,327l.	—	South London .....	25	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex .....	50	2	7540	—
Grantham.....	148	8	749	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield .....	13	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon .....	17 5	16	25,328	100	Albion .....	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster.....	27	1	11,69½	100	Atlas .....	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	350	12	247½	100	Bath .....	575	40	—	—
Leicester .....	290	14	545	—	Birmingham .....	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union .....	84	4	1895	100	British .....	50	3	—	250
Loughborough.....	3400	170	70	—	County .....	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray .....	221	10	250	100	Eagle .....	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell .....	—	80	—	—	European .....	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire .....	160	10	2409	100	Globe.....	—	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures .....	99	5	43,526l.	100	Guardian .....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire .....	70	2 10	700	100	Hope .....	4	6	40,000	50
Neath.....	400	25	247	—	Imperial .....	90	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts .....	—	—	1770	25	London .....	24	1 4	3900	25
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	150	London Ship.....	20	1	31,000	25
Oxford .....	670	82	1720	100	Provident .....	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest .....	68	3	2400	100	Rock .....	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel..	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange .....	—	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's.....	24 10	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale .....	45	2	5631	100	Sun Life .....	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury .....	170	9 10	500	125	Union.....	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire .....	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company) .....	64	4	8000	50
Stafford. & Worcestershire.	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares .....	59	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge .....	210	9	300	145	City Gas Light Company .....	105	—	1900	100
Stratford on Avon .....	11	—	3647	—	Do. New .....	55	—	1000	100
Stroudwater .....	495	22	—	—	Bath Gas .....	16 10	18 4	2500	20
Swansea .....	182	10	533	100	Brighton Gas .....	15	14	1500	20
Tavistock .....	90	—	350	100	Bristol .....	—	2	2500	20
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk .....	1900	75	1300	200	London .....	25	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel .....	10 10	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton .....	210	9	940	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks.....	4 2 6	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach.....	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart .....	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company .....	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery .....	10	—	2290	50
Bristol .....	14	—	2209	146	Do. ....	6	—	3447	50
Do. Notes .....	100	5	268,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale				
Commercial .....	79	3	3132	100	Rooms .....	17	1	2000	150
East-India .....	162	10	450,000l.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class .....	86	4	—	—
East Country .....	25	—	1038	100	Do..... 2d Class .....	73½	3	—	—
London .....	102	4	3,114,000l.	100	City Bonds .....	105	5	—	—
West-India .....	176	10	1,200,000l.	100					

# **Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th Jan. to 23d Feb.**

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/2 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omanium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Exchange Bills.	Consols for Act.
Jan.															
26	230	76 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	108	19 1/2	—	—	238 1/2	80	85 1/2	—	6	76 1/2
28	238 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	76	—	—	—	—	76 1/2	6	76 1/2
29	—	76 1/2	76	87 1/2	96 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	77	—	—	6	76 1/2
30	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	230 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	75 1/2	—	239	78	84 1/2	—	6	76 1/2
Feb.															
1	230 1/2	76 1/2	76	87 1/2	96 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	76	—	239	77	84 1/2	76 1/2	6	76 1/2
2	240 1/2	77	76 1/2	88	96 1/2	107 1/2	—	—	—	240 1/2	76	—	—	7	76 1/2
4	—	77 1/2	76 1/2	88 1/2	97 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	79	—	—	7	76 1/2
5	242 1/2	77 1/2	77	88 1/2	97 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	241 1/2	79	—	—	10	76 1/2
6	242 1/2	78	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	107 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	240 1/2	79	—	—	9	76 1/2
7	242 1/2	78	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	106 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	240 1/2	79	—	—	8	76 1/2
8	242 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	106 1/2	19 1/2	77 1/2	—	—	79	—	—	7	76 1/2
9	242 1/2	77 1/2	77	88 1/2	98 1/2	106 1/2	20	—	—	241	79	—	—	7	76 1/2
11	243	77 1/2	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	106	20 1/2	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	—	6	76 1/2
12	243	77 1/2	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	106	20 1/2	—	—	241	77	—	—	7	76 1/2
13	243 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	88 1/2	98 1/2	106	20 1/2	77 1/2	—	241 1/2	77	—	—	7	76 1/2
14	244	78 1/2	77 1/2	88 1/2	99	105 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	—	77	—	—	7	76 1/2
15	244 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	89	99 1/2	105 1/2	20 1/2	78 1/2	—	243	76	—	78 1/2	7	76 1/2
16	—	79	82 1/2	89 1/2	99 1/2	105	20 1/2	—	—	—	76	—	—	6	76 1/2
18	—	79 1/2	78 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	104 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	245	74	—	—	6	76 1/2
19	248	79 1/2	78 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	104 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	246	66	—	—	4	76 1/2
20	247 1/2	79 1/2	8 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	104 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	—	64	—	—	3	76 1/2
21	240	78 1/2	9 1/2	90	98 1/2	104 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	—	60	86 1/2	—	3	78 1/2
22	249	78 1/2	9 1/2	90 1/2	98 1/2	104 1/2	20 1/2	—	—	247	68	—	—	2	78 1/2
23	240	79 1/2	78 1/2	90 1/2	98 1/2	104	20 1/2	—	—	—	62	—	—	2	79

## **IRISH FUNDS.**

## **Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Jan. 19. to Feb. 19.**

Jan.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
												Jan.	fr.	c.
17	238	—	87 1/2	—	—	110	110	—	—	—	—	19	85	15
18	238 1/2	—	87	—	—	110	110	—	—	—	—	24	85	35
25	238 1/2	87	86 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	109 1/2	—	47 1/2	74 1/2	—	28	87	—
30	239	86 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	109 1/2	—	—	74 1/2	—	Feb.	—	1535
Feb.														
5	240	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	109 1/2	98 1/2	47	—	—	2	88	30
9	242	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	47 1/2	74 1/2	—	5	89	40
12	243	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	107 1/2	107	99	47	74 1/2	—	7	89	5
16	245 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	106 1/2	106	100	48	74 1/2	—	11	89	26
19	246	90	89 1/2	—	—	104 1/2	105	100	48 1/2	74 1/2	—	14	90	—
												16	90	—
												19	90	20

## **AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.					NEW YORK.	
	Jan. 29	Feb. 5	12	19	22	Dec. 21	Jan. 9
Bank Shares.....	—	—	21-15	21-15	21-15	112 1/2	115
6 per cent..... 1812....	97	—	95	95	—	105 1/2	108
1813....	98	—	—	—	—	106 1/2	107 1/2
1814....	99	—	—	—	—	108 1/2	109
1815.... par.	—	—	—	—	—	—	111
5 per cent..... 1821....	97	97	—	—	95	—	110

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*

# LONDON MAGAZINE.

**APRIL, 1822.**

**VOL. V.**

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**LONDON :**

**PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.**

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]





## THE LION'S HEAD.

---

Frank Stanley is requested to accept our thanks, the only return we can make for the trouble he has taken.

---

Scriptor's paper is too heavy,—it cost 4s. 7d. an ounce from Liverpool. We look for very light articles from anonymous contributors who forget to pay the postage.

---

Vindex should have had an answer last month, but the matter quite slipped out of our Head. His paper lies for him at our publishers'.

---

The three Sonnets translated from the Italian are scarcely good enough for our acceptance. We would rather receive tolerable originals than bad translations.

---

Minor's "Conflagration," exhibits some power, but it is too unequal for us to give more than extracts.

Sometimes, indeed, his "words that burn" go a step on the other side of the sublime:—

Blazing, it threaten'd to light up the morn,  
And hiss'd all watery attempts to scorn :  
Uprose the curling flames and writhed amain,  
*As they had burn'd themselves and roar'd with pain ;*  
Uprose the ruddy smoke in lurid rolls,  
*As fiery dragons had belch'd forth their souls ;*  
And flocks of glowing fragments forced on high,  
*Like red flamingoes soar'd along the sky.*

---

We really did not know before that "Juvenile was handed down to posterity as an author much read by the Romans." He was, no doubt, the Mr. Newbery of their day. For this information we are indebted to Bs, and not less so for his candour in pointing out one fault in our Magazine, that "the London is too full of Literature." We are glad it is no worse, and have no doubt that, with Bs's assistance, we shall be able, when necessary, to render it quite otherwise.

---

Centaur on Riding seems to have been inspired by the King's Mews. If he had as much of it as Charles at Charing-cross, he would be glad to feel his own feet again. Riding, however (we do not mean C.'s paper), is a very good exercise.

---

I. H. H.'s Letters from L—— are clever but dangerous. They are so sprinkled with private anecdote, that we should be obliged to print many passages in asterisks, to avoid other risks more easily understood. We wish that I. H. H. before he writes again, would consider what Winifred Jenkins says: "If God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might I not reveal concerning young Mistress and old Mistress." The following is almost the only extract of his paper which we can give with safety:

We have the Judges here trumpeting up and down the streets like a couple of recruiting officers. And the country ladies are so bewitched with the causes at Nisi Prius, that they sit there all day, fanning themselves red, over an action on a Bill of Exchange. O! the pleasures of the assize! The black cap, the javelin men, the hanging sentence, the Sheriff's ball! You who live at London, and those distant parts, have no more idea of the splendours of our place at such a time, than W—— has of Quadrilles. Mrs. S—— up the town has been robbed of a gravy spoon, and no one has yet discovered the robber—so that we all live in blessed fear of a penny Marr, or a twopenny Williamson. We make the most of every thing. If the thief *transpires*, you shall hear.

---

We are indebted to the kindness of various hands for the following, which we cannot mention in any other way:—The Murderer's Dream, and Sonnet by H. L.—To a Lady on her Birth-day, and Verses, by W. H. C.—Song, by J. H.—On Oaths.—Song, by W. C.—Song, by T. W.—Z. A.—Sonnet, by J. A. G.—M. M.—Verax.—"Feet and Heels."—Plutarch, jun.

---

Several Correspondents who desire private answers, will receive them on application at our Publishers'.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XXVIII.

APRIL, 1822.

VOL. V.

THE OLD ACTORS.\*

THE artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional licence of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw every thing up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it,—the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is every thing; where, instead of the

fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fire-side concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground, of character which stood between vice and virtue; or which, in fact, was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in question—that happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning—the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry—is broken up and disfranchised as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images or names of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread

\* Vide No. XXVI. p. 174.

infection from the scenic representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket sur-tout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts,—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

———— Secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove—

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy-land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of right and wrong, and the standard of *police* is the measure of *poetical justice*. The atmosphere will blight it. It cannot thrive here. It is got into a moral world where it has no business; from which it must needs fall head-long; as dizzy and incapable of keeping its stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares within the sphere of one of his good men or angels. But in its own world do we feel that the creature is so very bad?

The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants, and Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere do not offend my moral sense—or, in fact, appeal to it at all. They seem engaged

in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays—the few exceptions only are *mistakes*—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes,—some little generousities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted,—not only any thing like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his *Way of the World* in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing—for you neither hate nor love his personages—and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,—the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognised; principles which universally acted upon must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in *their* world. When we are among

them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings,—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated,—for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained,—for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,—no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder,—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,—gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir Paul Pliant's children?

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now acted, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a word—the downright *acted* villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy,—which made Jack so deservedly a favourite in that character, I must needs conclude the present ge-

neration of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages,—like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation,—incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other—but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities; the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other, as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to see have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Church-yard memory—(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,—and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting fork is not to be despised,—so finely contrast with the meek



complacent kissing of the rod,—taking it in like honey and butter,—with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delicate mower?—John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was overreached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has past from the stage—in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The fidgety pleasant old Teazle King too is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have past current in our day. We must love or hate—acquit or condemn—censure or pity—exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon every thing. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in down-right self-satisfaction) must be *loved*, and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teazings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage,—he must be a real per-

son, capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine crim-con antagonist of the villanous seducer, Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin—those poor snakes that lived but in the sunshine of your mirth—must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs. Candour—O! frightful! become a hooded serpent. Oh who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape from life—the oblivion of consequences—the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world—to sit instead at one of our modern plays—to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired, when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the

eye with a certain gaiety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased before hand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in *Love for Love*, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in *Hamlet*—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. Tragedy is become a uniform dead weight. They have fastened lead to her buskins. She never pulls them off for the ease of a moment. To invert a commonplace from Niobe, she never forgets herself to liquefaction. John had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting stones and resting places of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the “lidless

dragon eyes,” of present fashionable tragedy. The story of his swallowing opium pills to keep him lively upon the first night of a certain tragedy, we may presume to be a piece of retaliatory pleasantry on the part of the suffering author. But, indeed, John had the art of diffusing a complacent equable dulness (which you knew not where to quarrel with) over a piece which he did not like, beyond any of his contemporaries. John Kemble had made up his mind early, that all the good tragedies, which could be written, had been written; and he resented any new attempt. His shelves were full. The old standards were scope enough for his ambition. He ranged in them absolute—and “fair in *Otway*, full in *Shakspeare* shone.” He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer, or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too acutely for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G.’s “*Antonio*.” G., satiate with visions of political justice (possibly not to be realized in our time), or willing to let the sceptical worldlings see, that his anticipations of the future did not preclude a warm sympathy for men as they are and have been—wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish—the plot simple, without being naked—the incidents uncommon, without being overstrained. *Antonio*, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honour, immolates his sister—

But I must not anticipate the catastrophe—the play, reader, is extant in choice English—and you will employ a spare half crown not injudiciously in the quest of it.

The conception was bold, and the dénouement—the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered—not much out of keeping; yet it must be confessed, that it required a delicacy of handling both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part.

John, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had undertaken to play *Antonio*. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher’s first

play was a new era. The night arrived. I was favoured with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M—. G. sate cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio in the person of John Philip Kemble at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should do. The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced—but in his honest friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest; but still John kept his forces under—in policy, as G. would have it—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration—'tis M.'s way of showing his zeal—"from every pore of him a perfume falls—" I honour it above Alexander's. He had once or twice during this act joined his palms in a feeble endeavour to elicit a sound—they emitted a solitary noise without an echo—there was no deep to answer to his deep. G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G. as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring,—when

suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger Don Gusman (who by the way should have had his sister) hauls his humour, and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. The audience were here fairly caught—their courage was up, and on the alert—a few blows, *ding dong*, as R—s the dramatist afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business—when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud, for disappointment; they would not condemn, for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still; and John's manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough—his neighbour sympathised with him—till a cough became epidemic. But when, from being half-artificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalised among the fictitious persons of the drama; and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends,—then G. "first knew fear;" and mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr. K. laboured under a cold; and that the performance might possibly have been postponed with advantage for some nights further—still keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull. It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed, in vain the dialogue waxed more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous development which impended. In vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning, John had taken his stand; had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was preposterous; for from the onset

he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovran and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would not receive it, so. There was no offence against decorum in all this; nothing to condemn, to damn. Not an irreverent symptom of a sound was to be heard. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it, when towards the winding up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Elvira herself—for she had been coolly arguing the point of honour with him—suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was, as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation demanding justice. The feeling rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if

they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion in a Brutus, or an Appius—but for want of attending to Antonio's words, which palpably led to the expectation of no less dire an event, instead of being seduced by his manner, which seemed to promise a sleep of a less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Elvira, they found themselves betrayed into an accompliceship of murder, a perfect misprision of parricide, while they dreamed of nothing less. M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fast hold of speculation,—the drama in which the world was to be his tiring room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators at once, and actors.

ELIA.

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TO CELIA.

John Hood

Old Fictions say that Love hath eyes,  
Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none;  
Blind as the night!—but Fiction lies,  
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,  
To one our flaws are all exposed;  
But when with tenderness we hail,  
He smiles, and keeps the Critic closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged,  
He opes the eye of evil ken,  
And all his angel friends are changed  
To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind,  
He met thee, on a summer day,  
And took thee for his mother kind,  
And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,  
Though he had ope'd his evil eye,  
And found that nothing but her shame  
Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun,  
He thinks of thee; and blesses Fate,  
That he can look with both, on one  
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

## CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

*Lives of the Poets.*

## No. VI.

## THE LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born on the 25th of October, 1735, at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland. His father, who kept a small shop in that place, and rented a little farm near it, is said to have been a man of acquirements superior to his condition. At his death, the management of his concerns devolved on his widow. David, the eldest of her six children, was of an age to assist his mother. James, the youngest, she placed at the parish school of his native village, which about forty years before had been raised to some celebrity by Ruddiman, the grammarian, and was then kept by one Milne. This man had also a competent skill in grammar. His other deficiencies were supplied by the natural quickness of his pupil, and by the attention of Mr. Thomson, the minister of Laurencekirk, who, being a man of learning, admitted young Beattie to the use of his library, and probably animated him by his encouragement. He very early became sensible to the charms of English verse, to which he was first awakened by the perusal of Ogilby's Virgil. Before he was ten years old, he was as well acquainted with that writer and Homer, as the versions of Pope and Dryden could make him. His schoolfellows distinguished him by the name of the Poet.

At the age of fourteen, he was sent to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he attended the Greek class, taught by Doctor Blackwell, author of the *Memoirs of the Court of Augustus*, and was by him singled out as the most promising of his scholars. The slender pittance spared him by his mother would scarcely have sufficed for his support, if he had not added to it one of the bursaries or pensions that were bestowed on the most deserving candidates. Of a discourse which he was called on to deliver at the Divinity Hall, it was observed, that he spoke poetry in prose. Thomson was censured for a similar impropriety in one of his

youthful exercises; but Beattie gained the applause of his audience.

His academical education being completed, on the 1st of August, 1753, he was satisfied with the humble appointment of parish-clerk and schoolmaster at the village of Fordoun, about six miles distant from Laurencekirk. Here he attracted the notice of Mr. Garden, at that time sheriff of the county, and afterwards one of the Scotch judges, with the appellation of Lord Gardenstown. In a romantic glen near his house, he chanced to find Beattie with pencil and paper in his hand; and, on questioning him, discovered that he was engaged in the composition of a poem. Mr. Garden desired to see some of his other poems; and doubting whether they were his own productions, requested him to translate the invocation to Venus at the opening of Lucretius, which Beattie did in such a manner as to remove his incredulity. In this retirement, he also became known to Lord Monboddo, whose family seat was in the parish; and a friendly intercourse ensued, which did not terminate till the death of that learned but visionary man. In 1759, he was removed from his employment at Fordoun, to that of Usher in the Grammar School of Aberdeen, for which he had been an unsuccessful competitor in the preceding year, but was now nominated without the form of a trial.

At Aberdeen, his heart seems to have taken up its rest; for no temptations could afterwards seduce him for any length of time to quit it. The professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College, where he had lately been a student, being vacant in 1760, Mr. Arbuthnot, one of his friends, exerted himself with so much zeal in the behalf of Beattie, that he obtained that appointment; although the promotion was such as his most sanguine wishes did not aspire to. Soon after he was further gratified, by being permitted to exchange it for the professorship of



Moral Philosophy and Logic, for which he thought himself better fitted. In discharge of the duties belonging to his new function, he immediately entered on a course of lectures, which, as appears from his diary in the possession of Sir William Forbes, he repeated with much diligence for more than thirty years.

This occupation could not have been very favourable to his poetical propensity. He had, since his twentieth year, been occasionally a contributor of verse to the *Scots Magazine*; and in 1760, he published a collection of poems, inscribed to the Earl of Erroll, to whose intervention he had been partly indebted for the office he held in the college. Though the number of these pieces was not considerable, he omitted several of them in subsequent editions, and among others a translation of Virgil's *Eclogues*, some specimens of which, adduced in a letter written by Lord Woodhouselee, author of the *Principles of Translation*, will stand a comparison with the parallel passages in Dryden and Warton.

In the summer of 1763, his curiosity led him for the first time to London, where Andrew Millar, the bookseller, was almost his only acquaintance. Of this journey no particular is recorded but that he visited Pope's house at Twickenham.

In 1765, having sent a letter of compliment to Gray, then on a visit to the Earl of Strathmore, he was invited to Glamis Castle, the residence of that nobleman, to meet the English poet, in whom he found such a combination of excellence as he had hitherto been a stranger to. This appears from a letter written to Sir William Forbes, his faithful friend and biographer, with whom his intimacy commenced about the same time.

I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return; you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontane-

ously without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glamis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished.

Gray could not have requited him with such excess of admiration; but continued during the rest of his life to regard Beattie with affection and esteem.

It was not till the spring of this year, when his *Judgment of Paris* was printed, that he again appeared before the public as an author. This piece he inserted in the next edition of his poems in 1766, but his more mature judgment afterwards induced him to reject it. Some satirical verses on the death of Churchill, at first published without his name, underwent the same fate. The *Wolf and the Shepherds*, a *Fable*, and an *Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Blacklock*, which appeared in the second edition, he also discarded from those subsequently published. He now projected and began the *Minstrel*, the most popular of his poems. Had the original plan been adhered to, it would have embraced a much wider scope.

In 1767, he married Mary, the daughter of Dr. Dun, rector of the Grammar School at Aberdeen. This union was not productive of the happiness which a long course of previous intimacy had entitled him to expect. The object of his choice inherited from her mother a constitutional malady which at first showed itself in capricious waywardness, and at length broke out into insanity.

From this misery he sought refuge in the exercise of his mind. His residence at Aberdeen had brought him into the society of several among his countrymen who were engaged in researches well suited to employ his attention to its utmost stretch. Of these, the names of Reid, author of *An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*—and Campbell, Principal of Marischal College, author of *An Essay on Miracles*, are the most distinguished. His own correspondence with his friends about this time evinces deep concern at the progress of the sceptical philosophy, diffused by the writings of Hobbes, Hume, Mandeville, and even, in his opinion, of Locke and Berkeley. Conceiving



the study of metaphysics itself to be the origin of this mischief, in order that the evil might be intercepted at its source, he proposed to demonstrate the futility of that science, and to appeal to the common sense and unsophisticated feelings of mankind, as the only infallible criterion on subjects in which it had formerly been made the standard. That his meaning was excellent, no one can doubt; whether he discovered the right remedy for the harm which he was desirous of removing, is much more questionable. To magnify any branch of human knowledge beyond its just importance may, indeed, tend to weaken the force of religious faith; but many acute metaphysicians have been good Christians; and before the question thus agitated can be set at rest, we must suppose a certain proficiency in those inquiries which he would proscribe as dangerous. After all, we can discover no more reason why sciolists in metaphysics should bring that study into discredit, than that religion itself should be disparaged through the extravagance of fanaticism. To have met the subject fully, he ought to have shown that not only those opinions which he controverts are erroneous, but that all the systems of former metaphysicians were so likewise.

The *Essay on Truth*, in which he endeavoured to establish his own hypothesis, being finished in 1769, he employed Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot to negotiate its sale with the booksellers. They, however, refused to purchase it on any terms; and the work would have remained unpublished, if his two friends, making use of a little pious fraud, had not informed him that the manuscript was sold for fifty guineas, a sum which they at the same time remitted him, and that they had stipulated with the booksellers to be partakers in the profits. The book accordingly appeared in the following year; and having gained many admirers, was quickly followed by a second impression, which he revised and corrected with much pains.

In the autumn of 1771, he again visited London, where the reputation obtained by the *Essay* and by the first book of the *Minstrel*, then recently published, opened for him an introduction into the circles most re-

spectable for rank and literature. Lord Lyttleton declared that it seemed to him his once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from Heaven refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let him hear him sing again the beauties of nature and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains. He added his wishes that it were in his power to do Beattie any service. From Mrs. Montagu he on different occasions received more substantial tokens of regard.

Except the trifling emolument derived from his writings, he had hitherto been supported merely by the small income appended to his professorship. But the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman to whom nothing that concerned the interests of religion was indifferent, representing him as a fit object of the royal bounty, a pension of two hundred pounds a year was now granted him. Previously to his obtaining this favour, he was first presented to the King, and was then honoured by an interview with both their Majesties. The particulars of this visit were minutely recorded in his diary. After much commendation of his *Essay*, the sovereign pleasantly told him that he had never stolen but one book, and that was his. "I stole it from the Queen," said his Majesty, "to give it to Lord Hertford to read." In the course of the conversation, many questions were put to him concerning the Scotch Universities, the revenues of the Scotch clergy, and their mode of preaching and praying. When Beattie replied, that their clergy sometimes prayed a quarter or even half an hour without interruption, the King observed, that this practice must lead into repetitions; and that even our own liturgy, excellent as it is, is faulty in this respect. While the subject of his pension was under consideration, the Queen made a tender of some present to him through Dr. Majendie, but he declined to encroach on her Majesty's munificence, unless the application made to the crown in his behalf should prove unsuccessful. A mercenary spirit, indeed, was not one of his weaknesses. Being on a visit at Bulstrode, his noble hostess, the Duchess of Portland, would have

had him take a present of a hundred pounds to defray the expenses of his journey into England; but he excused himself, as well as he was able, for not accepting her Grace's bounty.

With his pension, his wishes appear to have been bounded. Temptation to enter into orders in our church was thrice offered him, and as often rejected; once in the shape of a general promise of patronage from Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York; next, of a small living in Dorsetshire, in the gift of Mr. John Pitt; and the third time, of a much more valuable benefice, which was at the disposal of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester. In answer to Dr. Porteus, through whom the last of these offers came, and whose friendship he enjoyed during the remainder of his life, he represented, in addition to other reasons for his refusal, that he was apprehensive lest his acceptance of preferment might render the motives for his writing the *Essay on Truth* suspected. He at the same time avowed, that if "he were to have become a clergyman, the church of England would certainly have been his choice; as he thought that in regard to church-government and church-service, it had many great and peculiar advantages." Unwillingness to part from Aberdeen was, perhaps, at the bottom of these stout resolutions. It was confessedly one of the reasons for which he declined a proposition made to him in the year 1773, to remove to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; though he was urged by his friends not to neglect this opportunity of extending the sphere of his usefulness, and the change would have brought him much pecuniary advantage. His reluctance to comply was increased by the belief that there were certain persons at Edinburgh to whom his principles had given offence, and in whose neighbourhood he did not expect to live so quietly as he wished. In the same year, he was complimented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, by the University of Oxford, at the installation of Lord North in the Chancellorship.

He now, therefore, lived on at Aberdeen, making occasionally brief visits to England, where he was always welcomed, both at the court and by

those many individuals of eminence to whom his talents and virtues had recommended him. In the summers he usually indulged himself with passing some time at Peterhead, a town situated on the most easterly promontory of Scotland, and resorted to for its medicinal waters, which he thought beneficial to his health; for he had early in life been subject to a vertiginous disorder, the recurrence of which at times incapacitated him for any serious application.

The second book of the *Minstrel* appeared in 1774. In 1776 he was prevailed on to publish, by subscription, in a more splendid form, his *essay on Truth*, which was now accompanied by two other essays, on *Poetry and Music*, and on *Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*; and by *Remarks on the Utility of Classical Learning*. This was succeeded in 1783, by dissertations moral and critical, on *Memory and Imagination*, on *Dreaming*, on the *Theory of Language*, on *Fable and Romance*, on the *Attachments of Kindred*, and on *Illustrations of Sublimity*; being, as he states in the preface, "part of a course of prelections read to those young gentlemen whom it was his business to initiate in the elements of moral science." In 1786, he published a small treatise, entitled *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, at the suggestion of Porteus, who was now a bishop; and in 1790 and 1793 two volumes of *Elements of Moral Science*, containing an abridgment of his public lectures on moral philosophy and logic.

His only remaining publication was an edition of the juvenile works of the elder of his two sons, who was taken off by a consumption (November 1790), at the age of twenty-two. To the education of this boy he had attended with such care and discernment as the anxiety of a parent only could dictate, and had watched his unfolding excellence with fondness such as none but a parent could feel. At the risque of telling my reader what he may, perhaps, well remember, I cannot but relate the method which he had taken to impress on his mind, when a child, the sense of his dependance on a Supreme Being; of which Porteus well observed, that

it had all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance.

"The doctrines of religion," said Beattie, "I had wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would, in like circumstances, think as he did), but merely as a moral or logical experiment. He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being: because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. 'Yes,' said I, carelessly, on coming to the place, 'I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance;' and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, 'It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it.' I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—'So you think,' I said, 'that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance.' 'Yes,' said he, with firmness, 'I think so.' 'Look at yourself,' I replied, 'and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?' He said, 'they were.' 'Came you then hither,' said I, 'by chance?' 'No,' he answered, 'that cannot be; something must have made me:.' 'And who is that something?' I asked. He said, 'he did not know.' (I took particular notice, that he did not

say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw, that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could, in some measure, comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it."

So great was the docility of this boy, that before he had reached his twentieth year, he had been thought capable of succeeding his father in his office of public professor. When death had extinguished these hopes, the comfort and expectation of the parent were directed to his only surviving child, who, with less application and patience, had yet a quickness of perception that promised to supply the place of those qualities. But this prospect did not continue to cheer him long. In March 1796, the youth was attacked by a fever, which, in seven days, laid him by the side of his brother. He was in his eighteenth year. The sole consolation, with which this world could now supply Beattie, was, that if his sons had lived, he might have seen them a prey to that miserable distemper under which their mother, whose state had rendered a separation from her family unavoidable, was still labouring. From this total bereavement he sometimes found a short relief in the estrangement of his own mind, which refused to support the recollection of such a load of sorrow. "Many times," says Sir William Forbes, "he could not recollect what had become of his son; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, 'Mrs. Glennie, you may think it strange, but I must ask you, if I have a son, and where he is?'" That man must be a stern moralist who would censure him very severely for having sought, as he sometimes did, a renewal of this oblivion in his cups.

He was unable any longer to apply himself to study, and left most of the letters he received from his friends unanswered. Music, in which he had formerly delighted, he could not endure to hear from others, after the

loss of his first son; though a few months before the death of the second, he had begun to accompany him when he sang, on his own favourite instrument, which was the violoncello. Afterwards, as may be supposed, the sound of it was painful to him. He still took some pleasure in books, and in the company of a very few amongst his oldest friends. This was his condition till the beginning of April 1799, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which rendered his speech imperfect for several days. During the rest of his life he had repeated attacks of the same malady: the last, which happened on the 5th of October, 1802, entirely deprived him of motion. He languished, however, till the 18th of August in the following year, when nature being exhausted, he expired without a struggle.

He was interred, according to his own desire, by the side of his two sons, in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, at Aberdeen, with the following inscription from the pen of Dr. James Gregory, Professor of Physic, at Edinburgh.

Memoria. Sacrum.  
JACOBI. BEATTIE. LL.D.  
Ethices.  
In. Academia. Marescallana. hujus. Urbis.  
Per. XLIII. Annos.  
Professoris. Meritissimi.  
Viri.  
Pietate. Probitate. Ingenio. atque. Doctrina.  
Præstantis.  
Scriptoris. Elegantissimi. Poetæ. Suavissimi.  
Philosophi. Vere. Christiani.  
Natus. est. V. Nov. Anno. MDCCXXV.  
Obiit. XVIII. Aug. MDCCCIII.  
Omnibus. Liberis. Orbis.  
Quorum. Natus. Maximus. JACOBUS. HAY.  
BEATTIE.  
Vel. a. Puerilibus. Annis.  
Patrio. Vicens. Ingenio.  
Novumque. Decus. Jam. Addens. Paterno.  
Suis. Carissimus. Patriæ. Flebilis.  
Lenta. Tæbe. Consumptus. Periit.  
Anno. Ætatis. XXIII.  
GEO. ET. MAR. GLENNIE.  
H. M. P.

“In his person,” says Sir William Forbes, “Doctor Beattie was of the middle size, though not elegantly, yet not awkwardly formed, but with something of a slouch in his gait. His eyes were black and piercing, with an expression of sensibility somewhat bordering on melancholy, except when engaged in cheerful and social intercourse with his friends, when they were exceedingly animated.” In a portrait of him, taken in middle life by Reynolds, and given to him as a mark of his regard by the painter, he is represented with

his *Essay on Truth* under his arm. At a little distance is introduced the allegorical figure of Truth as an angel, holding in one hand a balance, and with the other thrusting back the visages of Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly.

He is, I believe, the solitary instance of a poet having received so much countenance at the court of George the Third; and this favour he owed less to any other cause than to the zeal and ability with which he had been thought to oppose the enemies of religion. The respect with which he was treated, both at home and abroad, was no more than a just tribute to those merits and the excellence of his private character. His probity and disinterestedness, the extreme tenderness with which he acquitted himself of all his domestic duties, his attention to the improvement of his pupils, for whose welfare his solicitude did not cease with their removal from the college; his unassuming deportment, which had not been altered by prosperity or by the caresses of the learned and the powerful, his gratitude to those from whom he had received favours, his beneficence to the poor, the ardour of his devotion, are dwelt on by his biographer with an earnestness which leaves us no room to doubt the sincerity of the encomium. His chief defect was an irritability of temper in the latter part of his life, which showed itself principally towards those who differed from him on speculative questions.

In his writings, he is to be considered as a philosopher, a critic, and a poet. His pretensions in philosophy are founded on his *Essay on Truth*. This book was of much use at its first appearance, as it contained a popular answer to some of the infidel writers, who were then in better odour among the more educated classes of society than happily they now are. If (as I suspect to have been the case) it has prevented men, whose rank and influence make it most desirable that their minds should be raised above the common pitch, from pursuing those studies by which they were most likely so to raise them, the good which it may have done has been balanced by no inconsiderable evil. One can scarcely examine it with much attention, and

not perceive that the writer had not ascended to the sources of that science, which, notwithstanding any thing he may say to the contrary, it was evidently his aim to depreciate. Through great part of it he has the appearance of one who is struggling with some unknown power, which he would fain comprehend, and at which, in the failure to comprehend it, his terror is changed into anger. The word metaphysics, or, as he oftener terms it, metaphysic, crosses him like a ghost. Call it pneumatology, the philosophy of the mind, the philosophy of human nature, or what you will, and he can bear it.

Take any shape but that, and his firm nerves  
Shall never tremble.

Once, indeed, (but it is not till he has reached the third and last division of the essay) he screws up his courage so high as to question it concerning its name; and the result of his inquiry is this: he finds that to fourteen of the books attributed to Aristotle, which it seems had no general title, Andronicus Rhodius, who edited them, prefixed the words, *meta ta physica*, that is, the books placed posterior to the physics; either because, in the order of the former arrangement they happened to be so placed, or because the editor meant that they should be studied, next after the physics. And this, he concludes, is said to be the origin of the word metaphysic. This is not very satisfactory; and if the reader thinks so, he will, perhaps, be glad to hear those who, having dealt longer in the black art, are more likely to be conjurors in it. Harris, who had given so many years of his life to the study of Aristotle, tells us, that "Metaphysics are properly conversant about primary and internal causes." \* "Those things which are first to nature, are not first to man. Nature begins from causes, and thence descends to ef-

fects. Human perceptions first open upon effects, and thence by slow degrees ascend to causes." †

His own definition might have been enough to satisfy him that it was something very harmless about which he had so much alarmed himself. Still he proceeds to impute to it I know not what mischief; till at last, in a paroxysm of indignation, he exclaims, "Exult, O metaphysic, at the consummation of thy glories. More thou canst not hope, more thou canst not desire. Fall down, ye mortals, and acknowledge the stupendous blessing."

About Aristotle himself, he is scarce in less perplexity. He sets out by defining truth according to Aristotle's description of it in these fourteen dreaded books of his metaphysics. Again he tells us, "he is most admired by those who best understand him;" and once more refers us to these fourteen books. But afterwards it would seem as if he had not himself read them; for speaking of *metaphysic*, he calls it that which Aristotle is said to have called theology, and the first philosophy; whereas Aristotle has explicitly called it so in these fourteen books; ‡ and when he is recommending the study of the ancients, he adds: "Of Aristotle, I say nothing. We are assured by those who have read his works, that no one ever understood human nature better than he." What are we to infer from this, but that he had not himself read them? For his distinction between common sense and reason, on which all his theory depends, he sends the reader to the fourth book of Aristotle's Metaphysics, and to the first of his latter Analytics; and yet somewhere else he speaks of these as the most worthless of Aristotle's writings. As for Plato, who on such a subject might have come in for some consideration, we are told that

\* Philosophical Arrangements, c. xvii. P. 409, 8vo. ed.

† Hermes, p. 9, 8vo. ed. The same writer again thus defines the word. "By the most excellent science, is meant the science of causes, and, above all others, of causes efficient and final, as these necessarily imply pervading reason and superintending wisdom. This science, as men were naturally led to it from the contemplation of effects, which effects were the tribe of beings natural or physical, was, from being thus subsequent to those physical inquiries, called metaphysical; but with a view to itself, and the transcendent eminence of its object, was more properly called *ἡ πρώτη φιλοσοφία*, the first Philosophy." Three treatises (in a note), p. 306. Ibid.—See also Mr. Coleridge's Friend, vol. i. p. 309.

‡ Metaph. L. vi. c. 1.



he was as much a rhetorician as a philosopher; and this, I think, is nearly all we hear of him.

Beattie is among the philosophers what the Quaker is among religious sectaries. The *κωμὸς πρὸς*, or common sense, is the spirit whose illapses he sits down and waits for, and by whose whispers alone he expects to be made wise. It has sometimes prompted him well; for there are admirable passages in the Essay. The whole train of his argument, or rather his invective, in the second part, against the sceptics, is irresistible.

Scalda ogni fredda lingua ardente voglia,  
E di sterili fa l'anime feconde.  
Ne mai deriva altronde  
Soave fiamme d'eloquenza rara.

*Cello Magno.*

"What comes from the heart, that alone goes to the heart," says a great writer of our own day;\* and there are few instances of this more convincing than the vehemence with which Beattie dissipates the reveries of Berkeley, and refutes the absurdities of Hume.

In the second edition, (1771) speaking of those writers of genius, to whom he would send the student away from the metaphysicians, he confined himself to Shakspeare, Bacon, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. Few will think that other names might not well have replaced the last of these. In the fourth edition, we find Johnson added to the list. This compliment met with a handsome requital; for Johnson, soon after having occasion to speak of Beattie, in his Life of Gray, called him a poet, a philosopher, and a good man.

In his Essay, he comforts himself with the belief "that he had enabled every person of common sense to defeat the more important fallacies of the sceptical metaphysicians, even though he should not possess acuteness, or metaphysical knowledge, sufficient to qualify him for a logical refutation of them." It is lamentable to see at how great a cost to himself he had furnished every person of common sense with these weapons of proof. In a letter to Sir William Forbes, written not long after, he makes the following remarkable confession. "How much

my mind has been injured by certain speculations, you will partly guess when I tell you a fact that is now unknown to all the world, that since the Essay on Truth was printed, in quarto, in the summer of 1776, I have never dared to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets, and see whether there were any errors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me."

As he proceeded, he seems to have become more afraid of the faculty of reason. In the second edition, he had said, "Did not our moral feelings, in concert with what our reason discovers of the Deity, evidence the necessity of a future state, in vain should we pretend to judge rationally of that revelation by which life and immortality have been brought to light." In the edition of 1776, he softened down this assertion so much, as almost to deprive it of meaning. "Did not our moral feelings, in concert with what reason discovers of the Deity, evidence the probability of a future state, and that it is necessary to the full vindication of the divine government, we should be much less qualified than we now are to judge rationally of that revelation, by which life and immortality have been brought to light." There was surely nothing, except perhaps the word *necessity*, that was objectionable in the proposition as it first stood.

It may be remarked of his prose style in general, that it is not free from that constraint which he, with much candour, admitted was to be found in the writings of his countrymen.

Of his critical works, I have seen only those appended to the edition of his Essay, in 1776. Though not deficient in acuteness, they have not learning or elegance enough to make one desirous of seeing more. His remarks on the characters in Homer are, I think, the best part of them. He sometimes talks of what he probably knew little about; as when he tells us that "he had never been able to discover any thing in Aristophanes that might not be consigned to eternal oblivion, without the least detriment to literature;" that "his wit and humour are now

\* Mr. Coleridge.



become almost invisible, and seem never to have been very conspicuous ;" with more, that is equally absurd, to the same purpose.

The few of his poems which he thought worthy of being selected from the rest, and of being delivered to posterity, have many readers, to whom perhaps one recommendation of them is that they are few. They have, however, and deservedly, some admirers of a better stamp. They soothe the mind with indistinct conceptions of something better than is met with in ordinary life. The first book of the *Minstrel*, the most considerable amongst them, describes with much fervour the enthusiasm of a boy "smit with the love of song," and wakened to a sense of rapture by all that is most grand or lovely in the external appearances of nature. It is evident that the poet had felt much of what he describes, and he therefore makes his hearers feel it. Yet at times, it must be owned, he seems as if he were lashing himself into a state of artificial emotion, as in the following lines :

O ! Nature, how in every charm supreme !  
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !  
O ! for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
To sing thy glories with devotion due !

We hear indeed, too often, of "nature's charms."

Even here he cannot let the metaphysicians rest. They are, in his mind, the grievance that is most to be complained of in this "vale of tears."

There was one other thing that Beattie detested nearly as much as "metaphysic lore." It was the crowing of a cock. This antipathy he contrived to express in the *Minstrel*, and the reader is startled by the expression of it, as by something out of its place.

Of the stanza beginning, "O, how canst thou renounce," Gray told him that it was, of all others, his favourite ; that it was true poetry ; that it was inspiration ; and, if I am not mistaken, it is related of Bishop Porteus, that when he was once with Beattie, looking down on a magnificent country that lay in prospect before them, he broke out with much delight into the repetition of it. Gray

objected to one word, *garniture*, "as suggesting an idea of dress, and, what was worse, of French dress ;" and the author tried, but tried in vain, to substitute another. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find a better for the place in which it stands. There is no ground of censure which a writer should admit with more caution, than that a particular word or phrase happens to suggest a ludicrous or unsuitable image to the mind of another person. Few probably would have thought of French dress on this occasion ; and to some, a passage in our translation of the Bible might have occurred, where it is said, that "the Lord *garnished* the heavens." Another of Gray's criticisms fell on the word "infuriate," as being a new one, although, as Sir William Forbes remarks, it is found not only in Thomson's *Seasons*, but in the *Paradise Lost*.

The second book of the *Minstrel* is not so pleasant as it is good. The stripling wanders to the habitation of a hermit, who has a harp, not a very usual companion for a hermit, to amuse his solitude ; and who directs him what studies to pursue. The youth is pleased with no historian except Plutarch. He reads Homer and Virgil, and learns to mend his song ; and the poet would have told us how he learnt to sing still better, if sorrow for the death of a friend had not put a period to his own labours. The poem thus comes abruptly to an end ; and we are not much concerned that there is no more of it. His first intention was to have engaged the *Minstrel* in some adventure of importance, through which it may be doubted whether he could well have conducted him ; for he has not shown much skill in the narrative part of the poem.

The other little piece, called the *Hermit*, begins with a sweet strain, which always dwells on the ear, and which makes us expect that something equally sweet is to follow. This hermit too has his "harp symphonious." He makes the same complaint, and finds the same comfort for it, as Edwin had done in the first book of the *Minstrel*. Both are the Christian's comment on a well-known passage in the *Idyllium* of Moschus,

\* See his *Essay on Poetry and Music*, 431. Ed. 1776.

on the death of Bion. Of his Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day, Gray's opinion, however favourable, is not much beyond the truth; that the diction is easy and noble; the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious; to which he adds, "that the panegyric has nothing mean in it."

The Ode to Hope looks like one of Blair's Sermons cast into a lyrical mould.

There is, I believe, no allusion to any particular place that was familiar to him, throughout his poems.

The description of the owl in the lines entitled Retirement, he used to say, was drawn from nature. It has more that appearance than any thing else he has written, and pleases accordingly.

Between his systems in poetry and philosophy, some exchange might have been made with advantage to each. In the former, he counted general ideas for nearly all in all. (See his *Essay on Poetry and Music*, p. 431.) In the latter, he had not learnt to generalize at all; but would have rested merely in fact and experience.

## The Twelve Tales of Tiddalcross.

### TALE THE FOURTH.

#### ALLAN-A-MAUT.

##### 1.

Good Allan-a-Maut lay on the rigg,  
One call'd him bear, one call'd him bigg;  
An old dame slipp'd on her glasses: "Aha!  
He'll waken," quoth she, "with joy to us a'."  
The sun shone out, down dropp'd the rain,  
He laugh'd as he came to life again;  
And carles and carlins sung who saw't,  
Good luck to your rising Allan-a-Maut.

##### 2.

Good Allan-a-Maut grew green and rank,  
With a golden beard and a shapely shank,  
And rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark,  
He whomelt the maid, and coupit the clark;  
The sick and lame leap'd hale and weel,  
The faint of heart grew firm as steel,  
The douce nae mair call'd mirth a faut,  
Such charms are mine, quoth Allan-a-Maut.

The person who commenced his narrative with chaunting this famous border bousing-rhyme was a tall young man, whose shaggy great coat, brass-headed riding whip, and long sharp spurs projecting from behind his massy and iron-heeled boots, might denote him to be a dealer in horses, accoutred for Rosley-hill or Dumfries fairs. But his inner coat, lined with silk, and studded with silver buttons, a small gold chain round his neck, from which depended a heart of rock crystal, enclosing a tress of nut-brown hair, and half concealed among ruffles of the finest cambric, edged with rich lace, might belong to an opulent and fantastic youth fond of finery, proud of a

handsome person, and vain of his influence among the border maidens.

His singular song, and remarkable dress, attracted instant attention. His character was thus hit off by a demure old dame in a whisper to me, during the applause which followed his song. "He's a frank and a conceited youth, Sir; the owner of a fair estate, and well known among the merry maids of Cumberland and Dumfriesshire at fairs and dancings, when his patrimony is showered down among the gay and the cherry-lipped, in the shape of snoods, and ribbons, and gloves. Nor will ye hinder him to reign the chief of chaps in the change-house, when the tale and the strong drink circulate together: who

like Lacie Dacre, I should be glad to know, for chaunting bousing-ballads, and telling merry adventures? He's the wildest of all our border spirits, and his exploits with the brandy-cup and the ale-flagon have obtained him the name of Allan-a-Maut; a scrap of an old-world song, Sir, with which young Spend-pelf ever commences and concludes his merriment. I have said my worst of the lad—I believe he's a kind-hearted chield, and as true to his word as the cup is to his lip. And now listen to his story, for I'll warrant it a queer one." And as she concluded, he commenced.

"That song," said the youth, "rude and uncouth, though it seems, pitches, as a musician would say, the natural tone or key of the tale I have to tell; it was far from unwise in me to sing it; and so with this explanation I will proceed. It happened some summers ago, as I was returning, during the grey of the morning, from a love tryste in a green glen on the banks of Annan water, I fell into a kind of reverie; and what should the subject of it be, but the many attachments my heart had formed among the maidens, and the very limited requital the law allows one to make to so many sweet and gentle creatures. My spirit was greatly perturbed, as ye may guess, with this sorrowful subject; and a thick mist, which the coming sun seemed unable to dispel, aided me in totally mistaking my way; and I could not well mistake it further, for I found myself in a region with which I had formed no previous acquaintance: I had wandered into a brown and desolate heath, the mist rolled away in heavy wreaths before me, and followed close on my heels, with the diligence of an evil spirit.

"All hill and woodland mark, our usual country guides, were obscured, and I strayed on till I came to the banks of a moorland brook, stained by the soil through which it passed, till it flowed the colour of the brownest brandy. The tenants of this desert stream partook of the congenial nature of the region—they were not of that swift and silver-speckled sort described by the pastoral verse-makers, but of a dull and dark mottled kind, and so lean and haggard as to be wholly unworthy of a fisher's

bait. I caught one under the mossy bank, and returned it again to the stream as unfit for food. I saw no living thing in my course across this desert; the heron, that beautiful and solitary bird, rejected it for a haunt; and even the wild moorfowl, which in the fowler's proverb feeds on the heather top, sought neither food nor shelter amid the brown and dreary wilderness.

"I came at last to a thick and gloomy plantation of Scotch firs, which, varying the bleak desolation of the moor, gave me the assurance that some thirty years before, the hand of man had been busied in the region. A fence of loose stone, surmounted by a rude cope or cornice of rough sharp rock, presented an effectual barrier to sheep and even deer. The latter animals will overleap a high wall of firm masonry, but turn back from a very slender impediment which threatens insecure footing.

"The soil had in many places proved ungenial to Scotch firs, the hardiest of all forest trees; they grew in dwarfish and stunted clumps, and exceeded not the altitude of ordinary shrubs. In passing along the side of the fence, I came to a hollow, where the masses of high green bracken betokened a richer soil. Here the trees, striking deep into the mossy loam, towered up into a beautiful and extensive grove, relieved in their gloomy appearance by the wild cherry and mountain ash, at that time covered with bloom. Behind me, the moor spread out high and uneven, full of quagmires and pits, out of which the peasants of Annan-vale cut peats for fuel.

"I observed, winding through the field of bracken, a kind of trodden way, resembling a hare-road, which, passing over the fence, by the removal of the cope-stone, dived directly into the bosom of the wood. The path too seemed marked with men's feet; and with the hope of its leading me to some human abode, I entered the plantation. The wood, fair and open at first, became thick and difficult; the road too grew sinuous and perplexing; and I was compelled to pull aside the thick masses of boughs, and, gliding gently into the aperture, make the best of thy way by sleight and stratagem.

"I had proceeded in this way nearly half a mile, when I came to the foot of one of those vast rocks which tower up so abrupt and unexpectedly on many of the Scottish heaths. It seemed a pile of prodigious stones huddled rudely together in the careless haste of creation, rather than a regular rock. Deep chasms, and openings resembling caves, were visible in many places, shagged round the entrance with heath-berry; and where the plant that bears this delicious fruit failed to grow, the hardier ivy took root, and with little nourishment shot up into small round masses, called fairy-seats by the peasantry. At the foot of the precipice, some hundreds of high and shivered stones stood on end, like a Druidic grove, but in seven-fold confusion, and here and there a fir inserted in the cliffs of the rock struggled for life; while the ivy, shooting its stems to the summit of the crag, shook down a profusion of green tendrils, and crawled along the ground again, till the mossy soil, which bubbled up water at every step, arrested the march of the beautiful evergreen. Around the crag, a circle of spruce firs was planted; while high over the whole the rock rose savage and grey, and gave the eagles, which not infrequently visited its summit, a view over some of the fairest pasture lands in Annandale.

"The desolation of the place was heightened by the absence of living water—the voice of the brook, which lends the tongue of life to many a dreary place. A little puddle of brown moorish water supplied the place of a fountain; around its margin the bones of hares and fowls were strewn; while in a recess in the rock, the fox had sought a lair, and heaped it high with wool and feathers. But the proverbial lord of craft and cunning had for some time forsaken this once favourite abode; the presence of man had intruded on his wild domain, and driven him to the neighbouring mountains.

"I climbed to the summit of the rock, and gazed down the vale of Annan as far as the sea of Solway, and westward as far as the green hills of Nithsdale. To enable me more pleasantly to enjoy the beauty of a scene which Turner, or Callcott, or Dewint, would love to consecrate,

I proceeded to discuss the merits of some ewe-milk cheese, made for me by the lily-white hand of Jessie Johnstone, of Snipeflesh; and the gift of the maiden began to vanish before the sharp-set perseverance of youth. The sun too, dispelling the fog, gleamed over the green heads of the groves in all his summer glory, and I proceeded to examine how I might find out the way to Ae water, to the dwelling of bonnie Bess Dinwoodie.

"While I sat gazing about me, I observed a thin and curling line of smoke ascending from the base of the crag; it rose up thicker and blacker, and, wafted by the wind, gushed against my face; I never felt a vapour so strange and offensive. As I proceeded to consider the various kinds of exhalations which arise from forest or fen, I saw a large and hungry dog come out of the wood. It uttered a cry of discovery, half howl and half bark, and coming near, seemed willing to leap at my throat. I threw it a piece of cheese; it caught and devoured it, and renewed its clamour. It was soon joined, to my utter dismay, by a human being. I never beheld a man with a look so startled and threatening. He was tall and strong-built, with hair long and matted, the colour of ashes, while his eyes, large, and staring, and raw, looked, as Lancie Lauborde the tailor said, 'like scored collops faced with red plush.'

"He addressed me in a tone that in nowise redeemed his savage appearance. 'Weel met, quoth the wolf to the fox; weel met, my crafty lad: so ye have found out the bonnie bee-byke at last, as the boy said when he thrust his hand into the adder's den. I maun ken more about ye, my lad; so tell me thy tale cleverly; else, I swear by the metal worm through which my precious drink dribbles, I will feast the fox and her five cubs on thy spool-bane. On my conscience, lad, as ye brew, so shall ye drink; and that's o'er fair a law for a gauger.' What this depraved being meant by his mysterious language, and what calling he followed, were alike matters of conjecture; his manner was certainly hostile and threatening. I told him I was passing towards the vale of Ae, and had lost my way in the mist

‘Lost your way in the mist, and found the way ye were seeking for, my wylie lad, I’ll warrant; but I shall come at the bare truth presently.’ So saying, he laid the flap of his shaggy coat aside, and, showing me a brace of pistols, and the hilt of a dirk stuck in a belt of rough leather, motioned me to follow him.

“Resistance was hopeless; we descended from the rock by a winding and secret way, concealed among the ivy, and the branches of a spreading spruce fir. This brought us to a rude structure, resembling a shepherd’s shed, half cavern and half building, and nearly hidden under the involving branches of two luxuriant firs. My guide half pushed me into this unpromising abode; a miserable hovel, loathsome and foul, and filled with a thick and noisome vapour. I was greeted on my entrance by a squat, thick-set, and squalid being, who, starting up from a couch of straw, exclaimed, ‘What in the fiend’s name’s this ye have driven into our bit den of refuge in the desert, as ane wad drive a ratton into a trap? Deil drown me in a strong distillation, and that’s an enviable death, if this lad’s no a strippling exciseman, whelped in our unhappy land by the evil spirits of the government. If he’s a gauger, take ye the spade and dig, and I’ll take the sword and strike; for he shall never crawl day again, else my name’s nae mair Jock Mackcleg.’ And the wretch, as he spoke, proceeded to sharpen an old sword on the strake of a scythe.

“‘Hooly, man, hooly with thy bit of rusty airn,’ said his companion, ‘ye’re no sae handy with it when its warse needed, Jock, ye ken. I shall allow the young lad to live, be he devil, or be he gauger, and that’s meikle waur, were it only that he might partake of that glorious spirit which I call ‘stupify,’ but which wiser Jock Mackcleg christened ‘heart’s-blood,’ and learn of what a princely beverage he would deprive this poor taxed and bleeding land.’ It happened well for me that these two wretches, though born for each other’s society, like bosom bones, and necessary to each other in their detestable pursuits as the bark is to the bush, chose to be of different opinions respecting the mode of ma-

naging me, and thus John Mackcleg expressed his dissent from his more moderate as well as powerful associate. ‘And so he’s to live and taste of the ‘heart’s blood!’ deil turn him into our distilling-worm first, that the liquid consolation the gauger tribe seek to deprive us of may run reeking through him. Ah, Mungo Macubin, ye’re soft, ye’re soft; ye would give the supervisor himself our hained drops of distillery dew; and for fear he should drop into a ditch, ye would carry him hame. I’ll tell ye what—were ye Mungo Macubin seven times told, I will cease to be longer conjunct and several with you; else may I be whipt through the lang burgh of Lochmaben, with the halter of a gauger’s horse.’ And still growling out anger, which he dared not more openly express, he threw himself down on a litter bed, while his companion, with a look of scorn, answered.—“‘Thou predestined blockhead, am I a blind stabber behind backs in the dark, like thyself? Am I to harm the white skin of this young raw haspen of a lad, unless I ken why and wherefore? Spill his sweet life indeed! Faith, if this lad threatened ye with six inches of cauld steel in his hand, though water five fathoms deep and seven mile wide divided ye, ye would be less free of your threats. So lie still there, and put thy bonnet on thy bald scalp, from which whiskey has scalded the hair: Aye, that will do. Now sit down, my wandering man of the mist, let me have a look at thee; but first hold this cup of ‘stupify’ to thy head. Faith, my birkie, if I thought ye kenn’d the might of whiskey by mathematical measuring, or any other dangerous government mode of ascertaining spiritual strength, I’d make ye swallow yere gauging sticks. So sit down; else, by the spirit of malt, and the heart of corn, I will make thee obedient.’

“I sat down on an empty cask, and holding in my hand a cup full of the hot and untasted liquor, which my entertainers were busied in preparing, I could not but give a few hurried glances round this wretched lodge in the wilderness. The cabin itself seemed more the creation of distempered or intoxicated intellects, than the work of consideration and



sobriety. At the entrance of a kind of cavern in the rock, a rude enclosure of stone was raised, the whole covered over with boughs and turf, with an opening in the side capable of admitting one person at a time. The floor was bedded with rushes and bracken, but trodden into mire, and moistened with a liquor of a flavour so detestable that I felt half suffocated; while the steam of a boiling cauldron, mingling with the bitter smoke of green fir-wood, eddied round and round, and then gushed out into the morning air through the aperture by which I entered. In the cavern itself, I observed a fire glimmering, and something of the shape of a human being stretched motionless before it. This personage was clad in a garb of rough sheep-skin, the wool shorn, or rather singed close, and an old fur cap slouched over his ears, while his feet, wholly bare, and nearly soot-black, were heated among the warm ashes which he raked from the cauldron fire. He lay on his belly, supporting his head with his hands; and about all his person nothing was white but the white of his eye. Beside him stood what seemed an old tobacco-box; he dipped it frequently into a pail of liquor; and, each time he carried it to his head, a strong smell of whiskey was diffused over the place.

“On the right hand of this menial drudge, lay the person of John Mackcleg: an old Sanguhar rug interposed between him and the foul litter below; a small cask, the spiggot of which was worn by frequent use, stood within reach; while a new-drained cup lay at his head, with a crust of bread beside it. On the other side sat Mungo Macubin, on a seat covered with a sheep-skin; and, compared to his debased and brutish companions, he seemed a spirit of light. In spite of his disordered locks, and the habitual intoxication in which his eyes swam, his look was inviting, and even commanding. Something of better days and brighter hopes appeared about him. But in his eye frequently glimmered that transient and equivocal light, suspicious and fierce, which, influenced by drink, and inflamed by contradiction, rendered him an insecure companion. A sword lay on a shelf beside him, with several tattered

books; a fish-spear, a fishing-rod, a fowling-piece, and a fiddle, tuned perhaps during the delirium of drink, hung there with its disordered strings. I observed too the machinery of a wooden clock, the labour, I afterwards learned, of his knife; together with several spoons, and cups of sycamore, which he wanted the patience rather than the skill to finish. The notice which I took of this part of the establishment seemed far from displeasing to the proprietor.

“Around the shealing stood kegs and vessels for containing liquor, all of portable dimensions, such as a man might readily carry; and I wanted not this to convince me that a whiskey-still of considerable magnitude was busy in the bosom of this wilderness. In the middle of the floor stood a rude table, the top of which had belonged to some neighbouring orchard, and still threatened in large letters the penalties of traps and guns to nightly depredators. It was swimming with liquor, and strewn with broken cups; and in the midst of the whole lay several of those popular publications which preach up the equality of human intellect and estate, and recommend, along with a general division of worldly goods, a more tolerant system of intercourse between the sexes. No doubt the excellent authors of those works would regard this appearance of their labours amid the Caledonian desert as a certain proof of fame; they would seek more than ever to attract men's affections to a more flexible system of morality; to awaken a kind of devotion which affords more scope to the natural passions of the multitude, and to wean human regard from that austere doctrine which inculcates self-denial, and sundry other such unreasonable matters. On a paper which contained a printed list of rewards given by government, to men who had laboured for the good of their country, I observed a calculation of the proceeds of illicit distillations; while on the floor lay the skin of a fat wether recently killed, and which still bore the mark of a neighbouring farmer, whose consent to this appropriation my companions, in the full relish of liberty, had not thought it necessary to obtain.

“During this examination, the eye of John Mackcleg dwelt upon all my



motions with increasing jealousy and distrust. At length, when my glance settled on the sheep-skin, he exclaimed, in a tone reproving and harsh, 'Deil be in ye, Mungo Macubin; will ye let that fiend's baited hook of a gauger sit quietly there, and take an inventory of the only world's goods the oppression of man has left us? Take tent, lad, take tent; ye think him a bird that means nae mischief in his sang; bide ye a bit, ye may find him worse than a water-adder, and as cunning as lang Sandie Frizel the sautman, who praised the tone of your fiddle, and your skill in cup-making, and having proven the excellence of our distillation, sent auld Wylie Metestick, the gauger, to look at our cavern of curiosities!' 'I'll tell ye what, John,' said his companion; 'guide your tongue in a less graceless manner; else it may bring your foreteeth and my right-hand knuckles acquainted. Gauger! what puts it into thy gowk's head that the lad's a gauger? Thinkest thou that a single exciseman, and ane both soft and slim, would have dropped down into the adder's den? But where's the profit of carousing with such a clod of the valley as thee?' Here the chief manager of this illicit establishment rose, and looked out into the wood; returned to his seat; and thus he resumed his conversation.

"'But where's the profit of putting trust in such a capon as thee? When the day comes that we have long looked for, you will put your hand to the full tankard rather than to the sharpened steel. And such a desirable day is not far distant, else let man believe no longer in white paper and black print. What says Ringan Alarum, of the Cowgate, in his strong paper called Liberty's Lighted Match, which auld Davie Dustyhaue, the west-country skinman, gave us when we sold him our cannily-come-by skins of three mug ewes. Does he not say as much as that the sceptre will soon be more harmless than a shepherd's staff; the mitre as little revered as grey hairs, or a scone-bonnet; a coronet as empty as a drunkard's drained cup; and that Sunday shall be as Saturday, and Saturday as Sunday; that a silken gown, flounced and furbelowed, will rustle as common in a peasant's sheal as the plaiden

kirtle of maid Margery; and that Meg Milligan, in her linsey-woolsey, will be as good and as lordly as our madames with their perfumes and pearlins? Now John, my man, should all these pleasant things come to pass, I will build a whiskey-still as big as Wamphray-kirk, with a distillation-pipe large enough to pour a flood of pure spirit over the land, in which we might float a revenue cutter.'

"Flooded as the brain of John Mackleg seemed to be with the spirit which his own industry had produced, he had intellect enough remaining to appear visibly delighted with this promised picture of enjoyment. But his natural want of courage withheld him from indulging in his comrade's strain of unguarded rapture. 'O Lord, send it soon and sudden, Mungo! O man, soon and sudden! But I conjure ye, by the pith and power of malt, to speak lowne; O, man, speak lowne.' 'Then,' said his comrade, 'await the coming of the blessed time in silence. When it comes, we shall have whiskey-stills in every kirk, and he that drinks longest shall rule and reign among us. I will choose myself out a warm home in a fertile land. The justice of the peace shall be dumb, and the gauger silent, and his measuring rods regarded no more. Our young men shall drink, and our young maidens dance; the minister of the parish shall fill our cups, and the pulpit and repentance-stool shall hold flagons and mutchkin stoups. I will go to bed with six pint stoups placed at my feet and six at my head; and when I grow doited and dizzy, the sweetest lass in the country-side shall sit and hold my head.' 'And I,' said John Mackleg, in a low and cautious tone, 'shall be the first laird of my whole kin: whiskey-brose shall be my breakfast, and my supper shall be the untaken-down spirit, with strength enough to float a pistol-bullet. I shall be the first of the name of Mackleg who owned more land than they measured in the dowie kirkyard.'

"His companion eyed him with a look particularly merry and ironical; 'Oh thou ambitious knave,' said Mungo Macubin, 'dost thou long to be lord of all the land which thou hast measured with thy drunken car-

cass? Why, man, thou hast meted out with that genealogical ell-wand half the land 'tween the sea-sand of Caerlaverock and the brown heathy hills of Durisdeer. And so thou thinkest a drunkard's fall on the earth has given thee possession of it? Plague take me, if I give my consent to such a dangerous monopoly.' The perverse being to whom this speech was addressed made light of its irony, and seizing a large two-eared quaigh, stooped his face into it till nothing remained above the brim save a fleece of sooty uncombed locks, and drained out the liquor at a breath. He hurled the empty cup to the figure before the fire, and, though opposed by violent hiccups, exclaimed, 'More! bring me more! that was delicious. Jock, Jenny Mason's Jock, fill that cog, my man, and hear ye me; come hither and haud it to my head, for I am no sae

sicker as I should be; and that whin-stone rock seems as if it would whomble aboon me. And d'ye hear me, Jock Laggengird, let me have none of the dyke-water additions which Mungo Macubin makes to the prime spirit which he drinks. Taxes and stents have made Scotland's crowdie thin, and turned her warm brose into cauld steerie. If ye covet the present length of your lugs, let me have none of your penitential potations.'

"While Jenny Mason's descendant crawled to a cask, and turned a pin from which a pure liquid dribbled drop by drop into the cup, Mungo Macubin took down his fiddle, arranged the disordered strings, played a pleasant air, and accompanied it by singing the following rustic verses, which I have since learned were of his own composition.

#### MUNGO MACUBIN'S SONG.

1.

Come toom the stoup! let the merry sun shine  
On sculptured cups and the merry man's wine;  
Come toom the stoup! from the bearded bear,  
And the heart of corn, comes this life-drink dear.  
The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me;  
Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree.  
The spirit of malt sae free and sae frank,  
Is my minted money and bonds in the Bank.

2.

Come toom up the stoup; what must be must,  
I'm cauld and canker'd, and dry as dust;  
A simmering stoup of this glorious weet  
Gives soaring plumes to Time's leaden feet.  
Let yon stately madam, so mim and so shy,  
Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by;  
The spirit of maut, so frank and so free,  
Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

3.

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon  
Hangs canker'd care on the horns of the moon;  
Is bed and bedding; and love and mirth  
Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from the earth.  
Come toom the stoup—it's delightful to see  
The world run round fit, to whomel on me;  
And yon bonnie bright star, by my sooth it's a shiner,  
Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

4.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,  
With your women, the plague and the play-thing of fools;  
Away with your crowns, and your sceptres, and mitres;  
Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the smiters:  
For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,  
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.  
Lo! the floor's running round, the roof's swimming in glory,  
And I have but breath for to finish my story,

"The arch, and something of a drunken gravity, with which this rhyme was chaunted, with the accompanying 'thrum, thrum,' on the fiddle, rendered it far from unpleasant. John Mackcleg, whether desirous of emulating his companion, or smitten, perhaps, with a wayward desire of song, raised himself up from his lair, and improved the melody of a wild and indecorous rhyme, by the hollow sound extracted by means of his drinking quaigh from the

head of an empty barrel. I can trust myself with repeating four of the verses only; the others, when the drink is at home and the understanding gone out, may be endured at midnight by the lee-side of a bowl of punch;—but I see by the gathering storm in the brow of that sedate dame, that I have said enough about the graceless song,—yet she will endure a specimen, I have some suspicion.

#### JOHN MACKCLEG'S SONG.

##### 1.

Good evening to thee, madam moon,  
Sing brown barley bree,  
Good evening to thee, madam moon,  
Sing bree;  
So gladsomely ye're glowering down,  
Fu' loth am I to part so soon,  
But all the world is running roun'  
With me.

##### 2.

A fair good morrow to thee, sun,  
Sing brown barley bree;  
A fair good morrow to thee, sun,  
Sing bree;  
Ye laugh and glory in the fun,—  
But look, my stoup is nearly run,  
And, las! my cash is mair than done,  
With me.

##### 3.

Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,  
Sing brown barley bree,  
Good morrow to thee, lovesome lass,  
Sing bree;  
Who woos thee on the gowany grass,  
Ere he has cool'd him with the tass,  
Should through a three-fold penance pass,  
For me.

##### 4.

O fair's the falcon in his flight,  
Sing brown barley bree;  
And sweet's a maiden at midnight,  
Sing bree:  
And welcome is the sweet sun-light,—  
But here's a sweeter, blyther sight,  
The blood of barley pouring bright,  
For me.

"Such was a part of the song, and the better part of it. As soon as he had ended his unmelodious chaunt, he silently raised the quaigh of liquor to his lips, and laying his head back, the liquid descended into the crevice, as water drops into the chink of a rock. In a moment he

started up, with curses murmuring on his lips, and hurling the quaigh, half full of liquor, at the head of the son of Janet Mason, exclaimed,—  
'Sinner that thou art, thou hast filled my cup out of the barrel of reduced spirit prepared for Andrew Erngrey, the Cameronian. It is as

cauld and fizenless as snow-water, though good enough to cheer the saints at a mountain preaching. I tell ye, my man, if you indulge yourself in such unsonsie pranks, I shall bait Mungo Macubin's fox-trap with your left lug.'

"The drunkard's missile was hurled by a hand which it had helped to render unsteady; it flew over the prostrate descendant of Janet Mason, and striking against the furnace, poured its contents into the fire. Such was the strength of the liquid, that, subdued as it was for a devout person's use, the moment it touched the fire a sudden and bright flame gushed up to the roof of the shealing, and, kindling the dried grassy turf, flashed along it like gunpowder. I started up, and seizing the raw sheepskin, fairly smothered and struck out the flame, which would soon have consumed the whole illicit establishment. As I resumed my seat, Mungo Macubin seized my hand, and nearly wringing it from my wrist, in joy exclaimed, 'By my faith, lad, ye are a rid-handed one, and well do ye deserve a share in the profits of our distillation. Who would have thought that a stolen sheepskin, or rather the skin of a stolen sheep, could have quenched such a furious flame? And now, let me tell you, John Mackcleg, if you touch whiskey, or let whiskey touch you, for these four-and-twenty hours, I will surely measure out your inheritance with

that scoundrel carcass of yours.' And with a stamp of his foot, and a lour of his brow, he awed his companion into fear and submission.

"I could see that the chief conductor of this wild establishment no longer regarded me with distrust or suspicion. He seated himself between his fiercer comrade and me, as if he dreaded outrage; and pulling a soiled book from his bosom, appeared to examine it with some attention. It was one of those political labours of the London press, where the author, addressing himself to the multitude, had called in the powerful aid of engraving to render the obscurity of language intelligible. Our southern peasantry, with that love of the simplicity of ancient days which regards instruction as a trick of state, and wishes to reduce the tyranny of learning to the primitive score and tally, have maintained their natural condition in such entire purity, that literature in addressing them is fain to make use of sensible signs and tokens. Of these his book was full; but its owner turned over the leaves with a dissatisfied and disclaimful eye, and at last threw it in contempt into the cauldron fire. He took up his fiddle again, and after playing snatches of several serious airs, sang some verses with a tone of bitter sorrow which showed little sympathy with the poetry. I remember several stanzas.

#### MY MIND TO ME MY KINGDOM IS.

##### 1.

Full thirty winter snows, last yule,  
Have fallen on me mid pine and dool,  
My cloathing scant, my living spare,  
I've reckon'd kin with woe and care;  
I count my days and mete my grave;  
While Fortune to some brainless knave  
Holds up her strumpet cheek to kiss,  
My mind to me my kingdom is.

##### 2.

For faded friendship need I sigh,  
Or love's warm raptures long flown by,  
When fancy sits and fondly frames  
Her angels out of soulless dames?  
Sick of ripe lips and sagemen's rules,  
The faith of knaves and fash of fools;  
And scorning that, and loathing this,  
My mind to me my kingdom is.

## 3.

The muse with laurel'd brow in vain  
 Sweeps by me with her vision'd train ;  
 I've bow'd my head and ruled my hand  
 Too long beneath her magic wand.  
 Shall I go shrouded to my hearse,  
 Full of the folly of vain verse ?  
 I'll court some soberer, surer bliss ;  
 My mind to me my kingdom is.

"Something in the song of Mungo Macubin had awakened a train of thought of a nature too soft for his present hazardous calling ; his looks darkened down in a kind of moody sorrow, and I could imagine that retrospection was busy with him. He observed the interest which my looks testified I took in his fate, took me by the hand with much kindness, and said in a mingled tone of bitterness and sorrow, 'I have often thought that we have less controul over our fate than we ought, and that an evil destiny dogs us through life, and pursues us to perdition. Take counsel, I beseech ye, from my words, and warning from my conduct ; this shealing contains a being whose fate may be a text for you to preach from till these black locks grow grey.—Listen, and then say with the Word, surely one vessel is made for honour, and another for dishonour. All I have cherished, or loved, or looked with kindness upon, have passed away, departed, and sunk to death or dishonour ; and all I have saved from the stream of destiny is the wretched wreck on which you look. I beheld men of dull and untutorable intellects blessed and double blessed. I saw the portion of folly growing as lordly as the inheritance of wisdom, and I said in the vanity of my heart, shall I not also be beloved and happy ? But man's success is not of his own shaping :—my cattle died, my crops failed, my means perished, and one I loved dearly forgot me ; I could have forgiven that—she forgot herself. I have nothing now to solace or cheer me—I look forward without hope, and the present moment is so miserable that I seek to forget myself in the company of two wretches who are not disturbed with those fore-

bodings which are as a demon to me. This stringed instrument, the carving of these cups, and the making of that wooden time-piece, with that cauldron brimful to me of the liquor of oblivion, form the sum of all existing enjoyment. But from them, from this sodded sheal, from this barren spot, and this lonesome desert, I shall soon be dragged or driven ; for, sorrowful and miserable as I am, my lot is far too happy to last.'

"Never were words more ominously true than the last words of poor Mungo Macubin ; even as he spoke a human shadow darkened the door, another succeeded, and a third, and a fourth, followed close behind ; he saw all this with a composure of face and an alacrity of resource truly surprizing. He drew his pistol, he bared his sword, and, at the motion of his hand, the silent and prostrate being at the cauldron snatched a piece of blazing fir from the fire, and sought counsel from the conduct or motions of his leader. I heard a sort of suppressed parley at the door, and presently several armed men made a dash through the aperture, exchanging blow and shot with Macubin, who, overthrowing one of the boldest of the officers, forced his way unhurt through all opposition, and disappeared in the thick wood. Meanwhile his companion applying the fir-torch to the roof, the shealing was filled with smoke, and flame, and human outcry. The fire seized the combustible wood, touched the inflammable spirit, and, wrapping all in a flame, ascended in a high and bright column above the green forest. I escaped into the wood, and never saw that wild spot, nor one of those men, more.

## The Early French Poets.

REMY BELLEAU, AND JAN ANTOENE DE BAÏF.

THE Painter of Nature was the appellation which distinguished Remy Belleau among the poets of his time; and it is enough to obtain for him no ordinary share of regard from those who know how much is implied in that title, and how rare that merit is of which it may be considered as a pledge. I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with an edition containing the whole of his works: That which I have seen was printed during his life-time, with the following title: *Les Amours et nouveaux Eschanges des Pierres precieuses; Vertus et Proprietez d'icelles. Discours de la Vanité, Pris de l'Ecclesiaste. Eclogues Sacrees, Prises du Cantique des Cantiques. Par Remy Belleau. A Paris par Mamert Patisson, au logis de Rob. Estienne, 1576, avec privilege du Roy.* "The Loves and new Transformations of the Precious Stones; their Virtues and Properties. Discourse on Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes. Sacred Eclogues, taken from the Song of Songs, &c." There is in these sufficient to prove that Belleau was not in the habit of looking at nature through the eyes of other men; that he did not content himself with

making copies of copies; but that he drew from the life, whenever he had such objects to describe as the visible world could supply him with. Nor is this the whole of his praise; for he has also some fancy, and a flow of numbers unusually melodious.

In the above collection, the first poem, on the Loves and Transformations of the Precious Stones, dedicated to Henry III., is on a plan not much more happy than that of Darwin's Loves of the Plants. Several of them are supposed to have been youths or maidens, who, in consequence of adventures similar to those invented by the poet of the Metamorphoses, were changed into their present shape. Thus, in the first of these tales, the nymph Amethyste, of whom Bacchus is enamoured, prays to Diana for succour, and by her is transformed into a stone which the god dyes purple with the juice of the grape. A description, which he has here introduced of the jolly god with the Bacchantes in different attitudes about his chariot, is executed with a luxuriance of pencil that reminds one of Rubens.

D'un pié prompt et legier, ces folles Bassarides  
Environnent le char, l'une se pend aux brides  
Des onces mouchettez d'estoiles sur le dos,  
Onces à l'oeil subtil, au pié souple et dispos,  
Au muffle herissé de deux longues-moustaches :  
L'autre met dextrement les tigres aux attaches.  
Tisonnez sur la peau, les couple deux-à-deux,  
Ils roufflent de colere, et vont rouillant les yeux :  
D'un fin drap d'or frisé semé de perles fines  
Les couvre jusqu'au flanc, les houpes à crepines  
Flottent sur le genou; plus humbles devenus  
On agence leur queue en tortillons menus. (F. 4.)

A train of Mænads wanton'd round the car  
With light and frolic step: one on the reins  
Hung of the ounces speckled o'er with stars,  
Of eye quick-glancing, and free supple foot,  
The long mustaches bristling from their maws:  
Another with quick hand the traces flung  
Across the tygers of the streaky skin:  
They yoked in pairs went snorting, and with ire  
Their restless eye-balls roll'd. Fine cloth of gold,  
Sown o'er with pearls, hung mantling to their side,  
And at the knee the tassel'd fringes danced.  
Then, as their pride abated, in quaint curls  
They braid their wavy tails.



As a companion to this, I would place the fine picture of Cybele's chariot drawn by lions, as Keats has painted it.

Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,  
Came mother Cybele ; alone, alone,  
In sombre chariot ; dark foldings thrown  
About her majesty, and front death-pale,  
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale  
The sluggish wheels ; solemn their toothed maws,  
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws  
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails  
Cowering their tawny brushes. (*Endymion*, p. 83.)

In this pictorial manner, there is an anonymous poem of extraordinary merit, which, I believe, appeared first in the *New Monthly Magazine*. It is called the *Indian Circian*. The writer of it, whoever he may be, may well aspire to the title of the *Painter of Nature*.

To return to Belleau. Another of these little stories is built on the fable of *Hyacinthus*, whose blood, when he is killed by *Apollo*, forms the *jacinth* ; at the same time, that the nymph *Chrysolithe*, who had requited his offered love with scorn, poisons herself, and is changed into the stone bearing her name. The spot, in which the boy meets his fate, when he is playing at quoits with *Phœbus*, is a piece of landscape-painting, sweetly touched.

*Iris* being sent on one of her mistress's errands, stays to refresh herself by the river *Indus*, where she sees and becomes enamoured of *Opalle* ;

*Opalle*, grand Berger des troupeaux de Neptune. (*F.* 27.)

“ Great Shepherd that on Neptune's flocks did tend.”

He is dazzled and overpowered by the advances of the wind-footed goddess, and falls into a swoon ; but is recovered out of it. *Juno*, meantime, being enraged at the delay of her handmaid, goes in search of her, and discovers them together. He is changed into a stone, of which *Iris* makes the opal.

While *Venus* lies asleep, *Love*, fluttering about her, sees his own image reflected on the polished surface of her nails. He sets himself to carve out these mirrors with the point of one of his darts, while she continues in her slumber ; and then flying off with them, he lets them fall

——“ on the pearl'd sands  
Of tawny Indus with the crisped locks.”

—— sur le sable perleux  
De l'Indois basané sous ses crespes cheveux ;

where they are changed into onyx-stones.

To these fanciful Tales, are appended directions for distinguishing artificial stones from the true, together with some remarks on their medicinal properties, and their uses against incantations and sorceries. It scarcely need be told how bad an effect so incongruous a mixture produces. When Belleau made this addition, it is probable that the Greek poem on *Precious Stones*, which goes under the name of *Orpheus*, was in his view.

In addressing the twelve chapters of his *Discourse on Vanity*, taken from *Ecclesiastes*, to *Monseigneur* (the Duke d'Alençon), he tells that prince that his brother (the late King, Charles IX.) being at Fontainebleau, was so much pleased with it, that he had made him read over the first four chapters several times ; that the King's death, and a grievous malady under which he had himself laboured, had interrupted his design ; “ but now being recovered,” says he, “ I present this work to you.” This was in July, 1576. Having tuned the verses well, he has done nearly all that could be expected of him in this task. Much the same may be said of the *Sacred Eclogues*, into which he has formed the *Song of Songs*. Profaner love employed his muse at another time ; for he translated the poems attributed to *Anacreon*, which were then newly discovered, into French verse.

Among his other poems, is the following Song on April : having seen

it much commended in the accounts given of this poet by French writers of the present day, I have obtained a transcript of it from a public library in this country. If we compare it with Spenser's Song in the Shepherd's Calendar, April, we shall find some slight resemblance in the measure, which would induce one to imagine that Colin, though he calls it a lay,

Which once he made as by a spring he lay,  
And tuned it unto the water's fall,  
had yet some snatches of this melody floating in his ear, which mingled themselves with the wilder music.

Avril, l'honneur et des bois,  
Et des mois :  
Avril, la douce esperance  
Des fruicts qui sous le coton  
Du bouton  
Nourrissent leur jeune enfance.

Avril, l'honneur des prez verds,  
Jaunes, pers,  
Qui d'une humeur bigarree  
Emaillant de mille fleurs  
De couleurs,  
Leur parure diapree.

Avril, l'honneur des soupirs  
Des Zephyrs,  
Qui sous le vent de leur aile  
Dressent encore es forests  
Des doux rets,  
Pour ravir Flore la belle.

Avril, c'est ta douce main,  
Qui du sein  
De la nature desserre  
Une moisson de senteurs,  
Et de fleurs,  
Embasment l'Air, et la Terre.

Avril, l'honneur verdissant,  
Florissant  
Sur les tresses blondèlles  
De ma Dame, et de son sein,  
Tousjours plein  
De mille et mille fleurettes.

Avril, la grace, et le ris.

De Cypria,

Le flair et la douce haleine :  
Avril, le parfum des Dieux,  
Qui des Cieux  
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.

C'est toy courtois et gentil,  
Qui d'exil  
Retires ces passageres,  
Ces arondelles qui vont,  
Et qui sont  
Du printemps les messageres.

L'aubespine et l'aiglantin,  
Et le thym,  
L'œillet, le lis, et les roses  
En ceste belle saison,  
A foison,  
Monstrent leurs robes écloses.

Le gentil rossignolet  
Doucelet,  
Decoupe dessous l'ombrage,  
Mille fredons babillars,  
Fretillars,  
Au doux chant de son ramage.

C'est à ton heureux retour  
Que l'amour  
Souffle à doucettes haleines,  
Un feu croupi et couvert,  
Que l'hyver  
Receloit dedans nos veines.

Tu vois en ce temps nouveau  
L'essain beau  
De ces pillardes avettes  
Volleter de fleur en fleur,  
Pour l'odeur  
Qu'ils müssent en leurs cuissettes.

May vantera ses fraischeurs,  
Ses fruicts meurs,  
Et sa seconde rosee,  
La manne et le sucre doux,  
Le miel roux,  
Dont sa grace est arrosée.

Mais moy je donne ma voix  
A ce mois,  
Qui prend le surnom de celle  
Qui de l'escumeuse mer  
Veit germer  
Sa naissance maternelle.

(*Les Oeuvres Poétiques de Remy Belleau, 2 Tomes.*  
*Paris, 1585, La Première Journée de la Bergerie, p. 126.*)

April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,  
Fair thee befall :  
April, fond hope of fruits that lie  
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,  
There closely lapt,  
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,  
All round thee strew,  
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor  
Is with a million flowers depeint,  
Whose colours quaint  
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise  
 With whisper'd sighs,  
 Then on their light wing brush away,  
 And hang amid the woodlands fresh  
 Their aery mesh  
 To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,  
 From plain and rock,  
 Odours and hues, a balmy store,  
 That breathing lie on Nature's breast,  
 So richly blest,  
 That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid  
 Of my sweet maid,  
 Adown her neck and bosom flow ;  
 And in a wild profusion there,  
 Her shining hair  
 With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,  
 That in the face  
 Of Cytherea haunt, are thine ;  
 And thine the breath, that from their skies  
 The deities  
 Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,  
 High up aloft,  
 From banishment these heralds bring,  
 These swallows, that along the air  
 Scud swift, and bear  
 Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,  
 Purple woodbine,  
 Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,  
 And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,  
 Where thou art treading,  
 And their sweet eyes for thee uncloze.

The little nightingale sits singing aye  
 On leafy spray,  
 And in her fitful strain doth run  
 A thousand and a thousand changes,  
 With voice that ranges  
 Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,  
 That love is fain  
 With gentlest breath the fires to wake,  
 That cover'd up and slumbering lay,  
 Through many a day,  
 When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime  
 Of the spring-time,  
 The hives pour out their lusty young,  
 And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,  
 With laden thigh,  
 Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,  
 His fruits of gold,  
 His fertilizing dew, that swell  
 In manna on each spike and stem,  
 And, like a gem,  
 Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him ; but my voice shall be,  
 Sweet month, for thee ;  
 Thou that to her dost owe thy name,  
 Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide  
 Swell and divide,  
 Whence forth to life and light she came.

Remy Belleau was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, in le Perche, 1528. René de Lorraine, Marquis of Elbeuf, and General of the French Gallies, committed to him the education of his son. He died in Paris, 1577. Some one said of him, in allusion to the first of his poems a-

bove-mentioned, that he was resolved to construct himself a monument of precious stones.

Besides the editions of his works which I have referred to, there is said to be one printed at Rouen, 1604. 2 Vols. 8vo.

#### JAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

BORN those, of whom I have last spoken, Bellay and Belleau, belonged to that cluster of poets, to which was given the name of the French Pleiad. Iodelle, Thyard, Dorat, and Ronsard, were four others in this constellation ; and Jan Antoine de Baïf made the seventh, whose lustre, if it were proportioned to the number of verses he has left, would outshine most of them. But as it is rather by the virtue than the bulk of such luminaries that we appreciate their excellence, he must be satisfied with an inferior place. The chief thing that can be said of him, I think, is that there is much ease in his manner. But this is not enough to carry us through so many books as I have to record the titles of under his name. It is said that no one has had the courage to read them all since his death.

*Les Amours de Jan Antoine de Baïf.* Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer, 1572. 2 vols. 8vo.

There is what appears to be the same edition with his *Passetemps* added.

In the prefatory address to the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. he speaks of the French poets who have sung of love. They are Bellay, Thyard, Ronsard, Belleau, to whom he says,

Belleau gentil, qui d'esquise peinture  
 Soigneusement imites la nature,  
 Tu consacras de tes vers la plus part  
 De Cytheree au petit fils mignard.

'Gentle Belleau, who dost diligently copy nature with exquisite painting, thou hast consecrated the greater part of thy verses to the darling child of Venus.' To these he adds *Desportes*.

Of the four books of his *Francine* (the name of his mistress), and of his three other books, *Des Diverses Amours*, there is very little by which I could hope to please my readers. They will, I doubt not, think the following sonnet enough.

Un jour quand de l'yver l'ennuieuse froidure  
 S'attedist, faisant place au printemps gracieux,  
 Lors que tout rit aux champs, et que les prez joyeux,  
 Peignent de belles fleurs leur riante verdure :  
 Pres du Clain tortueux sous une roche obscure  
 Un doux somme ferma d'un doux lien mes yeux,  
 Voyci en mon dormant une clairté des cieux  
 Venir l'ombre enflamer d'une lumiere pure.

Voyci venir des cieux sous l'escorte d'Amour,  
 Neuf nymphes qu'on eust dist estre toutes jumelles :  
 En rond aupres de moy elles firent un tour.  
 Quand l'une, me tendant de myrte un verd chapeau,  
 Me dit : chante d'amour d'autres chansons nouvelles,  
 Et tu pourras monter à nostre saint coupeau.

On a day, as the winter, relaxing his spleen,  
 Grew warm and gave way to the frolicsome spring,  
 When all laughs in the fields, and the gay meadows fling  
 A shower of sweet buds o'er their mantle of green,  
 'Twas then in a cave by the wild cranking Clain  
 I lay, and sleep shadow'd me o'er with his wing,  
 When a lustre shone round, as some angel did bring  
 A torch that its light from the sun-beams had ta'en ;  
 And lo ! floating downwards, escorted by Love,  
 Nine maids, who methought from one birth might have sprung ;  
 And they circled around me and hover'd above,  
 When one held forth a wreath of green myrtle inwove ;  
 See, she cried, that of love some new ditty be sung  
 And with us thou shalt dwell in our heavenly grove.

He has formed some of these pieces on the model of the Italian canzone, with an envoi at the end.

Besides these are nine books which he calls simply his poems. In the concluding address to his book, he has given a portrait of himself.

Another of his publications is, *Les Jeux de Jan Antoine de Baïf*. Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer. 1573. 8vo. It contains nineteen Eclogues ; Antigone, translated from Sophocles ; two comedies, *le Brave* and *l'Eunuque*, the latter from Terence ; and *Neuf Devis de Dieux pris de Lucian*, nine Dialogues of the Gods, from Lucian. The Eclogues are, for the most part, taken from Theocritus or Virgil. They seem to me among the most pleasing of his poems ; but are sometimes less decorous than one could wish.

*'Etre'nes de Poe'zie Fransoeze an vers mezure's, &c. &c. par Jan Antoine de Baïf*. Denys du Val. 1574. 8vo. This is a whimsical attempt to imitate the heroic and lyrical measures of the ancients, and at the same time to introduce a new mode of orthography, accommodated to the real pronunciation. The book contains, besides a few odes, translations of the works and days of Hesiod, the golden verses of Pythagoras, the admonitory poem that goes under the name of Phocylides, and the Nuptial Advice of Naumachius.

Of what he calls iambixes tri-

metres *nôkadâses*, the following compliment to Belleau may be taken as a sample :—

A toe, xi 8vrier peins le vre., jantil Bélea,  
 Nature çerçant contrefer ân son naïf,  
 Ki restes des miens compayon plus ansien.

"To thee, gentle Belleau, artist that dost paint the truth, seeking to counterfeit nature to the life, who remainest the oldest associate among my friends, &c."

Some years before, Claudio Tolomei had endeavoured to naturalize the ancient metres in the Italian tongue, but with no better success.

Jan Antoine de Baïf, the natural son of Lazare de Baïf, Abbot of Grenetiere, was born in 1532, at Venice, where his father was ambassador. He was much addicted to music ; and his concerts were attended by the kings Charles IX. and Henry III. I learn from a passage in Burney's *History of Music* (vol. iii. p. 263), referred to by Mr. Walker in his *memoir on Italian Tragedy*, Appendix, p. xix. that Baïf usually set his own verses to music. The friendship which Ronsard entertained, for both him and Belleau, will appear in the account that will be given of that poet. He died in 1592. Cardinal du Perron said of him, that he was a very good man, and a very bad poet. We shall have occasion to estimate the Cardinal's own pretensions in this way.

## THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALOISE SCHREIBER.

NOT far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibö, of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality,—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise, rather for its energetic conciseness, than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, “I will requite your kindness,” passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibö did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, “that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up

to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!” added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, “God forbid, that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims.” The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—“It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich.”

Sibö, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibö, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at day-break, and his last at night-fall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.



But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells, and chrystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times: "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibö had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name, by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibö's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design, he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibö grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibö; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours,—and a prize beyond all this,—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground, but he soon saw

that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibö, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain, that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my

own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognise by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that

might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love, with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sun-beams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all

had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming,—“Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.”

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—“Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to

visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child.”—Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair-one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Devil's Ladder*.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. VII.

“THE valuable library of Alexandria,” says Gibbon, speaking of the conflagration in 389, “was destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards, the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by *religious prejudice*.” This destruction took place, it appears, in consequence of the sentence of demolition issued by Theophilus, bishop of Alexandria, against the temple of Serapis. The unfortunate library, afterwards replenished, had to undergo a second conflagration in 641, in consequence, as is commonly reported, of the Caliph Omar's casuistical ingenuity: when Amrou, the Arabian chieftain, begged the library as a gift to John Philoponus, the answer was, “if the writings of these Greeks agreed with the Koran they were useless; if

they disagreed, they were mischievous:” and the work of destruction proceeded. The historian above quoted, however, discovers that in this second instance the library contained nothing worth regretting: “The teachers of ancient knowledge, who are still extant, had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors:” a literary dictum, scarcely exceeded by the casuistry of the caliph. The secret seems to be, that some *theology* had crept into this famous repository: and, says the historian, “if the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind.” The having our bath of proper temperature is of so much more consequence, in the view of a smiling philosopher,

than the "knowing what we worship." Briefly, then, the famous emporium of books was destroyed by a bishop; the loss was irreparable: when the hand of a caliph directed the torch, the library was good for nothing but to serve as fuel.

"And what has all this to do with the Hymn to Ceres?" As much as the conflagration of one library has relation to that of another. The burning of Moscow probably involved a loss, inferior perhaps in degree, but similar in kind, to that sustained by the cause of literature in the sack of Alexandria. It was in the ancient library of that city that a copy of the Hymn to Ceres, transcribed from a very ancient MS. about the close of the 14th century, was discovered by the research of *Christian Frederic Mathæi*.

Pausanias quotes this hymn (*Attic*. 38, *Messen*. 30. *Corinth*. 14.) as the work of Homer. The Scholiast of Nicander speaks of it merely as *ascribed* to Homer. The argument which has been adduced against its genuineness, or high antiquity, from the supposed inferiority of the composition, is, I think, chimerical: the poem, whether we regard the noble simplicity of the details, or the occasional grandeur of the imagery, has much in it that is worthy of Homer: but a more solid objection may be raised on verbal minutiae. Allowing for the corruptions of the text, many of the expressions are deficient in classical purity of style. Parallels have been traced with this hymn in Moschus, Catullus, Virgil, and Apollonius Rhodius; but they appear to me fanciful: and the difficulty of distinguishing between direct imitation and casual coincidence of thought, renders any such criterion of antiquity doubtful and unsafe.

It is pretty clear, that Ceres was the Ægyptian Isis: she was the moon and earth alternately: the moon being considered, in fact, as only a celestial earth. The Cnidians called her *Cura*; which was a feminine title of the sun: the Greeks interpreted this *Cora*, or the damsel: and

hence we have the tale of the Virgin Proserpine, who was, however, identically the same with Luna and Lucina, Dian and Hecate. The mourning of Ceres for her daughter might have had some astronomical reference. Thus Isis was said to go mourning for the loss of her husband Orus; who was the sun in the winter solstice. In the *Mythologicon* of Fulgentius, Ceres is said to be the Earth (under which character she is identified with Vesta) and Proserpine its fruitfulness; creeping forth, *proserpentem*, from the roots of the soil: as Hecate, she symbolizes the maturity of harvest, when the corn is produced a hundred fold. Pluto, as the god of the hollow places of the earth, is necessarily the god of all treasures, whether mineral or vegetable, and thus assimilates with Plutus. His rape of the daughter of Ceres typifies the seed deposited under the ground: the mother, searching after the damsel with torches, refers to the heat of the sun by which the corn is ripened; and seed-time and harvest are represented by the allegory of Ceres stipulating that her daughter should dwell half the year under the earth, and the remaining half above it. There is a *terra cotta* at the Vatican, exhibiting Ceres in a car, drawn by serpents, with a torch in each hand. It is not impossible that Ariosto might have alluded to this, *Orland. Fur.* xii. 2.

\*And with a blazing pine in either hand,  
Upon a chariot which two serpents drew,  
O'er wood, o'er vale, o'er mountain, plain,  
and strand,

Lakes, rivers, torrents, in her search she  
flew;  
O'er earth, o'er seas, o'er all the world above,  
Then to the lowest depths of Tartarus  
drove.

I have continued the translation as far as the break in the copy occasioned by a mutilation in the text. The remnant of the poem is chiefly occupied with a recapitulation of the surprise of Proserpine described in her own narrative, and a formidable list of the names of her companions.

AN IDLER.

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\* For this translation I am indebted to a friend, whose just conception of the genius and manner of Ariosto eminently qualifies him to supply what is still a desideratum in our literature.

## HYMN TO CERES.

My song is of the venerable Goddess,  
 Ceres, with sweeping locks: I sing of her,  
 And her proud-pacing daughter whom stern Dis  
 Ravish'd away, (the wide-discerning Jove,  
 Who launches the deep thunder, yielded her;)  
 Far from the golden-throned, fair-fruitaged queen:  
 She played the while with broad-zoned ocean maids,  
 And gather'd flowers; the goodly violets,  
 Crocus and roses, o'er the velvet mead,  
 And yellow-flowering flags and hyacinths;  
 Narcissus too, which earth produced, a snare  
 To lure the rosebud-visaged maid, and please  
 Hell's all-receiving God. Miraculous  
 That gladdening flower, and all that look'd thereon,  
 Gazed, as in muse, admiring, whether God  
 Immortal, or the dying child of earth:  
 Its root upbore a hundred heads; the sky  
 Wide overhead with breathing odour laugh'd;  
 Expanded earth, and the salt heaving sea.  
 She in a trance of rapture stoop'd and spread  
 Both her extended hands, as she would reach  
 The beauteous toy. But then the broad-track'd earth  
 Yawn'd in the midst asunder, on that plain  
 Of Nysa: \* and the king of hell, the son  
 Of Saturn, many-titled, upward sprang  
 On his immortal coursers through th' abyss,  
 And snatching her, sore-struggling, drew her down,  
 Lamenting-shrill, within his golden car.  
 She strait shriek'd out aloud, and with strain'd voice  
 Call'd on her Sire, the highest and the best:  
 That voice no mortal nor immortal ear  
 Heard; nor her own companions, fair of form;  
 Save the bland daughter of Persæus; she  
 Who still with glossy fillets binds her hair,  
 Hecaté, far within her grotto, heard:  
 The Solar king, Hyperion's beamy son,  
 He also heard the damsel, when she call'd  
 Upon her father Jove; who sate apart  
 From all the deities, within his fane,  
 Receiving many prayers and incense-smoke  
 From rites of mortals. Her, resisting thus,  
 The uncle-God, with Jove's intelligence,  
 Imperial Pluto, many-titled son  
 Of Saturn, dragg'd upon his deathless steeds.  
 Long as the goddess-virgin could behold  
 The earth and planetary heaven, the sea  
 With fishy tides full-flowing, the sun's blaze,  
 So long she hoped to see her mother dear,

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\* This was the Nysa of Caria: (Strabo, xiv. 960.) Many cities were called Nysa, or Nysa: from Nusus, or Nus, who was in reality Noah. Hammon-No, mentioned in the last Leisure-Hour as a title of Jupiter, commonly occurs as the name of a city. It is called *No* in Scripture. Ezek. xxx. 15. Jablonski (b. 2, ch. ii. 161.) renders it *διοσκολεις*, Jove's city; and seems to think that *No* means *place* or *seat*. There can, however, be no doubt, that the city was denominated from a union of the proper name of the patriarch with that of the people of Afric, whose type was the Sun, which in common with the other celestial bodies, was the recipient of human demons, or, deified ancestral ghosts. The Dorians built a city in Sicily which they called Noa. See Bryant's *New Analysis*, v. ii. p. 210.



Or one near-passing of th' immortal tribes :  
So long, though grieved, hope lull'd her mighty mind.

Meanwhile the tops of mountains rang ; the depths  
Of ocean thrill'd to that immortal voice :  
Her venerable mother heard it too ;  
Swift anguish seized upon her heart ; she rent  
With her own hands the fillet that enwreathed  
Her undecaying tresses ; then athwart  
Her shoulders cast a mantle sable-blue,  
And, bird-like, flitted fast o'er moist and dry  
Exploring. But nor God nor mortal man  
Would tell her of the truth ; nor angel bird  
Sooth-speaking meet her on her onward way.  
Nine days the reverend Goddess through the earth  
Wandered, two sparkling torches in her grasp,  
Nor tasted once the nectar's beverage sweet,  
Nor cates ambrosial, mourner as she was,  
Nor plunged her body in the fountain baths.  
But when the tenth resplendent morning rose  
Upon her, Hecaté then cross'd her path,  
Bearing a lamp, and strait accosting spake :  
" Bright-gifted, season-bringing Ceres dread !  
Who of celestial Gods or mortal men  
Has borne away thy Proserpine, and wrung  
Thy soul with anguish ? for I heard a voice,  
But saw not with mine eyes who this might be :  
All, that my hurried speech imparts, is true."

So Hecaté : her answer'd not a word  
The long-hair'd Rhea's daughter, but with her  
Rush'd on, the blazing torch in either grasp :  
They to the Sun drew nigh, whose glance surveys  
Both Gods and man, and stood before his steeds.  
Then question'd him the noble Goddess : " Hail,  
O Sun ! and as a goddess honour me,  
If e'er by word or work I soothed thy heart :  
My daughter—whom I bare, my sweetest branch,  
My glory and my beauty—I have heard  
Her troubled voice along the desert air,  
As torn away, but saw not with mine eyes.  
Thou o'er the space of earth, and o'er the sea  
Look'st from Jove's ether with thy rays ; then speak  
Truth to my question : if that anywhere  
Thou hast beheld what God or man is he,  
Who, bearing far from me my child beloved,  
Reluctant to his ravishing grasp, hath fled ?"  
She said ; and thus replied Hyperion's son :  
" Daughter of long-hair'd Rhea, queenly Ceres !  
All shall be known to thee : for I revere  
And greatly pity thee, who griev'st the loss  
Of this thy daughter with the long-paced step.  
There is no other God to blame save he,  
Cloud-gatherer Jove, who to his brother Dis  
Has given her, to be call'd his blooming bride.  
He, snatching her, athwart the murky gloom  
Dragg'd her upon his horses, shrieking loud.  
But, Goddess ! stay thy mighty grief : to nurse  
Measureless anger rashly and in vain,  
Becomes thee not : for no ignoble son  
Among immortals is imperial Dis,  
Brother and kinsman ; since to him hath fall'n



The lot, when erst the triple realm was shared,  
That he should dwell with those o'er whom he reigns."

He said, and cheer'd his steeds ; they at the shout  
Sprang with the car, like birds upon the wing.  
But her a grief more vehement and keen  
Invaded, mind and soul ; and then incensed  
With the cloud-blackening Jove, she left her seat  
Vacant in heavenly council, and, withdrawn  
Apart, from high Olympus took her way  
To human cities and luxuriant tilth :  
Her charms defacing with the weight of years.  
Of men or broad-zoned women, who had look'd  
Upon her form, not one could recognise ;  
Till now she reach'd the house of Celeus sage,  
King o'er Eleusis' incense-fuming plains.  
Afflicted in her inmost heart, she sate  
Beside the way, fast by a virgin well,  
Whence drew the city-dwellers, in the shade,  
(For overhead an olive sapling grew)  
Like to an age-bow'd matron, now debarr'd  
The fruits of marriage, and wreath'd Venus' gifts ;  
Such as the nurses who the children rear  
Born to law-giving kings, directresses  
Who rule the echoing mansion with their voice.  
Her Celeus' daughters saw, what time they came  
Beside the yielded waters, which they drew  
In brazen vases for their father's house ;  
Four like to Goddesses, in virgin bloom,  
Callidice, Cleisidice, fair Demo,  
And, eldest of them all, Callithoë.  
They saw, but knew her not : the face of Gods  
Is hard to be discern'd by mortal eyes.  
But, standing nigh, they greet her with wing'd words :  
" Who, whence art thou, dame of an aged race ?  
Why wend'st thou from the city, nor draw'st nigh  
The dwellings, where the dames of kindred age,  
And younger women, live in shady chambers,  
Who with kind speech and act might welcome thee ? "

They said, and these the Goddess' answering words :  
" Dear children ! strangers of soft woman-kind !  
Hail ! I will speak ; it shall become me well  
To meet your questions with the words of truth.  
Doris, the name my honour'd mother gave :  
Anon from Crete o'er the broad face of sea  
I, undesiring, came : a pirate band  
Forced me reluctant : soon at Thoricum  
In their swift ship they touch'd : the women throng'd  
Up the main land ; they near the hawsers spread  
Their viands. But my soul no dainty fare  
Desired : with stealthy step I broke away  
Through the main land's dark soil, and thus escaped  
My haughty lords, lest haply they may sell  
Their unbought slave, and revel in my cost.  
So came I hither wandering ; nor yet know  
What land it be, or who inhabit it.  
Now may the dwellers in th' Olympian halls  
Grant you both youthful husbands, and fair babes  
As parents wish : but damsels ! pity me  
Kindly, dear children ! till I reach the house  
Of man and woman, ready with my hands

To labour for them, whatsoever works  
May suit an aged woman. I would rear  
A new-born infant, dandled in mine arms,  
And spread the couch in my lord's massive chamber,  
And teach the females their embroidery-tasks."

'The Goddess said ; and thus the virgin chaste  
Callidice, the fairest of the fair :  
" O ! nurse ! the dispensations of the Gods,  
Though grieving with the burden, men must bear :  
The Gods are stronger : but I will instruct  
Thee clearly ; and will name the ruling chiefs,  
The great ones of the people, who protect  
Our city's walls with councils and just laws.  
Here dwells Triptolemus the sage ; and there  
Diocles ; Polyxenus here, and there  
Blameless Eumolpus, and here Dolichus,  
And there our noble father. Of all these  
Their wives maintain the household-state, nor one  
Would scorn thy person, though at hasty glance,  
And thrust thee from the door, but welcome thee ;  
For thou art like some Goddess. An' thou wilt,  
Remain, the while we seek our father's house ;  
And to our beauteous mother Metanira  
All in its order tell ; if haply she  
May bid thee to her mansion, nor permit  
Thy quest of other dwelling-place. A son,  
Late-born, in her compacted chamber lies,  
With many wishes sought, with joy embraced :  
If thou wilt rear him up, and he attain  
The measure of his youth, she of thy sex,  
Who sees thee, well might envy ; such thy meed."

She spoke : the Goddess bent her head, and they  
Filling their shining pitchers from the springs  
Bore them away exulting : swift they reach'd  
Their father's spacious house, and all, whate'er  
They heard and saw, unto their mother told.  
She, instant, sent them forth, to bid the dame  
With measureless reward. They,—as the deer,  
Or heifers in the vernal season, full  
With pasture, o'er the meadow leap with bounds,—  
Gathering the foldings of their graceful robes,  
Went hastening to the hollow wain-worn way ;  
Their tresses, like the crocus flow'rets, waved  
Dishevell'd on their shoulders ; and they found  
By the way-side, where they had left her late,  
The venerable Goddess : her they led  
To the dear dwelling of their sire ; but she,  
Behind them, sore-afflicted in her heart,  
Walk'd with veil'd head ; the sable mantle trail'd  
With hollow rustling round her slender feet.  
Straight came they to Jove-foster'd Celeus' gates,  
And through the portal pass'd to where beside  
The solid couch's pillar sate erect  
The venerated mother ; on her lap  
The babe, the new-sprung blossom ; towards her ran  
The virgins ; but the Goddess set her feet  
Across the threshold, and behold ! she touch'd  
The roof-beam with her head, and through the doors  
Flash'd a dilated splendour all divine.  
The mother shame and awe and trembling pale  
Seized, and she left her seat, and bade her sit.

But season-bringing Ceres, bright of gifts,  
 Was loth to sit upon the shining couch;  
 But speechless stood, with her fair downcast eyes,  
 Till the discreet Iambe placed a stool  
 Firm-join'd, and o'er it cast a white-woven fleece:  
 There sitting, with her hands she round her drew  
 The veil: long speechless she afflicted sate  
 Upon the stool; unoccupied by word  
 Or act, without a smile, her lips untouch'd  
 By food or beverage, pining with desire  
 Of her full-bosom'd daughter, sad she sate:  
 Till the discreet Iambe, chiding her  
 With many raileries, turn'd the chaste dread queen  
 To smiles and laughter, and a chearful mind,  
 And from that hour with winning manners charm'd.  
 Then Metanira, filling to the brim  
 A cup with luscious wine, presented it;  
 But she refused; and said within herself,  
 To drink the red wine were unlawful yet:  
 But bade them mix a liquor for her drink  
 Of meal and water, and the pounded herb:  
 She the mix'd beverage, as commanded, brought;  
 The Goddess, much revered, took of her own.\*  
 Then Metanira elegantly-zoned  
 Thus greeted her: "Hail lady! for I deem  
 Thou dost not spring from base, but noble, parents;  
 Since in thine eyes a grace and modesty  
 Shine forth, as of a law-dispensing prince.  
 Th' allotments of the Deities mankind,  
 Though grieving, needs must bear, and feel the yoke.  
 But since thou art come hither, all of good  
 I have is thine. Rear only this my son,  
 Whom late of birth, unhop'd for, the immortals  
 Have sent me, and he is most precious to me.  
 If thou should'st rear him up, and he attain  
 His youth's maturity, all of thy sex  
 May envy; such thy nurture's recompense."

To her then Ceres of the wreathed hair:  
 "And thou, O lady! hail—and may the Gods  
 Shower down their bounties on thee: willingly  
 I undertake thy son, and will uprear  
 As bidden. Not, I trust, a nurse unskill'd,  
 That aught of charm or scathe should hurt the boy.  
 I know a sovereign antidote: I know  
 An amulet, 'gainst incantations proof."

Thus having said, in her immortal hands  
 Received, she laid him in her balmy breast.  
 The mother's heart was glad: and so she rear'd  
 Wise Celeus' goodly son, Demophoön,  
 Whom Metanira, shaped in beauty, bare  
 Within the mansion. He in stature throve  
 As though he were a god; nor eating corn  
 Nor sucking at the breast. For Ceres bathed  
 His limbs in oil ambrosial, like a child  
 Of Deity, and sweetly breathed on him,  
 And foster'd in her breast. By night she hid  
 The infant, as he were a brand, within

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\* Those who assisted in the Eleusinian rites first fasted, and then partook of a potion similar to that here described.

The strength of circling fire : tho' unperceiv'd  
 Of its own parents. But to them he seem'd  
 A prodigy, of godlike-vigorous growth.  
 And she had made him proof 'gainst age and death  
 But that the beauteous Metanira, fond,  
 Lay on the watch by night, and stole a glance  
 From forth her perfumed bed, and shriek'd, and smote  
 Upon her thigh, affrighted for her son ;  
 And drew her breath in strong indignant fear,  
 And loud bewailing utter'd these wing'd words :  
 " O ! son, Demophoön ! our guest has hid thee  
 Amidst much fire ; grief, care, and woe to me !"  
 She spoke in lamentation and was heard  
 By Ceres, holy Goddess, who, incensed,  
 The darling son, that she unhop'd had borne  
 Within the mansion, snatching from the fire  
 With her immortal hands, laid on the earth ;  
 Chafed grievously in spirit, and address'd  
 Fair Metanira : " Ignorant and rash,  
 Ye sons of men ! of good or ill to come  
 Alike unconscious !—thou too folly-struck  
 Hast wrought thy harm : for, bear me witness, Styx !  
 The unrelenting river ! I had made  
 Thy darling son superior to decay,  
 Immortal, and had crown'd with fadeless glory ;  
 But now he may not 'scape the Fates and Death :  
 Yet is imperishable honour his,  
 For that he rested on these knees, and slept  
 Within mine arms. But, when the times are ripe,  
 And years roll round, Eleusis' sons shall wage  
 Grave battle with him, striving all his days.  
 I am the honour'd Ceres, who bring joy  
 And gain to mortals and immortal Gods.  
 Come therefore ; let thy people build me up  
 A temple, and an altar underneath,  
 Below the city and the lofty wall,  
 Upon the beetling cliff, that overhangs  
 The fount Callichorus : myself will teach  
 The orgies, that, in time to come, with dues  
 Of sacrifice ye may appease my mind."

So spake the Goddess ; and at once transform'd,  
 Changed both her shape and stature : her old age  
 Cast off, around and round her beauty breathed ;  
 Ravishing odour from her perfumed robes  
 Was scatter'd, and a light shone far and wide  
 From her immortal body, and her locks  
 Stream'd yellow o'er her shoulders : splendour fill'd  
 The solid mansion as with lightning gleam ;  
 So pass'd she through the portal. She—her knees  
 Sinking beneath her, long was reft of voice ;  
 Nor yet remember'd from the floor to raise  
 Her little one, the boy, the late-born babe :  
 His sisters listening caught his plaintive cry,  
 And from their well-spread couches leap'd ; while one,  
 Lifting the infant in her hands, laid close  
 Within her bosom, and another waked  
 Th' extinguish'd fire ; a third with delicate feet  
 Hurried to rouse the mother where she lay  
 Faint on her perfumed couch. Then thronging round  
 They bathed the panting babe, most lovingly  
 Embracing him : but he was little soothed :

Inferior nurses held him now in charge.  
They through the live-long night appeased the Goddess,  
In this their consternation : with the dawn  
To potent Celeus they the truth rehearsed,  
And hest of wreathed Ceres. He convoked  
The skilful people, and enjoin'd them rear  
A temple rich, and altar on the height.  
Strait they obey'd ; and rear'd, as he had said,  
The temple, and it rose by heaven's decree.  
But when the work was done, and they had ceased  
From toil, they each departed to his home.  
But yellow-tressed Ceres, sitting there  
Apart from all celestials, unremoved  
Remain'd, still pining for the deep-zoned maid.  
But grievous o'er the many-feeding earth,  
And harsh to man she made the year : the soil  
Sprang with no seed ; wreath'd Ceres hid it deep ;  
And many a crooked plough yoked steers in vain  
Dragg'd through the fallows ; the white barley fell,  
Laid flat with earth, and smitten in the ear ;  
And the whole race of speech articulate  
Had surely perish'd by a famine sore,  
And of the glorious tribute of their fruits  
And victims disappointed those in heaven,  
But Jove perceived, and ponder'd in his mind.  
Then first he Iris sent, the golden-wing'd,  
To summon fair-hair'd Ceres' lovely presence.  
He spoke, and she obey'd cloud-darkening Jove,  
And swift with running foot-steps clear'd the space  
Between ; approach'd Eleusis' odorous streets,  
And found the blue-veil'd Ceres in her fane ;  
And calling to her, greeted with wing'd words :  
" Ceres ! the God, whose knowledge faileth not,  
Calls thee, and bids thee join th' immortal tribe.  
Come, therefore, lest the word of Jove, which I  
Impart to thee, be frustrate." So beseeching  
She spake ; but unpersuaded was her mind.  
Again the Father of the blessed Gods,  
Existing ever, used the embassy  
Of all : and, one the other following, each  
Call'd her, and many goodliest gifts bestow'd,  
And honours proffer'd, whatsoe'er she would,  
Among immortals : yet not one could sway  
Her thought or purpose, so in soul incensed,  
But sternly she their speeches bland refused.  
Not once, she said, would she with due feet climb  
Fragrant Olympus, nor the fruits of earth  
Release, till with her eyes she should behold  
The comely visage of her daughter lost.  
This when wide-glancing Jove, deep-thundering, heard,  
He sent the herald with the golden rod  
To Erebus, to move with melting words  
The God of hell, if so he might lead back  
From gulf of murky darkness into light,  
Among the Gods, the spotless Proserpine ;  
That her own mother might again behold her,  
And lay her wrath aside. Nor disobey'd  
Hermes, but with a rush descended swift  
Under th' abysses from his seat in heaven.  
That king he found within his halls, reclined  
Upon a couch, his modest spouse beside,  
But sore reluctant through her mother's longing.

Still, under her intolerable grief,  
 She held high counsel on the things of Gods.  
 The gallant Argus-slaying messenger  
 Drew nigh, and him accosted: "Blue-hair'd Dis!  
 Lord of the ghosts departed, Jove, my sire,  
 Commands me bring the noble Proserpine  
 Back from th' abyss of Erebus, to heaven;  
 That her own mother, looking on her eyes,  
 May pause from that dread anger which she bears,  
 Resentful, 'gainst immortals; for she plans  
 A mighty deed: to waste the feeble race  
 Of earth-sprung men, hiding the glebous seed,  
 And minishing the tribute to the Gods.  
 She holds her heinous anger, nor consorts  
 With Deities, but sits apart, within  
 Her incense-smoking fane in steep Eleusis."  
 He spoke; the monarch of the dead relax'd  
 His brow in smiles, obeying Jove's behest.  
 Instant he urged his prudent spouse: "Away!  
 My Proserpine! go to thy mother back,  
 Who veils herself in sables, and take with thee  
 A gentle mind and temper, nor in vain  
 Grieve without measure. Not amidst the Gods  
 Am I so base a husband, since allied  
 To Jove thy father. When thou hither comest,  
 Whatever lives and moves shall own thee queen:  
 And 'midst immortal honours greatest thine.  
 To thee the punishment of souls unjust  
 Shall to all time belong, and those who fail  
 To soothe thee with just rites and presents due."  
 He said; the prudent Proserpine rejoiced,  
 And sudden sprang with glee. He gave her then,  
 To chew, a honey-sweet pomegranate-seed,  
 Thus to himself attracting her; lest there  
 With her chaste dark-veil'd mother she should stay  
 Through all her future days. Imperial Dis  
 To golden chariot yoked th' immortal steeds;  
 She climb'd the car; brave Hermes at her side,  
 Seizing the reins and scourge into his grasp,  
 Drove them from out the palace: prompt they flew,  
 And swift achieved their journey's lengthening way:  
 Nor sea, nor river-wave, nor grassy vales,  
 Nor steepy heights restrain'd the rushing tramp  
 Of those immortal coursers: o'er them all  
 They pass'd, and flying cut the deepening gloom.  
 He drove them on, and stopp'd, where still remain'd  
 The crowned Ceres by her odorous fane.  
 She, when she saw, sprang forward, as the wild  
 \* Hill-nymph of Bacchus cleaves the shadowy wood.

\* The corruptions in the copy of this hymn are nuts to the commentators; those *clarissimi*, as they say of each other, who seldom make but they mar. Not satisfied with rectifying palpable errors, they must be meddling when there is nothing to mend. Such is the intoxication of success! On this spirited comparison *Ruhnken* remarks: "Angry and frantic persons are often compared with Bacchanals. But who in his senses would assimilate to a Bacchanal a mother exulting at the sight of her daughter, whom she thought lost?"—He then directs us, in the Bentleian style, to replace *Κεμνας*, a fawn, in the room of *Μαιρας*, a Bacchic priestess. Now, to say nothing of the whole tenour of the narrative having witnessed to the "angry and frantic" feelings of Ceres, who "in his senses" would compare the mother to a fawn?—The similitude is surely better suited to the daughter: and what resemblance is there between the velocity of a frightened fawn, and the forward eagerness and impetuosity of an agitated mother?—I give my vote for the *Bacchanal*.



## THE OLD WHITE HAT—AND THE OLD GREY MARE.

I COULD write a volume upon this old white hat, and upon the eccentric but excellent being that once wore it.—Poor Frank Chilvers! thou wert my chosen one, in whom I had much joy; my Lycidas, with whom at morn and dewy eve I have wandered over woodland, hill, and dale; and shalt thou go down into the darkness and corruption of the great mother, without the “meed of one melodious tear?” Thou wert sequestered and eremitical in thy tastes and habits, finding such fullness of serene content in thine own thoughts, and the contemplation of nature, that few of the bustlers upon the great stage of life knew of thy existence; but can the chosen associates who were admitted within the sphere of thy oddities, and shared the overflowing love of thy kind heart, ever forget them? For their own sakes they ought not, for they will have nothing so soothing and sweet to remember.

Frank Chilvers was a younger son of that respectable family, which has for many ages been settled at Fordham, in Nottinghamshire; and as he objected, upon those peculiar and fastidious notions which formed his character, to the army, navy, and church, all of which had been submitted to his adoption with reasonable prospects of advancement, his parents gave him his portion, which was not inconsiderable, and, at his own request, left him to select his own occupation and mode of life. His first speculation was to establish a brewery in the country, upon the novel principle of consuming malt and hops, and excluding quassia, *coculus indicus*, “poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrops of the East;” but the knowing rustics did not understand being defrauded of their full allowance. They had been accustomed to a clammy, warming, soporific compound, and they did not comprehend why a gentleman’s son should come into the place and introduce a new liquor, not half so comforting and drowsy as the old.—He calmly assured them, that it was no new liquor of his invention, but of the very same quality with that barley wine which Xenophon brewed and gave to his troops, in the memora-

ble retreat of the ten thousand. But they shook their heads; tapping their foreheads to one another, to insinuate that his wits were not quite right; and as no one would venture upon a beverage brewed by a madman, he sold off his stock and his business, retiring from the concoction of Utopian beer, with about half the property he had embarked in the concern. He made a bad pun upon the occasion, which was one of his inveterate habits, and thought no more of his loss.

Virgil’s well known line, “*O fortunatæ agricolæ*,” &c. determined his next choice, which was the occupation of a farmer; almost the only one, he observed, in which a man can honourably and independently maintain himself by contributing to the support of others. The latter part of this opinion he exemplified more practically than the former; for as he was quite certain that his labourers could not exist upon the common wages, he instantly doubled them; and, as in many instances, he was aware that his customers could not afford to pay the regular price for his produce, he sold it under the market rate; both which modes of farming, co-operating with the bad times, eventually impoverished him, and procured him, from those who had benefited by his ruin, the title of the silly gentleman-farmer. Various were the methods to which he now had recourse for his maintenance, for he disdained all application to friends or relations. At one time he was an usher; at another, he supported himself, like Rousseau, by copying music, in which he was a proficient; now he translated for the booksellers; and for some time he was in the situation of a banker’s clerk. It were useless to recapitulate the manifold employments in which he was engaged, or the variform difficulties he had to encounter; but it is not useless to record, that in all his trials he invariably preserved the same philosophical equanimity, nor ever suffered his reiterated disappointments to cool his philanthropic ardour, or diminish his favourable opinion of mankind. Many men, of restless and enquiring minds, are

perpetually running backwards and forwards, between the past and the future, those two impassable boundaries of human knowledge; and in their inability to escape from this narrow range, content themselves, like the squirrel in his cage, with repeating the unprofitable rotations which afford exercise to their faculties, without advancing their progress a single step. Chilvers built up the level of his mind, and prevented himself from sinking into the slough of despond, by drawing materials from those two terminal mounds; making the past contribute its rich store of historic and poetical recollections, and extracting from the future those sweet and soothing assurances, of whose truth he found daily and delicious confirmation in the beauty, accordance, and benevolent ordinations of nature. Thus he lived on, often in great poverty, but never discontented with his lot, until nearly his sixtieth year, when the death of an old bachelor cousin suddenly placed him in a state of actual independance, and comparative affluence. He immediately quitted London, and retired to C—— Row, a village about eleven miles distant from the metropolis, where he purchased a beautiful cottage, and where the writer of this memoir first had the happiness of his acquaintance.

A natural modesty, and the perfect content he found in his own reflections and occupations, gave him a disposition to segregate himself from that class of formal and heartless visitors, whose invasions of your house originate in curiosity, and are continued by ceremony; but as the world, however little disposed to liberality upon other occasions, is seldom deficient in magnifying any sudden accession of fortune, and had exhibited its usual powers of multiplication in the present instance, he found it somewhat difficult to repress the eager advances of his neighbours, when they had regularly ascertained that Mr. Jackson, the rich city grocer, had sanctioned their visits, by first leaving his card. A blind, stupid, and crawling deference to wealth, if it be not peculiar to the English nation, certainly attains its maximum of intensity among those idolatrous worshippers of the golden calf; of which the reader may be

convinced, if he will walk along Cheapside with any civic Croesus, and observe the sycophantic homage and cringing servility with which he will be saluted. Let him travel with such a man in any part of the island, and as he clatters into a country town with his outriders and gay equipage, contemplate the awe-struck look of the natives, and the fawning alacrity of hosts, hostlers, and waiters, and he will not be surprised that Mr. Jackson, with three stars at the India-house, and the best portion of a plum in bank stock, should be deemed a little monarch in his own village. Nobody rode in such a gorgeous equipage; and when he went to church to abjure pomps and vanities, nobody's servant followed, with a gilt prayer-book, in a finer livery or more flaming shoulder knot: of course, nobody could be so proper to decide, whether the philosophic Chilvers was a visitable person or not. Miss Briggs, an elderly maiden relation, and an inmate in the family, decided this important question in his favour, when it was very near being negatived, by declaring, that his being undoubtedly a person of property was quite sufficient; that she dared to say, he was a very good sort of man, in spite of his little oddities; and that, in her opinion, he ought to be visited even in spite of his old white hat.

Chilvers was so elemental in his views, as generally to overlook all conventional modes and forms; and thus, without affectation of singularity, he often fell into somewhat grotesque peculiarities. One summer he purchased a white hat, and once ventured to tie it down under his chin, on account of a face ach. The ridicule and laughter of the rustics first made him sensible, that he had presumed to deviate from customary fashions; but as he felt benefit from that which he had adopted, and had a perfect contempt for vulgar or polite raillery, he adhered to his hat as religiously as a Quaker; and partly from habit, partly from obstinacy, constantly wore it, even within doors. The giggling, sneers, and whispering of the visitors, when the irruption formally broke in upon his quiet cottage, suggested to him the idea of checking their unwelcome invitations, by go-

ing to their houses in his old white hat, and giving them to understand that he never took it off. Even this expedient failed. A rich man without children, or apparent relations, has too much to leave to be left alone, and cards and visits rather increased than diminished, in spite of the old white hat.

Accident, however, effected what this inseparable appendage could not accomplish. A female cousin of Chilvers, about thirty years of age, had been left a widow, with a little girl of five years old, in a state of utter destitution; and as soon as she learnt his accession of fortune, very naturally applied to him for assistance. Upon occasions of benevolence he was not in the habit of calculating appearances, or balancing surmises, so he tied down his old white hat, got into a glass coach, drove to his relation's, and in less than twelve hours from the receipt of her letter, had established her, with her child, in his cottage, giving up his own bed-room for her use, because, as he said, young women liked to be cheerful, and from the corner window she could see all the company on the great Romford road. When the dust allowed any objects to be discerned at that distance, it is certain that a glimpse might occasionally be caught of a drove of oxen, or a cart laden with calves for Whitechapel market; but Chilvers had been told that his window commanded this great thoroughfare, and had never been at the pains to ascertain the nature of its command. Such as it was, there the widow had her habitation, her kinsman little dreaming that, in following the dictates of his kind heart, he had at last hit upon an expedient for effectually clearing his house of ceremonious, card-leaving, and card-playing annoyances.

However liberal the world may be in measuring a man's fortune, they seldom extend the same generous estimate to his actions and morals, but are exceedingly prone to deduct from his honour and honesty, at least as much as they have added to his wealth. So it fared with Chilvers. They were willing to overlook his whims and caprices, and even tolerate his old white hat, but there was really no shutting their eyes to the improper nature of the connection

with this pretended widow, this Mrs. Hall, or Ball, or whatever he called her; and, indeed, it was obviously an old affair, for the brat of a child was the very picture of him. He might, at least, have concealed the creature, and not have brought her into his own house, and under the very noses of such universally-allowed-to-be-respectable people as the inhabitants of C—— Row. Miss Briggs again took the lead on this momentous abomination; and although, but a very few days before, she had been heard to pronounce him remarkably good-looking for a middle-aged man, she now, with a toss of ineffable anger and disdain, most energetically termed him a good for nothing nasty old fellow; and the obsequious village re-echoed the assertion. Footmen, boys, and maids, no longer lifted his latch with cards and invitations; and the females of the place were suddenly seized with an accountable obliquity of vision, when they saw him approaching with the unconscious author of this revolution leaning upon his arm. The outrageous puritans instantly crossed over the road, regardless of mud or puddle; some looked steadily at a sign-post, on the opposite side of the way; others gazed upon the heavens, or contemplated the earth; while a few summoned a whole pandemonium of outraged chastity in their countenances, and passed him with a fling of ineffable scorn; but he was too absent and heedless to be even conscious of the cut direct and insolent, still less of the cut oblique and embarrassed. He was too happy in the quiet repossession of his house, and resumption of his studies, to be solicitous about the cause; and as to the poor widow, her time and thoughts were so exclusively occupied with little Fanny, her daughter, that she required not the attentions of her neighbours.

Nothing could exceed the amazement of Chilvers, when I explained to him the meaning of this estrangement. Why, she is not thirty, he exclaimed, and I am sixty; what disproportion will secure a man from scandal? With his usual philanthropy, however, he soon began to find excuses for the world, and as he was highly sensitive to any imputations thrown upon his relative, though ut-

terly callous to them in his own person, he consulted me as to what conduct he could adopt, so as to silence calumny, and yet afford the shelter of his roof to this destitute widow. None, I replied, but by marrying her. With all my heart, he rejoined, if Mrs. Ball will give her consent. Already deeply impressed with gratitude and esteem, weary of struggling with misfortune, and anxious to secure a protector for her little portionless daughter, this simple-minded and kind-hearted woman did not hesitate in accepting his hand;—the marriage took place, and Chilvers, who was before an old rogue, and an old sinner, was instantly converted, in the village vocabulary, into an old fool and an old dotard. This union, dictated solely by benevolence on one side, by gratitude and maternal solicitude on the other, without a particle of love on either, was, without exception, the happiest and most undisturbed that has ever fallen within my observation. And yet there was no intellectual congruity between them; she was an uneducated simple woman; he was a profound, original, and elemental philosopher. But there was affinity and sympathy in their kind and generous hearts; he had found an object for the overflowings of his benevolent bosom, and she looked up to her benefactor with a mixture of filial and conjugal affection. This case may have been an exception to the general rule, but it certainly affords a proof that disproportion of age is not necessarily incompatible with married happiness. Theirs was unbroken except by Death; and he, alas! unlike Miss Briggs, came but too soon to visit the cottage, in spite of the imputed mistress, and even of the old white hat.

Chilvers had a mortal antipathy to all interference in parochial affairs, deeming them the infallible foes of neighbourly concord, and the bitter springs of jealousy, bickering, and ill will. During the war, when the militia papers were left at his house, he regularly inserted in the column of exemptions—"old, lame, and a coward,"—and returned it to the proper officer, generally within an hour of his having seen it. Once he was appointed overseer of the poor, in the very natural supposition that from his indolent and sequestered

habits he would appoint a deputy, for which office several applicants accordingly presented themselves; but he detected the motive of his nomination, determined to punish his annoyers, and to the amazement of the whole village declared his intention of acting. His first step was to abolish the quarterly dinners, and other indulgences and perquisites, which his coadjutors had been in the long established habit of enjoying;—his second, was to compel them to the performance of those duties which for an equally lengthened period they had been accustomed to neglect; and the result was precisely what he wished—they never troubled him in future. Upon only one other occasion was he moved to enter into the parochial arena, and as it occurred but shortly before his death, of which indeed it was the ultimate cause, and was productive of a little scene of which I was an eye-witness, I shall proceed to relate it.

About half way down Loughton-lane, a footpath strikes off across a large field, and coming out opposite the free school considerably shortens the way to church. I say *considerably* in a relative sense, as to those who principally availed themselves of it—the lame, and the feeble; and the crutch-supported old men and women who toddled out of the almshouses in the lane, and were duly seen on a Sunday morning creeping across it, as if they could never complete their journey, though they were always sure to be in their places before the bell had done tolling. In point of fact, the distance saved was not above two hundred yards; but a foot-path had existed, not only in farmer Blunt's day, who had owned the field for the last forty years, but time out of mind before him. Farmer Blunt's time, however, was up; he was deposited in the church yard, and the property having been sold at his death, fell into the hands of a Mr. Martindale, who had lately returned from Calcutta, so saturated with gold, that it had completely tinged his face and converted half his liver into bile. Visiting his new purchase with a worthy successor of Capability Browne, it was pointed out to him that farmer Blunt's house, though uninhabitable at present, offered singular advantages for the



construction of a mansion worthy of its new proprietor. A very little rebuilding and alteration would convert it into an admirable wing, and there would then be nothing in the world to do, but to run up a centre and another wing in order to complete the edifice; while the fields, naturally picturesque, by simply grubbing up the hedges, and planting a few trees, would spontaneously assume a parkish appearance. Such palpable facilities were not to be neglected; the old farm house was tortured and transmogrified to qualify it for acting the part of a wing; a park paling speedily encircled the field, and a board at each extremity of the abolished foot-path informed the world that "trespassers would be punished with the utmost severity of the law." After church, on the following Sunday, the aforesaid old almswomen of both sexes assembled in a body, under this obnoxious notice, where they spent an hour or two in debating how long they had respectively remembered the thoroughfare; complained bitterly of the alteration; and though they were all comfortably maintained upon charity, unanimously agreed that nobody cared for the poor now-a-days. The rest of the parishioners, who were either uninterested in the question, or had not the remotest idea of quarrelling with a rich man, took no notice of the occurrence, although two or three, who had left cards at the nabob's temporary residence, and not had their visits returned, were heard to declare that it was a scandalous proceeding—quite contrary to law, and, for their parts, they wondered the matter was not taken up by somebody. Although every body wishes to be thought somebody, nobody seemed desirous of assuming the character upon the present occasion. My friend having been prevented going to church by illness, his wife staid at home to nurse him for two successive Sundays, and though she was present on the third, and passed the board with the usual conclave of superannuated malcontents under it, she was just then so busy in calculating the cost of Mrs. Palmer's new puce velvet pelisse with fur trimmings, which she was sure she could not afford, and had no right to wear, that she saw nothing on

her way home but the shameful sum of nine pounds fifteen shillings, "without reckoning the lining;" which latter words she repeated to herself in a graduated tone of increasing amazement as often as she recapitulated her calculation, and arrived at the same startling conclusion. Owing thus to his own sickness, and Mrs. Palmer's new velvet pelisse, nearly a month elapsed before the nabob's innovation came to the knowledge of the owner of the old white hat.

With his usual scepticism he would not trust to the reports of others, but in spite of a recent sickness, and the expostulations of his wife, tied his old hat under his chin, sallied into Loughton-lane, and not content with reading the placard in that direction, skirted the new paling, till he came in front of the free school, where he perused the duplicate, notwithstanding the mud with which some indignant urchins had bespattered it. His resolution was instantly formed. How can we expect the poor, said he, who so fearfully outnumber us, to leave us in quiet possession of our fortunes and luxuries, if we are to look coldly on and see them deprived of their humble rights. Reciprocal forbearance and protection are the upholding principles of the social compact, and the best security for the continuance of the former is the scrupulous exercise of the latter. They may take the law, said a neighbour to whom he thus expressed himself;—they may take Okeham-hall, said Chilvers, for it has been to let these two years, but how are they to pay for it? I wouldn't have gone to law for myself if he had blocked up my hall door, and compelled me to get in at the top of my house, like Robinson Crusoe; but though I might compromise my own rights, I do not feel at liberty to sacrifice those of the poor, so I'll just step on and call upon Mr. Clinch.

Mr. Clinch was a brisk little lawyer, who, by a smirking industry, and technical knowledge of legal quibbles and subtleties, had bustled himself into a thriving business, though he knew no more of the leading principles upon which the noble palladium of the law was built, or of its great expositors, than the rat which is conversant with all the holes, flaws,

and hiding places under St. Paul's, knows of architecture and Sir Christopher Wren. He had lately settled in the neighbourhood, having bought a small brick house at the confluence of three roads, on whose top he had built a fantastical wooden tower, where he occasionally took his wine and the dust; and upon the strength of this castellated superstructure, and two little brass cannons on the lawn, which were always fired when he set off for London at the commencement of term, he gave his residence the very consistent name of *Castle-cottage*. The rustics called it the *Lawyer's Folly*;—Chilvers denominated the tower, Mr. Clinch's *Coke upon Littleton*, and the guns his *Term Reports*.—At this interview, hostilities were resolved on, and the man of law having learnt in the course of his enquiries, that old Adam Wright remembered when there was not even a stile at the thoroughfare in question, and had rode through it scores of times on horseback, wrote to my friend requesting he would order the fellow to step up to C—Row, and he would come over, take his bit of mutton with him, and examine the rustic after dinner. Old Adam Wright was a pensioner of Squire Tilson, in whose lodge he resided, and as Chilvers knew him to be infirm, as well as old, his method of ordering the fellow to step up was to send over a chaise-cart for him, with a civil message requesting an interview. I was in the parlour when he arrived, and could not help smiling at his rueful looks, when he saw Mr. Clinch at table with paper before him and pen in hand. Standing close to the door as if fearful of advancing, he cast a most suspicious glance from his little grey eyes, which, from the bend of his body, he was obliged to turn upwards, while a sudden blush reddened his wrinkled forehead, and even tinged his bald head. Sit down, Mr. Wright, said my friend, at the same time pouring him out a bumper of wine, which the old man tossed off at one gulp with a dexterity worthy of his younger days. The lawyer stared; Adam Wright sate timidly down—drew up his breath, and again gazed round him suspiciously, but upon learning the object of his examination, presently recovered his composure. I understand, good man,

said Mr. Clinch, that you have rode through this field when it was open, scores of times. Never but once, was the reply. Only once! why then did you say you had? I never did say so. Hem! said Clinch—a shy bird. Behold the exaggeration of village gossips, said Chilvers;—but you did once ride through it, Mr. Wright; will you have the goodness to relate to us what you recollect of the circumstances?—I recollect them all, replied Adam, as well as if it happened yesterday, though I was only nine years old at the time.

Mayhap, Sir, you might know strait-haired Jack as they called him, that drove the Cambridge. Chilvers regretted that he never had that honour. Well, Sir, I was then apprentice to his own father, old Harrison, that kept the farrier's shop at the lower common—How was it bounded on the north? interrupted Clinch. The Lord knows, resumed Adam. That must be ascertained, however, quoth Clinch, laying down his pen. It can't be done no how, said Adam, for the great stack of chimnies has fallen in, right where I used to stand and blow the bellows. God preserve us! thank heaven, there's only a low chimney to our lodge. See how an old man clings to life, whispered Chilvers; he never troubled his head about chimnies when he was young.—Well, Sir, said Wright in continuation, old Harrison (I called him *master* then) had been trumpeter or horse-doctor in the Greys—Which was he? again interrupted Clinch—he must have been one or the other. No, Sir, he wasn't, for I believe he was both. Ay, that will do—go on. Well, he served in the Greys, I don't know how many years, and when he was discharged superannuated, they allowed him to buy his grey mare that he always rode: and how old she was, God knows, for the mark was out of her mouth afore ever she came to him, and he rode her twelve years in the army. Upon this mare he used to go about for orders, attending the gentlemen's hunters round the country, and what not; but never suffered any body to mount her without it was himself. He had only to call out Polly, and she would come running up to him directly, and would follow him up and down town, just like a dog, without ever a bridle,



no, nor so much as a halter.—Well, master never breakfasted at home ;—the first thing in the morning, he used to put some soft gingerbread in his pocket, for his teeth were knocked out at some great battle, and go down to the King's Head, and there if you passed the bow window you would be sure to see him in his cocked hat sitting behind a half pint of purl. On the morning I was telling you of—— You have told us of no morning yet, cried Clinch. I mean the morning when I rode through the field in the afternoon ;—on that morning I took Polly down to the King's Head according to orders, as master was going over to Romford to look at Squire Preston's hunter that was took ill ; but it seems that just as he got to Woodly-end, down came Polly, and a terrible fall by all accounts it was. However, master wasn't much hurt, but we saw something had happened by his coming home without Polly, though he never said a word, but desired us all, for he kept three men besides me, to leave off work, take spades and dig a great hole in the yard, while he broke up the ground for us with a pickaxe. To work we went, and in three hours we had made a rare pit, all wondering what it could mean. Adam, said he to me when we had done, go to the paddock at the upper common where you will find Polly ; bring her here, but don't offer to get upon her back, and don't go faster than a walk.—So I took a halter—Was it leather or rope ? inquired Clinch ; Adam could not tell, so he proceeded. When I got to the paddock, there was Polly, sure enough, with her knees all bloody ; but as I saw she was'nt lame at all, and seemed in good spirits, I put the halter in her mouth, and going back a little, so as to get a short run, I put my hand upon her shoulder, and jumped upon her back. Jumped upon her back ! echoed Clinch, looking incredulously at the decrepid object before him. Lord love you, continued Adam, I was then as nimble as a squirrel, and as lissome as a withy. So I rode her across this here field, for there was'nt even a stile then, nor any sign of one, and got off when we reached the high road for fear of being seen, and led her into our yard, where master was sitting in his

cocked hat, and the men all whispering together up in a corner. As soon as I came in, he called out to our big foreman ; Sam, says he, step up into my room, and bring me down the horse pistols that I took from the French officer at the battle of—— I forget what place he said, but I know it ended with a *quet*, or a *narde*, or some such sound ; so I can't be much out. They glittered as he took them out of their cases, for he always cleaned them every Sunday morning, and as I stared first at master as he proceeded to load them, putting two bullets in each—then at the great hole in the ground, then at the men all looking solemn-like, and then at poor Polly, gazing in master's face, while her knees and legs were covered with blood, I felt my heart beat, and was all over in a flutter. When he had finished loading the pistols, he went and stood in front of the mare. Polly, said he, I have rode thee these sixteen years over road and river, through town and country, by night and by day, through storm and sunshine, and thou never made a bolt or a boggle with me till now. Thou hast carried me over five thousand dead bodies before breakfast, and twice saved my life, once when the allies left us in the lurch, and we were obliged to scamper for it ; once when our company fell into an ambush, and only thirty men escaped. We must both die soon, and should I go first, which I may quickly do if you give me such another tumble, it will be a bad day's work for thee. Thou wouldst not wish to be starved, and mauled, and worked to death, and thy carcass given over to the nackers, wouldst thou ? Polly put down her head, and rubbed it against him, and while she was doing so, he tied a handkerchief over her eyes, and kissing her first on one side of the face, and then on the other, he said : Polly, God bless thee ! and instantly fired one of his pistols right into her ear. She fell down, gave one kick, and never moved nor moaned afterwards ; but I remember the tears gushed out of my eyes just as if a Christian had been shot, and even big Sam looked ready to cry as he stood over her, and said, poor Polly ! We buried her in the hole, and master told us we had worked enough for one day, and

might spend the afternoon where we liked, and he was just going to fire his other pistol in the air, when he saw a crow on the top of the weather cock; and, sure enough, he brought her down, for he was a rare shot. After all, it was a cruel thing to use a poor dumb beast in that way, only for tumbling with him; and no one could tell why he buried her in the yard, when the Squire's gamekeeper would have given a fair price for the carcase to feed the hounds. But old Harrison was an odd one. Ah! we've got a mort of regular doctors in the parish now, besides the poticary, and I dare say they may do well enough for Christians, and such like, but I reckon there's ne'er a one of 'em could stop the glanders in a horse like master Harrison.

Adam having finished his narrative, Clinch proceeded to question him upon the more recent occurrences of his life, and finding his recollection much impaired upon these points, he very unceremoniously gave him his dismissal, but not before Chilvers had slipped something into his hand. Here's a pretty rascal, said the man of law—he has heard that we wanted evidence, and has trumped up this circumstantial tale in the hope of a reward; but did you observe how neatly I detected the old rogue when I began to cross-question him? Will any one believe that he could so minutely detail an occurrence of sixty or seventy years ago, in which, by his own account, he was no way interested, when he cannot recollect much more recent and important particulars of his own life? The importance of these matters, said Chilvers, is not to be considered abstractedly but relatively: at the time of poor Polly's death, Adam had never witnessed any exhibition more solemn and affecting; probably had never been present at the death of a large animal. You seem to forget that the tablet of the memory, like certain stones, though sufficiently soft at first to receive deep and distinct impressions, hardens with age; and that this very induration fixes and indelibly preserves the characters first engraved, while it prevents any future incisions, unless of a very superficial and evanescent nature. You may scratch or write upon it, and this answers the temporary wants of age, but you can no longer chisel or

stamp any durable impress upon its stubborn substance. This seeming inconsistency is, in my opinion, a forcible confirmation of old Adam's veracity. A jury won't think so, retorted Clinch, and that's the only thing to look to.

I have given this dialogue, and old Adam Wright's examination circumstantially, because every particular is deeply fixed in my own recollection, by the fatal results of which the affair was speedily productive. Chilvers, as I have mentioned, had been ill when he sallied forth to read the placard announcing the shutting up of the footpath. Upon that occasion, he got wet—he sat some time at Mr. Clinch's: his complaint, which was the gout, was driven into his stomach—and in spite of immediate medical advice, and the unremitted self-devotion of his wife, who never quitted his side, he expired in ten days. Death-bed descriptions are productive of no good to counteract their painful details; they prove nothing; for whatever may be gained in the sincerity of the dying person, is balanced by the diseased state which the mind generally participates with the body. A man's opinions are worth nothing unless they emanate from a vigorous intellect and sound frame, uninfluenced by immediate hopes or fears. Suffice it to say, that Chilvers died as he had lived—a philanthropist, and a philosopher.

After the melancholy ceremonies of the funeral, which I took upon myself to direct, I accompanied my wife to the cottage, where we meant to reside for some little time, to offer our consolations to his relict, now a second time a widow. I have never been more forcibly impressed with the vanity of human learning, and the vain glory of philosophy, than in the instance of this uneducated female, who from an innate principle, or instinct of religion, although utterly ignorant of all theological points, possessed a mastery over her mind, and a consolation under afflictions, which the most profound adept in the schools of worldly wisdom would in vain attempt to rival. Conscious that the death of her husband was a dispensation of Providence, under which it was perhaps guilty to repine, she set resolutely about the suppression of her grief, beginning by carefully locking up and concealing all

those articles of his dress and daily use which, by recalling him suddenly and forcibly to her recollection, might upset her pious resolutions; so that upon our arrival, we found her in a frame of mind much more calm and resigned than we had anticipated. Though Chilvers never killed a bird, or caught a fish in his life, he had a favourite spaniel, called Juno, almost as inseparable a companion as his old white hat; the partaker of his morning rambles, and the invariable residuary of his crusts at tea-time. This faithful animal his widow could not resolve to dismiss; but, with this exception, she imagined she had so disposed of every personal memorial, as to be secure from too frequent a renewal of her griefs by the sight of external objects. She was, however, mistaken. We were all seated in the parlour, myself and my wife endeavouring to divert the widow's thoughts from the past, by directing them to the future management of her little girl, and flattering ourselves that we had infused into her mind a more than usual serenity, when our attention was aroused by a barking and laughing without—the door was thrown open, and in scampered Juno with the old white hat tied upon her head, while little Fanny followed, shouting behind, delighted with the success of her frolic!—O Fanny! Fanny! cried the agonised mother; why did they suffer—— she could not utter a word more; but, overcome by her feelings, rushed out of the room, and locked herself into her own chamber. The child, it seems, had seized the old white hat in the first confusion of her father's death, and concealed it in a closet of the nursery, whence she had now withdrawn it to fasten upon Juno's head, quite unconscious of the distress she was preparing. Young as she was, I endeavoured to impress upon her mind the loss of her papa, for so she always called him, and the necessity of refraining from all mention of his name, or allusion to his death, in the presence of her mother. She appeared to understand, and promised to obey my directions. Fortified and composed by the consolations she never failed to draw from her solitary religious exercises, the widow shortly returned to the parlour, and a tranquillity, though somewhat embarrassed, was again established in our

little circle; when Fanny, ready to burst with the possession of what she considered a mystery, kept hovering about her mother; and, at last, taking her hand, and looking up in her face with an affectionate importance, she lisped out hesitatingly, I know something. Papa's dead, but I mustn't tell you, because it's a great secret, and you'll be angry if I do. The poor widow hid her face in her handkerchief with one hand, and with the other covered the child's mouth, as if to silence her; but as the little urchin seemed disposed to expostulate, I took her by the hand, led her out of the room, and directed the maid to put her to bed.

On re-entering the parlour, I once more found the mother in a state of comparative serenity, and calculated on passing the evening without further outrage to her feelings. The child was asleep—the old white hat was locked up, and it was settled that after tea I was to read a sermon, which I had selected for the purpose, as the best adapted to pour balm and peace into her wounded bosom. The equipage was already set out, and I recalled that simple but exquisite picture of fire-side enjoyment, which Chilvers was so fond of quoting:

The hearth was swept—the fire was bright,  
The kettle on for tea, &c.

when my attention was called to Juno, who, instead of basking leisurely before the fire, as was her wont, kept searching round the room, smelling to every individual, and occasionally planting herself close to the door, with an earnest air, as if expecting the arrival of some one else. After waiting some time, she betook herself to the rug, with an appearance of disappointment, whence she presently started with a short bark, and expression of alacrity towards the door. It was Patty entering with the urn. Now, if Juno had been in a frame of mind to be easily pleased, she could not have muttered such a discontented growl at the sight of Patty, whose fair complexion, auburn hair, red arms, and somewhat substantial figure, constituted her a pleasing specimen of the rural English, or rather Saxon beauty; while her manner and attire rendered her a worthy counterpart to Milton's "neat handed Phillis." Juno, however, who had no eyes except for

her poor master, whom she was never to see more, returned grumbling to the rug. Exactly the same eager excitement, and surly disappointment occurred, when the maid returned with the toast; but the dog, instead of contenting herself with the rug upon this occasion, stood before her mistress, looked wistfully in her face, and whined, as if inquiring for her master. I exchanged glances with my wife, and saw at once that we mutually understood what was passing in Juno's mind, as well as her mistress's. Poor widowed sufferer! I saw her nostrils dilating, the muscles of her mouth working, and her eyes filling, though by a resolute effort at self-command, she was striving to suppress and swallow down the rising emotion. She might, perhaps, have succeeded, but Juno, after again listening some time at the door, while a dead silence reigned in the chamber, finally placed herself before her mistress, and set up the most dismal and affecting howl I ever heard. My heart sank within me, as if a cold hand had been dragging it down, and I felt my eyes suffused. My wife had turned towards the window to hide her emotion, for I perceived that she was weeping, and notwithstanding the intensity of my feelings, so rapid and inconsistent are our thoughts, that I found a moment

for mentally condemning the absurd fashion of reticules, as she had no handkerchief, and was wiping her eyes with the petticoat of Fanny's doll which had been left in the window seat. But who shall describe the agony of the widow? The gush of passion overpowered all the barriers of resolution and religion,—the woman predominated over the Christian, and her emotions flowed more vehemently from the previous controul to which they had been subjected. Convulsive and hysterical sobs for some time choaked her utterance, and when she was able to articulate, as if anxious to excuse the violence of her grief by the virtues of its object, she turned towards me, and exclaimed: Was'nt he a kind creature—every body loved him, and even Juno, you see, cannot forget him. O! Sir, you dont know half the kind, generous, and charitable things he did in private." Her feelings again overpowered her; she sank her head upon Juno's, who by this time had leaped into her lap, and I shall never forget her woe-stricken look when she raised it, and sobbed out—(Psha! where is my handkerchief—my tears are blotting the paper;)—when she sobbed out—

Gentle reader, forgive me; my heart and my eyes are both too full; I cannot write a word more.

#### BRIEF OBSERVATIONS UPON BREVITY.

"BREVITY," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. Truth, says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical Duodecimos, is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body. Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary.

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look down upon, or else overlook, so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially *brief*, would scantily raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee;

study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgement: if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British Senate, or the British Forum: or, if thou canst, recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the long Parliament; when the long-winded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-ear'd and long suffering multitude: over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of Æschylus, the blistering humour of Aristophanes, and the blustering humour of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of Blackstone, and assisted the incomparable Brinsley to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the Gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were



lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and far short of my wishes. In most things too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners. All the delicate viands that sea and land, with all the points "on the shipman's card," produce, are not so irresistible a temptation to gluttony, as the ennui of a needless half-hour at table: certain motions of the jaws are undoubtedly infectious; such are laughing, yawning, and eating. Should the nightmare, "and her nine fold," descend visibly upon the dishes; should indigestion, after the old fashion, assume the shape of Abernethy to admonish me, and gout appear in the yet more formidable likeness of a racking toe, the mere dead weight of time would turn the balance of my resolves. I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are "large and comely," and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of "dumpy women." All this is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says, be better sympathy. And as for his Lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I re-

vere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted "with the youngest wren of nine," than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of "nothing but low and little." Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would "whisper soft nonsense in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duellists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her (alas, I am past my dancing days) I should seem like a cock-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her (*proh dolor!* I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,\* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness): but *should* I wed her, I must "stand the push of every beardless vain comparative." The young Etonian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs (*carmen lugubre!*); the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us There goes eighteen pence; and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very *unequal*.

But of all *long* things, there are three which I hold in special abhorrence: a long bill, a long coach, and a long debate. Bills, it must be observed, are apt to grow long in proportion as the means of paying them are short; and tradesmen do not, like "honorable gentlemen," move for leave to bring them in. But

\* It is needless to mention, that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Cœlebs.

it is not the appalling sum total that I regard. It is the mizzling insignificant items, the heart-breaking fractions, the endless subdivisions of misery, that provoke me. It is as if one were condemned to be blown up with a mass of gunpowder, and at the same time to feel the separate explosion of every grain.

Few of those pestilential vehicles called long coaches infest our roads at present; but when I was a young traveller they were frequent, especially on the northern stages. Their external semblance was that of a hearse, and their inward accommodations might vie with those of a slave-ship. An incontinent vestal might have rehearsed her living inhumation in one of them. They carried ten inside! Authors, children, and dandies, were only counted as fractions; and Daniel Lambert himself would only have been considered as an unit. Their pace was intolerably slow; their stages long; their drivers thirsty; and ale-houses innumerable. It is difficult to conceive what a variety of distress they sometimes contained. I remember a journey in one of them, I think it was between Lancaster and Manchester, perhaps the dullest road in England, which beat the miseries of human life hollow. It was during the high fever of trade, and just after the summer holidays. I was then a minim, and counted as nobody. Three youths, returning "unwillingly to school," with all their consolatory store of half-eaten apples and gingerbread, and with looks that indicated a woeful neglect of regimen during the vacation, composed one passenger. The landlady of the Swan inn, in bulk a Falstaff, and clothed like the Grave-digger, ditto (bearing a brandy-bottle, which, with most importunate civility, she proffered to the company, in spite of repeated and sincere refusals); a consumptive gentleman, who supplied his lack of natural dimension by a huge box-coat; a sick lady, with her son (who by the way was very disagreeably affected by the motion of the carriage), her sister, and a lap-dog; a strong ministerialist of eighteen stone; and an equally violent, and almost equally bulky, partizan of opposition; (neither of these worthies were perfectly sober, and their vociferation was such as to drown every other sound, except the

complaints of the sick lady, and the occasional yelping of the lap-dog;) a very smart, yet innocent-looking young woman, who was sadly pestered with the coarse gallantry of a middle-aged manufacturer of cotton; there was also a very prim and self-complacent young gentleman, who seemed to value himself much on his acute sense of the disagreeable, and not less on a peculiar delicate mode of swearing, mincing and clipping his oaths till they were almost softened into nonsense —

Such were the intestines: the roof and box were proportionably loaded. There was some little danger of breaking down, and no little fear of it. Every jolt produced a scream from the sick lady, a yelp from the lap-dog, an oath from the young gentleman, and a nauseous jest, or a vulgar proffer of service to the females, from the cotton-manufacturer. Against this chaos of discords we had to balance the momentary interruption of the political jangle, and a shriek in exchange for the customary groans of the landlady's.

Scenes of this kind are particularly distressing to children; confinement and the want of fresh air are themselves sufficiently painful to them, and they seldom possess the faculty of deriving amusement from inconveniences. But all the troubles of our progress were nothing to the intolerable stopping. All conversation, even that of the politicians, ceased instantly. Sigh answered sigh, and groans were heard in all the notes of the gamut. The very horses seemed to sympathize with the feelings of the passengers, by various inarticulate sounds expressing, not, indeed, impatience to be gone, but uneasiness at staying. It was a hopeless condition. Every face was a glass, in which one might perceive the lengthening of one's own. For the last stage, a dozing silence prevailed, which made me almost wish for noise again. Any thing to drown the rumble of the wheels, and the perpetual and unavailing crack of the whip, which was applied unmercifully, and, as it were, mechanically, without the smallest acceleration.

I am not sure whether these machines have not been put down by the legislature. Would that the same august body would exercise their authority upon long speeches



as well as on long coaches, and be as careful of the national time as of the bones of his Majesty's locomotive subjects. Oh! that the value of brevity were understood within the walls of St. Stephen's! I never cast an eye on the close-printed columns of a paper, without being transported by imagination into the Speaker's chair. (I had rather be transported to Botany Bay.) How anxiously must that model of enforced patience keep watch for some irregularity, and with what joy must he seize the opportunity of crying Order. How sweet to his ears must be the sound of his own voice, thus coupled with the sense of authority.

A long debate is, to me, like a long story, of which I know the conclusion before it is begun. To read or listen to it is as tedious as to play

a game which you are sure of losing, or to fight for your life when you know that, in case of defeat or victory, it is alike forfeited. The catastrophe of every discussion may be so clearly foreseen, and the very arguments, and almost the very metaphors of each member, so easily anticipated, that it is a cruel oppression to force a man to thread the intricate mazes of eloquence, in order to arrive at a point to which a hop, step, and jump, may carry him. I proposed to speak briefly of brevity, and, lo! I have produced a long discourse upon length. I intended to show that lovely things are brief, and I have digressed into an exposition of the unloveliness of lengthiness. Lest I should utterly belie my title, I will even conclude here.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

## BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

### No. IV.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, BY SIR L—— S——.

FROM sentimental clod-poles\* to sentimental jack-tars,† the transition was, perhaps, somewhat too easy. The progress of the student may be best assisted by striking contrasts, and by the strong opposition of the characteristics of the subjects submitted to his consideration. As the show-man of this dramatic gallery, and commentator on its contents, I ought to have reflected on this in the outset of my undertaking, and adopted some plan for the arrangement of the specimens. Variety is the soul of pleasure; and even they who follow me more for amusement than instruction, would, most likely, have been better pleased at abrupt leaps from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," than tamely sliding down from one object to another. If confession, and repentance of my error, will avail me aught with my kind company, I do confess and repent; and will endeavour to atone by now leading them abruptly from the contemplation of the charms of melodramatic ruffians, and ranting barons,‡ to the softer and less palpable beauties of the gentle Sir L—— S——.

Sir L——'s Pegasus is not that unruly beast that would set rivers

flowing out of rocks by a kick of its hoof. I'll warrant him to amble across the breakfast-table in the *boudoir* of a St. James's beauty, and never crack the tea-pot. He is the quietest steed in the whole dramatic stud; and if Tattersall had the selling of him, he would, undoubtedly, and might truly, say in his recommendation, "He is so tame that a lady might ride him."

The scenes now to be taken in review are specimens of the gentlest, most inoffensive style of comedy since the days of the insipid Hugh Kelly. Thalia, instead of a merry, laughing, romping, mischievous nymph, is here a well-behaved, mincing, simpering young lady. But if she possess not the blood and muscle of the Muse of Congreve and Sheridan, neither does she snivel and blubber like the comic inspirer of the author of *Virtue's Harvest Home*; smelling all the time of the *fumier*. She is a thorough boarding-school miss, and would do credit to the best establishment in all Chelsea. She never speaks one word higher than another, nor utters an uncivil or a severe expression, nor indulges in satire or invective, nor ill-naturedly

\* See *Virtue's Harvest Home*, No. 1, of The Beauties of the Living Dramatists.

† See *Britain's Glory*, No. 2.

‡ See *The River-Rock*, No. 3.

exposes other people's vices and follies; but bows and curtsies, and is polite to all the world, as a well-bred young lady ought to be. She holds up her mirror to the *human nature* of the Opera and the evening "At home," and meditates among the smoke-dried shrubs of Grosvenor-square; and the results of her observations and reflections are such faithful transcripts of that most interesting of all the modifications of life, called *fashionable life*, as are exhibited in the following scenes from

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,  
*A genteel Comedy,\* in five Acts, by Sir L— S—.*

CHARACTERS.

THE DUKE OF DAFFODIL.†  
THE MARQUIS OF BLOOMFAIR.  
THE EARL OF SWEETBERRY.  
LORD NARCISSUS HYACINTH.  
LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE.  
COLONEL FITZMYRTLE.  
JESSAMY, the Earl of Sweetberry's Valet.  
COUNTESS OF SWEETBERRY.  
LADY CECILIA ROSELILY.  
LADY AMARILLA ROSELILY.  
LADY JULIA TUBEROSE.  
FLORETTA, Lady Sweetberry's lady's maid.

*Act I. Scene I.†—The Countess of Sweetberry's Boudoir tastefully decorated.*  
*Enter JESSAMY and FLORETTA, meeting; they bow and curtsy.*

*Floretta.* Bless me, Jessamy, what brings you into my lady's boudoir?

*Jessamy.* Permit me to inquire what brings you here, Mrs. Floretta? §

\* Attached to the manuscript of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE are a few notes and memorandums in the author's hand-writing. From these, it appears that the piece was presented a few years ago, to the Theatre Royal, C— G—, under the title of NARCISSUS AND AMARILLA, and in the form of a *Romantic Drama*, in *Three Acts*. Being rather deficient in plot, incident, situation, character and dialogue, and its success, as a *Romantic Drama*, doubtful, the author was recommended to cut it down into a *two-act farce*. Having proceeded on this recommendation, he then presented it as *Who's for the Opera? a Farce*, in *Two Acts*. Being now found wanting in the liveliness, spirit, and bustle, necessary to the success of that species of composition, it was rejected, first, by the before-mentioned house, as "unlikely to assist the interests of that Theatre;" next by the H— M— as "not promising any beneficial result to that concern;" and, lastly, by D— L— as "not appearing to the judgment of the sole manager, uncontrolled director, and self-accountable lessee of that most important, extensive, and national establishment, to promise sufficient opportunities for the display of the talents of the servants under his command, or such beneficial results, in a pecuniary point of view, as the gigantic nature of the undertaking he has been called to govern warrants him in looking forward to." An *intelligent friend* next advised the re-extension of the work into a *three-act Opera*. In less than a year this change was effected; and as the MARRIAGE IN HIGH-LIFE, a *Comic Opera*, in *Three Acts*, it was again rejected by all the Theatres above named; and, also, by the manager of the E— O— as "not likely to succeed on his boards, and he being capable of writing almost as good an Opera himself." The author now did what he ought to have done in the first instance: he obeyed the dictates of his own genius; and instead of reducing his *three-act Opera* into a *one-act Interlude* (as another intelligent friend counselled him to do) he boldly stretched it out into a *five-act Comedy*; and it is to that resolution we are indebted for the unrivalled work before us.

† Say what you will of Sir L—'s *dramatis personæ*, it must be allowed that they have always pretty names—sweetly pretty.

‡ By the notes already alluded to, it appears that the Author had been long undecided about which scene he should open his play with. Indeed it does not greatly matter, as they have no very intimate connexion one with the other, nor is there such a continuity of interest in the piece, as to render the transposition of the entire acts, or even the omission of an act or two, of any consequence. Perhaps his decision to open the piece in the way he has done is judicious, not only because the scene, where it is, can do neither good nor harm, but, for the more important reason, that a beginning, some way or other, is absolutely necessary.

§ This is *genteel Comedy* indeed! Jessamy and Floretta are the *beau idéal* of servants.

*Floretta.* I come for my lady's reticule. (*She takes it from a toilette-table, which is covered with flowers and foreign essences.*)

*Jessamy.* And I for my lord's snuff-box. (*He takes it from a beautiful chiffonniere.*)

*Floretta.* I imagine that Colonel Fitzmyrtle will not lead Lady Amarilla Roselily to the hymeneal altar.

*Jessamy.* Really, Floretta, I cannot say; nor should I think it proper to interfere in the affairs of the family. But did not the Colonel secretly charge you with a letter to Lady Amarilla?

*Floretta.* The Colonel is too much of a gentleman to do any thing so improper; and, had he attempted it, I would not have assisted him in such a clandestine proceeding.

*Jessamy.* Pardon the question, Floretta; and to convince me that you forgive me the suspicion, deign to allow me to press my lips to your cheek.

*Floretta.* (*Blushing deeply.*)\* That is a liberty I never permit; but you may take my hand, Jessamy.

*Jessamy.* (*Pressing her hand respectfully to his lips.*) Au revoir, Floretta.

*Floretta.* Votre serviteur, Jessamy.

[*Exeunt severally. He bowing, she curtsying.*]

*Scene II.—The Earl of Sweetberry's Library, elegantly fitted up.*

*Enter LORD SWEETBERRY and COLONEL FITZMYRTLE.*

*Lord Sweet.* It is with infinite regret, my dear Colonel, I repeat that I cannot listen to your proposals.†

*Colonel.* Yet allow me, my dear Lord, the pleasure of once more recapitulating them. I do not presume to offer myself a candidate for the fair hand of your Lordship's elder daughter, the elegant and accomplished Lady Cecilia Roselily; but I hope you do not consider me as unworthy the honour of leading to the hymeneal altar her not less charming sister, the lovely and amiable Lady Amarilla.

*Lord Sweet.* Who waits?

*Enter a Servant in a splendid Livery.*

*Lord Sweet.* Chairs. (*Servant places chairs, and exit.*) Pray be seated, Colonel. (*They sit.*) I should consider your alliance with my family an honour, my dear Fitzmyrtle; but you know——

*Colonel.* My fortune, I own, is not large; but I am of an ancient family, my rank in the army is not despicable, and I have expectations of a baronetcy——

*Lord Sweet.* By the possibility of succession to your uncle Sir Egerton Gayblossom; but Sir Egerton has a son, and your elder brother——

*Colonel.* Is now with his regiment; my cousin, Mortimer Gayblossom, is about to join him; they may both unfortunately fall bravely in Spain, and then——

*Lord Sweet.* Your suit would still be unavailing, as I have promised the hand you sigh for to Lord Narcissus Hyacinth. (*They rise.*)

*Colonel.* Then pardon, my dear Lord; a promise is sacred, and to press the conversation further would be impolite. I will instantly order my valet to pack my portmanteau; I will set off for Paris, and, in that gay vortex of pleasure, endeavour to banish the recollection of the lovely Lady Amarilla for ever.

*Lord Sweet.* I approve your project, Colonel. But come; will you return to the dining-room, where the gentlemen are still engaged over Cham-

This it is to live in fashionable families. They are better bred than the lords and ladies in certain plays I could name. It will presently be seen that their discretion (a rare quality among servants) is quite equal to their breeding.

\* How is the actress to accomplish this? Never mind; they'll arrange that at rehearsal.

† This scene possesses no particular interest, nor are the characters introduced by it very distinctly marked, or distinguished one from the other; but both his Lordship and the Colonel are eminently polite and well-behaved, and the scene, on the whole, is genteel.

pagne and pine-apples,\* or emigrate to the drawing-room and sip coffee with the ladies?

Colonel. I fly to the drawing-room, my Lord; but call it not *emigration*, for wherever the ladies are, there is my native home.

Lord Sweet. Elegantly said, Colonel. I grieve that I cannot call you son-in-law,—for—shall I confess it?—you are a charming man. After you, Colonel. (*Bowing.*)

Colonel. Pardon me, my Lord. (*Bowing.*)

Lord Sweet. I cannot think of preceding you. (*Bowing.*)

Colonel. Your Lordship does me too much honour. (*Exeunt, bowing.*)

*Scene III.—The drawing-room at Lord Sweetberry's, most superbly furnished, and elegantly ornamented. In various parts are vases and tripods bearing flowers. On one side a grand piano, by Broadwood; on the other, a most beautiful harp, by Erard. Scattered about on different pieces of ornamental furniture, are Chinese puzzles, Latour's rondos, Ackermann's fashions, and the "Sleeping Beauty," bound in rose-coloured satin.*

*At the back of the Scene* THE COUNTESS OF SWEETBERRY, THE MARQUIS OF BLOOMFAIR, LADY JULIA TUBEROSE, and the DUKE OF DAFFODIL, are engaged at five-guinea whist. Other card-tables occupied by beauty and fashion. LADY AMARILLA, LORD NARCISSUS HYACINTH, LADY CECILIA, and LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE, looking on.

Countess of Sweet. Well, my dear Marquis, do you never mean to play again?

Marquis. Bless me!—Eh!—Pardon, my lady, I was *distract*. What are trumps?

Lady Julia. Diamonds, I believe.

Duke. Spades, I think.

Countess. No,—Clubs—eh?†

Lord Narcissus. May I speak?—Hearts.—Lady Julia dealt.

Lady Julia. So I did. Positively I forgot.

Lord Narcissus. Can Lady Julia forget,—hearts?‡

All. (*exclaim together.*) Sweet! pretty! delicate! Did you hear what Lord Narcissus said?

Marquis. The game, the game; you forget we are at whist.

(LORD NARCISSUS and LADY AMARILLA coming forward.)

Lord Narcissus. Indeed, Lady Amarilla, I am not surprised at the Colonel's having lost his heart to you; for who could behold so much loveliness and not love?

Lady Amarilla. (*Tapping him on the arm with an India fan.*) Be quiet, you fascinating creature, do.

\* This allusion is skilfully introduced. The tone of the dialogue sufficiently guarantees the fidelity of the author's representations of fashionable life; but a wary dramatist has more than one string to his bow. Sir L—— gives us a "boudoir tastefully decorated," "beautiful chiffonnières," a "library elegantly fitted up;" and, as if this were not enough to convince us that we are breathing the air of Portland-place or Grosvenor-square, he marches up with a reinforcement of Champagne and pine-apples. He is not the man to spoil a ship (the figure I use will, I fear, cut but a sorry figure beside the genteel phrases of *La Belle Assemblée*) for want of a ha'p'orth of tar.

† This is, indeed, a masterly touch. Making a whole party at whist forget the trump colour is an admirable *trait* of observation. The absence of mind, whether real or affected, implied by it, stamps indelibly the impress of *fashion* on the players. The stupid *vulgar* who play for sixpences, though they often succeed tolerably well in aping their betters, must not hope to rival them in points like this.

‡ Sir L——'s wit is not of that kind which knocks you down at a blow. It does not resemble the hearty, double-fisted bits of Congreve's, nor the small-sword thrust of Sheridan's; it neither makes you laugh, like Kenny's, nor does it make you cry, like Mortan's. Indeed I scarcely know how to characterize it otherwise than by negatives—it is difficult to define—it is *sui generis*. Yet let me try what I can do with it. Its most striking characteristic is the quiet and subdued tone—but hold!—the thing is done to my hand. In the next speech it is described to a tittle. We there have the united opinion of all the characters that it is *sweet and pretty*. And so it is.

*Lord Narcissus.* But have you thought of naming the happy day? Must I long languish?

*Lady Amarilla.* How can you be so tormenting, Narcissus?

*Lord Narcissus.* (*Leading her opposite to a looking-glass, and pointing to her reflection in it.*) Can Lady Amarilla wonder? \*

*Lady Amarilla.* (*Giving him her hand.*) Well, I declare you are an irresistible monster.

*Lord Narcissus.* Charming creature! *Apropos*—so it is settled that Lord Everbloom Daisymore and your elegant sister, Lady Cecilia, are ——†

*Lady Amarilla.* Why, between ourselves —— but here they come.

(*LORD EVERBLOOM DAISYMORE and LADY CECILIA join them.*)

*Lady Cecilia.* I'm positive he knew nothing of the affair on the tapis, because ——

*Lord Everbloom.* I hope not; but 'pon honour —— however, Lady Amarilla can best inform us.

*Lady Cecilia.* Amarilla, do you know that this obstinate creature will have it ——

*Lady Amarilla.* Oh! about the Colonel? Positively I can't say, for "he never told his love."

*Lord Narcissus.* Elegantly quoted!

*Lady Amarilla.* But have you heard of Lord Sweetberry's scheme for the Colonel?

*Lord Everbloom.* No; pray let us have it.

*Lady Amarilla.* But, mum; for 'tis a secret. Finding the Colonel rather —— but here he comes.‡

*Enter COLONEL FITZMYRTLE, looking sad.*

Bless me, Colonel, I began to fear we had lost you.

*Colonel.* (*Sighing.*) Ah! Lady Amarilla!

*Lord Narcissus.* You seem out of spirits, Fitzmyrtle.

*Colonel.* (*Aside.*) I must dissemble.—Never in better, believe me.

*Lady Cecilia.* Will you join our little satirical party, or adjourn to a card-table?

*Colonel.* The party of Lady Cecilia must ever be mine. (*Bowing.*)

*Lady Cecilia.* (*Curtseying.*) You overpower me, Fitzmyrtle. (*To Lord Everbloom.*) Now I declare he's a charming man.

*Lord Everbloom.* (*Evidently piqued.*) You think so?

*Lady Cecilia.* You're jealous! How ridiculous!§

*Lady Amarilla.* Now for a little scandal. Do you know it is whisper'd ——||

\* All this is very elegant.

† These breaks in the dialogue, where one of the interlocutors begins a sentence which the other does not finish, serve a double purpose: they economise the Author's matter, or his wit, by dividing one idea between two or more persons; and suspend what he calls the interest.

‡ The scheme here on the point of exposition seems to be nothing less than to induce the Colonel to quit the party, among whom is the object of his fruitless and unhappy passion, and court oblivion at the Opera. Indeed, so far as I can perceive, this forms the entire plot of the Comedy. It is not remarkable for interest, nor are the situations and incidents arising out of it either numerous or striking; but the gentility of the dialogue is a sufficient compensation for deficiency in other respects.

§ (*Note of the Author, attached to the MS.*) "This scene of jealousy all my own—best I ever wrote—perhaps too strong for genteel Comedy—query, cut it out? Theodore Hook swears it's finer than *Felix* and *Violante*, and he is not the man to quiz one. I myself think it is more refined; in better taste, and so forth."

|| (*Another note by the Author.*) "Positively will cut out all this—too cutting and severe—might be said I'm coming too near the scandal scene in *What's-his-name's* play of the *School for Scandal*—besides, any body in general might think I mean somebody in particular—rather lose my joke than my friend."

Spite of the Author's diffidence, I cannot resist the pleasure of informing the reader that the weight of this exquisite satire fell chiefly on the tie of Captain S——'s neckcloth, and the cut of Lord R——'s boot. I congratulate them both on its suppression. Yet

Lord Everbloom.

Lord Narcissus.

Lady Amarilla. A truce, a truce. Really, Narcissus, there is no defence against your satire. Your shafts are too piercing.

Lord Narcissus. Were they piercing as the shafts shot from those eyes —

Lady Amarilla. Be quiet ; you say such divine things.

Lord Everbloom. A truce, as Lady Amarilla says ; a truce to this contest of wit. To prevent discord, we will fly to harmony. Lady Amarilla will sing us Lord Narcissus's new song.

Lady Amarilla. The song he wrote on my refusing to allow him to take charge of my reticule and fan ?—Indeed 'tis charming.

Lord Narcissus. (*Bowing to her.*) When you sing it, I think so too. (*Lady Cecilia appears piqued.*) Or when Lady Cecilia sings it. (*Bowing to her.*)

Lady Amarilla. Well, we will each sing a verse. Let a servant place my harp here.

Lord Narcissus. I am your servant. (*He brings forward the harp.*)

Lord Everbloom. Delicate and elegant.

LADY AMARILLA sings.

O let me thy richly-wrought reticule carry,  
To thee it belongs, then to me—it is dear !  
Believe me, my lady, Sir Charles, or Lord Harry,  
Will scarce breathe a sigh on the 'broider'd "*Souvenir*."  
But I, Lady A——, with soft rapture will press it,  
Yet harm no *bijou* that may nestle within ;  
Though fervent my love, my respect shall repress it :  
I'll kiss, but not crush it—for that were a sin !

All exclaim. Exquisite ! Divine !

LADY CECILIA sings.

The fan that on Sycamore's button now dangles,  
Allow me, my lady, to hang upon mine :  
He knows not its worth—I don't mean for its spangles—  
But since 'tis (as well as the reticule) thine,  
Consign it to me, and I'll still hover near thee ;  
I'll watchfully lean on the back of thy chair,  
And e'er as thou wantest a Zephyr to cheer thee,  
The fan shall be ready to summon one there.

Lord Narcissus. Lady Cecilia, nothing can equal the charm of your voice —

Lord Everbloom. Except the charm of Lady Amarilla's ; nor can any thing equal the beauty of the music.

Colonel. Except the beauty of the poetry. (*Bowing to Lord Narcissus.*)

Lord Narcissus. This from you, Colonel ! Too generous man ! \* (*Bowing to Colonel Fitzmyrtle.*)

Colonel. (*Drawing Lord Narcissus aside.*) Narcissus, I have something of the last importance to communicate.

Lord Narcissus. (*Eyeing Lord Everbloom Daisymore with his glass.*) Daisymore's collar is a prodigious deal too high. †

Colonel. I am going to Paris.

Lord Narcissus. Eh ?—Oh !—Ah !

Colonel. In that gay vortex of pleasure, I will endeavour to banish the recollection of the lovely Lady Amarilla for ever. ‡ My love is unavailing—you are to be the happy man—but you deserve her, Narcissus, for you are a charming creature.

I am not of opinion that the Author was in any danger of being dragged into a comparison with the School for Scandal ; nor do I entirely subscribe to the maxim he alludes to, that it is better to sacrifice one's joke than one's friend. Much depends on their relative value : the joke may be a good one, and worth preserving ; the *friend*, not.

\* It must be remembered they are rivals.

† This *trait* is finely characteristic of fashionable attention to a communication of the last importance.

‡ The Colonel has said this once already ; but the repetition may be pardoned for the extreme prettiness of the speech.



*Lord Narcissus.* Were merit alone considered, she would be yours, Fitz-myrtle; for you are a sweet fellow—now don't deny it—you know you are.\*

*Colonel.* But, hush! we are observed.

*Lady Amarilla.* (To *Narcissus*.) This is the instant for the execution of Lord Sweetberry's project. Your arm, *Narcissus*.

*Lady Cecilia.* Everbloom, yours. (*Aside to him.*) We must leave the Colonel here alone.

*Lord Everbloom.* Ah! fortunately, he's lost in reverie.

*Lord Narcissus.* Come then, my lovely burthen. (*As he leads Lady Amarilla off, he takes some flowers from a vase, and scatters them before her.*) Do you take?—May we ever tread on flowers.

*Lady Amarilla.* Fascinating creature.

(*Exeunt all the characters except the Colonel.*)

*Colonel.* I am lost in reverie.

*Enter LORD SWEETBERRY.*

*Lord Sweetberry.* The moment is propitious; the Colonel is alone. (*Looking off.*) Everbloom with Cecilia—*Narcissus* bending over *Amarilla*! Sweet creatures! my dearest hopes are gratified.—Colonel.

*Colonel.* (*Starting from his reverie.*) My Lord—pardon.

*Lord Sweetberry.* (*Aside.*) I must open my project cautiously.†—Still brooding over your late disappointment? You ought rather ———

*Colonel.* To seek relief in the busy haunts of pleasure. True, my Lord.

*Lord Sweetberry.* (*Aside.*) He anticipates my wish. (*Affecting carelessness.*) Have you heard the new Opera?

*Colonel.* No, my dear Lord; and I am anxious to hear it.

*Lord Sweetberry.* (*Looking at his watch.*) 'Tis not yet twelve, and as the ballet will hardly be ended ———‡

*Colonel.* Suppose we go?

*Lord Sweetberry.* (*Aside.*) 'Pon honour the thing I would have proposed.—The carriage is in waiting.—Colonel, I am yours.

*Colonel.* I'll follow you, my Lord. (*Lord Sweetberry bows, and exit.*) And must I leave her!

Sure none can tell what pain it is to prove  
The bitter pangs of unrequited love.

(*Exit.*)

END OF THE SCENE.§

P<sup>4</sup>.

\* These gentlemen's praises of each other are uncommonly soft and sweet; and, considering they are rivals, there is something very touching in their acknowledgments of each other's merits.

† The reader will not fail to observe with what consummate art and address this difficult and important scene is conducted.

‡ Throughout this admirable genteel Comedy, the propriety and consistency of the characters are preserved with the most scrupulous exactness. Sending Lord Sweetberry and his friend to hear the new Opera a full hour after it is over is a masterly stroke, and exhibits wonderful intimacy with the manners of fashionable life.

§ I have taken it on my own responsibility to designate this as the end of the Scene merely, though, for any thing that appears to the contrary, it might have been intended as the end of an Act, or even the end of the entire piece. So ingeniously is this play constructed, that the interest excited by it would be neither augmented nor diminished were the scene before us (or indeed any other scene of it,) made to serve as its beginning, its middle, or its ending. The plot, if indeed it ever possessed one, must have dropped out in the course of the many changes the piece has undergone, backwards and forwards, from Drama to Farce, and from Opera to Comedy. But this is of no sort of consequence; it is one of the great advantages inherent in GENTEEL COMEDY, that nothing is expected or required from it but decent, well-behaved dialogue; and this condition has been amply fulfilled by the Author of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

## THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

## A GERMAN TALE.

## INTRODUCTION.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. “I was handsome enough,” he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; “but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is,” he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history, that follows.

“I was not quite thirty,” said he to us, “when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there

is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor’s table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical books, or all the gardeners’ calendars that I could meet with: you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said ‘Amelia,’ instead of ‘philosophy.’

“It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors’ wives, canonesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother’s card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia’s beautiful dark

eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that ‘what she most dreaded was violence of temper.’ Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. ‘Amelia,’ said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiègle*, ‘how many of your favourites are condemned to

death this winter?’ ‘Not one,’ replied she; ‘I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.’

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me; ‘You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses*; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new year's gift) the ‘first of January;’ I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.’ So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, ‘I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.’ ‘I should never have guessed it,’ said Amelia; ‘he seems neither vain nor pedantic.’ How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. ‘It must be singular ill fortune,’ thought I, ‘if, among this number, one at least does not flower.’ On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as

*Perrette's*; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered

her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published '*An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy*.' It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for tomorrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the

education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes—always for exclusive systems—let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my *élèves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my

beauteous introducer with complacency.

"On the 27th. of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions, as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a Baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the Baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity—the approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the



peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane: I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champéd like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catherine,' said I, 'bring your light; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see!' . . . . . exclaimed she when near, 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here? Oh! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice, 'has she actually a sheep?' 'Oh! good Lord! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up

in the air: she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice that she most detests: she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some æther, or *Eau de Vie*, or hartshorn, — run, Catherine, run.'

"Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this, Catherine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death?' 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be! I looked at it; and, judge



of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh yes, perhaps,'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entrée* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

" 'Ah, Mademoiselle!' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain, to the killer of Robin.'

" 'You, sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

" 'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

" 'And I, sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother; 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

" Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

" 'What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's,' observed the mother.

" 'Yes—for you,' said Amelia; 'he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

" 'It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

" 'Thank Heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, 'or where would have been my ring?'

" 'It is necessary at least,' said Amelia, with emotion, 'that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

" 'Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New Year's Day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would

give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madam.' 'Ask, sir,—' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!' 'Granted,' replied she, gaily; I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties, she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New Year's Day arrived. I had gone the evening

before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also should like to give you a New Year's gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

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#### TO AN ABSENTEE.

*John Hood*

O'er hill and dale, and distant sea,  
Through all the miles that stretch between,  
My thought must fly to rest on thee,  
And would though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks,  
The farther we are forced apart,  
Affection's firm elastic links  
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,  
I learn what I have lost in thee,—  
Alas! that nothing less could teach  
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell. I did not know thy worth:  
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized,—  
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,  
But when they flew were recognized. Incoo.

## ON WITCHCRAFT.

## No. II.

*The imputed Attributes of Witches, with the Ceremonies of Initiation.*

————— They call me hag and witch.  
 What is the name? When, and by what art learn'd?  
 With what spell, what charm or invocation,  
 May the thing call'd *Familiar* be purchas'd?—*Witch of Edmonton.*

————— Cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes  
 In fontes rediere suos: concussaue sisto,  
 Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello;  
 Nubilaue induco; ventos abigoque, vocoque;  
 Vipereas rumpo verba et carmine fauces;  
 Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,  
 Et silvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes;  
 Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.  
 Te quoque, Luna, traho.—*Ovidii Metamorph. l. vii. fab. 2.*

The rivers I can make retire  
 Into the fountains whence they flow;  
 (Whereat the banks themselves admire)  
 I can make standing waters go.  
 With charms I drive both sea and cloud,  
 I make it calme and blow aloud.  
 The viper's jaws, the rocky stone,  
 With wordes and charmes I break in twaine;  
 The force of earth congeal'd in one,  
 I move, and shake both woodes and plaine.  
 I make the souls of men arise,  
 I pull the moon out of the skies.—

*Abraham Fleming's Translation.*

It may be naturally supposed that to practise the mysteries of a vocation of such universal and direful influence as Witchcraft, some initiatory form was necessary. It was even so; and any person, more especially the old and the ugly, might become endued with all its infernal

potency by the patient performance of certain appalling ceremonies. The first point to be gained, was the *bond fide* appearance of the devil, with whom a compact was made, which imparted to the applicant a reasonable proportion of this potentate's diabolical power.\* This was an awful ce-

\* The possibility of raising the potentate himself has been strenuously disputed by several erudite scholars,—particularly by Mottray (*Travels*, vol. ii. p. 334.) who endeavours to confirm his opinion by a strange story of a Baron L——, a Danish prisoner of war, who was confined in one of the prisons of Stockholm. This worthy had been convicted of a design of treating with his Satanic majesty for a certain sum of money, of which he, at that time, stood in extreme need. It was stated that, in order to accomplish his wishes in this respect, he had with his own blood signed a bond, by which he himself, and some companions of his (who, for lack of money and credit, had signed it in a similar manner) firmly and truly consigned their souls to the infernal spirit after their death, in consideration of the immediate payment of the sum required. But neither the Baron nor any of his comrades could compass their desired end, notwithstanding all the pains they took to do so; going by night under gibbets,—

Where felons' bones hang dangling in the wind;

and frequenting burying-places, "at the witching hour of night," to call upon Beelzebub to hear and relieve them; but neither body nor spirit, ghost nor goblin, ever came near them. At last one of these valiant wights, finding the devil was inexorable, and would not help him, determined to help himself, and having robbed and murdered a man, was taken up, tried, and executed; and in his confession he impeached the Baron, and owned all the particulars of the transaction. The bond was found in the Baron's chamber, but torn in pieces as void and of none effect.

This is a plausible story, and entitled to consideration; but Defoe, who has certainly paid more attention than any other mortal to what he terms "the devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind," proves that, "although we can hardly suppose that

remony, and must have impressed on the mind of the novice a terrible idea of the impious propensities of her unhallowed patron.

The convention (says an old writer)\* for such a solemn initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's day, or some great holy-day, or chief festivall, they meete in some church near the font or high altar, and that very early, before the consecrated bell hath tolled, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late after all services are past and over. Where the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented by some confederate or familiar to the prince of devills, sitting now in a throne of infernall majesty, appearing in the form of a man, only labouring to hide his cloven feet. To whom, after bowing and homage done . . . . a petition is presented to be received into his association and protection; and first, if the witch be outwardly christian, baptism must be renounced; and the party must be re-baptized in the devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him: and here must be god-fathers too, for the devill takes them not to be so adult as to promise and vow for themselves. But above all, he is very busie with his long nails, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. Instead of both which, he impresses or inures the mark of the beast (the devill's flesh brand) upon one or other part of the body. Further, the witch (for her part) vows, either by word

of mouth, or peradventure by writing, (and that in her own blood) to give both body and soul to the devill,—to deny and defy God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. But especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other: to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse; to spurne at the crosse, and tread Saints' images under feet; and as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c. To bee sure to fast on Sundayes, and eate flesh on Fridays; not to confess their sins whatsoever they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholic church, and despise his vicar's primacy. To attend the devill's nocturnall conventicles, sabbaths, and sacrifices. To take him for their god, worship, invoke, and obey him. To devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the devill for his part promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body; that they shall have what riches, honours, and pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be princes ruling in the aire, or shall be but turned into imps at worst. Then he preaches to them to be mindful of their covenant, and not to fail to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for this purpose) an impe, or familiar, in the shape of dog, cat, mouse, rat, weasle, &c.† After this they shake hands, embrace in armes,

the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman;” still there are several “emissaries, aids du camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business.” “Again (he observes), that some extraordinary circumstances may induce the devil himself to assume human shapes cannot be doubted. He did so to Manasses whom the Scripture chargeth with sorcery; and fame tells us that St. Dunstan frequently conversed with him, and, finally, took him by the nose: and so of others.” *The History of the Devil, as well Ancient as Modern*, Ed. 1727, p. 356-7.

\* John Gaule, “preacher of the Word at Great Staughten.” See his *Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft*.

† A Familiar was generally supposed to have been the spirit of a departed witch. “It is not necessary,” observes Mr. Hallywell, “to suppose the grandees of the airy principality to trade with witches, but that the souls of extremely wicked persons, after their release from the body, may do these feats. For whether we suppose, that such as in this life have incorporated themselves into the dark society, by all manner of vicious and flagitious actions, are, when loosened by death from their terrestrial bodies, the vassals and slaves of those crafty demons, whose cursed inspirations and counsels they so eagerly followed, and so by them are employed in these abominable offices; or whether the proclivity of their own natures to all enormous wickedness may not induce them to attempt familiarity and society with sorcerers and witches, especially since those radicated and confirmed habits of vice, contracted in this life, are rather heightened and increased, than any way diminished or abated by the releasement from the flesh, and consequently it may be accounted by them a pleasant sport and pastime to tempt and inveigle such desolate and forlorn mortals: either of these ways are sufficient to beget a probability that those Familiars of witches, to whom they have linked themselves, may be no other than human souls, deeply sunk and drowned in wickedness.” *Melampronvea, or a Discourse on the Polity of the Kingdom of Darkness, &c.* by Henry Hallywell, A.M. London, 1688. See also *Glanvil*, p. xi. Ed. 1726.

dance,\* feast and banquet, according as the devill hath provided in imitation of the Supper. Nay, oftentimes he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer, as a pretender to witch-finding told me, in the presence of many. After this they part, till the next great conventicle or sabbath of theirs, which is to meete thrice in the year, conveyed as swift as the winds from the remotest parts of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to redintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement. Where they that have done the most execrable mischiefe, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the devill and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assoygned, are amerced to this penalty, so to be beaten on the soles of their feete, to be whipped with iron rods, to be pincht and suckt by their familiars till their heart's-blood come, till they repent them of their aloth, and pro-

mise more attendance and diligence for the future.†

But although the new disciples had become thus thoroughly initiated, they could not practise the mysteries of their calling without observing certain formal regulations. In the first place, there were some sixty or seventy master spirits,‡ all of whom were gifted with various attributes, and enjoyed a command over different numbers of legions of devils. In fact, there was a complete community of these "fallen angels," where ranks and titles were bestowed upon those who had distinguished themselves, precisely in the same manner and degree as among the several kingdoms of the terrestrial globe. Dukes there were, and marquisses, earls, prelates, and knights; and although the form of government was somewhat democratic (king being little more than a nominal title), yet there was a degree of subordination preserved in

\* Bodin, in his *Lib. de Demonomania*, says, that at these magical assemblies, the witches "never faile to dance; and in their dance they sing these words,—Har par, devill, devill, dance here, dance there, play here, play there, sabbath, sabbath! And whiles they sing and dance, every one hath a broom in her hand, and holdeth it up aloft. Also that these night-walking, or rather night-dancing devills, brought out of Italy into France that dance which is called *La Volta*." This is undoubtedly the parent of the modern Waltz, and we grieve to think that so elegant and fascinating an accomplishment should be derived from a source so disgusting and diabolical. Jerome Cardan, however, dates the origin of these bewitching orgies from a period still more remote, and, we wish we could add, from a custom rather more commendable. "He writeth," quoth Reginald Scot, "that these excourses, dancings, &c. had their beginning from certain hereticks, called *Dulcini*, who devised those feasts of Bacchus, which are named *Orgia*, wherewith these kind of people openly assembled; and beginning with riot, ended with this folly; which feasts being prohibited, they nevertheless haunted them secretly; and when they could not do so, then did they it in cogitation onely, and even to this day (saith he) there remaineth a certain image or resemblance thereof among our melaucholick women." *Scot's Discoverie*, b. iii. ch. 3. See also *Cardani lib. de var. rerum*, 15 cap. 10.

† The actual and corporeal presence of the witch on these occasions has been denied, and Mr. Hallywell, in his *Melamproucea*, is inclined to believe, that it is merely upon the spirit that these practises are performed. "It is possible," he says, "that the soul may be rapt from this terrestrial body, and carried to remote and distant places, from whence she may make a postliminar return by either of these two ways. *First*,—from a vehement affection, or a deep imagination, piercing into the very lowest of her powers. *Second*,—by the assistance and activity of a more potent spirit; those officious demons, loosening the continuity or vinculum between soul and body, by which means they pass freely and securely to the place of rendezvous.

‡ Scot has numerated sixty-eight of these spirits, who seem to be but little connected with the mighty potentates of Tartarus itself. Indeed, as far as we can judge, this community appears to be appropriated entirely and exclusively to the service of witches. What relation it may bear to the other infernal orders we leave to the learned to determine. The following is the list given by Scot:—Baal, Agares, Marbas, Amon, Barbato, Buer, Gusoin, Botis, Bathin, Peuson, Eligor, Leraie, Valefar, Morax, Ipas, Naberius, Glasya, Labolas, Zepar, Bilothe, Sitri, or Bitru, Paimon, Bune, Forneus, Renove, Astaroth, Foras, Furfur, Marchosias, Malphas, Vepar, Sabnacke, Sidonaye, Gaap, Shax, Procell, Furcas, Murmur, Caim, Raum, Halphas, Focalor, Vine, Bifrons, Gamigin, Zagan, Orias, Valac, Gemory, Decarahia, Amducias, Androas, Andrealphus, Oses, Ayin, Orobas, Vapula, Cimenes, Amy, Flauros, Balam, Allocer, Saleos, Vuall, Haagonti, Phoenix, Stolas.—*Scot's Discoverie*, b. 15. c. 2.



this spiritual commonwealth, which must have tended in no small measure to render its members so beneficial to the witch and the wizard. At the head of this "body politick" was *Baal*, "the first and king," who, when he was conjured up, appeared with three heads "one like a man, one like a toad, and one like a cat." His power was by no means so extensive as his rank would lead us to imagine, as he could only "make a man go invisible." The next in order was *Agares*, "the first duke." He "came up mildly, in the likeness of a faire old man, riding upon a crocodile, and carrying a hawk on his fist." He taught all manner of tongues, overthrew all manner of dignities, and manufactured earthquakes. He had command over thirty-one legions of devils.\* *Marbas*, or *Barbas*, ranked next. He was a "greate president," and appeared in the form of a "mightie lion;" but at the command of an expert conjuror, he would come up in the similitude of a man. He answered fully touching any thing which was stolen or concealed; he brought diseases and cured them; he promoted wisdom and knowledge, and transformed men into other shapes. His attendant satellites consisted of thirty-six legions. *Amon*, or *Damon*, was a "greate and mightie marques," who came abroad in the likeness of a wolf, having a "serpent's taile, and breathing out and spitting flames of fire." When he condescended to put on the semblance of a human form, he still displayed the formidable grinders of a wolf. But, notwithstanding his fearful appearance, he was one of the best and kindest of devils; for he knew all things, past, present, and to come; he procured favours, and reconciled friends and foes,—that they might speedily quarrel again. He had forty legions to execute his pleasure. *Barbatus* was a "greate counte or earle." He appeared "in signo sagittarii sylvestris," with four kings, and a goodly retinue. He understood the "singing of birds, the barking of dogs, the lowing of bullocks, and the voice of all living creatures." He detected treasures hidden by magicians and inchanters, and, like his colleague, *Amon*, was endued with

the knowledge of all things, past, present, and to come. Thirty legions awaited his bidding. These, with some others, composed the council, by which all affairs of state were regulated and ordained;—the inferior officers occupying themselves in performing less important transactions, leaving to their superiors the welcome task of

—————Repairing shatter'd thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;  
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh.————

But notwithstanding the "assortment" of spirits was so extensive, a more than ordinary degree of discrimination was necessary as to selection. They were not to be called upon either rashly or carelessly, nor at all seasons; for there were stated periods for each rank of devils, and stated forms for their invocation. The following particulars from *Reginald Scot* will fully explain the formality of these proceedings:—

*The houres wherein the principal Devils may be raised.*

A king may be raised from the third houre till noone, and from the ninth houre till evening. Dukes may be raised from the first houre till noone; and cleare weather is to be observed. Marqueesses may be raised from the ninth houre till compline, and from compline till the end of day. Countes, or earles, may be raised at any houre of the day, so it be in the woodes or fieldes, where men resort not. Prelates, likewise, may be raised at any houre of the day. A president may not be raised at any houre of the day, except the king, whom he obeyeth, be invocated; nor at the shutting in of the evening. Knights, from day-dawning till sun-rising, or from even-song till sun-set.

*The forme of adjuring and citing the Spirits aforesaid to appeare.*

When you will have any spirit you must knowe his name, and office; you must also faste and be cleane from all pollutions three or foure dayes before; so will the spirit be more obedient unto you. Then make a circle, and call up the spirit with great intention, rehearse in your owne name, and your companion's (for one must alwaies be with you), this prayer following; and so no spirit shall annoy you, and your purpose shall take effect. And

\* A legion is 6666.



note how this prayer agreeth with Popish charms and conjurations.\*

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, † the Father, † and the Sonne, † and the Holy Ghost, † Holy Trinity and inseparable Unity, I call upon thee, that thou mayest be my salvation and defence, and the protection of my body and soule, and of all my goodes; through the vertue of thy holy crosse, and through the vertue of thy passion, I beseeche thee, that thou give me grace and divine power over all the wicked spirits, so as which of them soever I do call by name, they may come by and by from every coaste, and accomplish my will; that they neither be hurtfull nor fearfull unto me, but rather diligent and obedient about me. And through thy vertue, streightly commanding them, let them fulfill my commandements. Amen. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbooth, which will come to judge the quick and the dead. Thou which art A and Ω, first and last, king of kings, lord of lords, Joth, Aglanabrath, El, Abiel, Anathiel, Amazim, Sedomel, Grayes, Heli, Messias, Tolimi, Elias, Ischuos, Athanatos, Imos, By these, thy holy names, and by all other, I doe call upon thee, and beseeche thee, by thy nativity and baptisme, by thy crosse and passion, by thine ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, by the bitterness of thy soul when it departed from the body, by thy five wounds, by the blood and water which went out of thy body, by thy vertue, by the sacrament which thou gavest thy disciples the day before thou sufferedst, by the holy trinity and the inseparable unity, by blessed Mary thy mother, by thine angels, archangels, prophets, patriarchs, and by all thy saints, and by all the sacraments which are made in thine honour, I do worship and beseeche thee to accept these prayers, conjurations, and wordes of my mouth which I will use. I require thee, O Lord, that thou give me thy vertue and power over all thine angels (which were throwne downe from heaven to deceive mankind), to drawe them to me, to tie and binde them, and also to loose them, to gather them together before me, and to command them to do all that they can, and that they by no meanes contemne my voice, or the wordes of my mouth; but that they obey me, and my sayings, and fear me. I beseeche thee by thine humanity, mercy, and grace, and I require thee, Adonay, Amay, Horta, Vegedora, Mitai, Hel, Suranat, Ysion, Ysesy, and by all thine holy names, by all thine angels, and archangels, powers, dominations, and vertues, and by

that name that Solomon did bind the devils, Hilbrach, Ebanter, Agle, Goth, Jeth, Othie, Venech, Nabrat; and by all thine holy names, which are written in this book, and by the vertue of them all, that thou enable me to congregare all thy spirits throwne downe from heauen, that they may give me a true answer of all my demandes, and that they may satisfie all my requests, without the hurt of my body or soul, or any thing that is mine, through our Lorde Jesus Christ, thy sonne, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, worlde without ends.

• • • • •  
Oh Greate and Eternal vertue of the Highest, which through disposition these being called to judgement, Vaicheon, Stimulamaton, Espharos, Tetragrammaton, Olioram, Cryon, Esytion, Existion, Eriana, Onelas, Brazim, Noym, Messias, Soter, Emanuel, Sabooth, Adonay, I do worship thee, I invoke thee, I implore thee with all the strength of my minde, that by thee my present prayers, consecrations, and conjurations be hallowed; and where-soever wicked spirits are called in the vertue of thy names, they may come together from every coaste, and diligently fulfill the will of me the Exorcist. Fiat, fiat, fiat, Amen.†

In this precise and formal manner did the witches of old perform their diabolical ceremonies; and however improbable it may now appear, we have not the least doubt, but that the whole formula,—revolting and ridiculous as it is,—was rigidly observed. This elaborate formality, however, fell at length into desuetude; and the imposing rules by which witches, in the earlier ages of the world, were accustomed to execute their deeds of darkness and malignity, were, at a subsequent period, very much neglected and abused. In fact, they became reduced to a very simple series of ceremonies; and little need was there latterly for that tremendous preparation, which the witches and wizards of the olden time were actually compelled to undergo. Still the art was exercised every whit as effectually as in former times, and seemed to have lost none of its potency by the abolition of such severe and formidable regulations. The old and withered and crippled

\* We have debated with ourselves a long time on the propriety of inserting this impious and blasphemous invocation. But as our object is to show as plain a view as we possibly can of a most disgusting superstition, we conceive that we are not acting wrongly in thus publishing one of its most important ceremonies.

† Scot's Discovery, b. 15, c. 2.

bag of the sixteenth century, was as fully endued with bewitching qualifications, as her more accomplished prototype of antiquity.

She pluck'd each starre out of its throne,  
And turned back the raging waves ;  
With charmes she made the earth to cone,  
And raised souls out of their graves ;  
She burnt men's bones as with a fire,  
And pulled to earth the lights from heaven ;  
And made it snow at her desire,  
Even in the midst of summer-season.

And no witch, whether of ancient or modern times, whether poetical or real, could do more.

We have entered fully into the proceedings of former times, and we must now turn our attention to those of a later period. The following curious "confessions," will explain the subject extremely well ; and we may rely upon their authenticity, as they were made in the year 1664, before Robert Hunt, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Somerset, and "in the presence of several grave and orthodox divines."

Elizabeth Style \* confessed, that the devill, about ten years since, appeared to her in the shape of a handsome man, and after of a black dog ; that he promised her money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the world for twelve years, if she would, with her blood, sign his paper, which was to give her soul to him, and observe his laws, and that he might suck her blood. This, after four solicitations, the examinant promised to do ; upon which he pricked the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joint (where the sign at the examination remained), and with a drop or two of her blood, she signed the paper with an O. Upon this the devill gave her sixpence, and vanished with the paper.

That since he hath appeared to her in the shape of a man, and did so on Wed-

nesday seven-night past ; but more usually he appears in the likeness of a dog, and cat, and a fly like a millar, in which last he usually sucks in the poll, about four of the clock in the morning, and did so January 27, and that it usually is pain to her to be so suckt.

That when she hath a desire to do harm, she calls the spirit by the name of *Robin*, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, *O Satan, give me my purpose !* She then tells him what she would have done. And that he should so appear to her was part of her contract with him.

That about a month ago, he appearing, she desired him to torment one Elizabeth Hill, and to thrust thorns into her flesh, which he promised to do, and the next time he appeared, he told her he had done it.

That a little above a month since, the examinant, with Alice Duke, Ann Bishop, and Mary Penny, met about nine o'clock of the night, in the common near Triston-gate, where they met a man in black cloaths, with a little band, to whom they did courtesy and due observance ; and the examinant verily believes that this was the devil. At that time Alice Duke brought a picture in wax, which was for Elizabeth Hill. The man in black took it in his arms, anointed its forehead, and said, *I baptize thee with this oyl*, and used some other words. He was god-father, and the examinant and Ann Bishop were god-mothers. They called it Elizabeth or Bea. Then the man in black, this examinant, Ann Bishop, and Alice Duke stuck thorns into several places of the neck, hand-wrists, fingers, and other parts of the said picture. † After which they had wine, cakes, and roast-meat (all brought by the man in black), which they did eat and drink. They danced and were merry, were bodily there, and in their cloaths.

[Several of these unhallowed meetings took place, when other effigies were baptized, and other freaks and merriments indulged in. The black gentleman always presided, and whether he was man or devil, the most solemn respect was con-

\* "This Elizabeth Style, of Stoke Triston, in the county of Somerset (quoth Mr. Glanvil), was accused by divers persons of credit, upon oath, before Mr. Hunt, and particularly and largely confessed her guilt herself, which was found by the jury at her tryal at Taunton : but she prevented execution by dying in gaol, a little before the expiring of the term her confederate demon had set for her enjoyment of diabolical pleasures in this life." What a precious set of asses these "grave and orthodox divines" must have been !

† This precious "examinant" deposed also, that "when they would bewitch man, woman, or child, they do it sometimes *only* by a picture made in wax, which the devil formally baptized. Sometimes they have an apple, dish, spoon, or other thing from their evil spirit, which they give to the party to whom they would do harm. Upon which they have power to hurt the person that received it. Sometimes they have power to do mischief by a touch or curse : by these they can mischief cattle, and by cursing without touching : but neither without the devil's leave."—*Sadducismus Triumphatus*, p. 297-8.

stantly paid to him. From the testimony of this communicative old lady, it appears, that she and her associates were carried to these nocturnal confederations by supernatural means, but before they commenced their flight, it was necessary that they should anoint their foreheads and hand-wrists with "an oyl the spirit brings them \* ;" after which ceremony they are carried in "a very short time," using the following words in their passage, "*Thout, tout, a tout tout, throughout and about!*" and on their return they exclaim, "*Rentum, tormentum.*" † The "man in black" was certainly a very substantial sort of spirit, and never failed to bring with him abundance of excellent cheer. "Wine, good ale, cakes, meat, or the like," was the usual bill of fare; and few, we imagine, existed, who could withstand such a powerful temptation. The demon appears also to have been somewhat accomplished; for he "sometimes played sweetly on the pipe or cittern," while his delighted disciples danced merrily to the music. This, by the way, was no despicable mode of whiling away the tedium of a long and dreary winter's evening; and there can be but little doubt, that this fascinating fiend gained a great number of proselytes among the ancient women of the country.

The confession which follows was made by a participator in the routs and revels of Elizabeth Style.]

"Alice Duke, *alias* Manning, of Wincanton, in the county of Somerset, widow," declared, that "when she lived with Ann Bishop, of Wincanton, about eleven or twelve years ago, Ann Bishop persuaded her to go with her into the church-yard in the night-time, and be-

ing come thither, to go backward round the church, which they did three times. In their first round, they met a man in black cloaths, who went round the second time with them, and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black toad, which leaped up against the examinant's apron. In their third round, they met something like a rat, which vanished away! After this the examinant and Ann Bishop went home, but before Ann Bishop went off, the man in black said something to her softly, which the informant could not hear.

A few days after, Ann Bishop speaking about their going round the church, told the examinant, that now she might have her desire, and what she would wish for. And shortly after, the devil appeared to her in the shape of a man, promising that she should want nothing, and that if she cursed any thing with a *pox take thee!* she should have her purpose, in case she would give her soul to him, suffer him to suck her blood, keep his secrets, and be his instrument to do such mischief as he would set her about. All which, upon his second appearing to her, she yielded to, and the devil having pricked the fourth finger of her right-hand, between the middle and upper joint (where the mark is yet to be seen), gave her a pen, with which she made a cross or mark with her blood on paper or parchment, that the devil offered her for the confirmation of the agreement, which was done in the presence of Ann Bishop. And as soon as the examinant had signed it, the devil gave her sixpence, and went away with the paper or parchment.

She confessed further, that the *devil useth to suck her in the poll* ‡ about four o'clock in the morning, in the form of a

\* That the confederate spirit (observes Glanvil), should transport the witch through the air to the place of general rendezvous, there is no difficulty in conceiving it; and if that be true, which great philosophers affirm, concerning the real separability of the soul from the body without death, there is yet less; for then 'tis easy to apprehend, the soul having left its gross and sluggish body behind it, and being clothed only with its immediate vehicle of air, or more subtile matter, may be quickly conducted to any place it would be at by those officious spirits that attend it. And though I adventure to affirm nothing concerning the truth and certainty of this supposition, yet I must needs say, it doth not seem to me unreasonable. And our experience of apoplexies, epilepsies, extasies, and the strange things men report to have seen, during those deliquiums, look favourably upon this conjecture, which seems to me to contradict no principle of reason or philosophy; since death consists not so much in the actual separation of soul and body, as in the indisposition and unfitness of the body for vital union, as an excellent philosopher hath made good. On which hypothesis the witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight, *may, perhaps, serve to keep the body tenantable, and in fit disposition to receive the spirit at its return.* These things, I say, we may conceive, although I affirm nothing about them; and there is not any thing in such conceptions, but what hath been owned by men of worth and name, and may seem fair and accountable enough to those who judge not altogether by the measures of the popular and customary opinion.—*Sadd. Triumph.* 9.

† *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, p. 295-6-7.

‡ The following exquisite explication of this imaginary action is worthy of Coleridge himself,—so far, we mean, as regards ingenuity of argument:—"as for witches being sucked by their *familiars*, we know so little of the nature of demons and spirits, that 'tis no wonder we cannot certainly divine the reason of so strange an action. And yet we

fly like a millar, concerning which let us hear testimony, which is as follows. Nicholas Lambert testifieth that, Alice Duke having been examined before the justice (the aforesaid Robert Hunt, Esq.) made her confession; and being committed to the officer, the justice required this deponent with William Thick and William Read of Bayford, to watch her, which they did; and this deponent sitting near Duke by the fire, and reading in the *Practice of Piety*, about three of the clock in the morning, there came from her head a glistering bright fly, about an inch in length, which pitched at first in the chimney, and then vanished. In less than a quarter of an hour after, there appeared two flies more, of a less size, and another colour, which seemed to strike at the deponent's hand, in which he held his book, but missed it, the one going over, the other going under it at the same time. He looking steadfastly on Duke, perceived her countenance to change, and to become very black and ghastly, the fire also at the same time changing its colour; whereupon the deponents, Thick and Read, conceiving that her familiar was then about her, looked to her poll, and seeing her hair shake very strangely, took it up, and then a fly, like a great millar, flew out from the place, and pitched on the table board, and then vanished away. Upon this, the deponent, and the other two persons, looking again in Duke's poll, found it very red and raw like beef. The deponent asked her what it was that went out of her poll? she said, it was a butterfly, and asked them why they had not caught it. Lambert said, they could not.

"I think so, too," answered she. A little while after, the deponent, and others, looking again into her poll, found the place to be of its former colour. The deponent demanded again, what the fly was; she confessed it was her familiar, and that she felt it tickle in her poll, and that was the usual time when her familiar came to her.

Taken upon oath, before me,

ROBERT HUNT.

The remainder of this confession is merely a disclosure of the same disgusting practices as those which were used by Elizabeth Style, and of the same profuse liberality and fascinating courtesy of the "gentleman in black." It concludes, however, with the names of several individuals, upon whom Alice Duke had vented her malice, and who had been afflicted, in consequence of her baneful gifts, or injurious maledictions.

That she hurt Thomas Garret's cows, because he refused to write a petition for her.

That she hurt Thomas Conway, by putting a dish into his hand, which dish she had from the devil,—she gave it him to give his daughter for good handsel.

That she hurt Dorothy, the wife of George Vining, by giving her an iron slate to put into her steeling-box.

That being angry with Edith Watts, the daughter of Edmond Watts, for treading on her foot, she cursed Edith with a *pox-on-you*, and after touched her, which hath done the said Edith much harm, for which she is sorry.\*

may conjecture at some things that may render it less improbable. For some have thought, that the genii (whom both the Platonical and Christian antiquity thought embodied) are re-created by the reeks and vapours of human blood, and the spirits that proceed from them. Which supposal (if we grant them bodies) is not unlikely, every thing being refreshed and nourished by its like. And that they are not perfectly abstracted from all body and matter; besides the reverence that we owe to the wisest antiquity, there are several considerable arguments I could allege to render it probable. Which things supposed, the devil's sucking the sorceress is no great wonder, nor difficult to be accounted for. Or, perhaps, this may be only a diabolical sacrament to confirm the hellish covenant. Again, it seemeth most probable to me that the *familiar* doth not only suck the witch, but, in the action, infuseth some poisonous ferment into her, which gives her imagination and spirits a magical tincture, whereby they become mischievously influential; and the word *Venefica* meaneth some such matter. Now that the imagination hath a mighty power in operation is proved by the number of diseases that it causeth; and that the fancy is modified by the qualities of the blood and spirits is too evident to need proof. Which things supposed, 'tis plain to conceive, that the evil spirits have breathed some vile vapour into the body of the witch, it may taint her blood and spirits with a noxious quality, by which her infected imagination, heightened by melancholy, and this worse cause, may do much hurt upon bodies that are impressible by such influences. And 'tis very likely, that this ferment disposeth the imagination of the sorceress to cause the mentioned *αφαισολα*, or separation of the soul from the body; and may, perhaps, keep the body in fit temper for its re-entry, as also it may facilitate transformation, which, it may be, could not be effected by ordinary and unassisted imagination."—*Glanvil's Considerations about Witchcraft*, p. 10.

\* These bewitched persons were duly sworn before Robert Hunt, Esq. "touching their griefs and maladies,"—all of which were, of course, imputed to the influence and infernal agency of Alice Duke. This poor, infatuated hag, although no doubt firmly

It appears from these narratives, that the chief object which these crazy women had in view, was the tormenting of those individuals who had become obnoxious to them. But, in addition to the power which enabled witches to accomplish their purpose in this respect, they were gifted through the aid of their patron with divers other marvellous and supernatural attributes. They could assume the resemblance of any animal in the creation ;

Transform themselves to th' ugly shapes  
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,—

but, it must be observed, that their new form would always want the tail.\* This convenient faculty was not altogether confined to their own persons: it extended in a slight degree to that of others, and the following *simple* recipe is given by Dr. Bulwer, for “setting a horse or ass’s head” upon a man’s neck and shoulders. “Cut off the head of a horse or an ass (*before they be dead, otherwise the virtue or strength thereof will be less effectual*) and take an earthen vessel of a fit capacity to contain the same. Let it be filled with the oyl or fat thereof; cover it close, and daub it over with loam. Let it boil over a soft fire for three dayes, that the flesh boiled may run into oyl, so as the bones may be seen. Beat the hair into powder, and mingle the

same with the oyl; and anoint the heads of the standers by, *and they shall seem to have horses’ or asses’ heads!* If beasts’ heads be anointed with the like oil made of a man’s head [*cut off, of course, while the said man was “alive;”—mercy on us!*] they shall seem to have men’s faces, as divers authors soberly affirm!”†

But witches were not always thus misanthropic and malignant. For a moderate remuneration, they would use their influence in behalf of such persons as sought their aid in the hour of need and trouble; and they satisfied the wishes of the applicant by the disposal of certain charms. These were as various in kind as they were in virtue, but the following were usually found to be the most efficacious, and were consequently in the greatest request.

*Against the Biting of a Mad Dog.*

Put a silver ring on the finger, within the which these words are graven ✠ *Hobay ✠ Habar ✠ Heber*; and say to the person bitten by a mad dog—I am thy Saviour, lose not thy life, and then prick him in the nose thrice, that at each time he bleed. Otherwise, take pills made of the skull of one that is hanged. Otherwise, write upon a piece of bread, *Irloni, Khiriora, Ouser, Khuder, Feres*, and let it be taken by the party bitten. Otherwise, O Rex gloriæ Jesu Christi veni cum pace. In nomine Patris max, in nomine Filii max, in nomine Spiritus Sancti prax. Gasper, Mel-

convinced in her own mind of the wide extent of her power, was fain to confess that she had gained nothing by her compact with the Devil. She could afflict her enemies with sickness and with sorrow, and their cattle with disease, but she could not amend her own squalid and miserable condition. Her patron (she said) promised her “when she made the contract with him, that she should want nothing, but *ever since she hath wanted all things.*” *Glanvil*, p. 303.

\* The reason given by some writers for this unfortunate deficiency is, that, though the hands and feet by an easy transition might be converted into the four paws of a beast, yet there was no part about a witch that corresponded with the length of tail common to most quadrupeds. See *a Pleasant Treatise on Witches*, 1613, p. 30—1.

Le Blanc (see his *Travaux*, part ii. c. 18,) acquiesces in the possibility of this kind of transformation; but Wierius sneers at the idea, and after having related a fabulous instance from William of Malmesbury, of some mischievous pranks played by two witches at Rome, who kept an inn, and occasionally transformed a guest into a horse, a pig, or an ass, he concludes, “At hæ, et similes nugæ eandem sortiantur fidem, quam Apuleius, et Luciani metamorphosis meretur.” *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, lib. iv. cap. 10. Cleveland thus banters the notion,—

Have you not heard th’ abominable sport  
A Lancashire grand jury will report?  
A soldier with his morglay watch’d the mill,  
The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will  
Whips off great puss’s leg, which, by some charm,  
Proved the next day such an old woman’s arm.

† Bulwer’s *Anthropometamorphosis, or Artificial Changeling*, p. 516.



chior, Balthazar, prax ✠, max ✠ Deus  
max.\*

*Against the Tooth-ache.*

Scarifie the gums, in the grief, with the tooth of one that hath been slaine. Otherwise, *Galbes, gabat, galdes, galdut*. Otherwise, at saccaring of masse hold your teeth together, and say, "Os non comminuetis ex eo." Otherwise, "Strigiles falcesque dentatæ, dentium dolorem personate. O horse-combs and sickles that have so many teeth, come heal me of my tooth-ache!"

*To Release a Woman in Travaile.*

Throw over the top of the house where a woman lieth in travaile, a stone, or any other thing that hath killed three living creatures; namely, a man, a wild bore, and a she beare.

*Against the Head-ache.*

Tie a halter round your head wherewith one hath been hanged.

*A Charme against Vinegar.*

That wine wax not eager, write on the vessel, "Gustate et videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus."

*To find out a Theefe.*

Turn your face to the east, and make a crosse upon christall with olive oil, and under the crosse write these two wordes—"Saint Helen." Then a child that is innocent, and a chaste virgine born in true wedlock, of the age of ten yeares, must take the christall in her hand; and behind her backe, kneeling on thy knees, thou must devoutly and reverently say over this prayer thrice: "I beseeche thee, my lady Saint Helen, mother of King Constantine, which diddest find the crosse whereupon Christ died: by that thine holy devotion, and invention of the crosse, and by the true crosse, and by the joy which thou conceivedst at the finding thereof, and by the love which thou bearest to thy son Constantine, and by the great goodnesse which thou dost alwayes use, that thou shew me in this christall, whatsoever I ask or desire to know, Amen." And when the child seeth the Angell in the christall, demand what you will, and the Angell will make answer thereunto. *Memorandum*, that this be done just at the sun-rising, when the weather is faire and cleare.

*To find her that Bewitched your Kine.*

Put a paire of breeches upon the cove's head, and beat her out of the pasture, with a good cudgel upon a Friday, and she will

run right to the witche's doore, and strike thereat with her hornes.

*The manner of making a Wastecoate of Prooffe.*

On Christmas day at night, a threed must be spun of flax by a little virgine girl, in the name of the Devil; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or fore part thereof must be made with needle-worke, two heades: on the head at the right side must be a hat, and a long beard; the left head must have on a crowne, and it must be so horrible, that it may resemble Beelzebub, and on each side of the wastecoate must be made a cross. This holy garment [observes Reginald Scot] was much used of our forefathers, as a holy relique and charm, as given by the Pope, or some such arch-conjuror, who promised thereby all manner of immunity to the wearer thereof, insomuch as he could not be hurte with any shot, or other violence. And otherwise, that woman who should wear it, should have quicke deliverance.†

Such is the tenor of the most ordinary charms; but the most precious charm of all was the *Agnus Dei*, or Lamb of God. This was "a little cake, having the picture of a Lambe carrying of a flag on the one side; and Christ's head on the other side, and was hollow; so that the Gospel of St. John, written on fine paper, was placed in the concavities thereof." This charm was a preservative against all manner of evil,—a perfect Catholicon,—and blessed, indeed, was the individual who possessed a treasure so valuable. The monkish lines which follow will explain the ingredients and virtue of this delectable talisman.

Balsamus et munda cera cum chrispatis  
undâ

Conficiunt Agnum, quod munus do tibi  
magnum,

Fonte velut natum, per mystica sanctifica-  
tum:

Fulgura desursum depellit, et omne ma-  
lignum,

Peccatum frangit, ut Christi sanguis et  
angit,

Prægnans servatur, simul et partus libe-  
ratur,

Dona refert dignis, virtutem destruit ignis,  
Portatus mundæ de fluctibus eripit undæ.

\* May we venture to recommend this charm to the notice of Dr. Pinckard, whose indefatigable and praiseworthy inquiries respecting this horrible malady, merit so highly the gratitude of his countrymen?

† Scot's Discovery, book xii. c. 9.



*Thus Englishd by Abraham Fleming.*

Balme, virgine wax, and holy water  
 An *Agnus Dei* make :  
 A gift than which none can be greater,  
 I send thee for to take.  
 From fountain cleare, the same hath issue,  
 In secret sanctified ;  
 'Gainst lightning it hath soveraigne virtue,  
 And thunder-cracks beside !  
 Each hainous sin, it weares and wasteth,  
 Even as Christ's precious blood.  
 And women while their travaile lasteth  
 It saves—it is so good.  
 It doth bestow great gifts and graces  
 On such as well deserve,  
 And borne about in noisome places  
 From peril doth preserve.  
 The force of fire, whose heat destroyeth,  
 It breakes and bringeth downe ;  
 And he or she that this enjoyeth,  
 No water shall them drowne.\*

The facility with which witches were wont to take the air on a broom-stick is well known, but we question whether any of our readers are acquainted with the method adopted to infuse a power so volatile into an instrument so humble and degraded. "The devil (quoth Scot,†) teacheth them (witches) to make ointment of the bowels and limbs of children, whereby they ride in the aire, and accomplish all their desires ; so as, if there be any children unbaptized, or not guarded with the signe of the crosse, or with orizons, then the witches may and do catch them from their mother's sides in the night, or out of their cradles, or otherwise kill them with their ceremonies ; and, after buriall, they steal them out of their graves, and seethe them in a cauldron, untill their fleshe be made potable. Of the thickest thereof they make ointment, whereby they ride in the aire ; but the thinner portion they put into flaggons, whereof whosoever drinketh, observing certaine ceremonies, immediately becometh a master, or rather a mistress in that practise and faculty." ‡

Another marvellous property ascribed to witches, was the raising and assuaging of tempests ; and the power of making the moon and the stars and all the host of heaven descend from their exalted spheres. In proof of the former, we have the following tale from that abominable collection of popish superstition and credulity, the *Malleus Maleficarum*. Certain commissioners having apprehended some witches, wished one of them to show them an experiment of her skill ; promising to procure her pardon, provided she would discontinue her evil practices. She acceded to the proposal, and going out into the fields, commenced her operations in the presence of the commissioners, and several other persons. She first made a pit in the earth with her own hands, and poured some water into it, which she constantly stirred with one of her fingers, making at the same time, certain cabalistical characters on the ground near her. Presently there arose a vapour, which, ascending upward like smoke, hovered over the spot where the sorceress stood, becoming every moment more dense and gloomy. Out of the cloud thus manufactured there came such vivid lightning, accompanied with such tremendous claps of thunder, that the spectators began to think their latter end was rapidly approaching. After this fearful exhibition had continued for some time, the woman asked the commissioners in what spot the cloud should discharge a great number of stones ? They pointed to a place at some distance, and lo ! the cloud "of a sudden began to move itself with a great and furious blustering of winds ; and in a short space, coming over the place appointed, it discharged many stones, like a violent shower, directly within the compass thereof." The influence of witches over the moon

\* Scot's Discovery, book xii. c. 9.

† Ibid. book iii. c. 1.

‡ Francis Bartholinus has asserted a similar fact. "Strigibus per unguentum prædictum diabolicum possibile est accidisse, aut accidere somnium vehementissimum, et somniare se ad loca deportatas longinqua, in catos converti, vel quocunque alia facere, etiam vel pati, quæ postmodum se putant in veritate fecisse, vel passas esse." *Fra. Barthol. de Spina, Quart. de Strigibus*, tom. 4. Weirus (*de Præstigiis Dæmonum*) exposes the folly of this opinion, and proves it to be only a diabolical illusion. Oldham likewise sufers at it :

As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,  
 Fledged by a dream, believe they mount and fly ;  
 So witches some enchanted wand bestride,  
 And think they through the airy regions ride.

*John Oldham's Works and Remains*, p. 254. Ed. 1698.

and stars is frequently alluded to in the writings of the heathen poets, more especially in those of Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. They will readily recur to the classical reader, and our limits will not allow us to transcribe them.

We have now enumerated and described the more important ceremonies and attributes appertaining to witchcraft. Reginald Scot, indeed, to whom we have been so largely indebted, mentions a curious faculty which we have overlooked, and which, could it but be rendered practicable, might prove an excellent substitute for the diving bell. It is briefly that of "sailing in an egg-shell, a cockle, or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

But who, in these degenerate days, would trust themselves to so frail and precarious a vehicle? Times, indeed, are strangely altered, and the witch and the wizard, however powerful their sway might once have been, exist only in the fable of the poet, or in the disgusting detail of a contemporary chronicler. But we must for the present bring our lucubrations to a close. In our next paper, we shall enter into a more minute examination of the principles which induced our ancestors to credit and encourage so baneful a doctrine; showing on the one hand the vile imposture, and on the other, the rancorous malignity which fostered and supported so wicked and abominable a delusion. R.

## ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

### No. II.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following letter from Elizabeth, when princess, to her brother, Edward the Sixth, is transcribed from an original entirely in her own handwriting. It is well worthy of preservation, whether we consider it as a mere matter of curiosity, as a specimen of her truly excellent style of

writing Latin, or for the information it affords us of her early tendency to indisposition in her head and eyes: nor can we, at the present moment, discover that it has been before printed, although it is always dangerous to promise originality in matters of this nature.

#### *Nobilissimo et Sereniss. Regi Edouardo Sexto.*

Tametsi nihil æque studuerim, Rex Sereniss. quam ut ingratitude non modo notam, verumetiam suspicionem vel minimam effugerem, metuo tamen ne in illam incidisse videri possim, quæ tot a tua Maiestate beneficijs semper affecta nullas tanto temporis intervallo literas dederim, e quibus animi saltem grati signa cognosceres. Cuius rei causæ cum sint iustæ ac necessariæ, spero, simulque confido, Maiestatem tuam me ab omni ingratitude crimine facile liberaturam esse. Valetudo enim capitis et oculorum aduersa accessit, quæ ita me grauitè ab aduentu in hanc domum molestauit, ut dum sæpe ad tuam Maiestatem scribere conarer, in hunc usque diem semper a proposito institutoque reuocata sim. Quæ valetudo cum Dei Opt. Maximi ope et auxilio nunc semet aliquantum remiserit, existimaui scribendi officium minimè diutius a me differendum esse, quo tua Maiestas intelligeret quiduis potius quam animum erga se gratum beneficiorumque memorem hactenus mihi defuisse. Nam etsi non ignorarem tantam tuorum erga me beneficiorum esse magnitudinem, ut illorum partem vel minimam referenda gratia consequendi spes prorsus omnis adimeretur, in hoc tamen omnes mihi nervos contendendos esse putavi, ut iustam meritamque gratiam voluntate memorique mente persoluerem. In quo quidem cum nihil sit a me hactenus vnquam prætermissum, spero tuam Maiestatem hoc meum scribendi gratique agendæ huc usque intermissum officium non modo in æquam partem accepturam, verumetiam debitam sibi gratiam animo semper et voluntate a me fuisse habitam, existimaturam esse. Dominus Jesus qui omnia conseruat et tuetur, tuam Excellentiam isto regno, magnis virtutibus, multisque annis, perpetuo augeat.

Enfieldæ,

Maiestatis tuæ humilima serua et soror,

ELIZABETHA.

Before we quit the Virgin Queen, it may be allowable to observe, that some lines communicated by the late Mr. Lysons to Lord Orford, and printed in the first volume of his works, page 552, as the production of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, are

ascribed to Elizabeth, in a very good and ancient MS. in the Bodleian. We subjoin them, as the Oxford manuscript affords several readings very preferable to the copy used by Lord Orford, and, after him, by Mr. Ellis in his Specimens.

*Verses made by the Queene when she was supposed to be in loue with Mountsyre.*

When I was fayre and younge, and fauour graced me,  
Of many was I soughte theire mystres for to be ;  
But I did scorne them all, and awnswer'd them therfore,  
Goe, goe, goe, seek som other-wher,

Importune me no more,

How manye weeping eyes I made to pyne with woe,  
How manye syghinge hartes, I haue no skylle to shoue ;  
Yet I the prowder grewe, and awnswerde them therfore,  
Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where,

Importune me no more.

Than spake fayre Venus' son, that proude victorious boye,  
And sayde ; Fyne Dame, since that you be so coye,  
I will so plucke your plumes that you shall say no more,  
Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-where,

Importune me no more.

When he had spake these wordes, suche change grew in my brest,  
That neyther nyghte nor day since that, I coulde tak any rest ;  
Then, loe, I did repente, that I had sayde before,  
Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-where,

Importune me no more.

*Elysabethe Regina.*

#### KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

As a companion to the verses just given, we may add the following Epigram, which is ascribed to Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, and supposed to be addressed to the In-

fanta of Spain. Its authenticity was believed by the Oxford antiquary, Anthony à Wood, from whose manuscript collections we have retrieved it.

*D. Principis Angliæ ad serenissimam Infantam Mariam.*

Fax grata est, gratum vulnus, mihi grata catena est,  
Me quibus astrinxit, læsit, et urit amor.

Sed flammam extingui, sanari vulnera, solvi  
Vincla, etiam ut possent, non ego posse velim.

Mirum equidem genus hoc monstri est, incendia et ictus  
Vinclaque, victus adhuc, læsus, et ustus, amo.

Thus translated by the royal lover :—

The brande, the blowe, the bands wherewith imperious Loue  
Me moved, hath inflam'd, ensnar'd, most welcome prove.  
To have the wounds heal'd up, the fire extinguisht quite,  
The fetters beaten off, I would not, if I might.  
Straunge maladie ! that wounded, burn't, and bounde, remaines ;  
That takes delight to bleede, to burne, to be in chaines !

In 1722, J. Roberts, at the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, published an 8vo. tract that has escaped Lord Orford and Mr. Park. *The Pious Politician; or Remains of the Royal Martyr, being Apophthegms and Select Maxims, Divine, Moral, and Political. Left to posterity by that incomparable Prince,*

*our late sovereign King Charles I. Faithfully collected.* This is a scarce shilling's-worth of 76 pages, containing very little that can be deemed novel ; for the maxims and opinions are mostly to be found in the ΕΙΣΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ, or Royston's huge folio of Charles's works. At the end is an

epitaph, probably written by the Editor of the volume, who signs himself H. G. to whom also may be ascribed some lines on the *Euxon*, in

Great Tully had been silenc'd among men,  
Had but thy tongue been equal to thy pen ;  
But this defect doth prove thy skill more choice,  
That makes the *echo* sweeter than the voice.

#### HENRY BOOTH, LORD DELAMER, AND EARL OF WARRINGTON,

The friend of Lord Russel, whose cause he vindicated in a spirited tract entitled *Observations upon his Case*, folio, 1689. After being a principal means of introducing King William the Third, he was dismissed by that sovereign, from his situation as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to please a particular political party, and died before he was forty-two. To make some amends for his abrupt dismissal, he had an earldom given him, with a pension of two thousand a year ; but this was only paid for the first six months, and the remainder was included in the list of King William's debts, drawn up by order of Queen Anne.

We have before taken notice of Aubrey's superstition and credulity (page 220) but a very good instance occurs in his mention of this Lord's father. Dr. Richard Napier, a great figure-caster in his day, "*did converse with the angel Raphael*, who gave him the responses." One of Raphael's answers to a question proposed was, that "Mr. Booth, of Cheshire, should have a son, that should inherit, three years since." The question and answer were given in 1619, and, as good luck would have it, in 1622, George Booth (the second, though inheriting, son of his father) was born, and became afterwards Lord Delamer. "It is impossible," continues Aubrey, "that the prediction of Sir George Booth's birth, could be found any other way, but *by angelical revelation*."

Lord Delamer was accused of high treason by King James, and tried in Westminster Hall by Judge Jefferys. In his *Advice to his Children*, page 15, we have the following passage illustrative of his own behaviour on this occasion: "If you are examined as a criminal, confess nothing; only argue against the insufficiency of what is objected against you. For, first, it is an argument of your cou-

rage and resolution: secondly, by confessing any thing, you help them to evidence against yourself and others; for you furnish them with *time* and *place*, and then it is an easie matter for a knight of the post to give such an evidence against you as is not easily disproved: thirdly, it's very seldom that you will meet with better usage, though you confess never so much, unless you will turn accuser of others, and give evidence against them; which is so base a thing, that I would advise you to undergoe any extremity rather than do that; for, as your own party will for ever abhor you and your memory, so the other side will despise and slight you as soon as you have done their business, and all that you can do for the future, will never wipe off such a blot." In the copy of his Lordship's works now before us, are several MS. notes written by some former possessor, who well knew the Earl's family affairs. Upon the passage just quoted, the anonymous annotator remarks: "This conduct he strictly observed, at his own tryal before Judge Jefferys, and was acquitted." The same writer gives a singular anecdote of his son and successor's match, which proved an unhappy one. The account does not reflect any credit on his Lordship's conduct. "George, late Earl of Warrington, married the daughter of a merchant in London, who, on his death-bed, requested his two daughters not to marry noblemen; but fearing they might neglect his advice, left each of them 10,000*l.* in trust, exclusive of 40,000*l.* absolute. Some few years after my lady had consigned up her whole fortune to pay my Lord's debts, they quarrelled, and lived in the same house as absolute strangers to each other at bed and board. She died in 1739, leaving one daughter, married to the Earl of Stamford."

Lord Orford notices a speech which he supposes was addressed to his county, upon the arrival of the Prince of Orange; we have seen a copy of what we suppose to be the speech alluded to, in its original form, a single folio leaf, and it proves the supposition to be correct, although (if the same) it was chiefly directed to his Lordship's own tenants.

"Can you (he says) ever hope for a better occasion to root out popery and slavery, than by joining with the P. of O. whose proposals contain and speak the desires of every man that loves his religion and liberty? And in saying this, I will invite you to nothing but what I will do myself, neither will I put you upon any danger, where I will not take share in it. I propose this to you, not as you are my tenants, but as my friends, and as you are Englishmen. No man can love fighting for its own sake, nor find any pleasure in danger: And you may imagine I would be very glad to spend the rest of my days in peace, having had so great a share in troubles: but I see all lies at stake, I am to choose whether I will be a *slave* and a *papist*, or a *protestant* and a *freeman*, and therefore the case being thus, I shall think myself false to my country, if I sit still at this time. I am of opinion, that when the nation is delivered, it must be by force or by miracle: it would be too great a presumption to expect the latter, and therefore our deliverance must be by force; and I hope this is the time for it. I promise this, on my word and honour, to every tenant that goes along with me. That if he fall, I will make his lease as good to his family, as it was when he went from home. The thing then which I desire, and your country does expect from you, is this. That every man that hath a tolerable horse, or can procure one, will meet me on Boden downs to-morrow, where I rendezvouze: but if any of you is rendred unable by reason of age, or any other just excuse, then that he would mount a fitter person, and put five pounds in his pocket. Those that have not, nor cannot procure, horse, let them stay at home and assist with their purses, and send it to me with a particular of every man's contribution. I impose on no man, but to such I promise, and to all that go along with me, that if we prevail, I will be as industrious to have him recompensed for his charge and hazard, as I will be to seek it for myself.—I have no more to say, but that I am willing to lose my life in the cause, if God see it good, for I was never unwilling to dye for my religion and country."

We should apologize for so copious an extract, but the rarity of the source from which it is derived, and the manly, honest, and genuine spirit of Lord Delamer's address upon so momentous an occasion, must plead

our excuse. In our next Number, the reader shall be introduced to some noble authors, who have not as yet been graced by a niche in Lord Orford's literary temple.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

In our last report but one we mentioned the rising partiality manifested by his Majesty towards English music, and the growing patronage he had of late extended to native professors. We may now consider both as much more decided. The principal singers of the Chapel Royal are every week summoned to Brighton, and on the Saturday evening a concert chiefly made up of English glees, and on the Sunday a selection of sacred music, are performed in the splendid music-room. The latter is taken almost wholly from the works of Handel; and a

few evenings ago the King, in speaking to one of the vocalists, concerning his own musical preferences, said, that "although he could not give any one credit for fine taste, who was exclusively devoted to any one school, yet he thought the English style, as exemplified in Handel, was the most sound; and in this respect he was daily approaching nearer to the sentiments of his late father." His Majesty is universally acknowledged to be an excellent judge of music in all styles. He has a good bass voice, and sings occasionally. He formerly played on the violon-



cello; but has of late years discontinued the practice in consequence of a hurt in one of his arms.

The King's band consists entirely of wind instruments, and the accompaniments are arranged by Mr. Kramer. There is music almost every evening while the King is at Brighton, and when there are no singers present, Handel's Oratorios, as well as the compositions of the modern symphonists, are performed, most skilfully and beautifully adapted for these instruments, the air being allotted to the oboe, clarinet, &c. according to the character of the song or chorus. When the band is employed to accompany the voice, their execution is delightfully subdued, and the singer feels himself as much at home, and as well supported, as in the best orchestras of the metropolis. It is impossible to speak more highly of this band than it deserves. It is unquestionably the first in Europe, and to Mr. Kramer belongs the highest praise that can be bestowed.

We do not esteem this somewhat sudden direction of the King's favour towards English music as solely attributable to any casual change or impulse of musical appetite, but to a well principled consideration for the conservation of English art, and the encouragement of native talent. We lately stated why the tide of general opinion had for some years past set with so strong a current towards foreign productions and foreign performers. Circumstances now clearly indicate the matured results of those causes. The Ancient Concert certainly maintains "without rival all its dignities;" but in every other place the ascendancy of the Italian and German schools is obvious. There is scarcely an English piece produced at the Philharmonic. Even when English singers are engaged, Italian compositions are selected for them. Thus, on the last night, Mr. Sapio sang, *Il mio tesoro*, from *Il Don Giovanni*; he sang also *Il tuo destino*, with Madame Camporese; and the *Ricordare*, from the requiem, with that lady and Mr. Nelson. At the City Concerts, which, under the judicious conduct of a board of amateurs, and the practical management of Sir George Smart, certainly exhibit very strong symptoms

of a most liberal impartiality, the finales of Mozart's and Rossini's operas are much preferred. The Vocal Concerts, so long a favorite place of fashionable resort, are this season removed to the small room at the Royal Harmonic Institution, and after one or two postponements, owing, as it is understood, to the very small number of subscribers, have begun on a very contracted scale. This change is, certainly, attributable to want of novelty in the selections. The principal singers almost always give the same pieces. We have *Alexis*, and *the Soldier's Dream*, and *Old Robin Gray*, for ever and ever. It is a maxim in commerce, that demand creates supply. In music, on the contrary, we suspect that supply creates demand. Novelty and variety are stimuli which the public appetite rarely resists, and if few new singers of talent, and few compositions of merit have appeared, we are inclined to attribute the dearth rather to the absence of ingenuity and effort, than to the want of patronage. Why have Mozart and Rossini, and other foreign composers, obtained such universal reception? Why complain of their reception, if that reception be not universal? But it has been and is universal, as we cannot but own, when we go to the oratorios, and of six encores perceive that five of them are given to Italian amatory, or comic concerted pieces; when Handel's finest sacred productions obtain no such distinction. This is decisive. Box, pit, and gallery, are allured by the catching melodies of the Italians. They who understand, and they who do not understand the language, are alike delighted with the beauty of air, and the richness of accompaniment. Even the *Messiah* is now performed with the addition of Mozart's accompaniments.

In opposition to these circumstances may, however, be placed some national facts, which seem to indicate the sterling excellence of English taste. Mr. Bochsa, who has this year the management of the Covent Garden oratorios, commenced his novelties by introducing (as we have before stated) Rossini's oratorio *Mose in Egitto*. This was performed by Italian singers, and an



English translation was subjoined in the books, in order to give it every possible advantage. Now we do not hesitate to affirm that no event for the last twenty years has so highly benefited the English school, and the English profession, as this attempt, and its failure. The composition is flowery and unmeaning to a degree that sinks it to the lowest contempt, when compared with Handel's treatment of parts of the same subject. How infinitely meagre and miserable did the *Passage of the Red Sea* appear to those who had the slightest recollection of *For the Horse of Pharaoh*, and the succeeding recitative and choruses! It so happened that, on Wednesday, we heard *Mose in Egitto*, at Covent Garden; and, on the Monday following, Handel's transcendently magnificent composition, where only it can be said to be performed,—at the rehearsal of the Ancient Concert at Hanover-square. At Covent Garden we felt, while listening to the multitudinous notes and divisions which Rossini has substituted for the grandeur and simplicity of true expression, the infinite nothingness of his *Mose*. At Hanover-square, Handel, indeed, "triumphed gloriously." Nor was the composer alone pre-eminent. When we compared the sad endeavour of Placci and De Begnis to be serious and sublime, with the unaffected solid dignity and purity of Vaughan and Miss Stephens; when we remembered the coarse bellowing of the Choruses at the theatre, which grated upon the ear like the tearing of brown paper magnified; when this too was put in competition with the noble swell and fall, the fine aggregate of sound, which proceeds from numbers of *attempered* voices seeking to compound a rich mixture of the best tone, rather than confound the hearer by mere loudness; when these reminiscences, and these actual effects, were presented to us, they flashed conviction on our mind, that the public would soon be glad to return to its old and juster predilections. And so it has early proved. Handel and Haydn, not, however, quite without an alloy of the Italian opera, have been found necessary to recruit the treasury of Covent Garden. The *Messiah* was last Friday given en-

tire, and the audience was more numerous than any that has attended since the first night, malgré the repetition of Mr. Bochsa's own *Deluge*.

Mr. Bochsa's *Deluge* was, notwithstanding, a great attempt, and, consequently, as it must be owned to have failed, a great failure. Mr. Bochsa, however, is a man of various and extraordinary talent, and if he has not succeeded in this exalted instance, his error lies as much in the principle as in the execution. The *Deluge* is almost entirely imitative music, and imitative of elementary warfare and destructiveness. Haydn, in his *Creation*, and in his *Seasons*, has touched lightly those images which Mr. Bochsa has endeavoured to concentrate. He has aimed at carrying description beyond its just limits, and has failed. The opening symphony expressing the dawn, and the natural objects that grace "the hour of prime," is, indeed, exquisite in its kind, and gives a promise which, we lament to say, most of the succeeding parts of the oratorio disappoint. Recitative and chorus succeed each other in a heavy train, and a want of melody adds to the lack of interest. Grandeur subsides into dullness. The fact is, the whole thing has been too little considered. The subject demanded the most profound thought, the most perfect arrangement, the most sublime expression. Mr. Bochsa's uncommon brilliancy and fertility are faculties acting in diametrical opposition to deep consideration and lofty elevation of mind. Above all, he has plunged into a subject which has already been most magnificently treated, and he offers his work to a tribunal whose principles, as they regard such compositions, are as austere as they are pure. And such are the reasons which probably have dimmed the lustre of talents undoubtedly great and diversified. The oratorios, however, generally speaking, are proceeding prosperously under Mr. Bochsa's management, and much pains are obviously used, and much skill employed in catering for the public taste. The principal English singers, and those from the Opera, form, as it were, two complete choirs for the display of both styles in their highest present perfection; and although we

cannot abate our disapprobation of the anomalous junction of things sacred and profane,—we are bound to admit, that the manager has left no exertions untried to deserve the favor of the public.

While the attraction of vocal music, as in the instance of the Vocal Concerts, appears to have in a measure declined, instrumental retains its full ascendancy. The subscription to the Philharmonic is more than full, and long pieces are frequently encored. At this concert Mr. Field, a young professor from Bath, has played a Pianoforte Concerto with the most complete success. He is allowed by the first judges so nearly to equal Moschelles himself, that the slight objections taken to this admission are rather differences than distinctions. His attainments are really prodigious for his age (21); and to the honour of his talents and judgment, we understand he cultivates languages and literature with as much zeal and enthusiasm as his own art.

The Opera is better supported by the public than by the board of management. Of the three new singers produced, Cartoni and Graziani are infinitely below mediocrity, and Madame Caradori is so deficient in power as to be all but excluded by that deficiency from such a theatre. Cartoni has appeared as *Fernando* in *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Selim* in *Il Turco in Italia*. His voice is a heavy bass, his intonation terribly defective, and his execution by no means of a kind to accommodate itself to the rapidity of Rossini's multitudinous notes. Graziani, with a meagre brassy voice, scarcely ever sings a note in tune. It is really lamentable that such a singer as Miss Mori should be compelled to give place to Graziani. Is it (as has been suggested) because Miss Mori is an Englishwoman? Curioni has been reinforced by Begrez, who improves every time we hear him. He not only has a fine voice and a correct ear, but his manner of forming his tone is Italian, and exactly true, his taste is good, and his execution improving every hour. He is unquestionably the best tenor in London by many degrees. In the general management of the Opera there seems to be a great want of novelty and ex-

cellence in the little that is produced; *Il Barone di Dolsheim* to wit.

An Oratorio has been established at the Olympic Theatre: The performers are, however, all second rate, but it will probably serve to extend the circle of musical taste to an almost new class of auditors. This attempt will also have the effect of encreasing the number of singers, since young aspirants are here admitted to try their powers. A Miss Myer, who has lately appeared, is well spoken of, but we have had no opportunity of hearing her.

A series of concerts at the Opera Concert Room is about to be established.

While the King was at Dublin, it was the remark of those who were accustomed to observe the general pleasure his Majesty derives from music, that he gave no attention to any that he heard. At length, a Master Ornskirk, a boy about fourteen, sang an Irish air at a public dinner, which so much affected the King that he shed tears. This boy has a beautiful voice and strong feeling. The circumstance of course attracted notice, and he is now in England, and in great request at the private concerts of the nobility. He sings in a pure good style.

No singer has of late made so rapid a start into reputation as Mr. Sapio. He has unquestionably considerable natural advantages and scientific acquirements, but he has still much to learn, in English singing most especially. He has, however, no competitor.

Miss Fearon, the English Catalani, as she has been called, has been for some time on the Continent, and during the last two years has been much followed. Sinclair also has gained considerable applause, and, it is said, has improved his style. The lady will shortly appear at Drury Lane; and, we believe, Sinclair also is expected in England. Braham (very wisely) has not sung this season. Signora Corri has appeared at Paris, but without the success she certainly deserves. She too has proceeded to Italy.

The veteran, Clementi, has been for some months in Germany. Several new Symphonies of his composition have been given in the cities where he has sojourned, and these

works and their composer have received due honour. At the court of Bavaria, in particular, he was distinguished with singular marks of respect.

Catalani is, or was very lately, at Bath.

We now come to the new publications of the month.

*Two favourite Irish Airs arranged for the Pianoforte, by Meves*, are in an easy and elegant style. The character of the second air, *Love's young dream*, which perhaps it derives entirely from Mr. Moore's words, has not been sufficiently preserved. The lesson is, however, extremely pretty.

*The first Number of a Series of Hibernian Airs arranged for the Pianoforte, by Burrowes*. The Caledonian airs with variations, by the same composer, are already before the public. The form of the Rondo is adopted in the present set. *Planxty Connor*, a very lively air, has been selected as the subject of the first number, and this sprightliness pervades the entire piece. Mr. Burrowes's style is well known, and this is in his best manner. If his combinations are not strictly original, they are always melodious and agreeable. His aim is to please, and in this he completely succeeds. The Hibernian airs will probably be as great favourites as his other compositions. His Scottish Rondos are easy Pianoforte lessons in an agreeable style.

*Addio Teresa, a favourite Italian Air, with Variations for the Pianoforte, by Latour*. This piece is simple, graceful, and elegant, and has the brilliancy of more difficult and studied compositions, although within the compass of limited execution.

*Les Belles Fleurs, by N. Rolfe*, three easy and agreeable airs for beginners.

*A Military Air with Variations, by Ries*. *The dashing white Serjeant*, as sung on the stage, is in bad taste, and it is in still worse to have selected it as a theme for variations. As a melody it has nothing to recommend it, and when associated with the words it becomes disgusting. The variations are, however, worthy of a better subject; the first contains ingenious imitations between the parts; the second is bold

and effective from the strength of the bass; the third is in an agreeable legato style. The sixth and seventh degenerate into the vulgarity of the air, they remind us of the dance of the clown in a pantomime.

*The Polacca, Si dolce e il mio contento, from Tancredi, arranged for the Pianoforte, by Ries*. The introduction contains passages from the subject ingeniously interwoven with the original parts. The elegance of the theme is preserved, and agreeably varied, whilst the general style of the composition is brilliant and animated.

*Six Notturnos for the Pianoforte, by A. A. Kleugel*. These compositions are in a singular and highly original manner. They afford great practice and vast scope for the powers of the left hand, the bass being very prominent and forcible in all of them. They are capable of great expression, and in this branch of the art may be considered as good studies.

Mr. Horsley has published a spirited glee, for three voices, upon words by Mrs. Opie, *Crown the passing Hour with Joy*. It has all the purity of this composer's style, which however does not impair the effect.

*Love wakes and weeps, by Mr. Barnett*, is a composition of much merit, both in respect to melody and accompaniment. Mr. Barnett will be remembered as a boy of talent while a singer at Covent Garden, and as a composer he has shown powers of imagination much above the common, in several songs.

*The Children of the Mist*, a musical play, introduced at Covent Garden, has several pleasing things by Bishop and Ware. The music being the work of more than one hand, indicates, indeed, that the task of setting the words was required to be executed in a time too brief even for the feather-weighted speed of the regular composer to the house. Due allowance ought, therefore, to be given for these "insects of an hour."

Mr. Bishop's Trio, *How deep the Sigh*, for two trebles and a tenor, is very clever, and may be sung with considerable effect. Mr. Ware's song *November's hail-cloud drifts away*, is also pretty. But the great attraction has been in two old Scotch Airs, *Charlie is my Darling*, and *We're a' noddin*, sung by Miss Stephens.

## THE DRAMA.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

*Mr. Mathews.*

THE public look with as much anxiety for the annual opening of Mr. Mathews's budget, as for the bringing forward of Mr. Vansittart's; and they are quite as sure of suffering in their pockets from the one as from the other:—Mr. Mathews inflicts upon them, however, a pleasurable taxation;—and they pay it with all their hearts, for he is Thalia's minister;—while Mr. Vansittart, we fear, is but the financier of Melpomene. To have done, however, with this political jargon (we know not how we became involved in it), let us devote the little space and time we are this month enabled to afford to the description of the singular exertions of "this marvellous proper man;"—this actor of actors;—this Mr. Mathews.

The entertainment which he has this year brought forward is intitled "The Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews,"—and, to us, who take a peculiar delight in auto-biography, the subject now produced is one of the most promising and fruitful kind. Some one has remarked (Dr. Johnson, perhaps), that every man may record something interesting, if he will write from his own observation and experience;—if this remark will hold good with respect to Mr. Giblett the poulterer, and Mr. Wigley the hair-dresser,—and Mr. Anybody else, the anything else,—how must it flourish with such a person as Mr. Mathews. The early life of an actor is the very essence of experience.—It hath a strange garb—motley coloured—it is made of shreds and patches,—it is a gorgeous pantomime with a bright opening, and a long train of cuffs and changes. Mr. Mathews runs it all through, even from his boyish days; he unfolds to us the whole mystery of breaking away from home, of acting by stealth in nooks and corners, of getting up three-pair-of-stairs-tyrants and garret-Romcos,—of going mad, in short, at seventeen, and following the bedlamite muse with that incurable frenzy against which St. Luke, and not St. Covent Garden, has set his face.

This entertainment is made up of facts and fancies, and we credit the whole. Mathews was born in the Strand, and he tells us so;—he is 40 odd years of age,—and he tells us so;—he was a long thin restless child, he does not disguise it, and we can readily believe him;—and his first painted disobedience was committed in the company of Master Elliston (was Elliston ever little?) up two pair of stairs, at a pastry cook's in the Strand,—this he avouches, and it sounds like truth. This mixture of whim and matter of fact is surely mighty pleasant.—Well—but to give a slight "abridgment for the use of schools," let us hastily run over some of the incidents and characters which are crowded into this eventful history.—We are sure our readers who live beyond 30 or 40 milestones, on the London roads, will love us for giving them the memoirs of such a man as Mathews, if ever so much "in little." Old Mr. Mathews was a bookseller, a serious bookseller (we writers know what a serious bookseller is), and was devoted to Bunyan, and not to Banquo:—he observed burnt corks in corners, and rouge pots in cupboards, and very soberly remonstrated with his mad son about his lunacy. Old Mr. Deans of Scotland could not have drawn down a more stern lip at the knowledge of Effie's abomination—dancing,—than the senior Mr. Mathews was ever disposed to do, when he contemplated the playful habits of his child Master Charles. Much argument was carried on between *Pater* and *Filius*; and, at length, Mathews was bound apprentice, before Wilkes, to the bookselling business; what a pity he did not continue in it, so as to have published his present Memoirs! Wilkes, looking ineffably with one eye on one Mr. Mathews, and one eye on the other, gave the sucking apprentice a lecture on the duties he had to fulfil. Master Mathews pined at the counter,—turned "a deaf eye" to Doddridge, and pored over the Devil to Pay; took an expensive sixteenth, or some such share, in the blank lottery of a private play, and, at length, resolved

to cut the shop, and get into the public line. His father seeing his determined bent (how precious was this little twig bent, as the tree has since inclined) gave way in parental despair to the spirit of the stage, and Thalia walked away with her bargain to a country company. Mathews proceeds to relate the anecdotes, and to sketch the characters which he met with during his strolling life,—and certainly nothing can be given with more vivacity, originality, and effect. Familiar jests are spiced anew, and relish of a first flavour; and well known men are drawn and grouped with the hand of a Hogarth. Cooke, who led a sort of fairy life of inebriety, and actually lived in cups, is finely painted on a strong background, and shines out through a spirit-varnish, like one of the genuine *old masters*! Macklin, too, in all the rugged energies of age, is well and faithfully given. We never heard Mr. Curran speak, but the portrait looks as if it were a likeness, and bears about it that characteristic mark which answers for its truth. At the York theatre Mr. Mathews became acquainted with that whimsical, original, charming old man, Tate Wilkinson, the manager, and having time and opportunity at his command, he took a *whole length* of this singular and delightful personage; it is to our taste the most spirited and pleasant portrait in his collection. Tate was old when Mathews became acquainted with him; but age seemed only to have warmed and ripened the eccentricities and quaint virtues of his character; and it would appear that, like the aloe, he blossomed at the end of a hundred years. He had a peculiar manner of cocking up his wig, or wiglet, slouching his hat, and wearing the collar of his coat back upon his shoulders, so as to leave the nape of his neck, of about the size of a plate, open to all lookers on. He was an ardent admirer, and a profound judge of good acting; and the moment any performer in his company showed genius, Tate procured him an engagement at a London theatre, “for he was too good to stay at York.” His conversation, expressed in a slouched manner after the fashion of his hat, generally treated of about

five subjects at once, in the proportion of three sympathies to about two antipathies. He let none of them drop, but kept them all in play like the juggler with his balls. He seemed weaving a conversation of several different threads, so exactly did he take each subject in its turn and work it in. Mrs. Siddons,—Diamond’s dinner,—his own hatred of rats,—Kemble’s Rolla,—and Garrick, nearly made a topic for him, and a very charming rondeau did he play upon them. Mathews portrays all the tedious kindness, and odd peevishness, and motley-coloured plaid-pattern’d discourse, and dramatic judgment of this Sir Roger De Coverley of actors, to the perfect life. He comes forward on the stage, Tate, to the very collar of his coat. We could listen to this old man till we were as old as he!

Mathews introduces us to many other characters of a more ideal kind, compounded of the whims picked from clusters of men. Mr. George Augustus Fipley, the young gentleman who is convinced “the line of beauty” is preserved in his person; and Mr. Trombone, the little bass singer who “could reach G.” are thus fashioned. But all real, all imaginary characters must sink before the dear, melancholy, merry man of Wales, Mr. Llewellyn ap Llydd, who, with the person of old Daniel Lambert, has the spirit of Mercutio. Had Falstaff taken, as he promised, “to live cleanly as a gentleman ought,” he would have learned Welch, and survived in Mr. Llewellyn. We are now convinced, for the first time, that the first of men was a Welshman. O! commend us to his pleasant lamentations—his plump distress—his charming trouble!—pining fatter and pining fatter, he waddles and wanders from spring to sea, from sea to well, from well to pump, from pump to sea, from sea to spring, from spring to well—round he goes,—round he gets,—there is no end!—“Am I thinner, think you?” uttered for ever in a mild sleek melancholy chuckle—and again, and yet again echoed with yet a tenderer mirth—“Am I thinner?” We loved him by description, but when we saw him in the last act come on the stage all in nankeen, and fat, and smiles,



yellow as butter, and almost of the same material—we could have made him an offer. He looked like the jolly Autumn in his person, with all the mildness of Spring in his manners. His eye, the colour of the leek, swam in his countenance in a fine faint green light!—He seemed fairly to have got the better of the atmospheric pressure, and to be a Welshman fit for heaven. What an ethereal Bonassus! He describes his walking into the Fives Court by mistake.—What a *swell* must they have considered him there! Spring himself could not have *doubled* up that Primrose Hill of a belly—Randall's little arm could not have compassed that wondrous neck, and the chancery suit must have dropped! The Gas man would have shrunk from his fatal *lugger*, and have patted Llewellyn's cheek! What a creature to have "gone to scale!" For the present we bid farewell to dear Ap Llydd!—but often shall we drop in during the coming months to hear his nightingale note—"Am I thinner—am I thinner?" Such a man can never fall off!

We need hardly say that this entertainment hits our taste exactly; had we written it ourselves we could not have made it better. And Mr.

Mathews carols his way through it in a way that convinces us he takes a pleasure in his business. Of the songs, we certainly think the Rubber at Whist, and the Volunteer Field Day are the best—though the quarrel over the cards is kept up a little too long, and the old game of playing at soldiers is now over. Major Sturgeon is gone to his long home, and Captain Pattypan sleeps in glory and Cripple-gate.

The last act is a little farce, in which many of the characters appear in character. It is lively and rapid, and never suffers the audience to un-wrinkle its visage. Mr. Mark Magnum, a tipsy steward, flurried with content, flushed with wine, and flustered with song, is quite our favourite. We remember him at the New London perfectly.

We must now conclude. We are not very loquacious this month, but we trust we have said enough to induce every London reader we have to pass three hours (by the stop-watch) with Mr. Mathews. The country gentlemen must really come up to town:—they do wrong to lose a moment in booking their places with the Balloon and the Box-keeper.

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#### ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE affairs of the Porte appear latterly to have taken rather a favourable turn, if it be true as reported, that peace has been restored between that power and Persia, thus diminishing at all events the number of her opponents. With respect to the state of her negotiations with Russia, it is quite impossible to speak with any certainty; the report of to-morrow supersedes that of to-day, and in the end, each is alike traceable to that common, prolific, and in some degree, prescriptive parent of all reports, the Stock Exchange. Turkey, however, continues actively her formidable preparations, and an occurrence is reported to have taken place, which, if true, may operate as a death blow to the Greek cause; this is no other than the so often rumoured death of the too famous Ali Pacha. The versions of it are different, but

they all agree in the result; one of the most remarkable is the following; that having been only able to obtain from Chourschid Pacha, who, it will be recollected, besieged him in Joannina, a passport for his own personal safety to Malta, leaving his immense treasure at the disposal of his enemies, he collected his wealth and family in one of the vaults of the fortress in which he had deposited several barrels of gunpowder. Just as he was going with his own hand to fire the train, one of his relatives remonstrated, whom Ali instantly shot dead upon the spot! The rest of the family, urged by desperation at the crisis, rushed upon the Pacha, with whose head they purchased an amnesty from the Turkish General; the head has since been paraded through the streets of Constantinople amid the universal joy of



its inhabitants. Such is the generally received report, about which, however, there are some sceptics, who attribute it to a stratagem of the "old Wolf," as Ali is nicknamed, one of whose peculiar devices seems to have been the report of his death. Much as we detest the character of this gifted monster, we confess we should regret such an occurrence at this moment; the death of Ali would enable Chourschid Pacha instantly to repair to the Morea with an army of 23,000 men; where he would soon be joined by the Pacha of Salonica, now marching thither, and their junction would swell the effective Turkish force in the Morea to at least 60,000 men! If such should prove the case, we fear there will be but little rest as yet for those who toss upon the "gory beds" of Marathon and Thermopylae.

The accounts from France possess one exclusive character—revolt and rebellion. Every day proves that the Ultra administration are not fit to govern or scarcely to live in revolutionized France. They seem to have returned to the country under the delusion that the public mind has stood still during the last thirty years. They forget that the throes by which they were heaved into England, produced, as it were, a new political birth in their country; that the child of the revolution has now grown into manhood, and they absurdly endeavour to lull it with tales of priestcraft, and to swathe it in the swaddling clothes of the old regime. The consequence is natural. Risings have taken place in various parts of the country, which have all the appearance of previous concert. The most serious of these was headed by General Berthon, an old contemporary of Napoleon, at the Military College of Brienne; he is a man of considerable talent and of some literary acquirements, having been for some years a coadjutor of the Minerve. This General raised the tri-coloured cockade in Saumur at the head of 50 men, who are stated to have at one time increased to 2,000. Subsequent reports say that his force has dispersed, and that its leader has taken refuge in the forest of Parthenay, into which numerous bands of Gens d'armes have been sent with

directions to take him alive, if possible. Such is the result as mentioned in the very questionable columns of the Parisian press. The metropolis itself has been the scene of commotion. In despite of popular feeling, it seems, the missionaries, countenanced by the Archbishop of Paris, continue to preach; the churches are instantly surrounded by a mob who throw squibs and crackers amongst the ultra congregation, and a general dispersion takes place amid the groans of the devout and the trumpets of the military! such is stated to be a daily spectacle; a decent way certainly of recommending Christianity to a nation. On one occasion, the students of the Law College in Paris assembled round the pillar in the Place de Vendome, shouting "Vive la liberté," "Vive la charte," they were at last dispersed by the soldiery. This, bad as it seems, is however, almost peaceable when compared with the conduct adopted in the Chamber of Deputies. During the debate on the finance law, M. Tervaux openly accused the government of a design to introduce the despotism which France had exploded. Benjamin Constant went even farther than this, denouncing in the most indignant terms their foreign and domestic mismanagement. This provoked the utmost fury of the Ultras: the expressions—"Take care of your head,"—"We have heard enough of your horrors,"—"You are a rebellious, factious instigator of commotions,"—"You are the friend of Berthon; the apostle of revolution in every country—silence, you rebel, you ought to be impeached," assailed the speaker as he stood in the tribune, and at last, all the deputies on the right side rising in a body and rushing out of the chamber, terminated a scene which disgraced the seat of legislation, and afforded but a poor specimen of Ultra argument, and a still worse one of Ultra civilization. It is utterly impossible that such a state of things can long continue:—where fires are thus exploding over the whole surface of a country, the existence of an internal volcano cannot be considered as doubtful.

It is a curious fact, that one of the Bourbon tribunals has been lately oc-

occupied in a legal discussion about Napoleon's Will. M. Lafitte, the Banker, had refused to pay over to the executors a large sum of money which the late Emperor had deposited in his hands, alleging that he might be liable to a second claim on the part of the heir; the tribunal in the first instance dismissed the suit of the executors, on the ground that they only proved *extracts* from the Will, when they were bound legally to produce the document entire. The original Will is in England. It is a most important and voluminous document, and would, we are credibly informed, occupy a man at least twelve hours in the transcription. Its publication is, however, at present rendered unnecessary. We know from our peculiar private sources that Lafitte has compounded with the executors on the following terms. He agrees to allow 4 per cent. interest from a certain date, which he guarantees to pay for five years, at the expiration of which period he is to pay the principal, provided no demand is previously made on behalf of the young Napoleon.

The state of the public mind in Spain may be collected from the single fact, that the popular chief Riego has been nominated President of the Cortes. A deputation waited on the monarch to acquaint him with the election, with the news of which he is said to have been considerably affected. He opened the session, however, on the 1st, with a speech from the throne, and was answered by Riego, who spoke of the obstacles which the constitutional cause still encountered, and of the firm determination of the Cortes to remove them. The King left the hall amid the shouts of "Long live the constitutional King,"—"the Cortes," and the "Spanish Nation." It is said, that the departure of the King of Portugal has proved fatal to his sovereignty in the Brazils, and that various parties have arisen in that country, who, whatever may be their ulterior views, are united in a determination to rescue the Colonies from European thralldom.

An edict has been issued by the Emperor of China, forbidding the admission into his dominions of some Christian Missionaries who had arrived there, for the purpose of pro-

pagating their religion. What else could they have expected?

The domestic report of this month is neither very voluminous nor very satisfactory. Disturbances have broken out in some parts of England, occasioned by penury, and want of employment. In Ireland, we have the same sad catalogue of alternate crime and conviction. Thirty-two poor creatures are said to have been sentenced to death in one batch at the special commission for the County of Cork, one half of whom were told that they held the tenure of their lives on the good conduct of those who were at large! That is, they were to be held responsible, and fatally responsible, for the acts of those over whom they could have no control! Such, at least, is the account of the Irish papers. At the special sessions for either Cork or Limerick, one farmer was transported for seven years, under the blessed insurrection Act, because he was found out of his own house *fifteen minutes after sunset*!! Such are the means taken to quiet Ireland. While on this subject, we present our readers with the following official document, which, we will venture to say, speaks trumpet-tongued the necessity of some immediate attention to the desperate misery of this neglected part of our empire.

An abstract of the population of Ireland, according to the late census printed by order of the House of Commons, makes the number of souls in 1821, in

Leinster .....	1,785,702
Munster .....	2,005,363
Ulster .....	2,001,966
Connaught .....	1,053,918

Total in Ireland...6,846,949

The enumeration of several counties in 1813 is also given; and it is curious to observe that the increase of population has been beyond proportion greatest in the disturbed counties. The population of Cork County in 1813, was 523,936; in 1821, it is 702,000. But the most extraordinary increase is that of Limerick: in 1813, it was 103,865; in 1821, it is 214,286—that is, it has more than doubled itself in eight years.

Our parliamentary register for this month contains matter of much importance, and of some novelty—ministers not having on every occasion latterly maintained that preponderance which has been hitherto consi-

dered as a matter of course in an unreformed House of Commons. The first subject upon which the administration evinced any weakness, was on a proposition brought forward by Mr. Calcraft, for a gradual repeal of the tax upon salt. As the tax now stands, it amounts to fifteen shillings on each bushel, and the suggestion was, to reduce that duty five shillings a year, until the whole should be extinct. In one year, according to this plan, the calculation was, that the revenue would be reduced 500,000*l.*! This was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground, that the moment a repeal to such an extent took place in this article, the trade in salt would be completely at a stand. On a division, the numbers were—for the proposition, 165—against it, 169—leaving government a majority of only 4. This, which in former days would have been considered tantamount to a virtual abolition of the tax, was in a few days after followed by a defeat of signal importance. We allude to the debate on the expenses of the Admiralty office. Sir J. Osborne, after a flourishing panegyric on the saving which had been effected in the contingent expenses of that department, concluded by moving for a grant of 57,616*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.* to defray the current expenses of the office during the present year. To this an amendment was proposed by the Opposition, moving a reduction of 2,000*l.* in the vote, being the salary of the two junior, or as they are technically termed, *lay* Lords of the Admiralty. A long debate ensued, in which the advocates for the amendment declared the utter inutility of these appointments, and ministers as vehemently contended for their importance; at the close, however, the numbers appeared to be, for the amendment, 182—against it, 128—leaving ministers in a minority of 54! Those two useless offices have since been abolished.

A question of some importance to persons in confinement, at least for political offences, was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. James, who complained of a breach of the privileges of parliament, by the opening of letters addressed to him by a prisoner in Lancaster gaol; the practice was avowed and jus-

tified under the Act 31 Geo. III. by which the organization of regulations for various places of confinement was vested in the local magistracy, subject to the revision of the circuit judges of assize; in Lancashire, the provisions of this Act had been strictly complied with, and the practice now complained of was sanctioned by the local regulations. The house divided, confirming the propriety of the practice, by a majority of 107.

Lord Palmerston submitted the Army Estimates to the house, in which, as compared with last year, he stated a decrease of charge upon the public to the amount of 537,849*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.* The Chancellor of the Exchequer's plan for the proposed reduction of the five per cents. has passed into a law. The plan may be stated to have completely succeeded, as upon the closing of the Bank books, in which the dissentients were to be enrolled, the number of non-contents amounted to only 1,373, and the sum total of the property represented by them to 2,605,978*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*; a mere mite compared to the property vested in that species of stock.

A motion was made by Lord Normanby for the reduction of one of the Postmaster's General, upon the ground, that the appointment of two officers of that description was an unnecessary waste of the public money. This was opposed by ministers, on the ground, that such an appointment was "*necessary to the machine of government*," and that, according to a resolution of a finance committee in 1817, the revenue of the Post Office should not be placed under the control of a single postmaster. Upon a division, there appeared for the motion, 159—against it, 184—leaving ministers a majority of 25.

The business in the House of Lords has been divested of all interest, with the exception of a few observations made by the Duke of Devonshire on the important subject of the tithe question on presenting an Irish petition. As the question is however to be soon discussed at length, we shall content ourselves at present with the mere mention of the fact.

March 24, 1822.

## MONTHLY REGISTER,

APRIL 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

AMONGST the latest and worst symptoms of Agricultural distress have been the disorderly assemblies of the starving or alms-taking labourers in the eastern counties of the kingdom, their destruction of thrashing and drill machines, and most disastrous and disgraceful of all—the felonious burnings of corn stacks, and other farming property. These are, as it were, practical comments on Lord Liverpool's doctrine of abundance being the cause of distress. The labourer is of the same opinion; and he but takes a short course to the same purpose which Lord Liverpool intends to effect by “time and patience.” “Leave things alone,” say the Ministers, and supply will accommodate itself to demand. A few thousands of farmers will be ruined, land will go out of cultivation, and then all will be as it should be; corn will be scarce, and obtain a high price, and the farmer will be remunerated; the pauper takes a shorter course. The competition amongst labourers is too great, says he; corn is too abundant—destroy the machines which supersede labour, intimidate the farmer from using them, and burn barns, stacks, and granaries. Our masters must employ us, and corn must rise; but, unfortunately, both the minister and the machine-breaker forget the present misery they inflict, and they forget also, what is even more important, that their process is only to exact more labour, in order to obtain the same quantity of the necessaries of life. This is a most curious species of economy. This, however, is a sad strain of pleasantry into which we are forced by ministerial folly and pauper-crime; for between both, the strength of the nation, “the bold yeomanry their country's pride” is crumbling away like the independence by which their spirit has been hitherto upheld, but which is now fast breaking.

Nor does there appear any probability of the application of wholesome remedies. Ministers are obviously all abroad upon the subject, and as it should seem are rather anxious to shift the responsibility than manfully to meet the occasion. They have, indeed, denied the efficacy of reduction of taxation, but they propose nothing in its stead. It is stated that the remedies suggested by the committee at present sitting, are to reduce the sum (80s. per

quarter) at which importation is now allowed, to 70s. per quarter; to impose a duty of 15s., when wheat is under 80s.; and of 5s. when above 80s., and under 85s. In the mean time, government is to expend one million sterling in the purchase of corn to be warehoused. When this latter proposal was put to the vote, it is added, Lord Londonderry and Mr. Robinson *left the room, in order to avoid voting*. The division was ten to ten, and the proposition was carried by the casting vote of Mr. Gooch, the chairman.

The object of these provisions is artificial regulation—the source of all our present evils—and the result is easy to be foreseen. But we cannot help persuading ourselves that the good sense of the country, expressed through the medium of the periodical prints, will co-operate with the calmer judgment of parliament, and will prevent the adoption of this absurd series of propositions, the only end of which must be to allure the farmer on by fresh but unavailing hopes; and thus conciliate for a short time the landed interest in parliament.

The question, as we have said in our former reports, mainly depends upon the relation which domestic supply bears to demand. If the foreign growth is wanted at all, in any visitation of the seasons, no regulation, short of such a duty, as it is alike wicked and absurd to suppose the country would endure, can preclude the influx of an immense quantity of foreign corn. The want being indefinite, the supply must also be indefinite; and the whole world, from Archangel to Canada, would be eager to pour their superabundant stores, now rotting in their warehouses, into this country. But to consider the propositions as they stand.

Government is to expend a million in corn. In what market or markets? At what periods? The thing itself is not absolutely impracticable, but unless its effects are to be sudden, they will not be perceptible. If sudden, they will most probably raise the price sufficiently to open the ports. For unless they raise the price to that rate, the farmer will not be benefited; if they do raise the price to that point, the farmer will be again overwhelmed with an influx greater than that of 1818, because the

quantity on hand in the foreign marts is so much more immense now than it was then, and because the price is so much lower. The moment the price *approaches* the sum at which importation is allowed, every manœuvre to open the ports will be played off by the holders of the large stocks of foreign grain now in warehouse, and by the merchants whose interest it may be to import; and if, under the present system of averages, a manœuvre of the capitalist could powerfully affect the market, what will the same means effect when aided by government purchases? To make this assurance doubly sure, the present importation rate of 80*s.* is to be lowered to 70*s.* Should parliament then adopt the resolution to expend a million in the purchase of corn, there can scarcely be a doubt the averages would open the ports by the 15th of August, the period most favourable to importations from the north. Already the supply in the London market begins to slacken; the last three weeks have not exhibited more than from one half to a third of the quantities usually brought up coastways.

When we come to examine the proposal for a duty of 15*s.* per quarter, (on wheat) it promises scarcely less disaster to the farmer. Wheat has fallen one-third, and can now be bought for 20*s.* per quarter in the northern ports. The meditated duty, and charges of import, would not add more than 20*s.* to the price. Thus, wheat might be brought into England at 40*s.* The present average is 46*s.* 9*d.* Even a rise of 6*s.* per quarter would therefore leave the English grower just where he now stands. From these statements, it should appear to be impracticable to propose any legal provision, by which the certainty of an adequate supply can be ensured, together with a fair remuneration to the English grower *under his present expenses.* There either is, or there is not, a necessity for an occasional supply from abroad. If we grow enough for our consumption, the price must fall to the exportation rate; for no man will export, until he finds he cannot obtain at home a price equal to what he can obtain abroad. If, on the contrary, any occurrence, a bad harvest or an insufficient growth, the one probable in the course of nature, the other in the progress of an increasing population, and a discouraging state of Agricultural property; if either of these circumstances lead to the necessity of a foreign supply, that supply cannot be limited in its amount, and it is most likely that the influx would be so vast, particularly under the proposed regulations, as to reduce the price again for years to come, and generate the same evils and the same complaints amongst the landed interest. We are, indeed, of opinion,

that the supply and consumption are nearly in equilibrium, for reasons we have formerly given; namely, that the average import to 1819, for twenty-eight years, was 500,000 quarters of wheat alone, besides flour and other grain; and because these are the best grounds for supposing that the importations of 1817, and 1818, only displaced an equal bulk of British produce, which the British farmer was induced to hold back, yet which has been of late forced into the market. Upon the whole, then, we think the necessity for importation is much more near and urgent than is generally imagined.

We have stated these objections, in order to impress the country as generally as possible with the manifest incompetency of the resolutions of the committee to the end proposed. By leaving the committee to their own suggestions, Ministers permit the country-gentlemen to cut their own throats, as they did in 1816, by allowing them the choice between a duty and the warehousing clause, when the representatives of the landed interest at the conference at Fife House preferred the latter. Here too, then, they shift the responsibility, and reserve the power of hereafter turning round upon those shallow and interested politicians, and saying, this is your own work; while their seeming concessions secure them the support of those of the County and other Members, who have of late shown some symptoms of tergiversation. But the farmer should be especially guarded, and let him never forget, that he has no safety but in the *reduction of his outgoings* to such a rate as may enable him to defy foreign competition. The rest is all fallacy, as the intercourse of the world now stands.

The extraordinary mildness of the season has continued, and indeed within the last few days the air has had the temperature of summer. Even in the eastern parts of the kingdom, vegetation in general is at least a month more forward than usual. The blackthorn has in many places already burst into leaf. Ploughing is very forward—beans are sown, and the grasses look particularly well and thriving. The turnips are running away, and are so plentiful, that in some places the crier has in vain offered acres to be fed off, gratis. Long wool is not so ready of sale, nor so high in price by a shilling a tod. The spring markets in Scotland have been well supplied with cattle at lower prices than at the end of autumn. The meat markets also are low for the season. In Smithfield, the supply exceeds the demand, both of oxen and sheep, and prices are reduced.

March 23, 1822.



## HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1822.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair Venus' train appear;  
Disclose the long expected flowers,  
And wake the purple year!

ALL vegetation, awakening from the torpor of its winter existence, is bursting silently and sweetly into its gaiety of life; each plant with unerring order advances into the fairy ranks of nature; and each as it rises fails not to portray, by perpetual change, the boundless power and beneficence of its great Creator. Vain would be the attempt to describe their beauties and their odours, rich and various as they are beyond the reach of words; even imagination, "amid its gay creation," feels its impotency.

—— If Fancy then  
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
Ah! what shall language do?

The fullness of the Horticulturist's labours has arrived; "from dawn of day till setting sun," he is found encompassed by incessant yet delightful toils and cares. Each portion of the soil is now manured, and brought in its order under the spade, preparatory to receiving the early and main crops for the supply of the year. Hot-beds are prepared "potent to resist the freezing blast," for the production of the melon, and—

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd  
So grateful to the palate, and when rare  
So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—  
Food for the vulgar merely.

Planting and pruning are nearly completed this month in the fruit garden. The beds and borders of the pleasure-grounds are also put in order for the reception of the various plants and seeds destined to be committed to their bosom. Feb. 1. The young and etiolated leaves of the hyacinth (*Scilla nutans* of Smith) this day burst through the surface of the earth. 3. The peach and nectarine trees, on a south-east wall, have at length resigned the last of their foliage: the period at which trees lose their verdant honours is greatly influenced by their age; under similar circumstances, the oldest resign them the first; the trees we are now speaking of are young and vigorous. 5. The dark-tinted sprouts of culinary or spear mint (*Mentha viridis*) and the leaf-tips of the tulip are now apparent;—two or three solitary scattered crocuses (*Crocus vernus*) are also in flower, crouching low upon the bosom of the parterres, as though afraid of the fickleness of the youthful year. 8. The buds of the gooseberry (*Ribes grossularia*) have this day burst their scaly envelope; and their leaflets are apparent.—The bullfinch (*Loxia pyr-*

shula), the indicator of reviving vegetation, has commenced his ravages upon the swelling buds; this is one of the feathered tribe that the Horticulturist never spares; he blasts the prospects of the year, without so much as giving the requital of a song. 13. The azure flowers of the hepatica, one of the earliest offspring of the year, and those of the laurel, are completely open. The leaves of the damask rose (*Rosa can-tifolia*) are rapidly expanding; and thus awakened from her winter's trance, she calls from us the lay of Casimir,—

Child of the Summer, charming Rose,  
No longer in confinement lie;  
Arise to light; thy form disclose;  
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The rains are gone; the storms are o'er;  
Winter retires to make thee way:  
Come then, thou sweetly blushing flower;  
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

14. The last remnants of the Mignonette (*Reseda odorata*) which had withstood the "coming of the Father of the Tempest," have now departed to mingle with their parent soil. 15. The autumn-planted brocoli is becoming fit for use; in the usual course of vegetation, this should not occur until the beginning of March. Some few flowers of "the yellow wall-flower stained with iron-brown," have ventured into life and fragrance. 16. The leaf-buds of the blackberry have burst even whilst the leaves of last year are unfallen. 18. The crocuses are now generally in flower, and some of those which were the heralds of the tribe are thus early beginning to droop. The tunicate sprout of the crown imperial has burst from its earthen prison; thus by degrees "Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;" and with her too come the gardener's foes, the weeds, which are now advancing in growth and mischief, in multitudes far "beyond the power of botanists to number up their tribes."

All hate the rank society of weeds,  
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust  
Th' impoverish'd earth, an overbearing race,  
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,  
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

One of the foremost and most predatory of these is the nettle (*Urtica urens*); "this plant, with peltitory of the wall, may be said," observes M. Brisseau Mirbel, "to seek the society of man and to haunt his footsteps:" this, as observed in our last month's report, is the consequence of their



requiring a soil containing nitrate of potass, which salt always abounds near the habitations of man: hurtful to, and despised as is this weed by, the cultivators of the soil, yet it is one of the comparatively few of the vegetable myriads of which man has discovered the utility; in the county of Salop, it is dressed and manufactured like flax into cloth; this is likewise the case in France, where too it is made into paper; when dried, this plant is acceptable to sheep and oxen; in Russia, a green dye is obtained from its leaves, and a yellow one from its roots; in the spring, every person is aware that nettle tops are made into a salutary pottage; and in Scotland they make a rennet from a decoction of it with common salt, for coagulating their milk, in the making of cheese. 21. A few flowerets of the white violet (*Viola odorata*) have made their appearance, "emblems, expressive emblems, of those virtues which delight to blossom in obscurity." The swelling of the flower-buds of the wall-fruit gives notice to the gardener to prepare his matting and the branches of firs for their protection, since Spring oft—

Brings her infants forth with many smiles;  
But once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.  
He, therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies

Her want of care, screening and keeping warm

The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast  
may sweep

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft

As the sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,

The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,

And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

25. The brilliantly verdant leaflets of the larch (*Pinus larix*) are expanding, as also are the crimson bourgeons of the peony, which have for some time protruded through the surface of the earth. The primrose (*Primula veris*) is now appearing beneath every hedge—

Low tenant of the peaceful glade,  
Emblem of virtue in the shade,  
Rearing its head to brave the storm  
That would its innocence deform.

The new year's leaves, in coronal shape, of the martagon and white lily (*Lilium candidum*) are rapidly advancing. The buds of the *Cercus Japonica* are expanding, and in a few days its yellow flowers will be apparent. This month has departed, like its predecessor, with scarcely a day of gloom; it has been a season over the remembrance of which no class of society need drop a tear; and were the approaching summer to pass by, "in pride of

youth," without a day more genial than that of the 23d, we are aware of no tribe of Flora or Pomona that would sigh for the more refulgent beams of the "parent of the seasons."

February has passed away, and March is gliding along in the train of time, with the same smiling aspect; their days "have mingled in peace," and the calendar alone is the indicator that "the month of many weathers" has commenced. This is the month for inserting most of the main crops on which depend our winter's supply; many too for successional production during the summer; as well as many inhabitants of the herbary, where required. It is hazardous any longer to continue planting and pruning trees; their sap "detruded to the roots by wintry winds," has recommenced its circulation; no planter should be unmindful of the homely adage, "plant in autumn, and command them to grow; plant in spring, and implore them to grow:" the work of preparation in the flower garden should also this month be completed. Mar. 2. The columbine (*Aquilegia vulgaris*), is showing its tufted heads along the borders. The first of the daffodils (*Pseudo Narcissus*) are trusting their "flowering gold to treacherous skies." 5. The leaflets of the black currant, and of the quince (*Pyrus cydonia*), are rapidly expanding. The blossom of the apricot, and other wall-fruit of the amygdalus tribe, are unfolding; "how my heart trembles, whilst my pen relates," for fear, in spite of hope, paints them scattered beneath the wall, by the blasts of

Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves.

Those trees, which as yet are too young to bear fruit, are also advancing in leaf. 9. "The violet darkly blue," is now generally in flower, peeping among its heart-shaped leaves. 11. The red currant (*Ribes rubrum*), is rapidly assuming "its mantle o' green." 13. Notwithstanding the apparently superior forwardness of the white lilac, yet the buds of the red (*Syringa vulgaris*), have led "the dance of life," and are the first to exhibit within their bosoms the tender embryo of their summer hopes. 15. The leaves of the thornless rose, and of the hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacantha*), are gradually becoming determinate. 19. The rich, yet soft-tinted auriculas, "enriched with shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves," are gradually displaying their flowers. The last few days have afforded to vegetation the "pellucid treasure of the clouds;" the appearance of the various tribes since its fall, declares how greatly this refreshment was required; "moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around."

Essex.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, March 22.)

WHILE the country is anxiously looking forward to the measures which government intends to bring forward, concerning the navigation laws, the warehousing system, and in general the restrictions upon foreign trade, the manufactures are stated to be in a very flourishing condition, and commerce to be considerably improved, and holding out prospects of increasing prosperity: though it must be obvious, that the uncertainty which prevails respecting the intended alterations in our system, must necessarily act as a temporary check on many operations. Thus, for instance, the announcement of a proposal by Mr. Curwen in the House of Commons, to lay a duty on foreign tallow, caused a great anxiety among the merchants connected with the Russian trade, not only on account of the immediate result, but also of the effect which such a measure might produce on the Russian cabinet, which, it must be owned, seems already disposed to throw every possible obstacle in the way of British commerce; for it cannot be denied, that its tariffs are more injurious to England than to any other country: we need only mention the article of Havannah sugars, which are admitted as raw, while British sugars, that have, in fact, not undergone any further process than they, are taxed as refined. The publication, by some of our journals, of a new Russian tariff, still more rigorous than that of last year, excited considerable sensation here: but as it certainly had not been published at St. Petersburg up to the 26th of February, it is now supposed either to have been wholly unfounded, or that if such a tariff was proposed it has been suppressed. We are rather inclined to the latter supposition. We know that a new tariff was drawn up, and submitted to the examination of four gentlemen, supposed to be particularly qualified to judge of the propriety of the changes proposed. They were to give their opinions in detail, and without reserve. One of these gentlemen was the Dutch Consul at St. Petersburg. We may, therefore, suppose, that some such regulations as those published may have been submitted to them, that they have not approved of them, and that this has occasioned the delay in the publication of the new tariff, a delay which has caused great surprise at St. Petersburg itself.

We mentioned in a preceding report the opening of some of the ports of Mexico to foreign trade, and the hopes conceived by our merchants and manufacturers of finding an extensive market in the immense countries of Spanish America. We must own

that we are not so sanguine as many of our friends. We cannot but recollect the losses that occurred at Buenos Ayres, and we fear that something similar may be experienced in Peru. It is easy to talk of the millions of consumers, from whose markets we have hitherto been excluded, and which will be now open to us: but it would be well to inquire, who these millions are? How small is the proportion of those who are likely to become immediate customers for the superfluities of Europe! When we consider their climate, their habits, and customs, we shall be convinced that it will be easy to overstock the market, (of which we confess we are afraid), and that extraordinary care must be taken in the choice of the goods sent out. This must be done, even if the new governments should allow us to send what we please, and on our own terms; but we already hear that in Peru and Chili, at least, this is not likely to be the case, and that General San Martin has resolved, that no foreigner shall act as a merchant, unless he chooses to settle in Peru, and become a Peruvian citizen—a condition which few Englishmen will be willing to accept.

The German West India Company has received a favourable account of the disposal of its first cargo, sent to St. Domingo, and of the reception given to its agents by the government of that country.

*Cotton.*—The cotton trade has, on the whole, been in a favourable state since the beginning of this month. The accounts from Liverpool and the manufacturing districts being exceedingly favourable, there was a great demand for East India descriptions, and good fine Surats realized a small advance. The purchases in the week ending 5th March, amounted to 2400 bales. In the following week the purchases amounted to nearly 4000 bales, and prices were a shade higher, viz.—2400 bales of Bengal—ordinary,  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; fair,  $5\frac{3}{4}d.$  a  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; good fair,  $5\frac{3}{4}d.$  a  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; good  $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ : 1500 Surats— $6\frac{1}{4}d.$  a  $6\frac{3}{4}d.$  middling to fair and very fine, up to  $7\frac{1}{2}d.$  for very good; nearly all the latter are taken for re-sale; the Bengals for home consumption and exportation; 100 Pernams good, realized  $12\frac{3}{4}d.$  a  $12\frac{1}{2}d.$  in bond. In the following week the trade was less brisk; but East India descriptions continued to be in request, and were readily purchased at the late prices; the sales amounted to about 380 Surats at  $6\frac{1}{2}d.$  a  $6\frac{3}{4}d.$  good fair quality; and 800 Bengals,  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  a  $5\frac{3}{4}d.$  very ordinary;  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  a  $5\frac{3}{4}d.$  fair common;  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  a  $6\frac{1}{4}d.$  good fair to very good in bond.—The letters from Liverpool of the 16th

and the 20th instant, state the cotton market to be rather heavy, and the prices rather lower. Sales in four weeks up to 16th March, 43,000 bags. The quantity of cotton delivered from the East India warehouses in the month of February was 6907 bags, viz.—2029 for exportation, and 4878 for home consumption.

*Sugar.*—The prices of sugar have continued to advance throughout the last month, though the demand has not been very considerable. In fact the quantity of Muscovades in the market has been very limited, and the stock is greatly reduced. The advance in price has been about 1s. each week, and the present week from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. This rise has, in some manner, tended to limit the demand; yet where purchases are made, the buyers are obliged to submit to the terms of the holders, who have become much more confident, since the late advices from the West Indies hold out the prospect of a short supply, and the probability of being much later at market than usual.

With respect to refined sugars, the market has been pretty steady; but the demand for exportation received a temporary check, by the report that a new Russian Tariff was on the eve of publication, by which all refined and crushed sugars were to be excluded. No such document, however, has yet been officially issued, and the accounts from St. Petersburg of so late a date as 26th February, do not mention it. The paper published by the newspapers as the New Tariff, is, therefore, supposed not to be authentic, and the demand for refined sugars has in consequence much increased during the last week. The following is the report of the market for to-day (22d March):—

The prices of Muscovades since Friday last are again 1s. a 2s. per cwt. higher; the demand has been considerable, particularly early in the week, and the supply is still very limited.

An advance of 2s. a 3s. took place early in the present week in low goods; since which the improvement has been firmly maintained, but there is not so much business doing in the finer descriptions; a small advance has been obtained, but there is no briskness in the refined trade.

The public sale of Havannah sugars yesterday, 916 chests, sold at prices a shade lower: good white, 40s. a 42s.; middling, 35s. a 39s.; yellow, 25s. a 26s.; brown, 24s.

By public sale this forenoon, 225 chests damaged Havannah sugars, and 20 chests Brazil, sold at very high prices; but as they were washed, we cannot take them as a guide; if the sales could be taken as a criterion of the market, the prices are to-day 2s. a 3s. per cwt. higher.

At the East India Company's sale on the 21st:—Bengal white, fine 37s. a 39s.; middling to good, 33s. 6d. a 36s. 6d.; yellow, middling to fine, 25s. 6d. a 27s. 6d.; Java, grey, 28s. a 33s.; yellow, good to fine, 24s. 6d. a 27s.; brown, middling to good, 20s. 6d. a 24s.; Bourbon, yellow, good to very fine, 20s. 6d. a 26s.; damp, 18s. a 21s. 6d.; brown, ordinary to good, 17s. a 19s. 6d.; damp, 14s. a 17s. The brown sugars sold 1s. a 2s. higher than the previous prices; the other descriptions at the late currency.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

March 2	.....	32s. 4½d.
9	.....	33s. 1½d.
16	.....	33s. 6d.
23	.....	34s. 0½d.

*Coffee.*—The coffee market has declined since our last publication. From 26th of Feb. to March 5, there were no public sales of coffee, and the demand by private contract was languid, owing to the announcement of several public sales for the ensuing week; the prices however were but a trifle lower; St. Domingo 108s. to 108s. 6d.—The public sales in the following week were too extensive for the demand; they consisted of 583 casks and 1562 bags, chiefly Foreign descriptions; all the ordinary coffee sold 2s. a 3s. lower; the coloury and finer qualities fully supported the previous prices; good middling Jamaica realized 138s. and 139s., middling Demerara 128s. and 131s. 6d.; the other descriptions sold at the depression we have stated, fine ordinary foxy Jamaica 115s. a 116s. 6d., fine ordinary 115s. a 115s., good ordinary 111s. and 112s.; large parcels of St. Domingo, good ordinary 106s. a 107s. 6d., fine ordinary coloury 110s. a 112s.; good ordinary Brazil 108s., fine ordinary 111s.

By public sale on the 12th, 1556 bags Cheribon coffee also sold at prices 2s. a 3s. lower, good ordinary 105s. a 106s., coloury 107s., damaged 97s. a 103s. 6d.—This reduction of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. was confirmed in the sales towards the close of the week; 433 barrels 324 bags Havannah sold, ordinary 102s., good and fine ordinary 104s. a 106s. 6d.; 300 bags Brazil, good to fine ordinary 108s. 6d. a 110s., ordinary 105s. a 107s.

By public sale on the 19th, 520 bags Brazil and 61 bags Jamaica coffee; the former went off heavily, again 3s. a 4s. per cwt. lower; good ordinary 106s. a 108s., ordinary 98s. a 101s.; good ordinary Jamaica 108s. a 113s. 6d., fine ordinary foxy 117s. 6d.; the latter may be quoted 1s. a 2s. lower; the market exceeding heavy at the reduction. St. Domingo, of good quality, was sold by private contract at 105s. and the nearest quotation was

104s. a 105s. The market has since improved, and at the public sale yesterday, the 21st, 600 bags Porto Rico sold at very high prices; fine ordinary, or ordinary middling coloury, 115s. a 118s., good to fine ordinary 108s. a 112s. 6d.

By public sale this forenoon, 20 casks 141 bags St. Domingo, the good quality sold readily 104s. 6d. and 105s. Generally Coffee appears to be in more demand, and some prospect of the market improving.

East India Company's sale yesterday:—coffee, Cheribon fine ordinary 103s. a 106s. damaged 97s. 6d. a 103s.; Sumatra ordinary 97s. 6d. a 99s.; Malabar, yellow 113s. a 124s. 6d.

*Tea.*—At the tea sale which began on the 5th instant, the prices were lower than at the December sale. Bohea sold at 2s. 5½d. to 2s. 6½d. Congou 2s. 6½d. to 3s. 1d. Green teas considerably under last sale; Twankay, including the duty, 2d. per lb. lower.

*Spirits.*—There has been a brisk and extensive demand for rum. At the beginning of this month, one house purchased from 3000 to 4000 puncheons, and including this extensive operation, between 5000 and 6000 puncheons were purchased on speculation; this, of course, caused an advance in the price, though not so considerable as might have been expected. This speculation has been excited by the opinion that the intercourse between the West Indies and the United States will be re-opened. At this moment, not much is doing in rum; but the late advance is fully supported, and the holders are so very firm, that in some instances, even higher prices have been obtained. Brandy has been exceedingly heavy, and declining; no sales of Geneva have lately been reported.

*Oils.*—The prices of Greenland oil are rather lower, owing to several of the holders having evinced a determination to effect sales; it is however expected the market will improve, as the number of vessels named for fishing is 38 less than last season; in 1821 there were 158 vessels, and only about 120 are at present reported.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—In hemp and flax very little has been doing. The tallow market has been in a state of complete stagnation and uncertainty, on account of the reports relative to a new duty on the importation of Russia tallow. At present, the prices of Foreign tallow are entirely nominal; since the proposal of a new tax on Foreign import has been discountenanced by government, there have been no purchases whatever; it is, indeed, reported, that a considerable parcel of yellow candle has been disposed of at 48s., but the rumour does not rest on much authority; at the same time, if sales were forced in the present stagnation of trade, it is probable

no higher price could be realized. Town tallow is to-day quoted 46s. 6d., which is 3s. lower than last week.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Riga, 15th Feb.*—The roads having been again rendered impassable for sledges by a return of thaw, very little business is doing. *Flax* is still in demand, but there is a want of sellers, because the supplies now arrive so slowly: the last prices noted, viz. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 41 r.; cut Badstub, 37 r.; and Risten Threband, 29 r.; must be considered as merely nominal. *Corn* continues to be without request. *Hemp* has not been much in demand this week. Contracts have been made for Ukraine for the end of May, at 106 r. all the money down; and it is held at 112 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. For delivery at the end of May, and all the money down, we may note Ukraine Outshot, 87 r.; Polish ditto, 92 r.; Ukraine Pass, 78 r.; Polish ditto, 82 r. *Hemp Oil*. On the spot for delivery at the end of May, might be had at 95 r. all the money down; but there are no purchasers. *Potashes*. Our stock is cleared off: 100 r. all paid, are asked for Polish crown, for future delivery. *Seeds*. For a long time nothing has been doing. Our stock of sowing linseed remaining from the last harvest is scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of the farmers in Livonia and Esthonia, who are obliged to procure from this place seed for sowing. Small parcels, have been sold at 9 to 10 r. per barrel. In crushing linseed, there has been nothing doing. *Tobacco*. Polish crown for delivery is held at 50 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. *Tallow*. Yellow crown is said to have been purchased for delivery at the end of May, at 126 r. all down.

*St. Petersburg, 15th Feb.*—We have here a great scarcity of money, and an increasing want of credit, so that any sale of merchandise is hardly to be thought of. The finest white Havannah sugars are offered at 23 r. ready money; and might probably be had at 22½ r. Under these circumstances, the exchanges continue to rise, and Hamburg will probably be at 9 in a couple of post days.

*Hamburg, 9th March.*—*Cocos*. The demand is improved. *Coffee*. On the whole little has been done this week, and the prices of the ordinary descriptions have rather declined; but middling and fine middling fully maintain themselves, and are chiefly in request.—*Corn* of all kinds is dull; wheat has lately fallen some six dollars; other grain nominally unchanged in price; even barley, though pretty large shipments have been made to Portugal.

*Cochineal.*—Notwithstanding our stock

is not large, this article is very dull. *Dye-woods.* Our stock of logwood is much less than it has been for many years; and the price fluctuates between 9 marks 8 schillings and 10 marks; without much demand. For Fustic the demand seems to become more brisk; and as that of good quality is but little in proportion to our stock, higher prices are asked, and have been in some instances obtained. Quercitron Bark is pretty much in request. Prime quality is particularly scarce. *Brazil Wood* is in very great request, and our stock of all sorts is but small. It is true that a parcel of 350,000 lb. of Bahia was sold on the 28th ult. at a very moderate price, the sole cause of which, however, was ignorance of the real value of the wood, which was for the first time brought to market in so large a quantity. Several orders that have been given will scarcely be executed without paying a higher price.—*Indigo.* Though little business is doing, the prices still keep up.—*Gum Senegal.* We have not received the supplies that were expected, and consequently there is no great change in the prices.—*Rice.* The inferior descriptions of Carolina have continued to meet a brisk sale, so that several considerable magazines have been entirely cleared off; the consequence of which is, that the holders of other sorts begin to ask higher prices.

*Tobacco.* Though no extensive business

is doing the prices remain steady.—*Tea.* We cannot say that any great purchases have taken place, yet the prices not only keep up, but green teas are even higher; Haysan has been sold in public auctions from 2d. to 3d. higher.—*Sugar.* Hamburg refined have again met a brisk sale this week at an advance of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. and only part of the orders already received could be executed, the stock being inadequate; so that a farther rise is not improbable. Lumps, in loaves, also met a ready sale at 9d. to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. according to quality, and notwithstanding several fresh supplies, are scarce in the market. There was also more inquiry for crushed lumps for exportation, but for the most part the orders given could not be executed, because the prices limited were too low, since there is nothing in the market of good middle quality under 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. and the stock is besides small.

In raw goods, large purchases are made of white and brown Brazils, the prices of which are not only firmer, but may even be noted  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. higher. Other descriptions remain steady.

*Stockholm, 2d March.*—We continue to ship iron without interruption. We have weather like October; dry, but very stormy. Several vessels with grain have already arrived from Scania. Ordinary bar iron is now worth 16 rix dollars banco per ship lb.; half-inch to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch Steel, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  rix dollars per cwt.

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 Sherwin, Wm. Thos. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Tilson, 29, Coleman-street. T.  
 Stevens, Dan. Gut. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper. [Evans, 97, Hatton-garden. T.

Woolcock, J. Truro, Cornwall, draper. [Gates, 38, Cateaton-street. T.  
 March 12.—Colley, B. Posenhall, Salop, farmer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Copley, B. and W. Hirst, Doncaster, York, iron-founders. [Battye, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Griffiths, H. Swansea, Glamorgan, linen-draper. [Price, 1, Lincoln's-inn. C.  
 Herbert, P. late Master of the Thalia, merchant. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.  
 Knight, J. Halifax, York, merchant. [Beckett, Earl-street, Blackfriars. C.  
 Maullin, T. Dudley, Worcester, nail-ironmonger. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Moorsom, W. Scarborough, York, banker. [Kearsey, Bishopsgate-within. C.  
 Poole, R. Leeds, grocer. [Neale, 1, Inner Temple-lane. C.  
 Richardson, M. Kirkoswald, Cumberland, butcher. [Lowden, 17, Clement's-inn. C.  
 Turton, W. Westbromwich, Stafford, coal-master. [Whitaker, Broad-court, Long Acre. C.  
 Vertue, S. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, merchant. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.  
 Weeks, J. Exeter, currier. [Mallock, 1, Field-court, Gray's-inn. T.  
 March 16.—Bishop, E. Cheltenham, tailor. [King, Castle-street, Holborn. C.  
 Brett, Wm. Stone, Stafford, grocer. [Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn. C.  
 Butler, P. Little Bolton, Lancaster, manufacturer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.  
 Button, W. Bicester, Oxford, innkeeper. [Umney, 14, Clement's-inn. T.  
 Chittenden, Edward, Ashford, Kent, ironmonger. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.  
 Dalmaine, Geo. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, embroiderer. [Gaunt, Furnival's-inn. T.  
 Day, H. and R. Holmes, Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. [Hewitt, 11, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury. T.  
 Edwards, G. H. Craven-street, Westminster, wine-merchant. [Williams, 9, New-square, Lincoln's-inn. T.  
 Glover, Eliz. Hardshaw, Lancaster, shopkeeper. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Hort, J. Great St. Helens, London, coal-merchant. [Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.  
 Judd, G. Farringdon, Berks, cordwainer. [A'Beckett, Broad-street, Golden-square. T.  
 Kirkland, J. and J. Badenoch, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturers. [Webster, 25, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.  
 Leppingwell, K. Croydon, linen-draper. [Willis, Warford-court, Throgmorton-street. T.  
 Lightfoot, John, Eccleston, Lancaster, miller. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Maddock, R. and J. Tweed, Rosemary-lane, timber-merchants. [Sweet, 6, Basinghall-st. T.  
 May, W. Newgate-street, victualler. [Clare, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.  
 Milthorp, J. Poole, York, maltster. [Granger, Leeds. C.  
 Parker, Thos. Carincott-mill, Somerset, mealman. [Price, 1, New-square, Lincoln's-inn. C.  
 Petitpierre, E. South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.  
 Petitpierre, F. South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.  
 Pitts, T. and T. Collison, Beverley, York, wool-len-draper. [Eyre, Gray's-inn. C.  
 Rose, John, Ibsstock, Leicester, grocer. [Long, Gray's-inn. C.  
 Rose, M. Berry-hills, Leicester, farmer. [Long, Gray's-inn. C.  
 Scott, W. Jun. Norwich, confectioner. [Tilbury, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street. C.  
 Simkins, I. Store-street, Bedford-square, tailor. [Hunt, Surry-street, Strand. T.  
 March 19.—Brewer, S. Alderton, Suffolk, corn-merchant. [Hine, Essex-court, Temple. C.  
 Copland, W. Holt, Norfolk, miller. [Bridger, 5, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. C.  
 Darke, S. W. Red Lion-square, Middlesex, picture-dealer. [Minchin, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. T.  
 Davidson, Wm. Philpot-lane, Fenchurch-street,

merchant. [Gregson, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.  
 Handford, Wm. Tavistock, Devon, linen-draper. [Bourdillon, Bread-street, Cheapside. T.  
 Herbert, R. and W. Buckmaster, St. Mary Axe, wine-merchants. [Hodgson, St. Mildred's-court. T.  
 Keene, W. Marylebone-lane, Marylebone, farrier. [Hamilton, 31, Berwick-street, Soho. T.  
 Kenyon, T. Rooden-lane, Lancaster, flour-dealer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.  
 Ketcher, N. Bradwell, Essex, shopkeeper. [Bunn, Brook-street, Holborn. T.  
 Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, merchant. [Sweet, 6, Basinghall-street. T.  
 Otley, G. New Bond-street, tailor. [Smith, 6, Gray's-inn-place. T.  
 Thomas, R. S. Hanbury, Worcester, farmer. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Tickell, T. West Bromwich, Stafford, iron-master. [Norton, 8, Gray's-Inn-square. C.  
 Valli, Wm. Jun. Brockworth, Gloucester, corn-dealer. [Dix, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane. C.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

*Gazette—Feb. 23 to March 21.*

M'Gregor, A. merchant, Dingwall.  
 M'Leod, A. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Brownlie, W. engineer, Glasgow.  
 Scotland, T. and J. lime-burners, West Lascar, Fife.  
 Williams, J. coal-master, Muirhead, Fife.  
 Wilson, R. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Gardiner, W. spirit-merchant, Glasgow.

## BIRTHS.

Feb. 19. At Frien-house, the lady of J. W. Bacon, Esq. a daughter.  
 21. At Langley Farm, Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, a daughter.  
 27. The lady of Dr. Goodenough, Head-master of Westminster School, a daughter.  
 — At his house, in Chatham-place, the lady of Charles Cradock, Esq. a daughter.  
 March 4. The lady of Thos. Starkie, Esq. Barrister-at-law, twins, girls.  
 5. The lady of James Moody, Esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, a son.  
 — At the Dowager Lady Rodney's, Alfred-place, the lady of the Hon. Edward Rodney, RN. a daughter.  
 7. At Holme, in the East Riding of the county of York, the lady of the Hon. Chas. Longdale, a son.  
 10. The lady of Captain Henry Andrews Drummond, of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, a daughter.  
 — At Knowlton Park, Kent, the lady of Captain D'Aeth, RN. a son.  
 11. In Bloomsbury-square, Mrs. Edward Lawford, a daughter.  
 — In Upper Brook-street, the lady of Sir Charles Sullivan, a daughter.  
 — In Queen Ann-street, the lady of Major Chetwynd Stapylton, Royal Hussars, a son.  
 13. In Portman-square, Mrs. Fuller Maitland, a daughter.  
 14. At Woolwich, the lady of Major Payne, Royal Artillery, a daughter.  
 16. In Upper Gower-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Dance, a daughter.  
 18. At the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury's, the lady of George Baker, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Crofton-house, near Titchfield, Hants, the lady of Thos. Naghten, Esq. a son.

## IN IRELAND.

At Carlow, the lady of Col. Sir Dudley Hill, a daughter.  
 In Rutland-square, Dublin, the Hon. Lady Lovinge, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Feb. 26. By Special License, by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Thos. Wm. Coke, Esq. MP. for the county of Norfolk, to Lady Anne Keppel, eldest daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.  
 27. At Chatham, Lieut.-Col. Dashwood, of the 3d Guards, second son of Sir Henry Dashwood, Bart. of Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire, to Caroline, fourth daughter of Sir Robert Barlow, KCB.  
 — Lieut.-Col. Percival, CB. to Alicia Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir William Henry Palmer, Bart.  
 March 2. At Plymouth, Wm. Loner, Esq. of Southampton, to Maria Prudence, daughter of George Taylor, Esq. of Plymouth.  
 2. At Leamington, the Rev. Edward Woodyatt, MA. son of Dr. Woodyatt of Worcester, to Louisa Georgiana Maria, youngest daughter of the late Sir Nigel Bowyer Gresley, Bart. of Drakelow, in the county of Derby.  
 — At Norwich, Octavius, youngest son of the late Dr. William Greene, of Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, to Catherine Spencer, second daughter of Benjamin Norton, Esq. of Bawburgh-hall, in the county of Norfolk.  
 5. At Wooton Church, J. G. Stapylton Smith, Esq. of the Royal North Lincoln Regiment, to Harriot, eldest daughter of John Appleby, Esq. of Wooton-house.  
 7. At the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, by Special License, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, the Hon. George Orger Ellis, MP. only son of Viscount Clifden, (and of Lady Caroline Spencer his wife, eldest daughter of George, third Duke of Marlborough) to the Hon. Georgiana Howard, second daughter of Viscount Morpeth (and of Lady Georgiana Cavendish his wife, eldest daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire) and grand-daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.  
 — At Belvoir-castle, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, A. R. Drummond, Esq. eldest son of A. R. Drummond, Esq. of Cadland, in the county of Hants, to lady Elizabeth Manners, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.  
 — At Marylebone Church, Josias Jackson, Esq. to Mrs. Hartwell, relict of the late Rev. Holton Hartwell.  
 9. At All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. the Archdeacon of Chichester, Frederick Thesiger, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Wm. Thuling, of Moira-place, Southampton.  
 14. At Branshot, the Rev. Fred. Ford, MA. eldest son of the late Henry Ford, LL.D. Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, to Mary, only child of John Neale, Esq. of Henshot, Hants.  
 18. At Walcot-church, Bath, the Rev. Edward Easycott, of Exeter, to Miss Baynton of Bath.  
 19. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major Shubrick, to Ellen, daughter of Francis Willock, Esq. of Hill, Southampton.

## ABROAD.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's, the Viscount de Lahitte, Lieut.-Col. of the Horse Artillery, and Officer of the Legion of Honour, to Jane Cecilia, daughter of Rogerson Cotter, Esq. son of the late, and brother of the present Sir James Lawrence Cotter, Bart.

## DEATHS.

Lately, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged 19, Jane, the lady of George Finch, Esq. and daughter of Rear Admiral and Lady Bridget Tollemache.  
 Feb. 22. At Falmouth, in his 28d year, John Grimwood Newman, Esq. youngest son of the Rev. Thos. Newman, Rector of Little Bromley, Essex.  
 23. At his house, in the Cloisters, Windsor, Dr. George Heath, Canon of Windsor, and Fellow of Eton College.  
 24. At his house, in Stratton-street, aged 87, Thos. Coutts, Esq. Mr. Coutts left the whole of his immense property to his wife, making no legacies whatever, aware that she would dispose of it in conformity to his wishes. This amiable Lady has accordingly made most ample provision for the daughters of the deceased. Upon



- At the apartments of Sir Richard Keats, at Greenwich Hospital, Sir John Boscawen Warren, Bart. GCB. Admiral of the White.
- At Hawthorn-hill, Berks, in his 91st year, Whitshed Keene, Esq. who sat in Parliament nearly half a century, and was Father of the House of Commons some years previous to his retirement at the general election, in 1818.
- March 1. At Worlington, in the county of Suffolk, Alice James, Esq. in his 79th year.
- 3. At Shrewsbury, the Rev. Benjamin Edwards, Rector of Fradesby, Salop.
- 4. In Pall-mall, in her 80th year, the lady of Sir George Bernard Morland, Bart. of Nettleham, Lincolnshire, daughter of the late Wm. Morland, Esq. MP. for Taunton.
- 7. At Exmouth, Mrs. Bastard, relict of the late Edmund Bastard, Esq. of Shorupham, and mother of E. P. Bastard, Esq. MP. for the county of Devon.
- 8. At Barton-hall, Yorkshire, in his 88d year, the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. This gentleman was well known as a political character, and distinguished himself as a strenuous champion for the principles of constitutional freedom, which

logy being founded at Cambridge, he was appointed to the chair. Besides his classical and interesting travels, of which the last portion is expected to appear very shortly, he published some Antiquarian Dissertations on the Statue of Ceres, the Tomb of Alexander, and the Greek Marbles deposited in the Public Library at Cambridge; and likewise some works on Mineralogy, &c. His remains were interred on the 16th, in the Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge, on which occasion his relatives, many of the Heads of Colleges, the greater part of the Professors, all the Members of Jesus College, and many other Members of the University attended.

- 10. In his 48th year, Robert Ramabottom, Esq. of Birks-hall, near Halifax, who was killed by a large stone falling on his head, while assisting one of his labourers to remove some clay out of a quarry.
- 16. At Brighton, after a long illness, at an advanced age, Thomas Elam, Esq. late of Leicester-square, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.
- At his residence in Bath, aged 68, Caleb Hillier Parry, MD. FRS. &c. after a long illness.
- In Portland-place, Lady Dunkin, relict of Sir William Dunkin, formerly one of his Majesty's Judges in the Supreme Court of Calcutta.
- 17. At Whitburn-hall, in the county of Durham, in her 21st year, Elizabeth Anna, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Sir Medworth Williamson, Bart.
- At his seat at Cawick, in the 41st year of his age, Conaghy Waldo Sibthorpe, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel of the South Lincoln Militia, and MP. for the city of Lincoln.
- Lately, at an advanced age, John Adde, Esq. of Twisleton, in Ingletton Pells. This gentleman was a singular character, and retained an extraordinary degree of the simplicity of primitive manners. He was regularly to be seen at fairs and markets, attired in a coarse blue coat, a long pocketed waistcoat, a Wenlock-dale wig, huge gaiters, and shoes of most antique fashion. This whimsical appearance acquired for him the not uncharacteristic appellation of Lord Oddie.

#### IN SCOTLAND.

At Dumfries, aged 77, the Rev. James Kirkpatrick.

#### IN IRELAND.

At Waterford, Henrietta, the wife of James Wallace, Esq.

#### ABROAD.

- At Barbadoes, in his 20th year, H. J. Loraloe, Esq. brother to Sir Charles Loraloe, Bart. of Kirkhall, Northumberland, and Ensign of the 4th regiment.
- At Geneva, William Jackson, Esq. Deputy Commissary General to the Forces.
- At Bangalore, in the East Indies, Capt. Ernest Hepburn Leith, 2d regt. Native Infantry, third son of Alexander Leith, Esq. of Freefield, Aberdeenshire.

Hub; and in 1808 a Professorship of Mineralogy.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

Hodson, Principal of Brasenose.—Walker Henry Burton, Esq. MA. Fellow of Exeter College, elected by convocation to the Vinerian Fellowship, vacant by the decease of James Boswell, Esq. MA. of Brasenose.—John Frederick Winterbottom, BA. Fellow of Magdalen College, to the Vinerian Scholarship, vacant by the ceasing of Mr. Burton.—The Rev. William Russell, BD. Fellow of Magdalen College, and the Rev. John Anthony Cramer, MA. Student of Christ Church, nominated and appointed as Public Examiners.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subjects for the Members' Prizes for the present year, are

Senior Bachelors:—*Populus diversis eadem inatitate minime contentus.*

Middle Bachelors:—*Astronomis utilitas et laus.*

That of the Purson Prize is from Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Act iv, scene 3, beginning "Come Anthony and young Octavius," and ending "and

deceit you in." The metre to be Trigonum Isambicum Trimeterum Arvalecticum.

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. Thomas Harwood of Emanuel College.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord Grey, of Trinity College, son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.—The Hon. Thos. Cavendish, of Magdalen College, son of Lord Waterpark.

J. H. Henslow, Esq. of St. John's College is Candidate for the Professorship of Mineralogy, vacant by the death of Dr. E. D. Clarke.

The Chancellor's Two Gold Medals for the best Class Scholars, amongst the commencing Bachelors of Arts are adjudged to Messrs. G. Long and H. Malden, both of Trinity College.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1832.

*Naval Academy, Gosport.*

### GENERAL REPORT.

This month has been fine and mild for the season, excepting four or five rainy days. The mean pressure is high, and on the 28th instant the barometer rose to 30.80 inches, a height which it seldom arrives at, even in winter. This great weight of the atmospheric column was accompanied by a frosty air, and by two winds crossing each other at right angles.

The range of the thermometer is from 31° to 56°, and the mean temperature of the air is upwards of 8° higher than that of February, 1821; and about 4½ higher than the mean of that month for many years past. It is remarkable that we have scarcely felt the winter constitution of the air, except in the absence of the sun, when the chilling dews and slight frosts have prevailed; and that the external thermometer has not yet receded more than 2° below the

freezing point.—The ground, however, is still clogged and consolidated by the late heavy rains. Spring water being at its minimum temperature for the winter, the ground, without an addition of much wet, will begin to exhale its moisture, and get warm as the sun's rays make a greater angle with the horizon. All nature having a forward appearance, and the fruit trees already putting forth their buds, indicate an early spring.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 1 solar halo, 1 double rainbow, 3 small meteors, lightning and thunder, accompanied by heavy rain early in the morning of the 3d instant, and 4 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from SE. 1 from S. and 2 from SW.

### DAILY REMARKS.

February 1. A sunny day, with linear, plumose, and ramified Cirrus, and Cumuli: a cloudy and windy night.

2. A high wind and light rain at intervals in the day—a tremendously hard gale throughout the night from SW. and WSW., when upwards of an inch of rain fell, accompanied by thunder and lightning about 4 o'clock in the morning. The roofs of many houses in this neighbourhood were much injured in the tilting by this wind.

3. AM. fine after a few drops of rain in the evening, a clear sky by night.

4. A slight hoar-frost, and a Stratus on Portsmouth Harbour before sunrise.—AM. overcast: PM. rain and a gale from SE.

5. A heavy gale from SW. and light showers of rain at intervals: fine by night, and frosty towards morning.

6. Hoar-frost, ice on the ground, and icy effluences, both on the inside and outside of the windows—a low crimson haze, through which the sun appeared to rise fiery red, followed by a fair day and night.

7. Overcast with undulated Cirrostratus early in the morning: PM. rain and a gale from the South.

8. A fine calm day: light rain in the afternoon, and a moonlight night.

9. AM. fine: PM. overcast, and a brisk southerly wind, which brought up rain towards morning.

10. Overcast in the day: light rain and a gentle breeze by night.

11. A fair day showery by night.

12. A dense fog throughout the day, which kept the trees in a constant drip: a shrouded sky by night.

13. As the preceding day: alternately cloudy and clear, and much dew in the night.

14. Overcast nearly all day, and two winds crossing nearly at right angles, the upper one from SW.: a clear and calm night, with a copious dew,

amounting to 2.100 of an inch in the pluviometer, and a quiescent barometer during the last 40 hours.

15. A calm sunny day: a light shower in the evening, and a clear night.

16. AM. fair and cloudless: PM. Cirri, Ciro-

at mid-day.

25. Cloudy and calm, and a light shower towards the morning.

26. AM. as the preceding: rain and wind in the afternoon, and a clear sky by night.

27. AM. a slight hoar-frost early, and a cloudless sky: Cumuli and Cirri in the afternoon, and a blush on the twilight: the night as the preceding.

28. AM. hoar-frost, and two winds crossing at right angles, the upper one from the south, with nascent Cumuli: PM. a cloudless sky.

*Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.*

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.



for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

## RESULTS.

BAROMETER	Maximum.....	30.60 Feb. 28th, Wind E.
	Minimum.....	29.40 Do. 5th, Do. S.
	Range of the Mercury.....	1.20
	Mean barometrical pressure for the Month .....	30.163
	..... for the lunar period, ending the 21st instant.....	30.157
	..... for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination .....	30.074
	..... for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination .....	30.240
	Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury ..	0.760
	Greatest variation in 24 hours.....	0.820
	Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere.....	22

THERMOMETER	Maximum.....	56° on four different days.
	Minimum.....	31° Feb. 5th, Wind NW.

Range .....	25
Mean temperature of the Air .....	46.39
..... for 29 days with the Sun in Aquarius. 46.19	
Greatest variation in 24 hours.....	22.00
Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM.....	51.21

## DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air .....	100° in the evening of the 17th.
Greatest dryness of Ditto .....	42 in the afternoon of the 27th.
Range of the Index .....	58
Mean at 2 o'clock PM. ....	66.0
— at 8 Do. . AM. ....	80.2
— at 8 Do. . PM. ....	79.9
— of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock ....	75.8
Evaporation for the month .....	1.150 inch.
Rain and Hail, for Ditto .....	2.000 ditto.
Prevailing Winds. SW.	

## A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 5; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 10; an overcast sky, 7½; foggy, 1; rain and hail, 4½.—Total, 28 days.

## CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus, Nimbus.

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.								
N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1½	½	1	4	5	7	3½	5½	28

NEW PATENTS.

D. Loescham, Newman-street, Oxford-street, and J. Allwright, Little Newport-street; for an improved keyed musical instrument. Communicated to him by a foreigner. Jan. 14.

A. Gordon, London, and D. Gordon, Edinburgh, Esqrs.; for improvements and additions in the construction of lamps, and of compositions and materials to be burned in the lamps, and which may also be burned in other lamps. Jan. 14.

D. Gordon, Edinburgh, Esq.; for improvements and additions to steam-packets, and other vessels; part of which improvements are applicable to other naval and marine purposes. Jan. 14.

A. Applegath, Duke-street, Lambeth; for improvements in printing machines. Jan. 14.

J. Hague, Great Pearl-street, Spital-fields; for a method of making metallic pipes, tubes, or cylinders, by the application and arrangement in the apparatus of certain machinery and mechanical powers. Jan. 29.

Sir W. Congreve, Bart.; for improved methods of multiplying fac-simile impressions to any extent. Jan. 29.

P. Ewart, Manchester; for a new method of making coffer-dams. Jan. 29.

R. Bill, Newman-street; for an im-

proved method of manufacturing metallic tubes, cylinders, cones, or of other forms, adapted to the construction of masts, yards, booms, bowsprits, casks, &c. Feb. 5.

F. L. Takton, New Bond-street; for an astronomical instrument or watch, by which the time of the day, the progress of the celestial bodies, as well as carriages, horses, or other animals, may be correctly ascertained. Partly communicated to him by a foreigner. Feb. 9.

G. H. Palmer, Royal Mint; for improvements in the production of heat, by the application of well-known principles not hitherto made use of in the construction of furnaces of steam-engines and of air-furnaces in general, whereby a considerable saving of fuel is obtained, and the total consumption of smoke may be effected. Feb. 12.

J. F. Smith, Esq. Dunston-hall, Chesterfield; for improvements in dressing of piece goods made from silk or worsted, or of both these materials. Feb. 12.

S. Davis, Upper East Smithfield; for an improvement upon the lock for guns, &c. enabling the lock to be used upon the percussion principle, or with gunpowder, without charging the lock or hammer. Feb. 12.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 18 Mar.	Hamburg. 12 Mar.	Amsterdam 18 Mar.	Vienna. 6 Mar.	Nuremberg 12 Mar.	Berlin. 12 Mar.	Naples. 1 Mar.	Leipsig. 11 Mar.	Bremen 7 Mar.
London ...	25-15	36-4	40-3	10½	fl. 10-7	—	580	6-17	615½
Paris .....	—	26½	57½	118½	fr. 119½	84½	22-80	80	—
Hamburg .	182½	—	35½	145½	146½	154	42-80	147½	134½
Amsterdam	58½	106½	—	137	138½	145½	47-60	138½	125½
Vienna ....	250	147½	36½	—	40	105½	57-50	101	—
Franckfort.	3½	148½	35½	—	99½	104½	—	100½	111
Augsburg .	249½	147½	56	99½	99½	105½	57-7	100½	110½
Genoa .....	472	82½	90½	61½	—	—	19-05	—	—
Leipsig ....	—	148	—	—	99½	105	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	510	88½	97½	57	—	—	117-60	—	—
Lisbon ....	555	37½	41	—	—	—	49½	—	—
Cadiz .....	15-65	93½	104½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ....	434	—	83	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ....	15-65	—	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15-75	94½	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	555	37½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Mar.	Breslaw. 9 Mar.	Christiana. 27 Feb.	Petersburg. 26 Feb.	Riga. 1 Mar.	Antwerp 16 Mar.	Madrid. 10 Mar.	Lisbon. 1 Mar.
London .....	152	7-3½	—	9½	9½	39-7½	37½	51½
Paris .....	80½	—	—	102	—	par	16-3	548
Hamburg ....	148½	154½	200	8½	8½	34½	—	38
Amsterdam .	138½	145½	—	9½	9½	2½	—	42
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	864

# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Feb. 26 to March 22.

Amsterdam, C. F. ....	12-8	12-7
Ditto at sight .....	12-5	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U .....	12-9	12-8
Antwerp .....	12-5	12-4
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	37-4	37-0
Altona, 2½ U .....	37-5	37-1
Paris, 3 days' sight .....	25-40	25-25
Ditto..2 U .....	25-70	25-55
Bordeaux .....	25-70	25-55
Frankfort on the Main } Ex. M. ....	154	
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us....	8½	9
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M .....	10-12	10-10
Trieste ditto .....	10-12	10-10
Madrid, effective ...	37½	37
Cadiz, effective .....	36½	37
Bilboa .....	36½	36
Barcelona .....	36	
Seville .....	36	36½
Gibraltar .....	30½	
Leghorn .....	47½	47½
Genoa .....	43½	44
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60	
Malta .....	45	
Naples .....	39½	40
Palermo, per oz. ....	118	
Lisbon.....	50½	
Oporto .....	50½	
Rio Janeiro .....	45	46
Bahia .....	51	
Dublin .....	9½	9½
Cork .....	9½	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons ....	3	14	6	0	0	0
New dollars .....	0	4	9½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	4	10½

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 0¼d.

### Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys ....	£2 10	0 to 3	0	0
Champions ...	2	0 to 4	5	0
Oxnobles .....	1 10	0 to 2	0	0
Apples .....	2 10	0 to 3	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Feb. 25 to March 18.

	Feb. 25.	March 4.	March 11.	March 18.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	31 0 to 41 0	31 0 to 39 6	31 6 to 40 0	31 0 to 41 0
Sunderland	31 6 to 42 0	30 0 to 41 3	33 3 to 0 0	32 6 to 42 9

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Feb. 23	Mar. 2	Mar. 9	Mar. 16
Wheat	47 7 46 11	46 10	45 11	
Rye -	23 3 23 5	20 8	21 11	
Barley	19 4 19 2	18 8	18 3	
Oats	15 4 15 6	16 0	15 7	
Beans	22 3 22 8	21 9	21 7	
Peas	23 11 23 4	23 4	23 1	

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Feb. 26, to March 22.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	38,206	—	900	39,606
Barley	26,844	—	—	26,844
Oats	53,487	10	—	53,497
Rye	206	—	—	206
Beans	11,916	—	—	11,916
Pease	4,454	—	—	4,454
Malt	18,444	Qrs.; Flour 29,214	Sacks.	
		Foreign Flour — barrels.		

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto .....	50s. to 75s.
Essex, ditto .....	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags .....	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	46s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto .....	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto .....	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto .....	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets ...	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
	Smithfield.		
3	0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4 15..1 10 to 1 16
	Whitechapel.		
2	10 to 4	0..2	10 to 4 8..1 6 to 1 16
	St. James's.		
3	0 to 4	4..3	5 to 4 8..1 11 to 1 19

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—	Beef ....	2s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.
	Mutton..	2s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.
	Veal ....	3s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.
	Pork ....	3s. 0d. to 4s. 4d.
	Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—	Beef ....	1s. 8d. to 3s. 0d.
	Mutton..	2s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.
	Veal ....	4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.
	Pork ....	2s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.
	Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Feb. 25, to March. 18, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,006	1,236	83,030	1,370



ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(March 23d, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	360	100	Southwark .....	22	—	7336	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	16	—	1482	100	Do. new .....	54	7 1/2 p.c.	1780	50
Ashton and Oldham .....	85	—	1700	—	Vauxhall .....	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	6	—	1200	100	Do. Promissory Notes .....	95	—	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	—	54,000l.	—	Waterloo .....	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided) ....	560	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	30	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	25	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny ..	80	4	958	150	— Bonds.....	102	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater..	23	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield .....	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	30	—	300	100
Coventry .....	1000	41	500	100	Commercial.....	106	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	2	—	4546	100	— East-India				
Derby.....	185	6	600	100	Branch .....	100	5	—	100
Dudley .....	63	8	2060 1/2	100	Great Dover Street.....	33	1 17 6	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester.....	60	3	857 1/2	133	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	2883	50
Erewash .....	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	—	1000	65
Forth and Clyde .....	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	—	—	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share .....	—	—	1900	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	31 10	1 6	3762	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction .....	235	9	11,515 1/2	100	East London.....	95	—	3900	100
Grand Surrey .....	56	8	1521	100	Grand Junction .....	54	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan .....	101	5	60,000l.	—	Kent .....	31	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union .....	21	—	2849 1/2	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan .....	93	5	19,327 1/2	—	South London .....	25	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex .....	50 10	2	7540	—
Grantham.....	145	8	749	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield .....	13	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon .....	17 10	16	25,328	100	Abdon .....	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster.....	27	1	11,699 1/2	100	Atlas .....	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	350	12	2,879 1/2	100	Bath .....	575	40	—	—
Leicester .....	290	14	545	—	Birmingham .....	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union .....	84	4	1895	100	British .....	50	3	—	250
Loughborough.....	3400	170	70	—	County .....	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray .....	221	10	250	100	Eagle .....	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell .....	—	80	—	—	European .....	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire .....	160	10	2409	100	Globe.....	133	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures .....	99	5	48,526 1/2	100	Guardian .....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire .....	70	2 10	700	100	Hope .....	4	6	40,000	50
Neath.....	400	25	247	—	Imperial .....	90	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts .....	—	—	1770	25	London .....	24	1 4	8900	25
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	150	London Ship.....	20	1	31,900	25
Oxford .....	67 1/2	32	1720	100	Provident .....	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest .....	65	8	2406	100	Rock .....	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel..	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange .....	254	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's.....	25	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale .....	50	2	5631	100	Sun Life .....	28 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury .....	170	9 10	500	125	Union.....	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire .....	125	7	500	50	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	140	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	71	4	8900	50
Stafford. & Worcestershire.	700	40	700	145	Do. New Shares .....	65	8 12	4000	50
Stourbridge .....	210	9	300	—	City Gas Light Company ..	110	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon .....	11	—	8647	—	Do. New .....	60	—	1000	100
Stroudwater .....	495	22	—	—	Bath Gas .....	17	16	2500	20
Swansea .....	180	10	533	100	Brighton Gas .....	16	14	1500	20
Tavistock .....	90	—	350	100	Bristol .....	26 10	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk .....	1900	75	1300	200	London .....	25	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel .....	10 10	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton ....	210	9	980	50	Surrey.....	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks.....	4 2 6	—	14,288	100	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach.....	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart .....	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company ..	52	2 10	1307	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery ....	10	—	2299	80
Bristol .....	14	—	2209	146	Do. ....	6	—	8447	50
Do. Notes .....	100	5	208,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale				
Commercial .....	79	8	3132	100	Rooms .....	17	1	2000	150
East-India .....	162	10	450,000l.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class ..	88	4	—	—
East Country .....	28 10	—	1088	100	Do..... 2d Class ..	74	3	—	—
London .....	105 1/2	4	3,114,000l.	100	City Bonds .....	106	5	—	—
West-Judia .....	182	10	1,200,000l.	100					

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th Feb. to 25th March.**

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Feb.															
25	249½	79½	78½ 9½	90½	98½	103½	20½	79	—	248½	52	88½	—	4	79½
26	249½	79½	79 8½	90½	98½	103½	20½	—	—	248	57	—	79½	3	79
27	249½	79½	79 8½	90½	98½	103½	20½	78½	—	247	47	—	—	1	79
28	249½	79½	78½ 9½	90½	97½	103	20½	—	—	248	41	—	—	par.	79½
Mar.															
1	250	79½	79 8½	90½	97½	102½	20½	78½	—	—	40	87½	79½	1p	79½
2	shut.	—	78½ 8½	90½	—	102½	20½	—	—	247	40	—	—	1p	79½
4	—	80	78½ 9	90½	—	102½	—	78½	—	—	40	—	—	2p	79½
5	—	—	78½ 9	90½	98½	102½	—	—	—	—	44	—	—	3p	79½
6	—	80	78½ 9	—	98	102½	—	79	—	—	45	89	—	2p	79½
7	—	80½	78½ 9½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	51	—	—	2p	79½
8	—	—	78½ 9½	—	—	102½	—	78½	—	—	55	—	—	2p	79½
9	—	—	78½ 9½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	52	—	—	4p	79½
11	—	—	78½ 9	91	—	102½	—	—	—	—	50	—	—	4p	79½
12	—	80½	79½ 8½	—	—	102½	20½	—	—	—	51	—	—	4p	79½
13	—	—	79½ 8½	—	—	102½	—	79½	—	—	—	—	—	5	79½
14	—	—	79½ 9	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	49	87½	—	5	79½
15	—	—	79½ 8½	—	98½	102½	—	79	—	—	48	—	—	5	79½
16	—	80½	79½ 8½	—	—	103	—	—	—	—	49	—	—	3	79½
18	—	80½	79½ 8½	—	99½	103½	—	—	—	—	55	88½	—	3	80½
19	—	—	79½ 80½	—	99½	104½	20½	—	—	—	55	—	—	4	80½
20	—	—	80½ 8½	—	—	104½	—	80½	—	—	55	—	—	5	81½
21	—	81½	80½ 8½	—	99½	104½	—	—	—	—	55	—	—	4	80½
22	—	81½	80½ 8½	—	99½	104½	—	80½	—	—	55	—	—	5	80½
23	—	—	80½ 8½	—	—	104	—	—	—	—	51	—	—	4	80½
25	—	—	80½ 8½	—	—	103½	—	—	—	—	49	—	—	4	80½

**IRISH FUNDS.**

Feb.	Bank Stock.	Government Debenture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
21	247½	90½	90½	—	—	104½	104½	—	—	75	23
22	—	90½	90½	—	—	104½	104½	—	—	75	23
23	247½	89½	90	—	—	104½	104½	—	48½	75½	23
Mar.											
6	249	89½	89½	—	—	104½	104½	—	—	77	—

**Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Feb. 25. to March 2.**

Feb.	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
27	90 60	1590 —
Mar.		
2	90 60	1585 —
5	91 35	— —
7	89 40	1592 50
11	88 75	— —
13	88 50	1588 75
15	88 95	1590 —
18	89 70	1592 50
21	89 65	— —
23	89 95	— —

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.	
	Mar.							Feb.	
	1	5	8	12	19	22	26	10	23
Bank Shares.....	—	22-15	22-15	22-15	22-15	22-15	22-10	115	115
6 per cent.....	1812....	95	96	96	96	95	95	106	106
	1813....	97	97½	97½	97½	—	96	107½	107½
	1814....	99	99	99	99½	—	—	109	109
	1815....	par.	par.	par.	102	—	—	111	111
5 per cent.....	1821....	97	98	98	98	95	98	110½	110½

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*

THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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No. XXIX.

MAY, 1822.

VOL. V.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



## THE LION'S HEAD.

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Scriblerus, who relates "the Adventures concomitant with a Traveller's Life," has recounted such stories (Travellers' stories) of the depravity of women, as to make us regret that we cannot expose his own depravity, by the publication of his trash. We hope never to hear from him again; or, at any rate, if we must be witnesses to his marriage of folly and vice, we trust he will pay the fees. We had to pay 1s. 2d. for his present enormity.

---

G. Y.'s communication has been forwarded to the proper department.

---

H. L. is always correct in his rhymes, but sometimes with the sacrifice of his sense; for example:

Dark, dark is the sky, the thunder rolls,  
The lightning *follows*,  
The tempest *hollows*.

We would suggest also that Noah's three-decker was not provided, as in our naval *ark*itecture, with wings; and, besides, that it is contrary to all seamanship to say:

Spread, spread your sail, for there *blows a gale*.

---

The Authors of "Giralamo and Marcelia," and "Merlin and Ada" should choose pleasanter subjects even for tragedy.

---

The Essay on the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations should be printed in the dead languages. We beg to decline it on the part of the English.

---

Lines to Boreas go rather "too near the wind."

---

Andrew Marvell's paper is left for him at our Publishers. It has been subjected to his own test.

---

The Gentleman who volunteered his services to *do* the Fine Arts and Volcanoes, will find, on reference to Mr. Weathercock's Letter, that "all that sort of thing" is already in good hands. The paper will be returned.

---

It would be more than our places are worth to give X. Y. Z. "a *post* in our invaluable Miscellany," but we will do our best to get his paper into the Two penny.

---

The Dead Ass is dispatched as the author desired, and "The Rose in a Shower" is under cover at our Publishers.

---

Mr. R. complains that we are "backward in forwarding his paper." Does he mean by the clause to take us for crabs?

---

Our readers, we believe, have already formed a pretty correct opinion on the subject of Y.'s paper.

---

We have received a second paper from Curio. The former, though it exhibits much talent, has scarcely established its *Title* to insertion. The latter is amusing, but too personal.



Our "Unknown" Correspondent has favoured us with the following ; of which he says, although he wrote it on the pinnacle of St. Paul's, he

Stoop'd to 'Truth, and moralized his son.

MORAL REFLECTIONS WRITTEN ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

I.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes  
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,  
Looks over London's naked nose,  
Women and men :  
The world is all beneath his ken,  
He sits above the *Ball*.  
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop  
His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
On mortal crowds.

*Tom Hood*

II.

Seen from these skies,  
How small those emmets in our eyes !  
Some carry little sticks—and one  
His eggs—to warm them in the sun :  
Dear what a hustle  
And bustle !  
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,  
So long and thin,  
And so pinch'd in,  
Just in the pismire taste.

III.

O ! what are men ?—Beings so small,  
That should I fall  
Upon their little heads, I must  
Crush them by hundreds into dust !

IV.

And what is life ? and all its ages—  
There's seven stages !  
Turnham-Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !  
Brentford ! and Kew !  
And Tooting too !  
And oh ! what very little nags to pull'em.  
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got'em,  
Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
They're mice at bottom.  
Then let me not despise a horse,  
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !  
Since he would be, as near the sky,  
—— Fourteen hands high.

V.

What is this world with London in its lap ?  
Mogg's Map.  
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?  
A tidy kennel.  
The bridges stretching from its banks ?  
Stone planks.  
Ah me ! hence could I read an admonition  
To Mad Ambition !  
But that he would not listen to my call,  
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XXIX.

MAY, 1822.

VOL. V.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS :

A MAY-DAY EFFUSION.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow ; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise ?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption ; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation ! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades !—to shudder with the idea that “ now, surely, he must be lost for ever ! ”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light — and then (O fulness of

delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel ! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly ; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “ Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be super-added, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it ; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “ wholesome and pleasant beverage,”

on the south side of Fleet-street, as thou approachest Bridge-street—the *only Salopian house*,—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (*sassafras* is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her *sassafras* for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can explicate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet

rehumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent-garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingrediented soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out

of desolation, that Hogarth——— but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pye-man——there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud  
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the

Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late Duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE

was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGON, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, where-

at the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which "were their best patrimony"—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to "wipe the lip before drinking." Then we had our toasts—"The King,"—the "Cloth,"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

*Golden lads and lasses must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust—*

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

ELIA.

## ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

## No. III.

## HENRY CLIFFORD, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

HE was the son of Francis, fourth Earl of Cumberland, by the widow of Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, and born in 1591. His education was received in Oxford, where he took his degree of bachelor of arts, as a nobleman of Christ Church, in 1608-9; and, in the following year, married the Lady Frances, daughter of Robert, Earl of Salisbury. After travelling into France and Italy, and spending some short time, at his return, in King James's court, he appears to have retired into the country, in order (as his cousin, the Lady Anne, Countess of Pembroke, records) to manage his father, and his father's property, then much dissipated by improvident expenditure; and he seems to have executed his purpose with equal prudence and filial affection. Lord Clifford succeeded his father, as Fifth Earl of Cumberland, in 1640-1, and was a faithful adherent to King Charles, during the evil days that followed. Being, however, of an inactive, and not of a martial disposition, the Earl of Cumberland was ill-calculated to render any material assistance to the royal cause by his personal exertions, of which he was so fully aware, that when the chief command of York, with very extensive powers, was conferred upon him, he willingly re-

signed a trust, to which he felt himself incompetent, to the Earl of Newcastle. "He was," says Clarendon, "a man of honour, and popular enough in peace, but not endued with those parts which were necessary for such a season." Lady Pembroke draws the following portrait of him: "He was endued with a good natural wit, was a tall and proper man, a good courtier, a brave horseman, an excellent huntsman, had good skill in architecture and mathematics, and was much favoured by King James and King Charles, and died of a burning fever, at one of the prebend's houses in York, Dec. 1643." He died on the 11th, and was buried at Skipton, on the 31st of December; and that not without bloodshed, for in the parish register, after the record of his burial, is noted, "many soldiers slain at this time;" the town and church being then in possession of the rebels, it is probable that access to the family vault could only be obtained by force.

Neither Lord Orford nor Mr. Park were aware that Henry, Fifth Earl of Cumberland, claimed a place among the Noble Authors. In the Bodleian library is a thin quarto MS. containing

*Poeticall Translations of some Psalmes, and the Song of Solomon, with other Divine Poems, by that noble and religious Soule now sainted in Heaven, the Right Honourable Henry Earle of Cumberland, &c.*

Of the Psalms, thus translated by our noble author, the thirty-fifth affords the best specimen, and of this a short extract shall suffice.

Righteous Judge of sacred lawes,  
Fight my battells, pleade my cause;  
Least my fierce and wrangling foe  
Right, by power, overthrow.  
May thy buckler, speare, and sheild  
Make me master of the feild;  
Bid my soule defye them all,  
Since thou art my generall.  
Strike with shame, and with despaire,  
Those that would my soule ensuare,  
Make them to confusion fly  
That to ruine me doe lye.



As the dust, by whirlwind blowne,  
May they wander overthrowne,  
And God's Angell, as they fly,  
Still pursue the victory. \* \* \*

*Conversion of St. Paul.*

Saul Christ pursues, Christ meets him in ye way  
Not like a foe, but with a shineing light  
Guides him to Heaven: Grace doth his rage allay,  
And turne the edge of his vngouern'd spight:  
So he, that nothing breath'd but sword and flame,  
Went out a lyon, and return'd a lambe.

The Earl of Cumberland had four children; Elizabeth, his daughter, survived him, and married the Earl of Corke. His three sons died young, and are recorded by the following very simple and pathetic inscription in Skipton Church.

Henricus pater deflet  
Franciscum  
Carolus  
Henricum.  
A. D. MDCXXXI.

EDWARD SOMERSET, EARL OF GLAMORGAN AND MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

Lord Worcester's little book of inventions, which contains the first hint of that most powerful machine the steam engine, had gone through several editions unknown to Lord Orford. The *first* was "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions, as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful Friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice. Artis et Naturæ proles. London, Printed by J. Grismond, in the year 1663." 12mo. containing, altogether, 102 pages, and extremely rare. The *second*, was another 12mo. of 94 pages, beautifully printed, and "sold by T. Payne, in Round-court, in the Strand, 1746." The *third*, was a Scotch edition, "Glasgow, by R. and A. Foulis, 1767, 12mo." *Fourth*, a reprint from the original edition, with a preface dated Kyo, near Lanchester, June 18, 1778, and an "Appendix, containing an Historical Account of the Fire Engine for Raising Water:" this was in large 8vo. pp. 64. *Fifth*, a reprint from the Glasgow copy, London "by W. Bailey, Proprietor of the Speaking Figure, now showing, by permission of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, at No. 42, within Bishopsgate," 1786, 12mo. *Sixth*, London, sold by R. Triphook, &c. 1813, 12mo. of which 100 copies only were printed. And a *seventh* was announ-

ed by Murray, of Albemarle-street, in 1820, which professed to be from the original MSS., with historical and explanatory notes, a biographical memoir, and an original portrait, 8vo.

Such are the editions of Lord Worcester's very singular production, in which, however strange and improbable many of the proposals may appear, it is certain that others, that at first were thought either abstruse or ridiculous, have been found by ingenious and practical mathematicians to answer the noble mechanic's fullest expectation. So sanguine was the projector in respect to the steam engine, which he terms, his "stupendous water-work," that he procured an act of parliament to secure to himself and heirs, the entire advantage for ninety-nine years, inflicting a penalty of 5*l.* per hour on all who should counterfeit, or use, this "water-commanding engine."

Lord Worcester, in the midst of these projects, was as needy as the poorest alchymist in search of the philosopher's stone. In the dedication to both houses of parliament of his Scantlings, he declares he has already sacrificed from six to seven hundred thousand pounds, and to how great extremity he was occasionally reduced, the following letter, which we have now transcribed from the original autograph, bears sufficient testimony. It was addressed to Colonel Copley, an officer in the army of General Fairfax, who thus endorses it:—

*My Lord of Worcester's Letter abt my Share in his Engine.*

Dear friend,—I knowe not with what face to desire a curtesie from you, since I have not yet payed you the five pownds, and the mayne businesse soe long protracted, whereby my reallity and kindnesse should with thankfulness appeare; for though the least I intende you is to make up the somme already promised, to a thousand pownds yearly, or a share ammounting to farr more, (which to nominate before the perfection of the woorke were but an *individuum vagum*, and therefore I deferre it, and vpon noe other score,) yet, in this interim, my disapointments are soe great, as that I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pownds to this bearer, or to make vse of the coache, and to goe to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this day helpe me to fifty pownds, then to paye your selfe the five pownds I owe you out of them. Eyther of these will infinitely oblige me. The alderman has taken three day's time to consider of it. Pardon the great troubles I give you, which I doubt not but in time to deserve by really appearing

28th of March, 1656.

Your most thankfull friend,

WORCESTER.

To my honored friend,  
Collonell Christopher Coppley,  
These.

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY,

“Lived (says Wood) like a princess, in Westmoreland, was a great lover and encourager of learning and learned men, hospitable, charitable to the poor, and of a most generous and public temper.” She had all the courage and liberality of the other sex, united to all the devotion, order, and economy (perhaps not all the softness) of her own. She was the oldest, but most independent, courtier in the kingdom: had known and admired Queen Elizabeth; had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James; re-built her dismantled castles, in defiance of Cromwell; and repelled, with disdain, the interposition of a profligate minister, under Charles the Second.\*

The letter, which she is said to have written to Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary of state, who sent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, was first printed in a paper written by Lord Orford for *The World*, and again introduced by that noble writer, in his article relative to this high-spirited woman. It is worthy of remark, that no authority is given, in either place, for the authenticity of the document, and, excellent and to the point as it is, we cannot but suspect it to have been, at least, heightened by the poignant pen of the contributor. However this may be, it will well bear repetition.

I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man sha'nt stand.

ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

We have given place to the above, by way of introducing two other letters not generally known, one by a royal, the other from a noble, personage. The first is from QUEEN ELIZABETH to Heton, Bishop of Ely, who, it seems, had promised to exchange some part of the land belonging to his newly-acquired see, for a pretended equivalent; but demurred

when he entered on the office, either from a hope of enjoying his dignity without the penalty, or from a sense of shame at so palpable an injustice towards the church, probably the latter, because the letter is said to be preserved in the Episcopal Register of Ely, as a sort of proof of the compulsion.

Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you.

Your's, as you demean yourself, ELIZABETH.

\* Whitaker's Deanery of Craven, p. 277.

The second is of a very different nature. It was written by JOHN, SECOND EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Dr. Craddock, the Archbishop of Dublin, who had been suddenly seized with a putrid sore-throat, which for some days threatened

the worst consequences, and then as suddenly left him. Lord Buckinghamshire, who had not once sent to enquire after his Grace, during his illness, wrote him the following very concise yet elegant note on the day of his recovery:—

MY LORD—The enquiries of a Lord Lieutenant after the health of an Archbishop, might be deemed equivocal—but his sincere congratulations, on the recovery of a respected friend, cannot be misinterpreted.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

We know not what punishment will be inflicted on us for inserting, as a climax to these royal and noble epistles, the letter of an unfortunate lieutenant of foot; but it seems to us so characteristic, and so spirited a

composition, that our readers shall have it. The billet was found by the Secretary at War on his table, after the loss of Minorca to the French, and is perfect of its kind.

SIR—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Blackney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.

Sir, &c. &c.

A. B.

## AS I CAME DOWN THROUGH CANNOBIE,

### AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

#### 1.

As I came down through Cannobie,  
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,  
The summer sun had shut his ee,  
And loud a lass did sing O.  
“Ye westlin winds, O! gently blow,  
Ye seas soft as my wishes flow,  
And merry may the shallop rowe,  
That my true love sails in O.

#### 2.

“My love has breath like roses sweet,  
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,  
And arms like lilies dipt in weet,  
To fauld a maiden in O.  
There’s not a wave that swells the sea,  
But bears a prayer or wish frae me,  
Oh! soon may I my true-love see,  
An’ his bauld bands again O.

#### 3.

“My love he wears a bonnet blue,  
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,  
A rose sae white, a heart sae true,  
A dimple in his chin O.  
He bears a blade his foes have felt,  
And nobles at his nod have knelt;  
My heart will break as well as melt,  
Should he ne’er come again O.”

C.

## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY,

## THE ORATOR OF VIRGINIA.

"Henry was the greatest orator that ever lived—he it was who gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution."—*Jefferson*.

ONE of the most extraordinary men, and perhaps one of the least known in Europe, who flourished in America during her revolutionary struggle, was the celebrated Patrick Henry. A revolution is naturally the parent of genius, confined, however, chiefly to the military profession. This is not surprising. There are so many incitements, and so many opportunities, both for signaling and strengthening the warrior's talent, that it is almost impossible its possessor should either lie dormant or undistinguished. Besides, in military life the tedious preliminaries requisite in civil professions may be dispensed with, and genius and enterprise can soon master the difficulties which mere form flings in the way. Hence it is, that in every great national contest we see the chiefs of the army almost invariably springing from the very lowest to the highest stations, and taking by storm that glory and renown to which, under other circumstances, they would have looked only as a forlorn hope. Not so, however, is it with the eminences of civil life. A long and often painful probation is necessary to their attainment. The offices of state are to be acquired, and indeed sustained, only by ample preparation; distinction in the senate is the result of blended ability and acquirement; and musty records, and mountain tomes, are the uninviting steps which lead to the woolsack. To all these rules, however, Henry was an exception. He was a phenomenon even in a revolution. While Washington, through toil, privation, and defeat, struggled into immortality; while Franklin, by persevering industry, schooled himself into the distinctions of philosophy and politics; America saw with wonder one of her untutored children rushing from the woods, in the hunter's garb, and with the peasant's manners; a foundling of liberty; a pupil of nature; without friend, or patron, or almost acquaintance, guiding her sages, awing

her aristocracy, heading her bar, spell-binding her senate, and irresistibly hurrying her charmed hemisphere to a premature and un hoped-for emancipation! such a man was Patrick Henry: the growth of a century—a century, it may be, of revolutions.

He was born in Hanover county, in the colony of Virginia, on the 29th of May, 1736, of poor but respectable connexions. His father kept a sort of grammar school, where he was taught the rudiments of Latin, which, with some slight smattering of arithmetic, constituted the entire stock of his information. In his youth, and indeed during every period of his life, he was idleness personified. Restrained but little by his parents, he was almost continually in the forests chasing the deer, or stretched along the banks of some mountain lake intently watching the cork of his fishing-line. A love of solitude was his reigning passion, and even in the society of his school-fellows he participated but little in the boisterous amusements of the vacation hour. Always thoughtful—always abstracted, he was still nevertheless an attentive observer of the passing scene; and when the crowd had separated of which he seemed to have formed but a heedless member, there was scarcely an observation worth recording which he could not repeat, or a remarkable character which he could not accurately delineate. Those personal sketches formed, it is said, a peculiar characteristic of his boyhood—they were the result of observation; and while they marked the sagacity of his mind, they were not inconsistent with the indolence of his habits. But to study of any kind he had an invincible aversion; and when he was not basking listlessly beneath the sunbeam, he was to be seen in the woods like one of their primeval inhabitants, as wild and as active as the animal he was chasing. Not one omen of his future greatness was dis-

coverable. His conversation was dull, his dress slovenly, his manner awkward, and his habits altogether such as shut out hope, even from the ever open heart of parental partiality. Who could have imagined that beneath this rude, uncouth, and unpromising exterior, a treasure lay concealed which was in after times to constitute at once the wealth and the ornament of his country!

His father had nine children; and at the age of fifteen, Patrick was placed behind a counter in a country village. At the end of a year, fancying himself an adept in his calling, he took a store, and in conjunction with a brother quite as indolent and as thriftless as himself, commenced business as a merchant. It seems scarcely necessary to add, that in a few months the establishment was dissolved, and in as many years the debts in which it had involved them were not entirely liquidated. During the short period of his commercial life, he is said to have almost forgotten its duties in a singular, and as it then appeared, a profitless occupation,—that of minutely examining the characters and dispositions of his different customers. To such a trait of character we should scarcely consider ourselves justified in adverting if it did not form a principal topic with all his biographers. These investigations he conducted with an address infinitely above his years. When he found his visitors inclined to talk before him unreservedly, he was all attention—not a remark escaped him—he listened to them in breathless silence. If, on the other hand, they manifested any reserve, he called forth all his energies to excite them; and by hypothetical cases drawn from his fancy, or real incidents drawn from his reading, he delighted to involve them in debate, and thus discover how different men would act in any given situation. By these means, he studiously initiated himself in the knowledge of human nature, and gained that first practical perception of character which afterwards enabled him to exercise an unrivalled mastery over the hearts of mankind.

Misfortunes seldom teach the children of genius prudence. At the age of eighteen, notwithstanding

the embarrassments in which his unfortunate commercial speculation had involved him, Henry married a Miss Shelton, the portionless daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. With the assistance of their parents, however, they obtained a small farm, purchased two slaves, and assiduously applied themselves to pursuits which were necessary to their very subsistence. Upon this farm the future Cincinnatus of the senate was to be seen under a vertical sun, with his spade in his hand, digging a barren soil for scanty bread, embarrassed with debt, encumbered with a family, unknown to the world, and little dreaming of the important part he was soon to act upon its theatre. How involved and intricate are the mysteries of Providence! This humble peasant was, at no very distant time, to guide the distracted councils of his country, awaken energies of which she was unconscious, and shake a mighty monarch on his throne by the power of his eloquence!

The agricultural speculation turned out even still more ruinous than the commercial one; and at the end of two years it was relinquished altogether. In utter despair, Henry turned to merchandize again, and again became a bankrupt. This happened before he was four-and-twenty. It is impossible, perhaps, to imagine a situation much more deplorable than his was at that moment. With a wife and family, borne down by debts, having exhausted the repeated contributions of his friends, and without a single shilling in the world to avert the approach of famine! Such, without any hyperbole, was his melancholy situation. Yet, amid all these calamities, he never drooped; he seemed as if sustained by some internal power, and “neither, (says Mr. Jefferson who then became acquainted with him) in his conduct nor in his countenance, was there to be found any trace whatever of his misfortunes.” It is singular enough that, up to this period, no one ever suspected him of the extraordinary talent with which he was gifted; adversity itself seemed incapable of striking from him one spark of genius—he was looked upon as even less



than an ordinary man—as one, in short, who had attempted many things, and failed in all. In this desperate emergency, “the world was all before him, where to choose,” and he determined on an experiment, which, situated as he was, seemed to border upon madness. Incapable as a farmer, and incapable as a merchant, he became a candidate for the bar! Forbidding in his appearance, uncouth in his address, without one particle of legal knowledge, and with very little reading of any other kind, he presented himself on six weeks’ preparation before the three examiners, whose signatures are preliminary to a call in America. Two seem to have signed for him out of pure good-nature; with the third, Mr. John Randolph, he found considerable difficulty. Mr. Randolph, in addition to profound legal knowledge, was a very polished gentleman, and afterwards became King’s Attorney General for the colony. He revolted at the very appearance of the candidate, and absolutely refused even to examine him; this resolution, however, he abandoned on understanding that he had obtained the two previous signatures. In a very short time he discovered the rashness of his anticipations. Ignorant of every principle of common or municipal law, Henry astonished the examiner by the strength of his mind, the subtlety of his argument, and the splendour of his illustrations. “You defend your opinions well, Sir,” said Mr. Randolph; “but now to the law and the testimony;” hereupon, opening the authorities, he proceeded—“Behold the force of natural reason; you have evidently never seen these books nor this principle of the law; yet you are right and I am wrong; and from the lesson you have given me, you must excuse me for saying it, I will never trust to appearances again. Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, I augur that you will do well, and prove an ornament and an honour to your profession.” Such was his introduction to the bar of Virginia!

It is not to be wondered at, that, profoundly ignorant as he was of even the elementary principles of his profession, unacquainted with the commonest form, and unable to draw the tritest plea, he should

have remained in obscurity for three years. During this, his family suffered the extreme of want. He was reduced to live in the house of his father-in-law, who kept a small tavern adjoining the County Court of Hanover; and occasionally, during the landlord’s absence, Henry fulfilled his duties, attended to the guests, and acted in the double capacity of host and waiter. About this time it was, that a dispute of a singular nature arose, between the American clergy and the parishioners, with respect to the commodity in which the former were to be paid their stipends. It is not necessary to enter into the minutiae of that dispute; suffice it to say, that some law objections taken by the clergy in its progress had been so fully sustained, that the question resolved itself into a mere calculation of damages; and the advocate retained for the parish, after various unsuccessful struggles, retired, disheartened, from the contest. In this dilemma Henry was applied to on the part of the people, and, as it appears, rather from necessity than choice. When the momentous day of trial arrived, the whole county of Hanover seemed to have assembled; it was, in fact, a case in which every one was interested. The first person whom the young advocate encountered in the court yard was his own uncle, a clergyman of the established church, who, as plaintiff in a similar cause, was personally interested against the success of his nephew. When Henry saw him, he candidly expressed his regret at the circumstance. “Why so,” said the uncle? “Because, Sir,” answered Henry, “you know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence to be able to do justice to my clients; besides, Sir, I shall be obliged to say some *hard things* of the clergy, and I am very unwilling to give pain to your feelings.” To this the uncle good-humouredly replied—“Why, Patrick, as to *your saying hard things* of the clergy, I advise you to let that alone; take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my departure, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you good nor harm in such a cause; however, since you seem to think otherwise, and to desire it so earnest-



ly, you shall be gratified," and so saying, he re-entered the carriage and departed.

The cause was soon after called on. Upon the bench sat upwards of twenty clergymen, the most able and learned men in the colony; and there also in some official situation sat his own father! Every nook of the Court-house was crowded, almost to suffocation, by an expectant, and in some degree an exasperated, multitude. The counsel for the clergy, in a succinct, unanswerable statement, opened their case. The moment now arrived when Patrick was for the first time to address a public audience. What a trial for any man! but, above all, for a father and a husband! Fame, fortune, life,—the existence even of his family, hung upon the effort. It is said of Lord Erskine, that on his debüt in the King's Bench, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down—"At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

When Henry rose, nothing could have been more dispiriting to a client than his appearance—the few first sentences filled the people with consternation—he was all but contemptible—the clergy began to leer at each other across the bench—the unfortunate father hung down his head in hopeless dejection; and the uncouth-looking clown who claimed the public attention excited only surprise at his presumption, scarcely softened by pity for his infirmities. In a short time, however, how altered became the scene! As Henry warmed, he seemed to shed his nature—the rustic shell fell from him—his person seemed to undergo a mystical transformation—his mien became majestic—his eye flashed fire—the tones of his voice fell directly upon the heart, and he stood before his mute and vassal auditory, a creature of inspiration! The effect was incredible—appalled by the fury of one of his terrible invectives, the clergy fled affrighted from the bench; and the jury, obedient to his bidding, returned a verdict of one penny damages. The effect of the advocate died not with the hour: and even at

the present day, if a Virginian peasant wishes to praise an orator, the ne plus ultra of his panegyric is—*"he is almost equal to Patrick when he pleaded against the parsons."*

The fame of Henry soon spread throughout Virginia, and ensured him more than his share of the meagre practice which its courts were capable of affording. There was little wonder that he was hailed as a phenomenon. He was without any model, and he could have no imitator. To books he owed little—to cultivation, less—he was at once the child and the orator of nature. The people almost adored him, because they looked on him as one of themselves; and he, aware of the advantage which this prepossession gave him, endeavoured to foster it by every means in his power. He lived on the fare, affected the habits, spoke the dialect, sought the familiarity, and for ever after submissively bowed to "the majesty of the people." This policy resulted from an instinctive shrewdness. Conscious of his powers, he doubtless felt that the political convulsions which then began to agitate his country must one day call them into action; he was aware too that a selfish and jealous aristocracy would naturally spurn the intrusion of a peasant upon their hereditary precincts, and he worshipped the multitude, to whom alone he looked for support and distinction. To his honour, it should be added, that in after life, when fame elated, and prosperity raised him, he never forgot the patrons of his early fortunes, but died, as he had lived, *one of the people*.

Soon after his success in the "parsons' cause," he removed to Louisa county, at the bar of which he pursued his practice. His old habits, however, appear to have clung closely to him; after his removal, he frequently hunted the deer for several days together, carrying his provision along with him, and at night sleeping in the woods! "After the hunt was over (say his biographers), he would go from the ground to Louisa court, clad in a coarse cloth coat stained with all the trophies of the chase, greasy leather breeches ornamented in the same way, leggings for boots, and a pair of saddle bags on his arm. Thus accoutred, he would enter the

court-house, take up the first of his causes which happened to be called, and, if there was any scope for his peculiar talent, astonish every one by the effusions of his natural eloquence." There appears to have been some charm about him which overcame every difficulty, and captivated irresistibly all who heard him. "I could, (said one of the judges of the district court in which he practised) I could write a letter, or draw a plea or declaration, at the bar with as much accuracy as in my office, under all circumstances, except when Patrick was speaking; but whenever he rose, although it might be on so trifling a subject as a summons and petition for twenty shillings, I was obliged to lay down my pen, and could not write another syllable until the speech was finished." Such a tribute is worth a whole volume of commentary. Nor does it appear either preposterous in itself, or the result of any undue partiality. Every account which has come to us of this extraordinary man, concurs in stating, that his power over an audience was almost despotic—the magic lay in his tones and emphasis, which they say "struck upon the ear and upon the heart, in a way *which language cannot tell.*"

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Henry through his preliminary progress at the bar, although many of the cases in which he distinguished himself possess considerable interest. But a period had now arrived which raised him to an eminence unattainable by the most brilliant professional exertions. The applause of judges, the dominion over juries, the extravagant verdict, and the enthusiastic auditory, all dwindle into comparative insignificance. The day was come, when the peasant of Virginia was to inscribe his name upon the page of immortality—was to enroll himself amongst the men upon whose memory the future children of America will dwell with rapture, as the founders of their nation's greatness—the day-beams of its glory. In order, however, justly to appreciate his exertions, it is necessary to take a short retrospect of the political situation of his country, when she called him to her councils. In March, 1764, the British parliament passed

resolutions preparatory to the celebrated and ill-omened Stamp Act. These resolutions were communicated to the House of Burgesses in Virginia, by their local colonial agent, and the result was, an address to the King, a memorial to the House of Lords, and a remonstrance to the Commons. The tone of these papers is, however, sufficiently submissive. They speak the language of men rather anxious to avert a calamity, than conscious of the ability to contend with it. But all entreaty was in vain—fancied Might seemed to constitute Right with the statesmen of that day in England; and, in January, 1765, the Stamp Act received the royal assent, to take effect in the colonies on the November following. The announcement of this intelligence seemed at first to paralyze America. The timid gave themselves up to despair, and even the bravest seemed to consider resistance as a thing not to be dreamed of. The scanty population of the colonies formed of itself an insurmountable impediment; and that this was the opinion of some of the boldest and wisest of their republicans is apparent from the address of Dr. Franklin to Mr. Ingersoll, about that time, on his return to America. "Go home," said he, "and tell your countrymen to get children as fast as they can." Many, it is true, were sullen enough, and willing to resist, if possible; but even to these there appeared no alternative but death or slavery. At this critical juncture, Henry was elected member of the Virginian Colonial Legislature, for the county of Louisa. The writ of election is dated May 1, 1765. The first question upon which he spoke was against the creation of a local job, in which he succeeded against the indignant union of the entire aristocracy. This, of course, excited on their parts a bitter spirit of exasperation against him. It was natural enough. Those who had been accustomed to consider themselves as the hereditary rulers of the colony could ill brook the intrusion of a mere peasant; and the consequence was, as in all such cases, a lavish expenditure on their part of the epithets, "malcontent, demagogue, and declaimer." On the other hand, however, he was loudly claim-

ed by the people as their champion, each of whom contemplating the triumph, as it were, of one of themselves, felt as if he had acquired an individual importance. Amid these contentions, he seems to have hung back modestly enough for some time on the subject of the Stamp Act; to oppose the execution of which, he had expressly been elected. What his motives for this were, it is now impossible to discover; but it is not unlikely, that, aware of his own comparative unimportance, he awaited the signal from some leader of greater experience and authority. Having waited, however, in vain, till within three days of the close of the session, he then at length came forward with his far-famed resolutions. Their bold and decided tone struck a panic into the aristocracy. They directly accused the King, Lords, and Commons, of Great Britain, of tyranny and despotism. Little is it to be wondered at, therefore, that he was opposed, not only by the advocates of the mother country, and the friends of the existing establishments, but even by many prudent men, who afterwards evinced the most intrepid patriotism. But Henry's eloquence bore down all opposition; and by a majority of ONE he carried the resolution, which, in fact, founded the independence of America. The resolutions embraced by his motion were five in number; the last and strongest of which was as follows. "Resolved, therefore, that the general assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom." This single sentence, in fact, involved the entire principle of the subsequent struggle. The following is a brief but interesting account, as given by Mr. Jefferson, of this momentous experiment. "Mr. Henry moved, and Mr. Johnston seconded, these resolutions successively. They were opposed by all the old members, whose influence in the house had, till then, been unbroken. But torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning

of Johnston, prevailed. The last, however, and strongest resolution was carried but by a single vote. The debate on it was most bloody. I was then but a student, and stood at the door of communication between the house and the lobby, during the whole debate; and I well remember, that after the numbers on the division were told and declared from the chair, Peyton Randolph, the attorney general, came out at the door where I was standing, and said, as he entered the lobby, 'By G— I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote;' for one vote would have divided the house; and the chairman, he knew, would have negatived the resolution. Mr. Henry left town that night."

It is a singular fact, that he had previously shown these resolutions to only two persons. They were instantly adopted by all the colonial legislatures, and spread the flame of liberty over the whole Continent. On Henry's death, a paper was found in his hand-writing, sealed up, and thus indorsed: "Inclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia assembly in 1765, concerning the Stamp Act. Let my executors open this paper." On the back of this document, containing the resolutions, there is the following simple statement of this transaction, also in the hand-writing of their author. "The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a Burgess a few days before, was young and inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members that composed it. *Finding the men of weight averse to opposition*, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long

and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable—righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader—whenever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere, practise virtue thyself, and encourage it in others. P. HENRY.” Such is the plain and modest account given by Henry, of one of the most interesting events perhaps in the annals of our history. The tradition of his eloquence on this occasion, and of the effect which it produced on the assembly, is unfortunately all that has come down to us. There does not appear to have been a single record of the debate preserved. The following anecdote, however, given on the authority of one of the assembly, may afford some idea of the intrepid self-possession for which he was distinguished. In the very fury and whirlwind of his invective against Great Britain, he exclaimed: “Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—(“Treason,” exclaimed the speaker—“treason, treason,” echoed from every corner of the house.) “Yes,” (said Henry, never faltering for a moment, and fixing an eye of fire upon the speaker) “and George the Third—*may profit by their example—if this be treason, make the most of it.*” Such an incident strikes upon the mind at once; but in order to appreciate it justly, we must transport ourselves into Henry’s situation, alone in an assembly, one third of whom were his determined enemies, and at a time when the scales were suspended between thralldom and emancipation. The effect was electric—every hour it gathered strength, and at length, when November ar-

rived, in which month, according to its provisions, the Stamp Act was to be put in force, England might as easily, with an infant’s hand, have attempted to roll back the torrent of Niagara.

It would be quite beside our purpose in this place to record the system of irritation on the one hand, and of resistance on the other, by which the dismemberment of the British empire was laboriously accomplished. Throughout the whole of the contest, Henry was determined and consistent. Indeed, he seems at once to have seen the struggle in its advent and its conclusion. It is recorded of him, on living authority not to be doubted, that before one drop of blood was shed, being in company at a Colonel Overton’s, he was asked by his host whether he thought Great Britain would drive her colonies to extremities? “Yes,” said he, “she will drive us to extremities—no accommodation will take place—hostilities will soon commence, and a desperate and bloody touch it will be!” “But,” replied Colonel Overton, “do you think, Mr. Henry, that an infant nation as we are, without discipline, arms, ammunition, ships of war, or money to procure them—do you think it possible, thus circumstanced, to oppose successfully the fleets and armies of Great Britain?” “I will be candid with you,” said Henry; “I doubt whether we shall be able *alone* to cope with so powerful a nation. But, (continued he, rising from his chair with great animation) “where is France? Where is Spain? Where is Holland? The natural enemies of Great Britain—where will they be all this while? Do you suppose that they will stand by idle and indifferent spectators of the contest? Will Louis the Sixteenth be asleep all this time? Believe me, no—when he shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and *our declaration of independence*, that all prospect of reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition, and clothing; and not with these only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form with us a treaty, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation, independence will

be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth." The narrator goes on to say, that the whole company startled at the mention of independence—it was the first time the idea had been even suggested,—but the manner with which Henry uttered it had all the fervour of the prophet, and events soon arose which almost gave him a claim to the character.

Not long after this, in consequence of the destruction of a cargo of tea by the people of Boston, which was attempted to be forced on them by the British parliament, a meeting took place of various colonial legislatures, which terminated in the grand continental congress at Philadelphia, on September 4, 1774. This assembly closed its first session in the October following, with a spirited address to the King, and one also to the people of North America. On Henry's return to his native state, he gave another instance of his great foresight and discrimination of character. Being naturally interrogated by his countrymen as to the talents of the different members of the Congress, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, *Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on that floor!*" At this time, to a mere common observer, Washington was remarkable for little, except a natural modesty, almost amounting to bashfulness.\* It is unnecessary to say how soon and how fully this opinion was verified.

The colonial legislature of Virginia now met again, and here Henry vigorously followed up the blow, which in the same assembly he had before struck in the cause of national independence. Although no war proclamation had actually issued from Great Britain, still, ever since the convulsion at Boston, she

had been silently collecting troops on the northern coast of America. This was enough for Henry—his suspicions took the alarm, and he actually proposed the armed organization of the colony! This was a decisive proposition, and so he seems to have felt it. In reply to all the arguments of the prudent, the timid, the interested, and the loyal, he thundered forth a speech which seems to have produced upon America the same effect which that of Demosthenes did upon the Athenians; "Let us march against Philip—let us conquer or die." As this speech exemplified strongly his intrepidity as a patriot, and his general style as an orator, we need make little apology, either to the lover of eloquence or of liberty, for the following extract. Those who peruse it, however, must recollect the time at which it was delivered, and the circumstances which gave rise to it. The storm which he foresaw, and against which he thus prophetically warns his country, was as yet only "a distant speck in the horizon."

Sir (said he), it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. But is this the part of wise men, engaged in a struggle for liberty? For myself, I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and judging by the past, what has there been in the conduct of the British for these ten years past to justify the hopes in which some gentlemen are indulging? Is it that gracious smile with which our late petition has been received? Trust it not, Sir. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to

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\* As a proof of this, the following anecdote is related of Washington. When he had closed his career in the French and India war, and was elected a member of the house of Burgesses, the Speaker communicated to him a resolution of thanks voted by the house, and accompanied it by a warm and flattering eulogium. When Washington rose to acknowledge it, he was so overcome that he could not articulate—he blushed, stammered, and evinced such helpless embarrassment, that the Speaker, with a look of great kindness, said to him, "Sit down, Mr. Washington—your modesty is equal to your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."



call for this accumulation of armies and of navies? No—she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have so long been forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, and all has been in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms can we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves any longer. We have done every thing which could be done to avert the storm which is coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and the parliament. Our petitions have been slighted—our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult—our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—*we must fight!*—I repeat it, Sir—*we must fight!*—*an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.* They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

But we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery—our chains are forged—their clanking may be heard upon the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace. But there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—(cried he, his arms raised aloft, his brow knit, and his whole frame as if on fire with the enthusiasm which inflamed him) give me liberty or give me death!

The appeal was decisive—his proposal was carried in despite of all opposition, and the House of Burgesses adjourned to a particular day, amid the shouts of the Virginians and the impotent denunciations of Lord Dunmore, their Governor. Indeed it is almost impossible, even in this country, and at this distance of time, to read this speech in the closet, without feeling the force of its reasoning, and the sublime intrepidity of its enthusiasm. What must it not have done then in such an assembly, aided by a delivery which is described as almost miraculous. The members are represented as having remained in a sort of trance for some moments after he had ceased, which was followed by an involuntary echo of his last words—“Liberty or Death!”

We find it quite impossible to do justice to this interesting subject within the limits of a single article; and we must, although reluctantly, defer the remainder until our next number. It still remains to exhibit Henry in a new character; to shew him fertile in resources and vigorous in enterprise; to complete our view of his senatorial and forensic course; and to describe the closing scenes of his active and honourable life.



## THE STAG-EYED LADY.

## A MOORISH TALE.

Tom Hood

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

## I.

ALI Ben Ali\* (did you never read  
 His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,—  
 How there was one in pity might exceed  
 The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate  
 Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!  
 For those that he had under him were great—  
 The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,  
 Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

## II.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!  
 'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—  
 Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,  
 'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother  
 And sister too—but happily that none  
 Did live within *harm's* length of one another,  
 Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze  
 To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

## III.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,  
 And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,†  
 Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit  
 Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had  
 No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—  
 Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad  
 His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,  
 And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

## IV.

Until he got a *sage*-bush of a beard,  
 Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail  
 Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,  
 Grew downward like old women and cow's tail,  
 Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,  
 Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;  
 But yet, not so poetic as when Time  
 Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

## V.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex  
 His royal bosom that he had no son,  
 No living child of the more noble sex‡  
 To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one  
 To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks  
 When he was gone—doom'd when his days were done  
 To leave the very city of his fame  
 Without an Ali to keep up his name.

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\* Surnamed Brother of the Sun and Moon.

† This is better than "power that makes weak men wicked, makes wicked men mad."  
 (See Preface to the Expedition of Orsua, and the Crimes of Aguirre, by Mr. Southey.)

‡ The ladies may complain here, that they ought to be the distinguished sex; but in truth they are not so entitled. They must all have heard, fond as they are of China, of mandarines, but who ever heard of *womandarines*?

## VI.

He knew that man with many years must fail,  
 And turn old woman, though he still should wear  
 Breeches like coats,\* and totter in proof-male ;  
 That he himself might be of those that are  
 Childish, without a child,—though *they* entail  
 Their likeness on the world, 'tis but an heir  
 "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,"  
 Such as Republicans do choose their king. †

## VII.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,  
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;  
 So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above  
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;  
 Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,  
 And drumm'd with proxy prayers Mohammed's ear :  
 Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,  
 Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

## VIII.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair  
 Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :  
 Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,  
 Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name  
 Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;  
 He made so *certain* ere his chicken came :—  
 But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,  
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow may bring forth !

## IX.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun  
 A little daughter to this world of sins,—  
 Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one  
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :  
 Twins ! female twins !—it was enough to stun  
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins  
 To hear their father stamp, and curse, and swear,  
 Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

## X.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down  
 This his paternal rage, and thus addrest :  
 " O ! Most Serene ! why dost thou stamp and frown,  
 And box the compass of thy royal chest ?  
 Ah ! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own  
 I love to gaze on !—Prythee, thou hadst best  
 Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin  
 Your beard you'll want a wig upon your chin ! "

## XI.

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack  
 The quicklime of his rage that hotter grew :  
 He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack  
 Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few  
 Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black  
 At this sad order ; but their slaveships knew  
 When any dared demur, his sword so bending  
 Cut off the " head and front of their offending."

\* George Fox, in "The Fashions of this World made manifest," says, "and further to get breeches like a coat." He can mean nothing else but a petticoat.

† *Printer's Devil*. What does the author mean here ? *Author*. Nothing.

## XII.

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,  
 A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—  
 The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf  
 Were stuck at his *head-quarters* by the score—  
 Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,  
 But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;  
 So that (as they of Public Houses speak)  
 He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

## XIII.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,  
 Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;  
 In vain from her stag-eyes “ the big round tears  
 Coursed one another down her innocent nose ; ”  
 In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;  
 Though there were some felt willing to oppose,  
 Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,  
 Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

## XIV.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three  
 Of these black undertakers slowly brought her  
 To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she  
 Was doom'd to have a *winding sheet of water*.  
 Then farewell earth—farewell to the green tree—  
 Farewell the sun—the moon—each little daughter!  
 She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,  
 Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

## XV.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full fill'd  
 All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;  
 Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd  
 A ring above her like a water knell ;  
 A moment more, and all its face was still'd,  
 And not a guilty heave was left to tell  
 That underneath its calm and blue transparence  
 A dame lay drowned in her sack \* like Clarence.

## XVI.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,—  
 The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,  
 Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—  
 The lady's natal star with pale affright  
 Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,  
 Turn'd comets as the *tale* was brought to light ;  
 And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,  
 And made their own reflections on her grave.

## XVII.

Next night a head—a little lady head,  
 Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,  
 With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,  
 Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space  
 Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed  
 A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace  
 Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised  
 Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

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\* The author is wrong here : Clarence was not drowned in Sack, but in a butt of Malmesbury.—*A True Critic*.

## XVIII.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,  
 So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—  
 She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush  
 Of music bubbling through the surface light ;  
 The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush  
 To listen to the air—and through the night  
 There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,  
 Sobbing as they would break their hearts with pity.

## THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

## 1.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,  
 'The child that she wetnursed is lapp'd in the wave ;  
 The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water  
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

## 2.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,  
 This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall ;  
 And, stranger, O stranger ! this song that you hear  
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all !

## 3.

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,  
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—  
 She's a corpse, poor body ! and lies in this basin,  
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

INCOG.

## FINE ARTS—EDINBURGH.

## WILLIAMS'S VIEWS IN GREECE, &amp;c.

THERE has been lately exhibited at the Calton Convening room, Edinburgh, a collection of views in Greece, Italy, Sicily, and the Ionian Isles, painted in water colours by Mr. Hugh Williams, a native of Scotland, which themselves do honour to the talents of the artist, as the attention they have excited does to the taste of the northern capital. It is well ; for the exhibition in that town of the works of living artists (to answer to our Somerset House exhibition) required some set-off. Mr. Williams has made the *amende honorable*, for his country, to the offended genius of art, and has stretched out under the far-famed Calton Hill, and in the eye of Arthur's Seat, fairy visions of the fair land of Greece, that Edinburgh belles and beaux repair to see with cautious

wonder and well-regulated delight. It is really a most agreeable novelty to the passing visitant, to see the beauty of the North, the radiant beauty of the North, enveloped in such an atmosphere, and set off by such a back-ground. Oriental skies pour their molten lustre on Caledonian charms. The slender, lovely, taper waist (made more taper, more lovely, more slender by the stay-maker), instead of being cut in two by the keen blasts that rage in Prince's street, is here supported by warm languid airs, and a thousand sighs, that breathe from the vale of Tempe. Do not those fair tresses look brighter as they are seen hanging over a hill in Arcadia, than when they come in contact with the hard grey rock of the castle ? Do not those fair blue eyes look more trans-

lucent as they glance over some classic stream? What can vie with that alabaster skin but marble temples, dedicated to the Queen of Love? What can match those golden freckles but glittering sun-sets behind Mount Olympus? Here, in one corner of the room, stands the Hill of the Muses, and there is a group of Graces under it! There played the NINE on immortal lyres, and here sit the critical but admiring Scottish fair, with the catalogue in their hands, reading the quotations from Lord Byron's verses with liquid eyes, and lovely vermillion lips—would that they spoke English, or any thing but Scotch!—Poor is this irony! Vain the attempt to reconcile Scottish figures with Attic scenery! What land can rival Greece? What earthly flowers can compare with the colours in the sky? What living beauty can recall the dead? For in that word, GREECE, there breathe three thousand years of fame that has no date to come! Over that land hovers a light, brighter than that of suns, softer than that which vernal skies shed on halcyon seas, the light that rises from the tomb of virtue, genius, liberty! Oh! thou Uranian Venus, thou that never art, but wast and art to be; thou that the eye sees not, but that livest for ever in the heart; thou whom men believe and know to be, for thou dwellest in the desires and longings, and hunger of the mind; thou that art a Goddess, and we thy worshippers, say dost thou not smile for ever on this land of Greece, and shed thy purple light over it, and blend thy choicest blandishments with its magic name? But here (in the Calton Convening room, in Waterloo Place, close under the Melville monument—strange contradiction!) another Greece grows on the walls—other skies are to be seen, ancient temples rise, and modern Grecian ladies walk. Here towers Mount Olympus, where Gods once sat—that is the top of a hill in Arcadia—(who would think that the eyes would ever behold a form so visionary, that they would ever see an image of that, which seems only a delicious vanished sound?) this is Corinth—that is the Parthenon—there stands Thebes in Boeotia—that is the Plain of Plataea,—yonder is the city of Syracuse, and the Temple of Mi-

nerva Sunias, and there the scite of the gardens of Alcinous.

Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended, and inclement skies;  
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful  
mould,  
The reddenng apple ripens here to gold.  
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'er-  
flows,  
With deeper red the full pomegranate  
glows;  
The branch here bends beneath the weighty  
pear,  
And verdant olives flourish round the year.  
The balmy spirit of the western gale  
Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail;  
The same mild season gives the blooms to  
blow,  
The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow.

This is Pope's description of them in the *Odyssey*, which (we must say) is very bad, and if Mr. Williams had not given us a more distinct idea of the places he professes to describe, we should not have gone out of our way to notice them. As works of art, these water-colour drawings deserve very high praise. The drawing is correct and characteristic: the colouring chaste, rich, and peculiar; the finishing generally careful; and the selection of points of view striking and picturesque. We have at once an impressive and satisfactory idea of the country of which we have heard so much; and wish to visit places which, it seems from this representation of them, would not bely all that we have heard. Some splenetic travellers have pretended that Attica was dry, flat, and barren. But it is not so in Mr. Williams's authentic draughts; and we thank him for restoring to us our old, and, as it appears, true illusion—for crowning that Elysium of our school-boy fancies with majestic hills, and scooping it into lovely winding valleys once more. Lord Byron is, we believe, among those who have spoken ill of Greece, calling it a "sand-bank," or something of that sort. Every ill-natured traveller ought to hold a pencil as well as a pen in his hand, and be forced to produce a sketch of his own lie. As to the subjects of Mr. Williams's pencil, nothing can exceed the local interest that belongs to them, and which he has done nothing, either through injudicious selection, or negligent execution, to diminish. Quere.

Is not this interest as great in London as it is in Edinburgh? In other words, we mean to ask, whether this exhibition would not answer well in London?  
W. H.

N. B. There are a number of other very interesting sketches interspersed, and some very pleasing *home* views, which seem to show that nature is every where herself.

*John Ho*

### MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

*A Letter from Mrs. Winifred Lloyd, to her Friend Mrs. Price, at the Parsonage-house at ———, in Monmouthshire.*

MY DEAR MRS. PRICE,—This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite enchanted with the metropolus and longs to be intraduced to its satiety which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world being twenty years old cum Midsummer and very big for her size. You knows, Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accomplishments she was quite berried in Wales but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best, and make a rare havoc among the mail sex. She has larned the pinaforte and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day to the Bullock's museum to see Mr. Martin's expedition of picters because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself, and a very nice site it was, thof it cost half a crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up stairs (Becky calls it a drawing room) and you see about a dozen for your munny, which brings it to about a penny a piece and that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in and on the right coming out is called Revenge. It reperesents a man and woman with a fire breaking out

at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bellshazzer's Feast as you read of it in the Bible with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall.—with the cunning men and the king and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting, and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews and pinks and purples and greens all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the banket. As for Humphry there was no getting him from a picter of the Welsh Bard, because he knew the ballad about it and saw the whcie core of Captain Edwards's sogers coming down the hill with their waggin train and all, quite natural. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another, and some going out of sight into heaven that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon\* but not half so well painted, Becky said, as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart bright cullers, only a bunch of flowers in a garden that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever and said they prefeared his architecter work to his painting and he makes very handsome bildings for sartain. They said too that this picter was quieter than all the rest but how that can be God he knows for I could not hear

\* The storming of Babylon : Mrs. Lloyd must have got her Catalogue by hearsay.



a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides, that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord—The next was only a lady very well dressed a walking in a landskip, but oh Mrs. Price how shall I tell you about the burning of Herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in the Revelations, about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals!—Oh dear! to see the poor things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs! and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms and going to rack and ruin in the harbour! It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks and sattins and velvets having their things so scorched and burnt into holes! Oh Mrs. Price! what a Providence we was not born in Vesuvus, and there are no burning mountings in Wales!—Only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders and almost suffercated to death with brimstum. It puts one in a shiver to think of it.

There is another picter of a burning mounting with Zadok† hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story and shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentlemen you knows of, said it was a much better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more and that is Mac Beth and the three Whiches, with such a rigiment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky says the band ought to be playing bag Pipes instead of kittle drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure from what I have heard in the North that either kittles or drums would sound better than bag Pipes.

We are going tomorrow to the

play and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Becky and Humphry and remane

Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

P. S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martins expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus, as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, and so it is, for sartain, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull, only quite different, and cums from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catcht in a pound and I wondered the child could make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy, and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the site you may be sure but Becky being timor-some shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing now and then, the anymil is no ways veracious and eats nothing but vegeatables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon but he give it two hole pales of rare carrots besides. It must be a handsum customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderfull work of natur, and ought to make man look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus, let them tell me that Mrs. Price! I would have carried him home in my eye to describe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady and she drove him quite out of my head. Howsomever as you likes curosities, I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's own eyes. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a carryvan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

\* Mrs. Lloyd means Sadak, in the Tales of the Genii.

## THE FIRST CANTO OF RICCIARDETTO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FORTEGUERRI,

By Sylvester (Douglas), Lord Glenbervie.\*

RICCIARDETTO is an amusing burlesque of the chivalrous poetical romance. It bears, probably, much the same relation to the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, as Sir Launcelot Greaves does to Don Quixote. Forteguerri (called also by the affected Greek parody of *Carteromaco*) reversed the experiment of Gay,—who stumbled on genuine pastorals, while aiming at comic travesties,—and found himself betrayed into parody, while professedly exemplifying the facility of the romantic epopœa. He received from nature an invincible disposition to pleasantry; of which his unsparing abuse of priests, while himself secretary to the Propaganda, is a standing proof. The ambition of coping with the serious poets, which acted as the original impulse to the creation of this poem, occasionally breaks out in sallies of poetic fancy, such as we meet with in the better parts of Lord Byron's *Juan*; the hint of which (to say no more) was clearly taken from Ricciardetto.—There are some very pretty tales, which, if they have not all the poetical sentiment of Ariosto, are very similar to those of Boyardo, in the *Inamorato*. The introductions, or openings, to the cantos, are evident imitations of Berni's *Refacciamento* of Ariosto; and not unlike the style of the *Malmantile* of Lippi. There are, however, in Forteguerri, more boldness and less delicacy. He says all that he means to say. Berni always leads us to suspect that he means more than he says, and sometimes the contrary to what the words imply. Forteguerri descends frequently into broad farce, and not seldom into the extreme of vulgarity: there is little of that genteel, refined wit, so conspicuous in Berni. In Ricciardetto we meet with the characters of Ariosto and Boyardo not always placed in the most honourable situations. Forteguerri turns them occasionally into cooks and stable-boys, and gives them many a drubbing from vulgar hands. But

the hero of his burlesque is poor Ferrau; whom he takes a peculiar pleasure in persecuting. He certainly keeps up this character throughout with great spirit. The meeting in the cell between Rinaldo and Ferrau turned hermit, in the second canto, bears so minute a resemblance to that of Richard Lion-heart and Friar Tuck in *Ivanhoe*, as to preclude the idea of mere coincidence. The readers of the novel will at once perceive this, from an extract which we shall give in the version of Mr. Merivale, cant. 2, stanzas 23 and 199:

“But tell me,” said the knight, half choaked with laughter—

“What cause has worked this wonderful conversion?

What game was up?—what mischief were you after

When you sustain'd this sudden soul's immersion?

And last, what makes you exercise your craft here,

Mid wilds untrod by Jew, Moor, Turk, or Persian?”

“The tale is long,” return'd the white-wash'd sinner;

“If so,” rejoin'd the knight, “let's first have dinner.”

Ferrau replied, “dark is my chimney-nook—

No wasting there, no baking, boiling, stewing;

I save myself the charges of a cook,

And pay with present fasting past mis-doing;

But, if for once, Rinaldo, you can brook

To taste the frugal life I'm now pursuing,  
You'll find dried figs and raisins in yon coffer—

My winter-board,—I've nothing else to offer.”

Rejoin'd the knight, “sith 'twill nō better be,

Whate'er you can bestow I'll freely eat;  
Hunger devours stone walls—'tis so with me—”

And therewith at the table took his seat:  
The holy friar said “Benedicite:”

Rinaldo never stayed to carve his meat,  
But bolted it; nor did he once give o'er  
Till he'd demolish'd all the winter store.”

Perhaps the humour of the scene is not improved by the novelist (except in the article of the dried pease, and the grimace with which they are swallowed), but the repast undoubtedly is: since Friar Tuck, at length feeling his bowels relent, and his hypocrisy give way, produces, before the enlarging eyes of his guest, a miraculous supply of red-deer pasty.

As the two translators present themselves in unavoidable juxtaposition, we shall say a few words of the one just quoted, who preceded the subject of our article, in a version of the two first cantos. The rival translations bear but little resemblance to each other. Lord Glenbervie's is (we whisper it in confidence) a little heavy. His predecessor is impertinently flippant; fond of quaint rhymes, which do not appear to arise out of the natural diction, but are strained and laboured to set off the skill of the translator in this kind of knick-knackery. This is not the case with Lord Byron's imitation of the *ottava rima* in his poem of Beppo, nor in Mr. Frere's Whistlecraft; which latter it seems to have been the aim of Mr. Merivale to imitate or rival; *sed longo intervallo*. We take, at random, a few specimens of complete failures in this way; to say nothing of the unwarrantable liberties taken with the author, and the vile taste of foisting English allusions into the poem.

Such only as confirm'd them that the prince  
lay

Somewhere or other hid in the *Penins'la*.

Who with this very nut work'd such a  
change,

That from a shadow, or the merest  
atomy,

She suddenly (which people thought right  
strange)

Became almost a subject for phlebotomy:  
The old man said, he got it in exchange

One day from a fair nymph of Mesopotamy,

For pedlar's wares—(this old man was a  
Persian,

And dull as Wordsworth's pedlar in th'  
"Excursion.")

And ere he could say, "to my mistress  
give it,"

Cool'd down his passions like a song by  
Knyvett.

And when he woke, all other things forgotten,  
"Up, up," he cried, "and seek the Count,  
'od rot'en."

Astolpho staring broad, like one just  
waking,

Cried, "damn her! what's our hostess  
to the county?"

The merit of the translator in these elegant *facetiae*, is entirely his own.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that this is erring on the right side. Where it is a question of the mock-heroic or comic romance, flippancy may offend, but prosiness is intolerable. We know nothing in the annals of heavy facetiousness so remarkable as the following stanza of his lordship (and it is a tolerably fair specimen of the general manner of execution); unless it be the incident of the German, who broke his shins in jumping over the chairs of his apartment, by way of serving an apprenticeship to gaiety.

The poor innamorato, thus forsaken,

Retired not till compell'd by his com-  
peers;

Then struggles with his trusty blade to  
break in

To his uncover'd breast, and, bathed in  
tears,

To send his heart to Stella; but his bacon  
Is timely saved, for now the drug ap-  
pears

Doing good work; else had he slain in  
madness

Himself and friends, and fill'd all France  
with sadness.

The following is more determinately and desperately humorous; but we think the effect still hard and heavy. A low or familiar expression is introduced here and there, with the evident study to appear volatile; but there is, notwithstanding, an invincible ponderous gravity in the expression as well as in the rhythm:

With this he catches up a piece of a stick,  
And says, "your folly shall have this  
reward:"

Then brandishes the same with air gym-  
nastic;

Rinaldo on his knees solicits hard  
For pardon, in a whining strain bom-  
bastic;

Mine host does this as cowardice regard  
And hits him on the nob: the knight grows  
furious,

And takes him by both legs in mode most  
curious.

The most remarkable point of comparison between the two translators seems, after all, to be the respective size of the books. We are involuntarily reminded of an epigram designed as a retort on a satirical frontispiece to a periodical paper set on foot by the youths of Westminster school; in which *The Flagellator* (the name of the journal as well as we can recollect) was represented as placed in scales, and weighing down the *Microcosm*, an Etonian publication, now curious as the original field in which Mr. Canning fleshed his maiden quill.

What mean ye by this print so rare,  
Ye wits, of Eton jealous;  
But that your rivals mount in air,  
And you are heavy fellows?

The translation of the *two cantos* (the first is, indeed, shorn of its conclusion) occupies, notes and all, only a slight pamphlet of *fifty-four* pages;—the version of the *single canto* extends its dimensions to those of a pretty thick closely printed and boarded 8vo. of *two hundred and thirty-two* pages! The secret of this voluminous dilatation is contained in one word—*prattle*. First of all we are told in a preface, with very honest and tiresome candour of minuteness, how he was persuaded by one friend, “discreetly to blot” such a line; and how another absolutely insisted, like the Quintilius of Horace, that he should send a particular rhyme, in a particular stanza, to the anvil; and how he was induced to take this advice, and what a singular circumstance it was, that so strange a piece of dissonance should have escaped his own sagacity of detection; and what a sad thing it would have been, if his friend had not been thus penetrating, thus honest, and thus inexorable in his hortatory decision that the said rhyme must come out. The reader may be curious to see the amended stanza, and we are the less scrupulous in gratifying his very natural curiosity, as after having been forewarned of the happy discovery and docile amendment, he will not be likely to fall into the awkward mistake which we did ourselves; and fancy that this unfortunate “bellman’s rhyme” was all the while left behind!

## LXXXV.

And at the very portal thrusts his steel  
Half through the entrails of the roasting  
wretch;  
See how he staggers! see him streetward  
reel,  
And on the flags his caitiff carcass  
stretch:  
He writhes convulsed: Rinaldo lets him  
feel  
Once more his carving-knife on bust and  
BREECH;  
Then cries, “die, brute!” (and so he  
does) the while  
Rinaldo wipes his blade and stops his toil.

The acknowledgement for this kind turn occurs in a pompously drawing address of thanks “to all at once, and to each one,” who had severally, at fit and diverse seasons, bestowed upon him their contribution of critical counsel, which he takes care to specify as “good natured,” and such, judging from the book, (we will not call it *libellum*,) now it is “*pumice expolitum*,” we should infer it to have been. This mingled tribute of gratitude and compliment spreads through six pages. There seems to be a little more of bustling complacency and protesting humility than so very trivial an occasion demands; and we doubt whether his Lordship has formed exactly a correct estimate either of Forteguerra’s importance or of his own. Passing over the introduction, which contains too much about Pope’s Rape of the Lock, with a threat, happily not carried into effect, of discussing the *Dunciad*, and which has rather too little information on the subject of those serio-comic poems of Italy, which are in a great degree novel to the generality of English readers; we get at last to the notes, and we must, once for all, profess that we never, in the course of our multifarious intercourse with the living and dead, have been forced to sit out such a tête-à-tête of unmerciful garrulity. There are notes upon the notes, and notes on the notes upon the notes; they are ushered into their places with a sort of jaunty ceremony of indication by a hand and ruffle: his Lordship, it cannot be concealed, has taken out a patent for discoursing “*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.” He is one of those goodnaturedly narrative gentlemen, to whom a small hint will furnish many

ideas, all flying off at greater or smaller distances from the original root of the subject in hand, but with about as much natural dependency as the beautiful horse which the philosopher Godwin supposed might, by possibility, spring out of the muzzle of a musket. On the couplet of stanza 94, note 95,

That once in France unchristian war-is-  
seen,  
And Paris close besieged by heathenish  
Sa-ra-cen,

we are considerably told that the "two last syllables are supernumerary:" but the note that follows, of twenty-seven pages, was evidently brought in *à propos des bottes*; and the rhyme was devised on purpose to introduce a dissertation on syllabic feet and systems of metre—old English, French, and German; including a fairly transcribed copy of the whole of Cardinal Wolsey's speech, in order to exemplify the fact of "Shakspeare" having "in a few of his plays, particularly in Henry VIII. studied to make use of this supernumerary or eleventh syllable;" as was the common practice of every dramatic writer besides. What, indeed, a note of his Lordship may produce, is as little likely to be conjectured as the contents of the walnut in the fairy tale; which comprehended a successive involution of inconceivable articles, beginning with a bale of cambric, a hundred yards long, which might be drawn through the hoop of a gold ring, and ending with a little dog, reclined on cotton, with a rose in his ear.

In stanza 58, the couplet of the original—

Ma lasciam questi, e cerchiam di Rinaldo  
Di cui non v'è, chi in sella stia piu saldo,  
is rendered—

—— but let them for a time spur on  
As best them suits; we'll now go join  
Rinaldo,


*Bold as my cousin grim, great Archibaldo:*  
and this is to introduce a long genealogical flourish about Archibald Douglas, distinguished in Scottish history by the different appellations of "Archibald the great Earl of Angus," and "Archibald Bell-the-Cat;" and to be hereafter distinguished in British annals, as of kin to the translator of Forteguerri.

The general character of these notes, so pertinently illustrative of Ricciardetto, may be defined by the term *twaddling*: take as an instance, note 48, stanza 19,

—— And all were heathens rank.

"So" (as the commentators on Shakspeare express themselves) in the popular catch written, I guess, by an Englishman,\*


"The first he was an *Irishman*,  
The second was a *Scot*;  
The third he was a *Welshman*,  
And all were *knaves* I wot."

\*  My dear South Britons, (for you are dear to me in the aggregate, and many among you are personally so, who have survived those nearest and most dear,) forgive the petulancy of this remark; and you, ye Americans, descendants of the ancient British stock, though not always partial to your cis-atlantic cousins, forgive me if I have seemed disposed to quiz your frequent use, uncouth and unvernacular, of the verb "to guess." I own I love my native country; I cannot love the man who does not love his: I love my native shire, my native parish, the silver stream near to whose verdant banks I first drew breath; but I also love and admire old England. What other country can boast such military and naval skill and prowess as England can in her Marlboroughs, her Nelsons, and her Wellingtons (*which last happen to be Irish*); such powers of intellect as she can in her Bacons, her Newtons, and her Shakspeares!

This is good: but note 83 is not much amiss.


Mine host observes his love of *butter'd toast*.

The fashionable English innkeepers, whose accomplished daughters learn to draw, sing, play, and speak what they call French,\* and even Italian, would not reckon the love of buttered toast any great sign of gentility, though it is a favourite English regale, and an Italian *Anglomane* may very well be supposed to consider it as a dainty.\* \*

\*  French like that of the Prioress in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:

"And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly  
After the scole of Stratford at the Bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe."

v. 124.

\* \*  The sarcasm here cannot affect many worthy individuals, whose respectable conduct in their calling, affords the traveller in England conveniences and comforts to be met with in no other country; nor their sons and daughters, on whom many of them may have been able, from their fortunes, honourably acquired, to bestow an education, particularly in languages, both becoming and ornamental, and often useful to persons in their situation of life.

*Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque.*

We have felt it to be our duty to repress so very alarming a propensity to swell a book; but though we wish Lord Glenbervie a little more facility in his verse, and a good deal more brevity as well as pertinency in his prose, we are not at all disposed to deny his claims to a very respectable



portion of gentlemanly scholarship as well as taste. We cannot, however, agree with him in his opinion (however excusable in a *laudator temporis acti*) as to the *refinement* of Pope:—Pope lived in a gross age, and was a gross writer: and as to the *polished* Rape of the Lock, will his Lordship

undertake to read it aloud, without dropping any line or expression, to any given party of ladies?

The book is elegantly printed, but deformed by staring, disagreeable, unmeaning outlines, by the caricaturist North.

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## CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

### *Lives of the Poets.*

#### No. VII.

#### RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

RICHARD CAMBRIDGE, the son of a Turkey merchant, descended from a family long settled in Gloucestershire, was born in London, on the fourteenth of February, 1717. His father dying soon after his birth, the care of his education devolved on his mother and his maternal uncle, Thomas Owen, Esq. a lawyer who had retired from practice to his seat in Buckinghamshire, and who, having no children of his own, adopted his nephew. At an early age he was sent to Eton, where, among his schoolfellows and associates, were Gray, West, Jacob Bryant, the Earl of Orford, and others eminent for wit or learning. Here he contracted not only a literary taste and habits of study, but that preference for the quiet amusements of a country life, which afterwards formed a part of his character. In 1734 he was removed from Eton to Oxford, and admitted a gentleman commoner of St. John's College. On the marriage of the Prince of Wales, two years after, he contributed some verses to the Congratulatory Poems from that University. A ludicrous picture, which he draws of academical festivity, betrays the future author of the *Scribleriad*:—

In flowing robes and squared caps advance,  
Pallas their guide, her ever-favour'd band;  
As they approach they join in mystic dance,  
Large scrolls of paper waving in their hand;  
Nearer they come, I heard them sweetly  
sing.

He left the University without taking a degree, and in 1737 became a member of Lincoln's Inn. In four years after he married the second daughter of George Trenchard, Esq. of Woolveton, in Dorsetshire, who was Member of Parliament for Poole, and son of Sir John Trenchard, Secretary of State to King William. Retiring to his family mansion of Whitminster, in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Stroud, he employed himself in making that stream navigable to its junction with the Severn, in improving his buildings, and in ornamenting his grounds, which lay pleasantly in the rich vale of Berkeley. Here his happiness was interrupted by the death of one among his former playmates at Eton, whom he had most distinguished by his affection. This was Captain Berkeley, an officer, who in those happy times, when military men were not yet educated apart from scholars, had added to his other accomplishments a love of letters, and who fell in the battle of Fontenoy. This affliction discouraged him from proceeding in a poem on Society, which he had intended as a memorial of their friendship. The opening does not promise well enough to make us regret its discontinuance.

At Whitminster he had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales, with his consort, and their daughter the late Duchess Dowager of Brunswick, then on a visit to Lord Ba-



thrust at Cirencester. The royal guests were feasted in a vessel of his own constructing, that was moored on a reach of the Severn; and the Prince gratified him by declaring, that he had often made similar attempts on the Thames, but never with equal success. To the exercise of mechanical ingenuity in improving the art of boat-building, he added uncommon skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and had assembled all the varieties of those instruments that could be procured from different countries.

He appears to have possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of suddenly ingratiating himself with those who conversed with him. A gentleman who had never before seen him, and who had reluctantly accompanied the Prince in his aquatic expedition, was so much pleased with Cambridge, as to be among the foremost to acknowledge his satisfaction; and having been introduced by William Whitehead, then tutor to the Earl of Jersey's eldest son, into the house of that nobleman, he soon became a welcome guest, and formed a lasting friendship with one of the family, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon. In the number of his intimates he reckoned Bathurst, afterwards Chancellor, with whom an acquaintance, begun at Eton, had been continued at Lincoln's Inn; Carteret, Lyttelton, Grenville, Chesterfield, Yorke, Pitt, and Pulteney. In order to facilitate his intercourse with such associates, and perhaps in conformity with the advice of his departed friend Berkeley, who had recommended London as the proper stage for the display of his poetical talent, he was induced to pass two of his winters in the capital; but finding that the air of the town was injurious to his health, in 1751 he purchased a residence at Twickenham. He had now another opportunity of showing his taste for rural embellishment, in counteracting the effects of his predecessor's formality, in opening his lawns and grouping his trees with an art that wore the appearance of negligence. An addition to his fortune by the decease of his uncle Mr. Owen, who left him his name together with his estate, enabled him to gratify these propensities. By

some of his powerful friends he had been urged to obtain a seat in Parliament, and addict himself to a public life; but he valued his tranquillity too highly to comply with their solicitations. A sonnet addressed to him by his friend Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, and which is not without elegance, tended to confirm him in his resolve.

In the year of his removal to Twickenham, the *Scribleriad* was published, a poem calculated to please the learned rather than the vulgar, and with respect to which he had observed the rule of the *nonum prematur in annum*. To *The World*, the periodical paper undertaken soon after by Moore, and continued for four years, he contributed twenty-one numbers. Though determined against taking an active part in public affairs, yet he showed himself to be far from indifferent to the interests of his country. Her maritime glory more peculiarly engaged his attention. Anson, Boscawen, and indeed nearly all the distinguished seamen of his day, were among his intimates or acquaintance; and he assisted some of the principal navigators in drawing up the relations which they gave to the world of their discoveries. In 1761, he was prompted by his apprehensions, that the nation was not sufficiently on her guard against the endeavours making by the French to deprive her of her possessions in the East, to publish a *History of the War upon the Coast of Coromandel*. The great work undertaken by Mr. Orme prevented him from pursuing the subject.

Continuing thus to pass his days in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and learned ease, surrounded by a train of menials grown grey in his service, exercising the rites of hospitality with uniform cheerfulness, and performing the duties of religion with exemplary punctuality, respected by the good and admired by the ingenious, he reached his eighty-third year with little inconvenience from the usual infirmities of age. His faculties then declining, he was dismissed by a gradual exhaustion of his natural powers, and resigning his breath without a sigh on the seventeenth of September, 1802—

————— Like ripe fruit he dropp'd  
 Into his mother's lap .....  
 ..... for death mature.

Having always lived in an union of the utmost tenderness with his family, he exhibited a pleasing instance of the "ruling passion strong in death." "Having passed," says his son, "a considerable time in a sort of doze, from which it was thought he had hardly strength to revive, he awoke, and upon seeing me, feebly articulated 'How do the dear people do?' When I answered that they were well; with a smile upon his countenance, and an increased energy of voice, he replied, 'I thank God;' and then reposed his head upon his pillow, and spoke no more."

He was buried at Twickenham, where, on inquiring a few years ago, I found that no monument had been raised to his memory.

He left behind a widow, a daughter, and two sons. From the narrative of his life written by one of these, the Reverend Archdeacon Cambridge, and prefixed to a handsome edition of his poems and his papers in *The World*, the above account has been chiefly extracted.

Chesterfield, another of the contributors to *The World*, inserted in it a short character of him under the name of Cantabrigiensis, introduced by an encomium on his temperance; for he was a water-drinker.

That he was what is commonly termed a newsmonger, appears from the following laughable story, told by the late Mr. George Hardinge, the Welch Judge:—

I wished upon some occasion to borrow a *Martial*. He told me he had no such book, *except by heart*. I therefore inferred, that he could not immediately detect me. Accordingly I sent him an epigram which I had made, and an English version of it, as from the original. He commended the latter, but said, that it wanted the neatness of the Roman. When I undeceived him, he laughed, and forgave me.

It originated in a whimsical fact. Mr. Cambridge had a rage for news; and living in effect at Richmond, though on the other side of the Thames, he had the command of many political reporters. As I was then in professional business at my chambers, I knew less of public news than he did; and every Saturday, in my way from Lincoln's Inn to a villa of my own near him, called upon him for the news from

London. This I told him was not unlike what *Martial* said, *L. iii. 7*.

Deciano salutem.

Vix Româ egressus, villa novusadvena, ruris  
 Vicini dominum te "quid in urbe?" rogo.  
 Tu novitatis amans Româ si Tibura malles  
 Per nos "de villâ quæ nova" disce "tuâ."

*Nichols's Illust. of the Literary Hist. of the xviii. Cent. v. i. p. 131.*

Of his poems, which are neither numerous, nor exhibit much variety of manner, little remains to be said. Archimage, though a sprightly sally, cannot be ranked among the successful imitations of Spenser's style. *Als ne* and *mote*, how often so-ever repeated, do not go far towards a resemblance of the *Faery Queene*.

In his preface to the *Scribleriad*, which betrays great solicitude to explain and vindicate the plan of the poem, he declares that his intention is "to show the vanity and uselessness of many studies, reduce them to a less formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them see that a less degree of it than they apprehend, judiciously directed, and a very few books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human science." The design was a laudable one. In the poem itself we feel the want of some principal event, on the development and issue of which the interest of the whole may turn; as in those patterns of the mock-heroic, the *Secchia Rapita*, the *Lutrin*, and the *Rape of the Lock*; an advantage, which these poems in some measure derive from having been founded in fact; for however trifling the incident by which the imagination of the poet may have been first excited, when once known or believed to be true, it communicates something of its own reality to all the fictions that grow out of it. The hero too is one of the ἀμεινῆ καὶ κάρηνα; or rather is but the shadow of a shade; for he has taken the character of *Martinus Scriblerus*, as he found it in the *Memoirs* of that unsubstantial personage. The adventures indeed in which the author has engaged him, though they did not require much power of invention, are yet sufficiently ludicrous; and we join, perhaps, more willingly in the laugh,

as it is aimed at general folly and not at individual weakness. The wit is not condensed and sparkling as in the *Dunciad*; the writer's chief resource consisting in an adaptation of passages from writers, ancient and modern, to the purposes of a grave burlesque; and for the application of these, by a contrivance not very artificial, it is sometimes necessary to recur to the notes. The style, if it be not distinguished by any remarkable strength or elegance, is at least free and unaffected.

The imitations of Horace are often

happy: that addressed to Lord Bathurst, particularly towards the latter part, is perhaps the best. Of the original *jeux d'esprits*, the verses occasioned by the Marriage and Game Acts, both passed the same session, have, I think, most merit. The Fable of Jotham, or the Borough Hunters, does not make up by ingenuity for what it wants in reverence. In the Fakeer, a tale professedly borrowed from Voltaire, the story takes a less humorous turn than as it is told in the extracts from Pere Le Comte's memoirs in the preface.

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## DON GIOVANNI THE XVIII.

A MUSICO-BURLESQUE-COMICO-NONSENSICAL OPERA.

By Mr. M——ff.

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\* \* \* FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

IN the temporary absence of the ingenious gentleman who presents the *BEAUTIES* of the *LIVING DRAMATISTS*, a theatrical friend has kindly offered his services to *read the part*: and he begs us to request for him that kind indulgence which is usually shown to those who appear on so short a notice.

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Mr. M——ff is decidedly one of the readiest and most industrious of the modern dramatists,—for he is not only prime-parodist of Drury-Lane Theatre, which is no sinecure situation;—but he is melodrame-manufacturer for the Coburg Theatre, for the Olympic, and the Adelphi. His pen is, beyond dispute, the pen of a ready writer. The Opera from which the following scenes are taken, is one of those dashing, careless whimsicalities, for which the present age manifests so marked an attachment, and by which Thalia carries the town, treading on the toes of all favourite recollections. The secret of such success is this. Let a piece at the Italian Opera House become a favourite, or let any particular book of narrative create an interest, and Mr. M——ff is set to work to *tra-*  
*duce* it into a mock opera or a merry afterpiece. He immediately vulgarizes the characters,—introduces

two or three hackney-coachmen, half a dozen constables of the night, and a lawyer:—tears the language into slang tatters—whips up a variety of empty rhymes to good old tunes—and commits it to the hands of the great, or the lesser lessee. The public instantly and eagerly squeezes itself as flat as a sixpence to see what it declares to be vulgar and low,—and enjoys the exaggerated discourse of hackney coachmen, King's Bench debtors, watchmen and thieves, until the supper hour comes, when it forthwith becomes serious and pretends to be critical. It is impossible to say how long the days of the *Giovannis* and the *Toms* and *Jerrys* will last,—but, certainly, our theatrical taste is becoming as depraved and disorderly as our streets,—no drama at present stands a chance of popularity, that does not introduce the audience to a prison or a pot-house,—to a gin-shop of St. Catherine's, or the *back slums*

of St. Giles's. The present opera court are mixed up with the old fa- takes the audience a step lower, and vourite propensities of Don Giovanni; is so far an advance towards a better —and the songs are written in the style, if it be true that extremes very last fashion. "Heaven send it meet. The intrigues of Pluto and his may be the last!"

## DON GIOVANNI THE XVIII.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GIOVANNI.

PLUTO, King, (*Below-bridge.*)

TWO WATCHMEN.

PAT DALY, Constable of the Night.

CHARON, Ferry-man near the Shades.

PROSERPINE, Queen of the Devils.

ZERLINA,

DONNA ANNA, } Old Offenders.

## Scene I.—The Strand.

## Enter WATCHMEN.\*

*First Watchman.* Past twelve, and a foggy night! What Mr. O'Connell,† is that you, now, with yourself behind your lantern—is all well?

*Second Watchman.* No is it! I've got a cough under my grate coat that'll carry me off.

*First Watchman.* That's a new *manes* of conveyance—I suppose you call that *going inside*!—you *spake* as if you'd the *rattles* in the throat.

*Second Watchman.* Aye—that's the wind-up of a watchman!—I think the fog gets worse and worse, like the gas lights‡—It's as dark as lamp light! when there's no moon!

*First Watchman.* How goes on business? have you sprung any game?

*Second Watchman.* None—if I had, I should have *sprung* my rattle. I hardly ever gets a good *row* now—and a *row's* very *dear* to me!

*First Watchman.* *Rows* is *riz*! a good *row* shall fetch you in a clane five shilling bit, if you can but provoke a gentleman, and then put your head under his fist and let him pump it on you.

*Second Watchman.* Ah—the people get cruel quiet o' nights now. I remember better times, when things went on well and badly! But beating the watch is out of fashion! So a watchman's *beat*§ now is worth little or nothing.

*First Watchman.* I now and then catch a young apprentice running home from the play, and make him come down something, for being a suspicious character in my eyes! But there a'n't no *bloods* now-a-days! the *bloods* are all skin-flints! I looks *keenly* after the *blunt*|| but the new *gashes* do away all the calling for the watch.

\* This commencement of the scene with *Watchmen* is extremely ingenious and natural. Besides, like Puff's morning gun in the Critic, they explain the hour at once, and save a great deal of fine nonsense about the moon tipping with silver all the fruit-tree tops, and the bell from the castle tower tolling the midnight hour upon the bosom of the still air. No persons understand so well the meaning of this "*tipping with silver*," as the watchmen.

† These gentlemen seem sons of the Sister Isle, that is to say, our Cousins Irish.

‡ A slap at a city improvement is a sure hit. The modern Thalia is a sort of commissioner of paving, lighting, and watching.

§ This is one of your thorough-bred puns. The first part of the sentence is *set*,—as the reader will observe,—like a trap; and the pun is sure to be caught in the sequel. This is better than putting Attic salt on its tail.

|| *Blunt*, money. To understand the modern operas, the audience should be hand and glove with *Life in London*, Hardy Vaux's *Life*, and Grose's *Slang Dictionary*.

*Second Watchman.* Well, let's hope the times\* will mend and grow troublesome yet!—But I say,—do you think that singing devil in feathers† will go by again—have you seen him, Murphy?

*First Watchman.* No,—but Pat Daly the constable of the night says, “tis but our fancy! ‡” and will not let *Bill Leaf*§ take hold of him.

*Second Watchman.* I think he's a ghost—for I see him come out of the Adelphi || archway singing like winking.

*First Watchman.* Aye—that's a song to “Ladies' eyes!” Women have an arch way of singing. If we see him again—we'll give him in charge.

*Second Watchman.* Which way does he come?

*First Watchman.* From the Opera.

*Second Watchman.* Which way does he go?

*First Watchman.* Towards the Fleet! \*\*

*Second Watchman.* They says ghosts be always *Fleet* goes! We'll spring our rattles if he walks the streets our way again.

*First Watchman.* That we will—howsomever!

Duet: †† Air in Midas, “All around the may-pole see how we trot.”

With our night,—not day,—pole—how we trot,

Hot, pot,

Damn the drop we've got:

Battles,

Rattles,

Are our chattels,

Bawling,

Calling,

Watch! What not!

There is old Pat Daly, he's the chap,

Black-strap,

That I love to lap;

Lantern,—

Can't earn

Cash, by a gallant turn!

Women,

Brimming

Full, for a mishap!

There is old Pat Daly, &c.

*First Watchman.* Here comes Pat Daly!—walking along as big as a bull-rush! There's no sleeping like a true watchman when he's on one's beat! He expects one to keep a sharp look out, when one's up to one's eyes in fog, like a gooseberry in milk.

*Second Watchman.* He's clane a nuisance; ‡‡ I should like just to spring my rattle in his eye!—But hush, here he is.

\* No allusion is intended to the Newspaper of this name.

† This first allusion to Don Giovanni is strictly conformable with the taste of the age, and coming from the Watchman it is familiar, and by no means vulgar.

‡ Put *flashicè* for phantasy.

§ Whether one of the guardians of the night was really a Mr. Leaf, has never been settled; but if the fact was so, the line in Hamlet is extremely apposite, “and will not let belief take hold of him.” The author of this interesting piece seems to have had one eye for pathos and one for parody.

|| This must mean the theatre; and as Mr. M——ff has been so extremely successful in his dramatic hashes at that house, the compliment is neat and ingenious.

\*\* Neither Mr. Carey nor Mr. Faden could be more geographically correct. All, or nearly all the theatres are situated between the Opera and the Fleet. The Circus or Surrey is out of the line to be sure, but then it is in the rules of the Bench; and that is some compensation.

†† This Duet is beautifully introduced, and combines all the spirit of poetry with all the familiarity of domestic life. It is quite pleasant to have a song full of little else but rhyme. The great secret of music and songs in modern operas is the choice of old favourite airs, with close, but ridiculous parodies committed to the care of low and vulgar characters.

‡‡ Men in office are proverbial for hating their superiors.

*Enter PAT DALY, Constable of the Night.*

*Pat Daly.* Past two o'clock!—

*Second Watchman.* And the stars in wool!

*Pat Daly.* What are you there, Mr. Connell!—Well! Has this thing \* appeared again to night?

*Second Watchman.* Not yet—but it's the usual hour that he toddles out of the Playhouse.

*Pat Daly.* Psha! There a'n't no ghost!

*First Watchman.* I tell you there is, Mr. Daly, and be damn'd to you. Look you!—Just as Mr. Connell's lantern had come round from the corner of Bedford-street to the place where now it darkens!—St. Martin's clock striking twelve—when——But dash my rags and rattle,† here he comes again.

*Enter GIOVANNI smartly.*

Song by Giovanni: Air, "Midas."

Wenches are my delight,  
Whether I woo or buy;  
Woman shines out by night,  
And a star is a fool to her eye!  
Be she pretty,  
And witty,  
I'll kiss her for ever and ever, and  
Swear she is mine,  
And divine—  
Diviner than any thing reverend!

*Pat Daly.* Why, this is the ghost of an old hurdy-gurdy! he grinds away and gets his bread by music.

*Second Watchman.* He will not speak.—Shall I hit him over the nob with my rattle?—

*First Watchman.* Hush—he makes a motion as he would speak—silence.

Song: Air, "Midas." ‡

*Don Giovanni.* Do you think you've got a catch, man!

Get you gone, you sleepy rogue!  
I'm the lad to floor a Watchman!—  
I'm the lad to floor a Watchman!—  
Beat him *bluc*, and homeward jog!  
Fal, lal, la!

*Pat Daly.* You beat me—You talk it gaily!  
For to me a beating's sweet:  
I'm an Irishman, Pat Daly,  
I keep watch—and here's my *beat*!  
Fal, lal, la!

*Both Watchmen.* We are Irish, you would Scotch us—  
You presume to make a row!  
You must with us to the watchhouse,  
Come along—be *ary* now!  
Fal, lal, la.

*Don Giovanni.* No—no—I sha'n't trouble myself about you to-night, and you sha'n't trouble me. I'm going by water.

*Pat Daly.* Through which means—you'll come by fire.§

*First Watchman.* All we can say is "you must walk on." You infest every house in town. Is your name Bill Soames?

\* A Ghost is called a *thing* in Hamlet, so no offence is meant, no offence in the world. This scene is largely borrowed from Hamlet, but how else could a parody walk? Mr. M——ff is quite correct.

† Alliteration is the soul of wit in pieces of this nature.

‡ The airs in Midas are so well known that Mr. M——ff has borrowed lustily from them.

§ Oons, this passage smells of sulphur.



*Don Giovanni.* No—It's Giovanni—away, you common herd of old women ! \*  
Begone !—Charon waits for me with his immortal wherry at the Hungerford  
Stairs—and I'm off to my old home ! †—away !

(Singing.) Be she witty,  
And pretty,  
I'll kiss her for ever and ever. (Exit Giovanni.)

(The Watchmen stand astonished, ‡ and then sing)

Air, “ And did you not hear of a Jolly Young Waterman.”

And it's pray have you seen such a feather'd impostor, as  
That which has toddled to Hungerford Stairs ?

We really should nab one so bold and so boisterous,

Surely the *round* house will damage no *squares*.

For when he's there—he then may sing away :

Lord ! what a villain,

Where's his shilling !

By this time, his dollars should ring away,

Ghosts may be, Honey !

Go without money,

And this is a ghost I do verily think !

(Exit Watchmen, springing rattles.)

*Scene II.—The Burning Lake. On one side, Pluto and Proserpine, &c. on a  
Throne ; on the other, a lake of liquid sulphur.*

*Grand Chorus, in which Pluto's voice is heard the loudest.*

Air, “ Midas.”

§ Pluto's prime head,  
Of the jolly old dead,

Who have gone

Sadly on,

Up above !

When he sighs,

Fire flies

From his eyes !

He lies

Who says that he beats not Jove !

Cock of the walk,

He draws a tidy cork ;

Long necks

Are his text,

And he'll prove

That wine

Makes him shine,

Keeps divine

All his line ;

And the eye

Of the sky

Out he'd shove,

Were it to say

He did not sway

So well as *they*

Above !

\* There is nothing so offensive to the watchmen of this metropolis—as to have their  
“ sex dispersed.”

† From this it should seem that this part of Giovanni's life is subsequent to his Italian  
death.

‡ A fine piece of nature. In Operas, it is quite usual for surprise to vent itself in  
music.

§ A very grand piece of choral boasting !—I have no doubt, that, with a liberal allow-  
ance of base singers, this would be one of the most effective chorusses in the whole range  
of English music ! It is in Mr. M——'s very best style.

## DUET.\*

*Pluto.* Come, Ma'am, let's have none of your wipes,  
 How Pluto is bother'd with Proserpine!  
 We live like tobacco in pipes!—  
 All fuming and burning, and gossiping.  
*Hot meals* are my only delight,  
 And my taste is what nobody hinders;  
 I roast coals by day,—and at night  
 Make a relishing hash of the cinders!  
 Tol de rol, &c.

*Proserpine.* Oh! Sir, I was gathering of plants,  
 Some purple, some green, and some blue too,  
 In a little back field of my aunt's,  
 When who should come by me but Pluto.  
 I wish he had left me alone,  
 And that fortune had ne'er such a sinner sent;  
 But me he thought proper to bone,  
 While picking of daisies, and innocent!  
 Singing tol de rol lol, &c.

## ALL SING.

But here we are merry and wise,  
 All royally pigging together,—  
 A fig for your north poles and ice,—  
 We snap our burnt fingers at weather!  
 All here are a set of mad elves,  
 None his broiling and joking can smother,  
 And when we've done roasting ourselves,  
 Why, we turn-to, and roast one another.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

## RECITATIVE.†

*Pluto.* Come, mother Proserpine—you'll shove us off  
 The throne!—you're greedy, Ma'am! (*coughs*). Now drat that cough!  
 Hold, or your tongue will purchase you a basting,  
 You're quite tormenting with your flabbergasting.

*Proserpine.* Hard-hearted king of brimstone—Oh! By goles,  
 You fire me with disdain as well as coals.  
 Let me from my sweet fields bid you defiance,  
 And live again among the Dandelions!

*Waiting Person.* But, please your Majesty—the boat approaches.

*Pluto.* Silence. You make more row than fifty coaches.‡

Air, "Over the Water to Charlie."

Over the water, and over the fire,—  
 This is the shore, lads! to pull for!  
 Now they draw nigher—and now they draw nigher,  
 Row, lads—aye—row through the sulphur.  
 Well done, old Charon—now pull altogether,  
 Now pull altogether for Pluto;  
 Tell that gay man in the white hat and feather,  
 Him, the king strikes a tattoo to!  
 Tol de rol (*chorus, with a roll of a drum.*)

*During the end of this chorus of Tol de rol, the boat appears with Charon, and one or two ladies. Giovanni standing up. Donna Anna, and Zerlina.*

\* Perhaps a few lines of conversation to separate the chorus from this song would not have been amiss;—though in modern Operas it is impossible to give too much of singing. This little familiar duet between the God and Goddess is the perfection of devilish satisfaction, and rural tenderness!

† A little rhyme, instead of reason, "sometimes does well." Mr. M. has a very proper notion of Pluto's dignity, and keeps him, as well as he can, from putting his infernal foot in prose.

‡ It is quite a rule, that the Gods and Goddesses now-a-days should be familiar with all earthly things. Neptune may hail a boat at Humberford, and Jove go home in a *Jurvis*.

*Don Giovanni.* What's the fare ?

*Charon.* The women ? \*

*Don Giovanni.* No, fool, the ferry-money.

*Charon.* The Act only allows me a penny ; but gentlemen gives me what they like.

*Don Giovanni.* A penny, you vulgar sculler of dead skulls ! I despise the coin. I shall cross your immortal fist with a tizzy.

*Charon.* It looks but rummish.—There's a crack in it.—It's as bad a tester as the tester of my bedstead.

*Don Giovanni.* You're right, it is a cracked one, for none but a *cracked* sixpence would be so *mad* as to come here to pay the ferryman of the infernals. You take *that* or none.

*Charon.* Say no more. Get out. You are almost as bad as the learned professors. I gets † coppers from none but the parsons and the lawyers—and only from them with great difficulty.

*Don Giovanni.* You're right again. It's as hard to unset a copper from a lawyer's pocket as from his wash-house.

*Pluto.* Go back, Charon. Let's have no ‡ nonsense.—Set down your cargo, and *bolt*.—I wish he'd take away the petticoaters ! (*Aside.*)

Trio—PLUTO, CHARON, DON GIOVANNI.

Tune, "Mr. Lobski."

*Charon.* Mr. Pluto, you'll please to understand,  
You've got a rum devil in your devil's land ;  
He'd kiss mother Proserpine, were she his aunt,  
He's a brute at going to gallivant !  
To gallivant, to gallivant, &c.

*Pluto.* If he kisses my chuck I shall soon chuck him out,  
Or kick him (provided I hav'nt the gout),  
The gout I sometimes have, as which of us ha'n't,  
For, by goles, the gout is the devil's complaint.  
Devil's complaint, his own complaint, &c.

*Don Giovanni.* Mr. Boatman, begone—my noble Pluto,  
Keep in repose your royal old toe,  
My name's Giovanni, I ne'er should incline  
To your duck of the daisies, Miss Proserpine !  
Miss Proserpine—dame Proserpine, &c.

*Charon (pushing off).* Aye, aye, it's all fine talking. He's made a pretty bustle on earth ; and if there's a bit of dust § in your majesty's dominions, Don Giovanni's the chap that will kick it up. (*Exeunt Charon and Boat.*) And there's a brace of teasers with him ! (*Pointing to Donna Anna and Zerlina.*)

*Pluto.* Before I let him in, with all his pack  
Of petticoated mischief, I shall sack  
Truth's citadel.—Woman, stand forth.

*Proserpine.* The creature || (*looking at Don Giovanni*)  
Hath, by my brimstone taste, a pretty feature. (*Aside.*)

\* The infernals love a bad pun. We can now pretty well guess where all the d—d puns go.

† Charon talks no better grammar than our own watermen ; but bad grammar is extremely humorous, if freely and judiciously used. But query, Is Charon a waterman or a fireman ?—I fear this mixture of elements would produce the same hiss in a theatre that it does in nature. It would puzzle an audience, however, to *damn* Charon ; for, as Corporal Trim says, "He is damn'd already."

‡ Pluto forgets his English a little.—But there is something so resolute and impressive in the phrase of "no nonsense," that we should be hurt to have it altered or refined.

§ There is little doubt but that the Giovannis are a race more likely to kick up a dust, than to *come down* with it. This little touch of character is well detected by old Charon.—But in his calling he, of course, became experienced in character.

|| The passion for Giovanni is the ruling one. No one can resist him. Lucretia would have tipped him the wink in her whitest days.

*Pluto.* Your name?

*Zerlina.* *Zerlina.*

*Proserpine.* From the Banks of Banna? \*

*Zerlina.* No, ma'am; from Horsleydown. (*Curtseys.*)

*Pluto.* Your's?

*Donna Anna.* Donna Anna!

The *lawful* wife of this intemperate bed jester.

Oh, that I now could search St. Martin's register!

*Pluto.* He'll quite corrupt my court.—He sha'n't come here.

What do you say, young man?—Silence, my dear!

DON GIOVANNI—*Song.*

Air, "Please Goody."

Pray, Pluto, please to double up that lady's rancorous tongue,

And take away that Fury from my eyes;

Remember, where a woman is, the prejudice is strong;

She's *no wife*! and *her* I do despise.

I scorn ill!

Born ill,

She keeps a shop on Cornhill;

Once I ask'd her

For canastre;

Don't believe her lies!

Pray, Pluto, &c.

*Donna Anna.* My character abused!—i' fegs!—a black one is't?

On Cornhill, too!—I a tobacconist!

Let me come at him!—

SONG, DONNA ANNA† (*held by two attendants*).

Air in Midas.

Shall a paltry wretch, at St. Martin's church entrap

My finger through a ring,

And then disclaim the deed, a dirty chap,

And say it was no such thing?

No, I'll tear him—then defy him!

I'll beat his noddle in—I'll claw him down the chin!

My fingers shall mollify him,

And spoil that handsome sin!

*Don Giovanni.* Pray hold her fast, she's tolerably stout,

Keep down her claws, she'll scratch my *optics* out!

I am not guilty of one crime—That hussey

Wo'n't let me *roast* in quiet!

*Pluto.* Perhaps she's *muzay*!

What says Zerlina?

*Zerlina.* He's a sad deceiver!

He's as unruly as a half-starved weaver!

No woman meets his eye, but he would che-at† her.

*Donna Anna.* The common creature's known at every theatre.

END OF THE SCENE.‡

\* A question put merely for the sake of the rhyme. Mr. M——ff has the oldest authorities for this sort of writing.

"One line for *rhyme*, and one for reason,  
Is quite sufficient at a season."

† This song from between two supporters is vehemence itself. It quite shows off the power of song.

‡ Cheat is here made a dissyllable for the sake of rhyme:—

———— "At times,  
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

§ The piece is supported by the intrigues of Giovanni and Proserpine, and Pluto and Zerlina, and Charon and Donna Anna. But as they are mere copies, in vulgar, of the Italian vices, I shall not give them here. The mixture of song and dialogue, and slang and sensibility, is the perfection of Mr. M——ff's style, and the present selection will afford the reader a pretty tolerable notion of it. There are 362 songs yet to come; but, "enough is as good as a feast."

## TO THE COWSLIP.

## I.

ONCE more, thou flower of childish fame,  
Thou meet'st the April wind ;  
The self-same flower, the very same  
As those I used to find.  
Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,  
Again attract mine eye—  
As they were those I used to seek  
Full twenty summers by.

## II.

But I'm no more akin to thee,—  
A partner of the spring ;  
For Time has had a hand with me,  
And left an alter'd thing :—  
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,  
And all I witness'd then ;  
Mix'd in a desert, lost to flowers,  
Among the ways of men.

## III.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,  
The seasons still renew ;—  
But mine were doom'd a stinted stay,  
And they were short and few.  
The every hour that hurried by,  
To eke the passing day,  
Lent restless pleasures wings to fly  
Till all were flown away.

## IV.

Blest flower, with spring thy joy's begun,  
And no false hopes are thine ;  
One constant cheer of shower and sun  
Makes all thy stay divine.  
But Life's May-morning quickly fled,  
And dull its noon came on,—  
And Happiness is past and dead  
Ere half that noon is gone.

## V.

Ah ! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing,  
Though May's sweet days are few ;  
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,  
And bid them bloom anew.  
But Life, that bears no kin to them,  
Past pleasures well may mourn :—  
No bud clings to its withering stem,  
No hope for spring's return.

JOHN CLARE.

## ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

AT the conclusion of a former article on this subject,\* we ventured to lay down some general principles, which we shall here proceed to elucidate in such manner as we are able.

1. The first, was, that *art is (first and last) the imitation of nature.*

By nature, we mean actually existing nature, or some one object to be found in *rerum naturâ*, not an idea of nature existing solely in the mind, got from an infinite number of different objects, but which was never yet embodied in an individual instance. Sir Joshua Reynolds may be ranked at the head of those who have maintained the supposition that nature (or the universe of things) was indeed the ground-work or foundation on which art rested; but that the superstructure rose above it, that it towered by degrees above the world of realities, and was suspended in the regions of thought alone—that a middle form, a more refined idea, borrowed from the observation of a number of particulars, but unlike any of them, was the standard of truth and beauty, and the glittering phantom that hovered round the head of the genuine artist:

———So from the ground  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence  
the leaves  
More airy, last the bright consummate  
flower!

We have no notion of this vague, equivocal theory of art, and contend, on the other hand, that each image in art should have a *tally* or corresponding prototype in some object in nature. Otherwise, we do not see the use of art at all: it is a mere superfluity, an incumbrance to the mind, a piece of "laborious foolery,"—for the word, the mere name of any object or class of objects will convey the general idea, more free from particular details or defects than any the most neutral and indefinite representation that can be produced by forms and colours. The word Man, for instance, conveys a more filmy, impalpable, abstracted,

and (according to this hypothesis) sublime idea of the species, than Michael Angelo's Adam, or any real image can possibly do. If this then is the true object of art, the language of painting, sculpture, &c. becomes quite supererogatory. Sir Joshua and the rest contend, that nature (properly speaking) does not express any single individual, nor the whole mass of things as they exist, but a general principle, a *something common* to all these, retaining the perfections, that is, all in which they are alike, and abstracting the defects, namely, all in which they differ: so that, out of actual nature, we compound an artificial nature, never answering to the former in any one part of its mock-existence, and which last is the true object of imitation to the aspiring artist. Let us adopt this principle of abstraction as the rule of perfection, and see what havoc it will make in all our notions and feelings in such matters. If the *perfect* is the *intermediate*, why not confound all objects, all forms, all colours at once? Instead of painting a landscape with blue sky, or white clouds, or the green earth, or grey rocks and towers; what should we say, if the artist (so named) were to treat all these "fair varieties" as so many imperfections and mistakes in the creation, and mass them all together, by mixing up the colours on his palette in the same dull leaden tone, and call this the true principle of epic landscape-painting? Would not the thing be abominable, an abortion, and worse than the worst Dutch picture? Variety then is one principle, one beauty in external nature, and not an everlasting source of pettiness and deformity, which must be got rid of at all events, before taste can set its seal upon the work, or fancy own it. But it may be said, it is different in things of the same species, and particularly in man, who is cast in a regular mould, which mould is one. What then, are we, on this pretext, to confound the difference of sex in a sort of hermaphro-

\* See No. XXVI. p. 153.



dite softness, as Mr. Westall, Angelica Kauffman, and others, have done in their effeminate performances? Are we to leave out of the scale of legitimate art, the extremes of infancy and old age, as not *middle terms* in man's life? Are we to strike off from the list of available topics and sources of interest, the varieties of character, of passion, of strength, activity, &c.? Is every thing to wear the same form, the same colour, the same unmeaning face? Are we only to repeat the same average idea of perfection, that is, our own want of observation and imagination, for ever, and to melt down the inequalities and excrescences of individual nature in the monotony of abstraction? Oh no! As well might we prefer the cloud to the rainbow; the dead corpse to the living moving body! So Sir Joshua debated upon Rubens's landscapes, and has a whole chapter to inquire whether *accidents in nature*, that is, rainbows, moonlight, sun-sets, clouds and storms, are the proper thing in the classical style of art. Again, it is urged, that this is not what is meant, viz. to exclude different classes or characters of things, but that there is in each class or character a *middle point*, which is the point of perfection. What middle point? Or how is it ascertained? Why the middle age of childhood? Or a children to be alike, dark or fair as Titian's children have hair, and others yellow or auburn: who can tell which is the most beautiful? May not a St. John be older than an infant Christ? Must not a Magdalen be different from a Madonna, and Diana from a Venus?

We have more or more or less becomes of y of these loes in nature deed a geer to be ad- verlastingly or nameless est art, like of uncon- es not pro- on of itself, the same figure. But once more it may be insisted, that in what relates to mere form or organic structure, there is

necessarily a middle line or central point, any thing short of which is deficiency, and any thing beyond it excess, being the average form to which all the other forms included in the same species tend, and approximate more or less. Then this average form as it exists in nature should be taken as the model for art. What occasion to do it out of your own head, when you can bring it under the cognizance of your senses? Suppose a foot of a certain size and shape to be the standard of perfection, or if you will, the mean proportion between all other feet. How can you tell this so well as by seeing it? How can you copy it so well as by having it actually before you? But, you will say, there are particular minute defects in the best-shaped actual foot which ought not to be transferred to the imitation. Be it so. But are there not also particular minute beauties in the best, or even the worst shaped actual foot, which you will only discover by ocular inspection, which are reducible to no measurement or precepts, and which in finely developed nature outweigh the imperfections a thousand fold, the proper general form being contained there also, and these being only the distinctly articulated parts of it with their inflections which no artist can carry in his head alone? For instance, in the bronze monument of Henry VII. and his wife, in Westminster Abbey, by the famous Torregiano, the fingers and finger nails of the woman in particular are made out as minutely, and, at the same time, as beautifully as it is possible to conceive; yet they have exactly the effect that a cast taken from a fine female hand would have, with every natural joint, muscle, and nerve, in complete preservation. Does this take from the beauty or magnificence of the whole? No: it aggrandizes it. What then does it take from? Nothing but the conceit of the artist that he can paint a hand out of his own head (that is, out of nothing, and by reducing it again as near as can be to nothing, to a mere vague image) that shall be better than any thing in nature. A hand, or foot, is not *one thing*, because it is *one word* or name; and the painter of mere abstractions had better lay down his

pencil at once, and be contented to write the descriptions or titles under works of art. Lastly, it may be objected that a whole figure can never be found perfect or equal; that the most beautiful arm will not belong to the same figure as the most beautiful leg, and so on. How is this to be remedied? By taking the arm from one, and the leg from the other, and clapping them both on the same body? That will never do; for however admirable in themselves, they will hardly agree together. One will have a different character from the other; and they will form a sort of natural patchwork. Or, to avoid this, will you take neither from actual models, but derive them from the neutralizing medium of your own imagination. Worse and worse. Copy them from the same model, the best in all its parts you can get; so that if you have to alter, you may alter as little as possible, and retain nearly the whole substance of nature.\* You may depend upon it that what is so retained, will alone be of any specific value. The rest may have a negative merit, but will be positively good for nothing. It will be to the vital truth and beauty of what is taken from the best nature, like the piecing of an antique statue. It fills a gap, but nothing more. It is, in fact, a mental blank.

2. This leads us to the second point laid down before, which was, that *the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, or in other words, of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.*

The artist does not pretend to invent an absolutely new class of objects, without any foundation in nature. He does not spread his palette on the canvas, for the mere finery of the thing, and tell us that it makes a brighter show than the rainbow, or even than a bed of tulips. He does not draw airy forms, moving above the earth, "gay creatures of the element, that play i' th' plighted clouds," and scorn the mere material existences, the concrete descendants of those that came out of Noah's

Ark, and that walk, run, or creep upon it. No, he does not paint only what he has seen *in his mind's eye*, but the common objects that both he and others daily meet—rocks, clouds, trees, men, women, beasts, fishes, birds, or what he calls such. He is then an imitator by profession. He gives the appearances of things that exist outwardly by themselves, and have a distinct and independent nature of their own. But these know their own nature best; and it is by consulting them that he can alone trace it truly, either in the immediate details, or characteristic essences. Nature is consistent, unaffected, powerful, subtle: art is forgetful, apish, feeble, coarse. Nature is the original, and therefore right: art is the copy, and can but tread lamely in the same steps. Nature penetrates into the parts, and moves the whole mass: it acts with diversity, and in necessary connexion; for real causes never forget to operate, and to contribute their portion. Where, therefore, these causes are called into play to the utmost extent that they ever go to, there we shall have a strength and a refinement, that art may imitate but cannot surpass. But it is said that art can surpass this most perfect image in nature by combining others with it. What! by joining to the most perfect in its kind something less perfect? Go to,—this argument will not pass. Suppose you have a goblet of the finest wine that ever was tasted: you will not mend it by pouring into it all sorts of samples of an inferior quality. So the best in nature is the stint and limit of what is best in art: for art can only borrow from nature still; and, moreover, must borrow entire objects, for bits only make patches. We defy any landscape-painter to invent out of his own head, and by jumbling together all the different forms of hills he ever saw, by adding a bit to one, and taking a bit from another, any thing equal to Arthur's seat, with the appendage of Salisbury Crags, that overlook Edinburgh. Why so? Because there are no levers in the mind of man equal to those

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\* I believe this rule will apply to all except grotesques, which are evidently taken from opposite natures.

with which nature works at her utmost need. No imagination can toss and tumble about huge heaps of earth as the ocean in its fury can. A volcano is more potent to rend rocks asunder than the most splashing pencil. The convulsions of nature can make a precipice more frightfully, or heave the backs of mountains more proudly, or throw their sides into waving lines more gracefully than all the *beau idéal* of art. For there is in nature not only greater power and scope, but (so to speak) greater knowledge and unity of purpose. Art is comparatively weak and incongruous, being at once a miniature and caricature of nature. We grant that a tolerable sketch of Arthur's seat, and the adjoining view, is better than Primrose Hill itself, (dear Primrose Hill! ha! faithless pen, canst thou forget its winding slopes, and valleys green, to which all Scotland can bring no parallel?) but no pencil can transform or dandle Primrose Hill (our favourite Primrose Hill) into a thing of equal character and sublimity with Arthur's seat. It gives us some pain to make this concession; but in doing it, we flatter ourselves that no Scotchman will have the liberality in any way to return us the compliment. We do not recollect a more striking illustration of the difference between art and nature in this respect, than Mr. Martin's very singular, and, in some things, very meritorious pictures. But he strives to outdo nature. He wants to give more than she does, or than his subject requires or admits. He subdivides his groups into infinite littleness, and exaggerates his scenery into absolute immensity. His figures are like rows of shiny pins; his mountains are piled up one upon the back of the other, like the stories of houses. He has no notion of the moral principle in all art, that a part may be greater than the whole. He reckons that if one range of lofty square hills is good, another range above that with clouds between must be better. He thus wearies the imagination, instead of exciting it. We see no end of the journey, and turn back in disgust. We are tired of the effort, we are tired of the monotony of this sort of reduplication of the

same object. We were satisfied before; but it seems the painter was not, and we naturally sympathise with him. This craving after quantity is a morbid affection. A landscape is not an architectural elevation. You may build a house as high as you can lift up stones with pulleys and levers, but you cannot raise mountains into the sky merely with the pencil. They lose probability and effect by striving at too much; and, with their ceaseless throes, oppress the imagination of the spectator, and bury the artist's fame under them. The only error of these pictures is, however, that art here puts on her seven-league boots, and thinks it possible to steal a march upon nature. Mr. Martin might make Arthur's Seat sublime, if he chose to take the thing as it is; but he would be for squaring it according to the mould in his own imagination, and for clapping another Arthur's Seat on the top of it, to make the Calton Hill stare! Again, with respect to the human figure. This has an internal structure, muscles, bones, blood-vessels, &c. by means of which the external surface is operated upon according to certain laws. Does the artist, with all his generalizations, understand these, as well as nature does? Can he predict, with all his learning, that if a certain muscle is drawn up in a particular manner, it will present a particular appearance in a different part of the arm or leg, or bring out other muscles, which were before hid, with certain modifications? But in nature all this is brought about by necessary laws, and the effect is visible to those, and those only, who look for it in actual objects. This is the great and master-excellence of the ELGIN MARBLES, that they do not seem to be the outer surface of a hard and immovable block of marble, but to be actuated by an internal machinery, and composed of the same soft and flexible materials as the human body. The skin (or the outside) seems to be protruded or tightened by the natural action of a muscle beneath it. This result is miraculous in art: in nature it is easy and unavoidable. That is to say, art has to imitate or produce certain effects or appearances without the natural causes:

but the human understanding can hardly be so true to those causes as the causes to themselves ; and hence the necessity (in this sort of *simulated creation*) of recurring at every step to the actual objects and appearances of nature. Having shown so far how indispensable it is for art to identify itself with nature, in order to preserve the truth of imitation, without which it is destitute of value or meaning, it may be said to follow as a necessary consequence, that the only way in which art can rise to greater dignity or excellence is by finding out models of greater dignity and excellence in nature. Will any one, looking at the Theseus, for example, say that it could spring merely from the artist's brain, or that it could be done from a common, ill-made, or stunted body ? The fact is, that its superiority consists in this, that it is a perfect combination of art and nature, or an identical, and as it were spontaneous copy of an individual picked out of a finer race of men than generally tread this ball of earth. Could it be made of a Dutchman's trunk-hose ? No. Could it be made out of one of Sir Joshua's Discourses on the middle form ? No. How then ? Out of an eye, a head, and a hand, with sense, spirit, and energy to follow the finest nature, as it appeared exemplified in sweeping masses, and in subtle details, without pedantry, conceit, cowardice, or affectation ! Some one was asking at Mr. H—yd—n's one day, as a few persons were looking at the cast from this figure, why the original might not have been done as a cast from nature ? Such a supposition would account at least for what seems otherwise unaccountable—the incredible labour and finishing bestowed on the back and other parts of this figure, placed at a prodigious height against the walls of a temple, where they could never be seen after they were once put up there. If they were done by means of a cast in the first instance, the thing appears intelligible, otherwise not. Our host stoutly resisted this imputation, which tended to deprive art of one of

its greatest triumphs, and to make it as mechanical as a shaded profile. So far, so good. But the reason he gave was bad, viz. that the limbs could not remain in those actions long enough to be cast. Yet surely this would take a shorter time than if the model sat to the sculptor; and we all agreed that nothing but actual, continued, and intense observation of living nature could give the solidity, complexity, and refinement of imitation which we saw in the half animated, almost moving figure before us.\* Be this as it may, the principle here stated does not reduce art to the imitation of what is understood by common or low life. It rises to any point of beauty or sublimity you please, but it rises only as nature rises exalted with it too. To hear these critics talk, one would suppose there was nothing in the world really worth looking at. The Dutch pictures were the best that they could paint: they had no other landscapes or faces before them. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Yet who is not alarmed at a *Venus* by Rembrandt? The Greek statues were (*cum grano salis*) Grecian youths and nymphs; and the women in the streets of Rome (it has been remarked†) look to this hour as if they had walked out of Raphael's pictures. Nature is always truth: at its best, it is beauty and sublimity as well; though Sir Joshi the papers in it self, or with refi it is a mere tla deformity. Luc bles say no to they are decid thereof. What ture, we shall ix head. But we that it can hardl, --- since this principle, however it might determine certain general proportions and outlines, could never be intelligible in the details of nature, or applicable to those of art. Who will say that the form of a finger nail is just midway between a thousand others that he has not remarked: we are only struck with it when it is more than ordinarily beautiful, from

• Some one finely applied to the repose of this figure the words :

— Sedet, in interminibus sedibus.

### Index Theorems

† By Mr. Coleridge.

symmetry, an oblong shape, &c. The staunch partisans of this theory, however, get over the difficulty here spoken of, in practice, by omitting the details altogether, and making their works sketches, or rather what the French call *ebauches*, and the English *daubs*.

3. *The IDEAL is only the selecting a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty, strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c. and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.*

Instead of its being true in general that the *ideal* is the *middle point*, it is to be found in the *extremes*; or, it is carrying any *idea* as far as it will go. Thus, for instance, a Silenus is as much an *ideal* thing as an Apollo, as to the principle on which it is done, *viz.* giving to every feature, and to the whole form, the utmost degree of grossness and sensuality that can be imagined, with this exception (which has nothing to do with the understanding of the question), that the *ideal* means by custom this extreme on the side of the good and beautiful. With this reserve, the *ideal* means always the *something more* of any thing which may be anticipated by the fancy, and which must be found in nature (by looking long enough for it) to be expressed as it ought. Suppose a good heavy Dutch face (we speak by the proverb)—this, you will say, is gross; but it is not gross enough. You have an idea of something grosser, that is, you have seen something grosser and must seek for it again. When you meet with it, and have stamped it on the canvas, or carved it out of the block, this is the true *ideal*, namely, that which answers to and satisfies a preconceived idea; not that which is made out of an abstract idea, and answers to nothing. In the Silenus, also, according to the notion we have of the properties and character of that figure, there must be vivacity, slyness, wantonness, &c. Not only the image in the mind, but a real face may express all these combined together; another may express them more, and another most, which last is the *ideal*; and when the image in nature coalesces with, and gives a body, force, and reality to

the idea in the mind, then it is that we see the true perfection of art. The forehead should be "villainous low;" the eye-brows bent in; the eyes small and gloating; the nose *pugged*, and pointed at the end, with distended nostrils; the mouth large and shut; the cheeks swollen; the neck thick, &c. There is, in all this process, nothing of softening down, of compromising qualities, of finding out a *mean proportion* between different forms and characters; the sole object is to *intensify* each as much as possible. The only fear is "to o'erstep the modesty of nature," and run into caricature. This must be avoided; but the artist is only to stop short of this. He must not outrage probability. We must have seen a class of such faces, or something so nearly approaching, as to prevent the imagination from revolting against them. The forehead must be low, but not so low as to lose the character of humanity in the brute. It would thus lose all its force and meaning. For that which is extreme and ideal in one species, is nothing, if, by being pushed too far, it is merged in another. Above all, there should be *keeping* in the whole and every part. In the Pan, the horns and goat's feet, perhaps, warrant the approach to a more *animal* expression than would otherwise be allowable in the human features; but yet this tendency to excess must be restrained within certain limits. If Pan is made into a beast, he will cease to be a God! Let Momus distend his jaws with laughter, as far as laughter can stretch them, but no farther; or the expression will be that of pain and not of pleasure. Besides, the overcharging the expression or action of any one feature will suspend the action of others. The whole face will no longer laugh. But this universal suffusion of broad mirth and humour over the countenance is very different from a placid smile, midway between grief and joy. Yet a classical Momus, by modern theories of the *ideal*, ought to be such a nonentity in expression. The ancients knew better. They pushed art in such subjects to the verge of "all we hate," while they felt the point beyond which it could not be urged with propriety, *i. e.*



with truth, consistency, and consequent effect.—There is no difference, in philosophical reasoning, between the mode of art here insisted on, and the *ideal* regularity of such figures as the Apollo, the Hercules, the Mercury, the Venus, &c. All these are, as it were, *personifications, essences, abstractions* of certain qualities or virtues in human nature, not of human nature in general, which would make nonsense. Instead of being abstractions of all sorts of qualities jumbled together in a neutral character, they are in the opposite sense *abstractions* of some single quality or customary combination of qualities, leaving out all others as much as possible, and imbuing every part with that one predominant character to the utmost. The Apollo is a representation of graceful dignity and mental power; the Hercules of bodily strength; the Mercury of swiftness; the Venus of female loveliness, and so on. In these, in the Apollo, is surely implied and found more grace than usual; in the Hercules more strength than usual; in the Mercury more lightness than usual; in the Venus more softness than usual. Is it not so? What then becomes of the pretended *middle form*? One would think it would be sufficient to prove this, to ask, “Do not these statues differ from one another? And is this difference a defect?” It would be ridiculous to call them by different names, if they were not supposed to represent different and peculiar characters: sculptors should, in that case, never carve any thing but the statue of a *man*, the statue of a *woman*, &c. and this would be the name of perfection. This theory of art is not at any rate justified by the history of art. An extraordinary quantity of bone and muscle is as proper to the Hercules as his club, and it would be strange if the Goddess of Love had not a more delicately rounded form, and a more languishing look withal, than the Goddess of Hunting. That a form combining and blending the properties of both, the downy softness of the one, with the elastic buoyancy of the other, would be more perfect than either, we no more see than that grey is the most perfect of colours.

At any rate, this is the march neither of nature nor of art. It is not denied that these antique sculptures are models of the *ideal*; nay, it is on them that this theory boasts of being founded. Yet they give a flat contradiction to its insipid mediocrity. Perhaps some of them have a slight bias to the false *ideal*, to the smooth and uniform, or the negation of nature: any error on this side is, however, happily set right by the ELGIN MARBLES, which are the paragons of sculpture and the mould of form.—As the *ideal* then requires a difference of character in each figure as a whole, so it expects the same character (or a corresponding one) to be stamped on each part of every figure. As the legs of a Diana should be more muscular and adapted for running, than those of a Venus or a Minerva, so the skin of her face ought to be more tense, bent on her prey, and hardened by being exposed to the winds of heaven. The respective characters of lightness, softness, strength, &c. should pervade each part of the surface of each figure, but still varying according to the texture and functions of the individual part. This can only be learned or practised from an attentive observation of nature in those forms in which any given character or excellence is most strikingly displayed, and which has been selected for imitation and study on that account.—Suppose a dimple in the chin to be a mark of voluptuousness; then the Venus should have a dimple in the chin; and she has one. But this will imply certain correspondent indications in other parts of the features, about the corners of the mouth, a gentle undulation and sinking in of the cheek, as if it had just been pinched, and so on: yet so as to be consistent with the other qualities of roundness, smoothness, &c. which belong to the idea of the character. Who will get all this and embody it out of the idea of a *middle form*? I cannot say: it may be, and has been, got out of the idea of a number of distinct enchanting graces in the mind, and from some heavenly object unfolded to the sight!

4. That the historical is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.

Hogarth's pictures are true history.



Every feature, limb, figure, group, is instinct with life and motion. He does not take a subject and place it in a position, like a lay figure, in which it stirs neither limb nor joint. The scene moves before you: the face is like a frame-work of flexible machinery. If the mouth is distorted with laughter, the eyes swim in laughter. If the forehead is knit together, the cheeks are puckered up. If a fellow squints most horribly, the rest of his face is awry. The muscles pull different ways, or the same way, at the same time, on the surface of the picture, as they do in the human body. What you see is the reverse of *still life*. There is a continual and complete action and re-action of one variable part upon another, as there is in the ELGIN MARBLES. If you pull the string of a bow, the bow itself is bent. So it is in the strings and wires that move the human frame. The action of any one part, the contraction or relaxation of any one muscle, extends more or less perceptibly to every other:

Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line.

Thus the celebrated *Iö* of Correggio is imbued, steeped in a manner in the same voluptuous feeling all over—the same passion languishes in her whole frame, and communicates the infection to the feet, the back, and the reclined position of the head. This is history, not carpenter's work. Some painters fancy that they paint history, if they get the measurement from the foot to the knee, and put four bones where there are four bones. This is not our idea of it; but we think it is to show how one part of the body sways another in action and in passion. The last relates chiefly to the expression of the face, though not altogether. Passion may be shown in a clenched fist as well as in clenched teeth. The face, however, is the throne of expression. Character implies the feeling, which is fixed and permanent; expression that which is occasional and momentary, at least, technically speaking. Portrait treats of objects as they are; history of the events and changes to which they are liable. And so far history has a double superiority; or a double difficulty to

overcome, *viz.* in the rapid glance over a number of parts subject to the simultaneous action of the same law, and in the scope of feeling required to sympathise with the critical and powerful movements of passion. It requires greater capacity of muscular motion to follow the progress of a carriage in violent motion, than to lean upon it standing still. If, to describe passion, it were merely necessary to observe its outward effects, these, perhaps, in the prominent points, become more visible and more tangible as the passion is more intense. But it is not only necessary to see the effects, but to discern the cause, in order to make the one true to the other. No painter gives more of intellectual or impassioned appearances than he understands or feels. It is an axiom in painting, that sympathy is indispensable to truth of expression. Without it, you get only caricatures, which are not the thing. But to sympathise with passion, a greater fund of sensibility is demanded in proportion to the strength or tenderness of the passion. And as he feels most of this whose face expresses most passion, so he also feels most by sympathy whose hand can describe most passion. This amounts nearly, we take it, to a demonstration of an old and very disputed point. The same reasoning might be applied to poetry, but this is not the place.—Again, it is easier to paint a portrait than an historical face, because the head *sits* for the first, but the expression will hardly *sit* for the last. Perhaps those passions are the best subjects for painting, the expression of which may be retained for some time, so as to be better caught, which throw out a sort of lambent fire, and leave a reflected glory behind them, as we see in Madonnas, Christ's Heads, and what is understood by sacred subjects in general. The violences of human passion are too soon over to be copied by the hand, and the mere conception of the internal workings is not here sufficient, as it is in poetry. A portrait is to history what *still-life* is to portraiture: that is, the whole remains the same while you are doing it, or while you are occupied about each part, the rest wait for you. Yet, what a difference

is there between taking an original portrait, and making a copy of one! This shows that the face in its most ordinary state is continually varying and in action. So much of history is there in portrait!—No one should pronounce definitively on the superiority of history over portrait, without recollecting Titian's heads. The finest of them are very nearly (say quite) equal to the finest of Raphael's. They have almost the look of *still-life*, yet each part is decidedly influenced by the rest. Every thing is *relative* in them. You cannot put any other eye, nose, lip, in the same face. As is one part, so is the rest. You cannot fix on any particular beauty; the charm is in the whole. They have least action, and the most expression of any portraits. They are doing nothing, and yet all other business seems insipid in comparison of their thoughts. They are silent, retired, and do not court observation; yet you cannot keep your eyes from them. Some one said, that you would be as cautious of your behaviour in a room where a picture of Titian's was hung, as if there was somebody by—so entirely do they look you through. They are the least tiresome *furniture-company* in the world!

5. *Grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not in leaving out the parts.*

Sir Joshua lays it down that the great style in art consists in the omission of the details. A greater error never man committed. The great style consists in preserving the masses and general proportions; not in omitting the details. Thus, suppose, for illustration's sake, the general form of an eye-brow to be commanding and grand. It is of a certain size, and arched in a particular curve. Now, surely, this general form or outline will be equally preserved, whether the painter daubs it in, in a bold, rough way, as Reynolds or perhaps Rembrandt would, or produces the effect by a number of hair-lines arranged in the same form as Titian sometimes did; and in his best pictures. It will not be denied (for it cannot) that the characteristic form of the eye-brow would be the same, or that the effect of the picture at a small distance would be nearly the same in either case; only

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in the latter, it would be rather more perfect, as being more like nature. Suppose a strong light to fall on one side of a face, and a deep shadow to involve the whole of the other. This would produce two distinct and large masses in the picture; which answers to the conditions of what is called the grand style of composition. Well, would it destroy these masses to give the smallest veins or variation of colour or surface in the light side, or to shade the other with the most delicate and elaborate *chiaro-scuro*? It is evident not; from common sense, from the practice of the best masters, and, lastly, from the example of nature, which contains both the larger masses, the strongest contrasts, and the highest finishing, within itself. The integrity of the whole, then, is not impaired by the indefinite subdivision and smallness of the parts. The grandeur of the ultimate effects depends entirely on the arrangement of these in a certain form or under certain masses. The Ilissus or River-god (of which we have given a print in a former number) is floating in his proper element, and is, in appearance, as firm as a rock, as pliable as a wave of the sea. The artist's breath might be said to mould and play upon the undulating surface. The whole is expanded into noble proportions, and heaves with general effect. What then? Are the parts unfinished; or are they not there? No; they are there with the nicest exactness, but in due subordination; that is, they are there as they are found in fine nature; and float upon the general form, like straw or weeds upon the tide of ocean. Once more: in Titian's portraits we perceive a certain character stamped upon the different features. In the Hippolito de Medici the eye-brows are angular, the nose is peaked, the mouth has sharp corners, the face is (so to speak) a pointed oval. The drawing in each of these is as careful and distinct as can be. But the unity of intention in nature, and in the artist, does not the less tend to produce a general grandeur and impressiveness of effect; which at first sight it is not easy to account for. To combine a number of particulars to one end is not to omit them altogether; and is the

best way of producing the grand style, because it does this without either affectation or slovenliness.

6. The sixth rule we proposed to lay down was, that *as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts; beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes, our impressions of things.*

There is a harmony of colours and a harmony of sounds, unquestionably: why then there should be all this squeamishness about admitting an original harmony of forms as the principle of beauty and source of pleasure there we cannot understand. It is true, that there is in organized bodies a certain standard of form to which they approximate more or less, and from which they cannot very widely deviate without shocking the sense of custom, or our settled expectations of what they ought to be. And hence it has been pretended, that there is in all such cases a *middle central form*, obtained by leaving out the peculiarities of all the others, which alone is the pure standard of truth and beauty. A conformity to custom is, we grant, one condition of beauty or source of satisfaction to the eye, because an abrupt transition shocks; but there is a conformity (or correspondence) of colours, sounds, lines, among themselves, which is soft and pleasing for the same reason. The average or customary form merely determines what is *natural*. A thing cannot please, unless it is to be found in nature; but that which is natural is most pleasing, according as it has other properties which in themselves please. Thus the colour of a cheek must be the natural complexion of a human face;—it would not do to make it the colour of a flower or a precious stone;—but among complexions ordinarily to be found in nature, that is most beautiful which would be thought so abstractedly, or in itself. Yellow hair is not the most common, nor is it a *mean proportion* between the different colours of women's hair. Yet, who will say that it is not the most beautiful? Blue or green hair would be a defect and an anomaly, not because it is not the *medium* of nature, but because it is

not in nature at all. To say that there is no difference in the sense of form except from custom, is like saying that there is no difference in the sensation of smooth or rough. Judging by analogy, a gradation or symmetry of form must affect the mind in the same manner as a gradation of recurrence at given intervals of tones or sounds; and if it does so in fact, we need not inquire further for the principle. Sir Joshua, (who is the arch-heretic on this subject) makes grandeur or sublimity consist in the middle form, or abstraction of all peculiarities; which is evidently false, for grandeur and sublimity arise from extraordinary strength, magnitude, &c. or in a word, from an excess of power, so as to startle and overawe the mind. But as sublimity is an excess of power, beauty is, we conceive, the blending and harmonizing different powers or qualities together, so as to produce a soft and pleasurable sensation. That it is not the middle form of the species seems proved in various ways. First, because one species is more beautiful than another, according to common sense. A rose is the queen of flowers, in poetry at least; but in this philosophy any other flower is as good. A swan is more beautiful than a goose; a stag, than a goat. Yet if custom were the test of beauty, either we should give no preference, or our preference would be reversed. Again, let us go back to the human face and figure. A straight nose is allowed to be handsome, that is, one that presents nearly a continuation of the line of the forehead, and the sides of which are nearly parallel. Now this cannot be the mean proportion of the form of noses. For, first, most noses are broader at the bottom than at the top, inclining to the negro head, but none are broader at top than at the bottom, to produce the Greek form as a balance between both. Almost all noses sink in immediately under the forehead bone, none ever project there; so that the nearly straight line continued from the forehead cannot be a mean proportion struck between the two extremes of convex and concave form in this feature of the face. There must, therefore, be some other principle of symmetry, continuity, &c. to account for the variation from

the prescribed rule. Once more (not to multiply instances tediously), a double calf is undoubtedly the perfection of beauty in the form of the leg. But this is a rare thing. Nor is it the medium between two common extremes. For the muscles seldom swell enough to produce this excrescence, if it may be so called, and never run to an excess there, so as, by diminishing the quantity, to subside into proportion and beauty. But this second or lower calf is a connecting link between the upper calf and the small of the leg, and is just like a second chord or half-note in music. We conceive that any one who does not perceive the beauty of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, in this respect, has not the proper perception of form in his mind. As this is the most disputable, or at least the most disputed part of our theory, we may, perhaps, have to recur to it again, and shall leave an opening for that purpose.

7. *That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.*

There needs not much be said on this point; as we apprehend it will be granted, that whatever beauty is as to the form, grace is the same thing in relation to the use that is made of it. Grace, in writing, relates to the transitions that are made from one subject to another, or to the movement that is given to a passage. If one thing leads to another, or an idea or illustration is brought in without effect, or without making a *boggle* in the mind, we call this a graceful style. Transitions must in general be gradual and pieced together. But sometimes the most violent are the most graceful, when the mind is fairly tired out and exhausted with a subject, and is glad to leap to another as a repose and relief from the first. Of these there are frequent instances in Mr. Burke's writings, which have something Pindaric in them. That which is not beautiful in itself, or in the mere form, may be made so by position or motion. A figure by no means elegant may be put in an elegant position. Mr. Kean's figure is not good; yet we have seen him throw himself into at-

titudes of infinite spirit, dignity, and grace. John Kemble's figure, on the contrary, is fine in itself; and he has only to show himself to be admired. The direction in which any thing is moved has evidently nothing to do with the shape of the thing moved. The one may be a circle and the other a square. Little and deformed people seem to be well aware of this distinction, who, in spite of their unpromising appearance, usually assume the most imposing attitudes, and give themselves the most extraordinary airs imaginable.

8. *Grandeur of motion is unity of motion.*

This principle hardly needs illustration. Awkwardness is contradictory or disjointed motion.

9. *Strength in art is giving the extremes, softness the uniting them.*

There is no incompatibility between strength and softness, as is sometimes supposed by frivolous people. Weakness is not refinement. A shadow may be twice as deep in a finely coloured picture as in another, and yet almost imperceptible, from the gradations that lead to it, and blend it with the light. Correggio had prodigious strength, and greater softness. Nature is strong and soft, beyond the reach of art to imitate. Softness then does not imply the absence of considerable extremes, but it is the interposing a third thing between them, to break the force of the contrast. Guido is more soft than strong. Rembrandt is more strong than soft.

10. And lastly. *That truth is, to a certain degree, beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.*

This last head appears to contain a number of *gratis dicta*, got together for the sake of completing a decade of propositions. They have, however, some show of truth, and we should add little clearness to them by any reasoning upon the matter. So we will conclude here for the present.

W. H.

## WAR SONG.

THE original strain, of which the following stanzas are an imitation, was wont to be sung, with patriotic enthusiasm, by the German and Prussian soldiers, in their encampments, on their marches, and in the field of battle, during the last campaigns of the allies against Bonaparte. This Tyrtæan lyric, therefore, contributed, in its day and its degree, to the deliverance of Europe.

## 1.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,  
And freedom be the word !  
Come, brethren, hand in hand,  
Fight for your father-land.

## 2.

Germania from afar  
Invokes her sons to war ;  
Awake ; put forth your powers,  
And victory must be ours.

## 3.

On, to the combat, on !  
Go where your sires have gone ;  
Their might unspent remains,  
Their pulse is in your veins.

## 4.

On, to the combat, on !  
Rest will be sweet anon ;  
The slave may yield, may fly ;  
We conquer or we die.

## 5.

O, Liberty ! thy form  
Shines through the battle-storm ;  
Away with fear, away !  
Let justice win the day !

J. MONTGOMERY.

## The Early French Poets.

## JAN DE LA PERUSE.

THE works of Jan de la Peruse, one of those contemporary writers whom we shall see distinguished by Ronsard, were edited by Claude Binet, the affectionate friend of both. He has prefixed a preface to them, and added some verses of his own. The title of this book is, "Les Oeuvres de Jan de la Peruse, avec quelques autres diverses Poesies de Claude Binet." A Lyon. Par Benoist Rigaud, 1577. 16mo. The first

poem is Medee, a tragedy. It is a mixture of twelve syllable verses ; the common verse, ten ; and lyrical, by the chorus. The opening is from Seneca ; but he has not servilely followed either that writer or Euripides. His odes, in the Pindaric style, are much worse than Romard's. The most striking thing I have observed in the collection is an ode that was written in his last illness, and which death prevented him from finishing.

Quelque part que je me tourne,  
 Tristesse avec moi sejourne ;  
 Tousiours mes tristes esprits  
 Sont d'une frayeur espris.  
 Si je suis en la campagne  
 J'oy une mortelle voix,  
 Le mesme son m'accompagne  
 Si je suis dedans les bois.

En quelque lieu que je soye  
 Il n'y entre jamais joye.  
 Si je vois dans un hostel  
 C'est un presage mortel.  
 Si des hommes je m'absente,  
 Cherchant les lieux esloignez,  
 Par le hibou qui lamente  
 Mes malheurs sont temoignés.

Si pres des fleuves j'arrive  
 Soudain l'eau, laissant la rive,  
 En fuyant devant mon mal,  
 Se cache dans son canal.  
 L'oiseau sur la seiche espine  
 Sans dire mot est perché,  
 Et le lieu ou je chemine  
 Seiche comme il est touché.

Si quelque amy d'aventure,  
 Plein de pitié, s'aventure  
 De me venir conforter,  
 Il sent ses sens transporter  
 Par une tristesse extreme.  
 Il sent un ennuy, un soin,  
 Et le pauvre a lui mesme  
 De bon confort grand besoin.

Unto whatever part I turn,  
 Sorrow with me abides ;  
 And, creeping o'er my spirit, still,  
 A secret terror glides.

A deadly sound is in mine ears,  
 If in the field I be ;  
 The self-same sound pursueth still,  
 When to the woods I flee.

Whatever house I enter in,  
 Mirth will no longer stay ;  
 A sad presage, whereso I come,  
 Makes all men haste away.

And if the people's haunts I shun,  
 Seeking a lonely place,  
 The owl shrieks out in witness to  
 My lamentable case.

If to the river side I go,  
 And stand upon the brink ;  
 Sudden the waters, fleeing me,  
 Within their channel shrink.

The bird upon the dry thorn sits,  
 And not a word saith he :  
 The very pathway, that I tread,  
 Dries up when touch'd by me.

If any friend perchance do come  
 In pity of my plight,  
 To comfort me ; he straightway feels  
 Himself a wretched wight.

A carking care, a woe extreme,  
 Upon his heart do feed ;  
 And he himself thenceforth, poor man,  
 Of comfort much hath need.

This is natural and pathetic. Jan de la Peruse, from the few poems he has left, seems to have been an amiable man, warmly attached to his friends, and not very solicitous to court the notice of the powerful. I have learnt nothing more concerning him, than that he was born at Angoulême, and died there in 1555, in the prime of his life.



## The Twelve Tales of Uppdalcross.

### TALE THE FIFTH.

#### THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

She slept—and there was vision'd to her eye  
 A stately mountain, green it seem'd, and high;  
 She sought to climb it—lo! a river dark  
 Roll'd at its foot—there came a gallant bark,  
 And in the bark were forms the eldest fiend  
 Had shaped to mock God's image; fierce they lean'd  
 O'er the ship's side, and, seizing her, rush'd through  
 The river wave, which kindled as they flew.  
 Then to the bank came one and laugh'd aloud;  
 Bright robes he wore, stern was his look and proud,  
 He stretch'd his arm, and hail'd her for his bride;  
 The shuddering waters wash'd his robe aside,  
 And show'd a shape the fiend's tormenting flame  
 Had sorely vex'd—she shriek'd, and faintness came.  
 Then shouts she heard, and sound of gladsome song,  
 And saw a stream of torches flash along.  
 The feast was spread, the bridal couch prepared,  
 Dread forms stood round, with naked swords to guard;  
 Nor look'd she long; one whisper'd in her ear,  
 Come, climb thy bed—for lo! the bridegroom's near.  
 She cried to heaven—at once the wedding joy  
 Was changed to war shout and to funeral cry;  
 Swords in the air, as sunshine, flash'd and fell,  
 Then rose all crimson'd—loud came groan and yell,  
 And from the middle tumult started out  
 A form that seiz'd her—blow, and shriek, and shout  
 Came thick behind—down to the Solway flood  
 Fast was she borne, it seem'd a sea of blood;  
 She felt it touch her knees, and with a scream  
 She started back, and waken'd from her dream.

*Legend of Ladye Beatrice.*

The Fifth Tale was related by a lady. Her voice was slow and gentle, and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech. Under the shade of a long veil she sought to conceal a face where early grief had bleached the roses, and impressed a sedate and settled sorrow on a brow particularly white and high. But her eye still retained something of the light of early life, which darkened or brightened as the joys, the sufferings, or the sorrows, of wedded and maternal love, gave a deeper interest or passion to her story.

When woman is young, said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men—when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walks in more lonely places, and, seeking converse with her own spirit,

shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their sides; shepherds sat on their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so white along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high,

and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of this causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fire-side traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady's voice is heard, and a lady's form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said, a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning the castle of the Ladye's Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the copestone.

They who attach credence to this wild legend are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter's ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced; while those who connect tales of wonder with every remarkable place, say, that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the bosom of the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loophole and turret, while

on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede, by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye's Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher's net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and say, 'The Ladye's Lowe will have its yearly victim;' and its yearly victim, tradition tells us, it has ever had since the sinking of the tower.

I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the awe and solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous outline of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and, on going nearer, I saw it was a man; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side, to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry; and presently he started up, and, seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man; the remains of health and beauty were still about him; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting

up water in his palms, scattered it during this singular employment, to in the air; then dipping both hands chaunt some strange and broken again, showered the water about words with a wild tone and a fault- his locks like rain. He continued, tering tongue.

## SONG OF BENJIE SPEDLANDS.

## 1.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake ;  
 Misery to them who dip their hands in thee !  
 May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,  
 The fish leap no more in thy waves ;  
 May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,  
 And the lightning scorch thee up ;  
 May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,  
 And the white swan fly from thy floods !

## 2.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake ;  
 The babe unborn shall never bless thee ;  
 May the flocks that taste of thee perish ;  
 May the man who bathes in thy flood  
 Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,  
 And go childless down to the grave.  
 As I curse thee with my delirious tongue,  
 I will mar thee with my unhappy hands !

## 3.

As this water, cast on the passing wind,  
 Shall return to thy bosom no more,  
 So shall the light of morning forsake thee,  
 And night-darkness devour thee up.  
 As that pebble descends into thy deeps,  
 And that feather floats on thy waves,  
 So shall the good and the holy curse thee,  
 And the madman mar thee with dust.

## 4.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,  
 For the sake of those thou hast slain ;  
 For the father who mourn'd for his son,  
 For the mother who wail'd for her child.  
 I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,  
 And a mother mourning by thy waters ;  
 I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,  
 And weep for her fair-hair'd son !

The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse, the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake; and, gathering up the dust among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and, throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands, and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe

than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come; and when I went to the kirking, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my

heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys.

Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for a while; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and unruffled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

"See him, see him," said she to me, "his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as was his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening." I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. "It is a strange and a mournful story," she answered, "but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as glad as the light of day; but for these eight long years

I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down-spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad, and praised him who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which even an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside me; but, though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, arising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker till it filled all the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld the shapes of men, and heard voices more

shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and, lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a Shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of woes to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; and, as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the Shadow say, 'Woman, what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld them no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my

locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful, and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowan-tree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it?' And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say; I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit, by all the salvation contained between the boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.'

"And while this woman spake, there came another woman, the wife of one who had sailed to a distant land, and had left her with two sweet children, and the name of the one was Samuel, and the name of the other John. Now John was a fair and comely child, the image of her husband, but he was not his mother's joy, for she loved Samuel, who bore the image of one she had loved in her youth; and this made her husband sorrowful, and caused him to sail to a far country. And when she came in, she said, 'So ye have dreamed a bad dream, and ye have sought this ill woman of the Rowantree-burn to give the interpretation thereof; if evil is threatened, evil is the way you seek to avert it. Now listen unto me; the wind bloweth as it listeth; the ways of God will not be changed by the wisdom of man; providence may seek thy child for a saint; see that ye cast him not to the fiends by dealing with unholy charms and



spells, and with graceless bags. I have two fair children; one of them is his father's love, the other is mine; say, saw ye not the name of John written on one of those visionary coffins? for I hope my Samuel will long be the grace of the green earth before he goes to the dowie mools.' And the eyes of the woman of the Rowantree-burn flashed with anger, and she said, 'Hearken to the words of this shameless woman, she seeks the destruction of the child of wedlock, and wishes life to the child of wantonness and sin. Lo! I say, hearken unto her. But the evil of her ways shall be to her as sadness, and what has given her joy shall be to the world a hissing and a scorn; to her a scourge, and a curse. She will lose the sweet youth John, even as she wishes, but long and full of evil shall be the life of the child she loves.' And upon this, these two foolish women reproached each other with works of sin and with deeds of darkness; and waxing wroth with their words, they tore each other's raiment and hair, and smote and bruised one another, and the clamour of their tongues increased exceedingly.

"Now in the midst of all this folly, there came to my fireside a man cunning in the culture of corn, and versed in the cure of those evils which afflict dumb creatures. And when he saw the strife between the woman of the Rowantree-burn and the mariner's wife, he laughed aloud in the fulness of his joy. 'Strong may the strife be, and long may it continue,' said he, 'for pleasant is the feud between the raven and the hooded-crow, and the small birds sing when the hawks of heaven fight. That woman has destroyed the firstlings of the flock, has dried up the udders to the sucking lambs, and lessened the riches of men who live by sweet cheese and fattened herds. She hath also cast her spells over the deep waters of Annan and Ae; the fish have fled, and the nets of the fishermen are dipped in vain. The fowls of heaven too have felt the cunning of her hand; the wild swans have left the Ladye's Lowe, the wild geese have fled from the royal lakes of Lochmaben; and the black-cock and the ptarmigan come no more to the snare of the fowler. Let her

therefore scream and weep under the strong hand and sharp nails of her bitter enemy. And for the other woman, even she whose husband lives on the deep waters, and to whom she bears children in the image of other men, let her, I say, suffer from the fingers of witchcraft: pleasant is the strife between workers of wickedness; and woe to the wit, and sorrow to the hand, that seeks to sunder them. Now touching this singular dream of thine, I have a word to say, and it is this; believe it not, it is the work of the grand architect of human misery who seeks to draw people to sin in the dreams and shadows of the night. To men whose hearts are warm, and whose blood is young, he descends in soft and voluptuous visions. I have myself beheld a maiden with a languishing look, and an eye blue and ensnaring, standing at my bed-side, clothed out in a midnight dream with the shadowy beauty of a sleeping imagination; and this appeared too on that very night when my inward gifts and graces had raised me from an humble sower of seed-corn to become an elder of our godly kirk; praise be blest, and may the deed be lauded of men. But it is not alone to the staid and the devout that the enemy appears in dreams; he presents the soldier with imaginary fields of peril and blood, and blesses his ear with the yell and the outcry of battle, and the trumpet-sound. To the maiden, he comes in gallant shapes and costly raiment, with becks and bows, and feet which pace gracefully over the floor to the sound of flute and dulcimer, and all manner of music. To the sleeping eye of a mother he digs a deep pit for the babe of her bosom, and lays the child that sucks her breast by the side of a fathomless stream. He shows her shrouds, and empty coffins; figures stretched in white linen, and kirk-yard processions, and raises in her ear the wail of the matrons and the lyke-wake song. Heed not dreams therefore; they are the delusions of him who seeks to sink our souls. But bless thy God, and cherish thy child; keep his feet from the evil path, and his hand from the evil thing, and his tongue from uttering foolishness; and the boy shall become a stripling, and the stripling a man, wise in all his ways, and renowned in his gene-



ration, and thou shalt rejoice with abundance of joy.'

'While this devout person cheered my heart with his counsel, he was not unheard of those two foolish women; they liked not the wisdom of his words, nor his sayings concerning themselves, and they began with a fierce and sudden outcry. 'A pretty elder indeed,' said the woman of the Rowantree-burn, 'to come here in the shades and darkness of night to expound dreams to a rosie young widow. I'll warrant ye would not care if the man-child were at the bottom of the Ladye's Lowe, so long as a full farm, a well plenished house, and a loving dame in lily-white linen, were to the fore. I wish I were a real witch for his sake, he should dree a kittle cast.' The words of the mariner's wife chimed in with those of her antagonist. 'A pretty elder, truly,' said she, smiting her hands together close to his nose, 'he'll come here to talk of sinful dreams, and flutes, and dulcimers, and shaking of wanten legs, and the smiling of ensnaring eyes. And yet should the bairn of a poor body have a fairer look than ane's ain husband, he will threaten us with kirk censure and session rebuke, though it's weel kenned that mothers cannot command the complexion of their babes, nor controul the time when it pleases Providence to send them weeping into the world. There was my ain son Samuel; his father had sailed but ten months and a day when the sweet wean came; where was the marvel of that? If there was not an indulgence, and acts of wondrous bounty and kindness, and blessings in the shape of babes showered upon mariners, sorrowful would their lives be, dwelling so far from their wives in the deep wide waters.'

'Woman, woman,' said the elder, 'I came not hither to hearken to thy confession; go home and repent, and leave me to admonish the owner of this house, touching the dream with which her spirit is sorely troubled.' 'Admonish!' said the mariner's spouse, 'I dare ye, sir, to use that word of scorn and kirk scandal to the widow of as dounce a man as ever stept in a black-leather shoe—admonish, indeed! If ye are so full of the gracious spirit of counsel and admo-

nition, wherefore have ye not come to cheer me in my lonesome home, where all I have is two bairns to keep sadness from my fireside? My husband is sailing on the great deep, and has not blest my sight these three long years; mickle need have I of some one to soothe my widow-like lot; I could find ye something like scripture warrant for such kindness which ye wot not of.' And the woman went her ways; the man tarried but a little while; and the woman of the Rowantree-burn departed also, admonishing me to remember her words and do as she had desired.

'It was on the third evening after I dreamed my dream, that I thought on the woman's words; and I debated with myself, if such seekings after future events by means of charms and spells were wise, and according to the word. But old beliefs, and legendary stories, and the assurances of many wise and venerable people, have ever proved too hard for the cunning of wisdom and the pure light of the gospel; and I thought on my grandmother, to whom the person of my grandfather, then in a remote land, was shown in a vision one hallowmass-eve, and so I went my ways. It was near midnight when I reached the Ladye's Lowe, and, seating myself on the place where I now sit, I looked sadly to the heaven, and sorrowfully to the waters. The moon had arisen with her horns half filled; the stars had gathered around her; the sheep lay white and clustering on the hill sides; the wild swans sailed in pairs along the quiet bosom of the lake; and the only sound I heard was that of the mother-duck, as she led her swarm of yellow young ones to graze on the tender herbage on the margin of the lake. I had wetted, as the woman bade me, the under garment of my child, and hung it forth to dry on a little bush of broom, and there I sat watching it and ruminating on my lot, on the sorrows and joys of a mother. Midnight came; the lake lay still and beautiful; the wind was heard by fits among the bushes, and gushed gently over the bosom of the water with a sweet and a lulling sound. I looked and I thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling

undulation of the water which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I knew not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brooks, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling-stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me, a child no more, but a stripling tall and fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds; and, stiff with cold, and with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on—my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child; and I said in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass

away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well as I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others: wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and so prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December; the winter had been open and green; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned: ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Ladye's Lowe which few people were willing to break; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen, where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and forward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions—traditionary legends as the labour of credulous men; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the Bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish; and not a few among the sedate sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and play their game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks

of the lake to behold the contest ; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling-stones as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands."

The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking steadfastly in her face, for a moment, said, ' Rachel, dost thou know me ? ' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. ' Know me ! aye, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me ; and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man ; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' ' Young man,' she said, ' I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless ; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above ; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' ' Repentance ! ' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start—' of what have I to repent ? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom ? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others ; and such mishap was mine. Harken, and ye shall judge.'

And he sat down by the side of the lake ; and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water ; then turning round to us, he said : ' Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over

eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled ; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said : ' Oh ! Benjie, save me—save me ; ' but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep, the fathomless water ; and far below I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed yearly to perish in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, ' Oh ! Benjie, save me, save me ! ' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle ; but the fears for my own life were too strong ; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and, escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, had stretched forth her hands over him, and, with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse and to confound him. ' Oh ! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, ' were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust aneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handiworks ; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent ? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee ; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no

brother to feel a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou! From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned

by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling, save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top, which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning. One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound—about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe.

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SONNET. TO NATURE.

Thou Spirit of Creation, breathing still  
 O'er each wing'd year unwearied Time doth bring;  
 Thou warmth, call'd Nature, whose mysterious skill  
 Returns in glory to renew the spring,  
 Awakening beauty in its wild extremes,  
 As the earth quickens at thy wondrous power;—  
 Hovering around us, like to pleasant dreams,  
 With sudden visits of each leaf and flower;—  
 Thou mighty Presence—thou all cheering Sun,  
 That gilt Care's desert when the world begun;—  
 Thou still remain'st, the poetry of life,  
 The warmth that cherishes eternity;  
 A joy that triumphs o'er the world's rude strife,—  
 A Hope that pictures what the next may be.

## LETTER FROM JANUS WEATHERCOCK, ESQ.

\* \* Janus Weathercock (Esquire, God wot) is alive! We have received a right merry epistle from him, which we readily print, because it is so pleasantly impertinent, and so ridiculously critical. If any of our contributors should recognise his allusions to them, which his use of their occasional signatures may assist, we—wish him well!

Worshipful master! I have a great deal of, I cannot  
tell what, to say to you. *Ford.*

Sir, or Gentlemen.—I have not been a contributor to your invaluable miscellany (as "*Constant Readers*" have it) for a long time, and I doubt not but that your profits have been in correspondence with my leisure. The fact is, you have got a deal *too good* for me and my sentimentalities; and I should never have troubled your compositor more if I had not fancied that you would also shoot ahead of the heavy-sailing public. From your last Lion's Head, (p. 303) I learnt that other folks are willing to serve you as the Caliph Omar did the Alexandrian library, and render the London *less full of literature*. Now, dear invisibilities, I would just hint, that *my* claims to be employed in this sort of service are more *legitimate*; and, as a single proof in point, I shall simply adduce the well-established fact, that my hair-triggers will snuff a candle at twenty paces. Apply your organs of self-curativeness to this extremely perspicuous line of reasoning, and you will grant the Rob Roy\* justice of my demands. This being arranged *amicably*, allow me to ask if you have properly considered the legitimate (an exceeding good word, as Justice Shallow says of *accommodate*) nature (by which I imply the customary and accustomed nature) of Magazines? This must at first strike you as an odd question for the end of the fifth volume; but a little thought will develope its pertinence. The vital aim of a *Review* was, and is staringly obvious; viz. to furnish a little compendious way to the Stagyrite's chair, for those who lack the ability or the will (which is pretty much the same thing in effect) to

travel the regular ruddy road. The invention took wonderfully, for *now* any given laudably-ambitious Mister Stagg might make certain of six penn'orth of critical acumen, which he could disburse by judgmatical pinches to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had *not* seen the last \* \* \* \* Review. But the composers of this "literature made easy for the meanest capacities," have shown themselves shortsighted, for having succeeded in subverting all genuine existing literature, and rendered the ground nearly impracticable to the immediate future, they find their prospects assimilated to those of Epirian Pyrrhus, in his concluding engagements with the Romans. The public, at the expense of many half-crowns, has wormed out the secret of their fight, and is rapidly throwing off the trammels of its alarmed tutors; which is as much as to say in King's English (which Sir Walter Scott cannot write) that any lady within the boundary of gentility (coloured *red* in Mogg's map) or out of it perhaps, can dissert on the merits or demerits of the aforesaid Sir W.'s last novel, with as good emphasis, and better matter than any given peevish little Editor of a Review. But this is nothing to the purpose, I believe; yet let it go for a huge parenthesis, in which article I ding old Chapman, our noble English Homer. Where was I? Oh! ah! "nature of Magazines." Yes! well,—I leave you to ponder over my query, satisfied that I have awakened you to a very weighty and necessary preliminary to improvement: yet before I put *your's faithfully*, &c. to this scrawl, (in the postscript to

\* ——— The good old plan,  
That those shall take who have the power,  
And those shall keep who can.

*Wordsworth.*



which you will find a list of pretty books for sofas and sofa-tables) I cannot help forcing a word of advice. Don't act over again the fable of the Old Man and his Ass. You have entered a bold speculation in attempting to establish a real *literary Magazine*. Towards such a plan, no encouragement could be expected from the largest class of magazine readers, as magazines were originally got up; you had no recipes for the tooth-ache, no charades, no *disinterested* letters by Agricola ("with a wood-cut,") on the new propelling shafts, no paper on an ancient Highland knee-buckle, no drunken songs, no paltry French romances, and no scandal. You had to work your way into a new society, somewhat difficult of access at first, but whose ultimate acquaintance would repay all endeavours to obtain it; inasmuch as there only could your worthy matter be worthily entertained and censured. This introduction is accomplished; and, to spread the connexion still wider, it is only necessary that you should not be wanting to yourselves; therefore rouse up bravely in the warm spring time, and advance your outposts still higher up the mount of green-flowering Helicon.\* Clap Elia on the back for such a series of good behaviour. Flog your strong horse,† "*Lyddal-cross*," up to the mark of Allan-a-Maut, or the King of the Peak, which will be a good swinging trot, like a gallop. Be so obliging as to ask our Idler‡ by the green sea, wherefore he gave up the fourteen syllable measure (which becomes him so well) in the Hymn to Ceres—remind him, too, that we have never had a satis-

factory specimen of an English *Æschylus* or *Euripides*; and that some good things might be picked out of *Quintus Calaber* and *Nonnus*—besides those already included in Mr. Elton's tasteful specimens. Mr. *Living British Dramatists* requires a pinch of snuff,§ high dried, judging from his last; but a parody on obscure inanity must be inane. The *original*, as my friend S\*\*\*\*\* says, is sufficiently satirical on itself. Entreat the lively observant Edward Herbert to keep out of bad company: the influences of Drury-lane green-room had an awful effect on the conclusion of his last, as he himself seemed aware.|| Give us some good serious poetry (if to be had any where:—why is the harp of Coleridge mute?) and contrast it with some such smart bubbles of wit as "Please to ring the belle." And now by what obliquity does the ablest scholar\*\* of the day confine his attention entirely to the French Early Poets. Is not the *exquisite*, the still uncomprehended, Petrarch worthy of his close yet classic English? Why not alternate a noble canzone of Francesco with a sunny bird-like burst of music by Alayn Chartier, or Pierre Ronsard? And now I am interrogative, let your German Linguist look about him†† and be industrious. Are the stores of Goethe the all-grasping, and Wieland the witty, and Franz-Horn, and Tieck, and De la Motte Fouquè, exhausted? Are all these variously excelling authors become so well known 'here in England?' I should *guess* not, as the Jonathans say. Or, again, my jolly Almain Rutter! have you not Arndt, and Caroline

\* Janus is *getting* critical. "The bad bit is coming, your honour," as Miss Edgeworth's postillion says. Mr. Weathercock lays about him handsomely, but, like the Irish duellist, he often hits the wrong man.

† We have no horse, "nor ass neither," among our contributors. Unfortunately for Mr. Weathercock's metaphor, the author of the *Tales of Lyddal-cross* is a very slight gentleman in delicate health.

‡ Qu. Rambler?

§ Mr. *Living Dramatists* does not take snuff.

|| Janus has certainly done for himself in the good opinion of Mr. Herbert, as he considers it the liveliest paper he has ever written; and has already quarreled with two of his best friends, who took the liberty to think otherwise.

\*\* We do not know how to apply this advice, for we have several *ablest* scholars. Pierre Ronsard is, however, at the *Pit Door* of our Magazine, and is only prevented from entering by seeing "Pit full."

†† "Looking about," is not the way to be industrious.



de la Motte Fouquè, and Luise Brachman? very pleasant and fanciful people! Look to it, good master Wigginwagginhausen! Apropos. Who is that fellow with the Batavian, broad-bottom, tobacco-scented name—Wankin, Wynken, *Stinking Brooms*\* (as it has been said that Elia called him one day), who takes liberties with my appellation and style? Some broken picture-cleaner, or hackney drawing-master, I take it; though I recollect some one whispering that it was my Lord Stafford's dilettante porter.—Is that correct? At all events, make a clear Magazine of him; for the Fine Arts of England will never carry double; by which phrase I insinuate my intention of taking up all '*that sort of thing*,'† for the benefit of London, and without *the* definite article. "The post is just going out,"‡ (how

lucky!) so Heaven bless you and yours.

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

PS. Haven't room for my postscript after all. Ready next month. Amazing thievery at Cosway's sale! Heard all about it, I suppose: one lady stopped on the staircase with two thousand pounds worth of prints in her pocket! "'Pon my life it's true, what'll you lay it's a lie?"—Fond of statues? Go see Giovanni di Medicis, by Michel, at Day's—worth a *day's* journey! A'nt that good? hey? But! gad! I think you're all statues yourselves, or the Mercandotti would have thawed you into an article§ in praise of her Titianesque (don't blunder it into Titiesque) foot. A pretty sum the education of that girl has cost my Lord E\*\*\*\*!

## NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE society of Painters in Water Colours has commenced its annual exhibition under favourable auspices. The private view was most respectably attended, and on the very first day a considerable portion of the more interesting pictures were marked as sold. The collection is neither large nor glaring, but, altogether, it was to us exceedingly interesting. There is no affectation, no extravagance; with one or two exceptions, there is no substitution of tawdry mannerism for simplicity and nature, but by far the greater number of pictures exhibit a gratifying combination of the high qualities of genuine art. Mr. Cristall has not contributed so many as on some former occasions, but among the few subjects which bear his signature we observed two or three rich classical adaptations of scenery and figures. Barret has furnished some delightful compositions and views; his colouring and execution

are admirable, and if one or two of his co-exhibitors were absent, we should say that among all the rest he was *facile princeps*. His Richmond Hill is a felicitous combination of luxuriance and distinctness; and his Afternoon and Evening are admirable illustrations of poetic feeling. Copley Fielding has, as usual, been successfully diligent; his flat-scenery, of which he has several representations, is excellently managed; the view of Romney Marsh pleased us uncommonly. Cox is respectable. Wild and Cattermole have some good architectural drawings, and Miss Byrne has some elegant groupings of flowers and fruit. Varley's Destruction of Tyre is but little to our liking. Robson, with considerable talent, has not made so much improvement as we had anticipated; he is in some danger of getting feeble and mannered. Some of the most attractive paintings in the collection are from the indefatigable

\* "Mercy on us! We hope," as Mrs. Malaprop says, "you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once!"

† Mr. Janus seems disposed not only to take up "all that sort of thing," but "every thing in the world."

‡ See English Correspondence in general.

§ Let Janus go himself, and be thawed into an article, as he has undertaken "all that sort of thing."

pencil of Prout; his old buildings and architectural subjects, taken during his Continental tour, are treated with great spirit. The Views of Strasburg, Mayence, and Liege, are highly but not coarsely coloured,

and full of bustle and spirit. We regret that the Society should have attached any mark of its approbation to a picture in all respects so worthless as Mr. Smith's view of Naples. We missed Dewint sadly.

#### MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES.

We visited, last week, with considerable though not unmixed gratification, Mr. Martin's pictures now exhibiting in Piccadilly. Mr. Martin certainly displays great facility, both in conception and realization, but he will excuse us the friendly intimation that he appears to be in some danger of confounding glare with effect, and violence with genuine power. His *Herculaneum* is a fine picture, but there is in it too palpable an obtrusion of colour and attitude, as the vehicles of grandeur and pathos. He delights too much in the untempered effect of dazzling tint, and his reds and blues and yellows are dashed in with a fierce and indiscriminating

hand. We shall not repeat what has been so often said respecting his figures, but we would urgently recommend to Mr. Martin the close and unwearied study of the living and antique models. The *Bard* is altogether a failure, and we completely coincide with the just criticism of our very respectable correspondent, Mrs. Winifred Lloyd. Mr. M.'s earlier pictures strike us as his best; the *Storming of Babylon*, though not historically accurate, and the harrowing situation of *Sadak* in his efforts to reach the Fountain of Oblivion, are undeniable proofs of his great talents.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We have heard the approaching exhibition of the Royal Academy so highly spoken of by those who have access to the best means of information, that we look forward to a much more substantial feast for the eye and intellect, than has of late years been afforded us. A liberal discrimination has been exercised, and few applicants have had to sustain the mortification of exclusion. The President has sent in his fine portraits of the King and the Duke of York. Our unrivalled Chantrey has finished a bust of the sovereign with all that striking combination of simplicity and spirit, which forms the characteristic excellence of his style. Last year Mr. Baily exhibited a beautiful model of *Eve*; he has since transferred his design to marble, and in the truth and graceful loveliness which he has communicated to his work, has surpassed any of the female figures which Thorvaldsen has sent to this country. Flaxman's profound knowledge of classic principle has not, we understand, deserted him in his group of *St. Michael subduing the Great Dragon*. *Psyche*, a standing figure, executed by Westmacott, for the Duke of Bedford, is said to possess considerable grace; a statue of *Charity* has the faults of all allegorical produc-

tions,—it is cold and uninteresting. There is considerable talent in the group which obtained the gold medal for Mr. Frederick Smith, a pupil of Chantrey, but we can only accept it as a promise of far better things. He has evidently high power, but he must resolutely settle his mind to the achievement of excellence, by patient meditation and indefatigable labour. There is a bust, by the same hand, of John Keats the poet, which strongly recalls the gifted author of *Endymion* to our remembrance. We have heard favourable report of a portrait of the Duke of York, by Jackson. Northcote has sent in several pictures; we hope that we shall find among them a fair proportion of his spirited representations of animals. Howard again moves on classic ground; and Thomson has sought inspiration from Shakspeare. Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners hearing the Intelligence of the Battle of Waterloo*, exhibits a great variety of excellently disposed groups, in which the military costumes of the old and new schools are contrasted with the happiest effect. The humours of Pay-day among the battered veterans are expressively blended with the strong excitement produced by the reading of the *Gazette*. We are sorry to learn, that

Turner has contributed but one small picture. Hilton's *Meleager* is a most animated and richly painted display of the vigorous action and varied attitudes of the hazardous boar-hunt. The catastrophe of the *Broken Fiddle*, by Allan, is well conceived and expressed, though the picture is not, perhaps, fully equal to some of his former efforts. The old but inexhaustible subject of Hector reproving Paris, has been treated with great boldness and originality, by Mr. Wainewright. Mr. Rippingille has sent in two paintings,

the Recruiting Party, and the Burial by Torch-light of Cannynge, the founder of Redcliffe Church. Collins exhibits four pictures executed in his usual interesting manner. We have heard only of one by Callcott; but from the same authority we entertain the strongest expectation of pleasure in its actual inspection. If we add to this rich, but, of course, imperfect anticipation, the names of Fuseli, Westall, and Leslie, we shall have held forth a promise of gratification, which, however large, gives little risk of disappointment.

## ON WITCHCRAFT.

### No. III.

#### *On the Origin, Progress, and Decay of Witchcraft.*

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lamures, portentaque Thessala rides? *Horac.*

These dreams and terrors magicall,  
These miracles and witches,  
Night-walking sprites, or Thessal bugs—  
Esteeme them not two rushes.—

*Abraham Fleming's Translation.*

THE existence of the parent stock whence witchcraft was derived may be traced to a very remote period. The proneness of the human mind to pry into futurity, and the disposition which mankind, in the earlier ages of the world, have evinced to invest themselves and others with supernatural powers, commenced with the primary origin of society. An inquisitiveness as to future events, is, in some measure, a necessary consequence of the importance we attach to them; and where these events depend on circumstances which we cannot regulate,—a power which we cannot evade, and a will which we can neither scrutinize nor controul,—our anxiety will increase according to the magnitude of our hopes and fears. Hence, in all ages, some means have been resorted to for the discovery of that which was to come; and as, with our limited knowledge and observation, we are able, in some degree, to foresee what will follow from particular circumstances, or modes of action, in which persons of certain dispositions are engaged,—and also to determine the regular effects of physical causes, so do we readily infer that beings of a higher

order, who are endowed with a far more extensive intelligence, may and must be able to discern much to which our faculties cannot penetrate. To attain a similar extent of knowledge was the prime object of the magician and the astrologer; but there is a certain limit assigned to human wisdom, beyond which, even their consummate ingenuity could never pass without some powerful and extraordinary aid. They consequently endeavoured to accomplish their designs by an unhallowed intercourse with higher powers, and, giving full scope to their imaginations, they soon created an easy theory, the reality of which was readily confirmed by the casual occurrence of certain contingent circumstances. Did a victory ensue after an eagle had hovered over an army, or perched upon a standard,—the majestic bird became the omen of conquest. Did a gloomy dream disturb the rest of an anxious mind, and evil, previously apprehended, follow,—the dream was undoubtedly predictive. Had any one, whose birth was welcomed by the rising sun, or marked by the glorious brilliancy of a planet, risen to pre-eminence, and run a course of glory,

—the heavenly bodies indicated the fate of the hero's life, by their timely appearance at his birth. Such was the origin of Divination and Astrology; the root, as it were, of the magic art, and the stem from which a flourishing tree sprang up, affording numerous offsets and branches, as the "growth of ages" added to its magnitude.

There can be no doubt, that Witchcraft was nearly allied in the beginning to all the magical artifices of our ancestors. It was one of the *species* of an extensive *genus*, which comprised divination, astrology, omens, portents, chiromancy, sortilegy, catoptromancy, sorcery, and conjuration,—and it had flourished with much vigour in the several countries of Europe before it became firmly established in England. The first dealer in diabolical magic, is supposed to have been Zoroaster,\* the king of the Bactrians, who lived Anno Mundi 2000. He was gifted with the knowledge of astronomy, and of the seven liberal arts, and was well versed in the nature and value of precious stones. "At his birth," observes an old writer, "he laughed: and his head did so beat, that it struck back the midwife's hand,—a good sign of abundance of spirits, which are the best instruments of a happy wit." Zoroaster was not long without imitators. Divination and astrology, with several other species of the *Μαγος τεχνη*, were adopted by the priests and philosophers of those times, and attained an admirable perfection under the fostering auspices of subsequent practitioners. The Chaldæ in Assyria, the Brachmans in India, the Druids in Britain, the Magi in Persia, and the priesthood of Greece and Rome, all sought assistance from one species or other of occult science, and with numerous well-devised stratagems, impressed upon the minds of their disciples an awful idea of their might and their holiness. We can easily imagine how necessary it must have been, in those early ages, to adopt some singular and extraordinary means of riveting the attention of a community of rude barbarians. Precepts and exhortations,

however congenial they might have been to their habits and feelings, became futile and invalid, unless recommended by some striking proof of their utility and goodness. Hence, the sages and instructors of old had recourse to other and more effectual measures than those of mild admonition, and established their dominion over the minds of the people by a skilful series of impostures, rather than by the force of reason, or the power of persuasion.

A remarkable proof of the supposed influence of magic in those early ages is to be found in St. Chrysostom's work, *De Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantment not exceeded by any romance of the middle ages. We suppose a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεινότερο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντιοῖς, καὶ πεπομμένους ἵππους, διὰ τίνος μαγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δὲ αἴρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃν γοητείας δύναμιν, καὶ ἰδέαν.* "Let him then show him in the opposite armies horses flying by magic, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of enchantment." Whether St. Chrysostom himself believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or whether he merely endeavoured to enliven his description by such narrations, we have no opportunity of judging; but it is quite certain, that in his time such notions were eagerly received, and implicitly credited.

But they carried their faith in the utility of magic to a much greater extent in Spain; for there they had public schools at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca, where the principles of this mysterious science were regularly taught. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called by Ariosto Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo; he even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so, observes Sir Walter

\* Dr. Howel (*Instit. of Gen. Hist. Part I.*) is of opinion that Zoroaster, the Magician, lived many years after this king of the Bactrians; and Fabricius, (*Biblioth. Græcæ tom. 1. cap. 36.*) thinks it a difficult matter to adjust the time in which he lived, there being several of that name.

Scott, I interpret the passage "qu'en tous les sept ars d'enchantement, de charmes et conjurations—il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le lassoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis."\*

But although magic had become thus introduced into the world, several centuries elapsed before witchcraft was practised with all its peculiar and abominable ceremonies. The first approach towards system in this respect, is to be found in the diabolical ingenuity of Theoris of Athens. This enchantress was put to death by the Athenians on the accusation of her servant and accomplice, who displayed to them the charms and medicaments by which her patroness wrought her miracles.† Theoris appears to have been the first witch who had recourse to charms, and we find that, shortly afterwards, these new instruments of preternatural power were greatly multiplied.

The appearance of our Saviour upon earth, and the inculcation of Christianity with all its mild and beautiful attributes, did not dispel the gathering evil by destroying the mummeries of the delusion. Magic, in many of its branches, flourished in full vigour; and even during the arduous ministry of Christ,—while he was yet wandering about the country preaching peace and salvation to man,—the abominable practices of pretended magicians were steadily persisted in, and their execrable impostures freely exercised. The following examples will show the prevalence of the delusion about the period in question:—

Anno Domini, 14. Tiberius put many honourable citizens to death, pretending that they had consulted with Chaldeans.

A. D. 19. Germanicus, the adopted son of Tiberius, died; and several unhallowed relics were found in his house. "Charms and curses, leaden tablets with his name inscribed thereon, pieces of human flesh, half-burnt ashes, and other things used in witchcraft." He was poisoned by order of his patron, and Tacitus thus relates the

event. "Tum Seleuciam digreditur, operiens ægritudinem, quæ rursus Germanico acciderat: sævam vim morbi augebat persuasio veneni a Pisone accepti: et reperiebantur solo ac parietibus crutæ humanorum corporum reliquiæ, carmina, et devotiones, et nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis insculptum, semiusti cineres, ac tabe obliiti, aliisque maleficia, quibus creditur animas numinibus infernis sacrari: Simul missi a Pisone incusabantur, ut valetudinis adversa rimantes." *Annal, lib. 2, cap. lxxix.*

Pontius Pilate destroyed many of the most vir' nous Jews, besides our blessed Saviour. I find, says Dr. Hutchinson, several quote the *Talmud* to prove that he executed many witches.

Simon was a noted magician, and most of the first heretics took their rise from him. Elymas, the sorcerer, opposed St. Paul.

A. D. 41. Claudius condemned a poor knight to die, because the egg of a serpent was found in his possession: he confessed that he carried it about with him for the purpose of securing a favourable termination to a law-suit then pending against him.

A. D. 54. Nero submitted to all the rites and preparations of magic, and performed the ceremonies of initiation with the most celebrated magicians of the day. He did not, however, receive any benefit for his pains, but discovered that all their art was pretension and deceit, and that they wrought no miracles save some unexpected cures which they performed with certain herbs and drugs, the virtues of which were not generally known. Menander, Basilides, and many of the first heretics, are said to have used magic.‡

The faith which the generality of mankind thus reposed in the capability and influence of magicians, placed the truly learned and virtuous in a situation of no small peril. Such individuals as were gifted with superior abilities, and with more extensive means of information than the people among whom they dwelt, subjected themselves to a suspicion at once dishonourable and dangerous; and the philosopher, who devoted all his time to the acquirement of an abstruse science, and longed, like the pupil of Faustus,

— Ardently to know,  
Whatever man may learn below, —

\* Vide, the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

† Demosthenes having occasion to mention Theoris, calls her, that Lemnian woman,—that φαρισαῖδα; and, in speaking of her, he uses the terms both of witchery and imposture,—(βέβηλος, μαγισσῶν, φαναίζων,) concluding with a jest upon her and her confederate, for pretending to cure others of their maladies, when they themselves were sick of all kinds of vices. *Vide, Demosthen. Orat. 1. advers. Aristogon.*

‡ Hutchinson's Historical Essay, p. 15, 16



All that we contemplate on earth,  
And all that in the heaven hath birth,  
To roam through learning's wond'rous ways,  
And comprehend all Nature's ways,

became, if successful in his pursuits, an object of reverence indeed to the vulgar,—but of envy and detestation to his equals in society. “Wonderful operations,” observes an amusing author, “astonish the mind, especially when the head is not overburdened with brains; and custom has made it so natural to give the devil either the honour or scandal of every thing that we cannot otherwise account for, that it is not possible to put the people out of the road of such an idea.”\* Hence it was, that our predecessors imputed to the devotee of science more than an earthly share of power, and invested the philosopher with attributes above the reach of common capability; and hence, also, it was, that,—to borrow the words of Mr. Coleridge,—the real teachers and discoverers of truth were exposed to the hazard of fire and faggot,—a dungeon being the best shrine that was vouchsafed to a Roger Bacon or a Galileo!†

Under such circumstances as these we must not be surprised at the rapid extension of this credulity; but many years elapsed before it degenerated into witchcraft, “properly so called.” The propagation of this vulgar delusion must have been greatly accelerated by the proceedings of Pope Innocent VIII. who issued a bull in 1484, to the inquisitors of Almain, exhorting them to discover,

and empowering them to destroy, all such as were guilty of witchcraft.

Of this unlimited authority, the inquisitors took more than a due advantage. They hunted out and dragged to the torture with true inquisitorial sagacity, all suspected persons within their reach; and found, to their infinite delight, that no sooner had they destroyed one reputed witch, than, like the heads of the hydra, ten sprang up in her place. Now it was, that all the thunders of the Catholic church were directed to the destruction of witches and wizards; and the crafty priesthood, with the most remorseless and blood-thirsty eagerness, glutted themselves with streams of blood and slaughter.‡ Dreadful, indeed, was the havoc which ensued, and the following extract from Dr. Hutchinson's Chronological Table will show the extent and enormity of these vigorous proceedings.

A. D. 1485, Cumanus (an inquisitor) burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the country of Burlia, in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they might be searched for marks.§ He continued the prosecutions in the year following, and many fled out of the country. *Hen. Inst.* p. 105, 161.

About this time, Alciat, a famous lawyer, in his *Parerga*, says, “One inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the people rose against the inquisitor, and chased him out of the country.” *Wicrus de Præstigiis Damon.* c. 22.

A. D. 1488. A violent tempest of thunder and lightning in Constance, de-

\* *Defoe's Hist. of the Devil*, p. 380, where the following curious occurrence is quoted from the *Count de Rochfort's Memoirs*, p. 179. “The magistrates of Berne, in Switzerland, finding that a gang of French actors of puppet-show opened their stage in the town, upon hearing the surprising accounts which the people gave of their wonderful puppets, how they made them speak, answer questions, and discourse, appear and disappear in a moment, pop up here, as if they rose out of the earth, and down there, as if they vanished,—and abundance more feats of art, censured them as demons; and, if they had not packed up their trinkets, and disappeared almost as dexterously as their puppets, they had certainly condemned the poor puppets, and censured, if not otherwise punished their masters.”

† *Friend*, Vol. ii. p. 89.—Ed. 1818.

‡ Those who had seceded from the Catholic religion appear to have been the chief objects of cruelty. Dr. Hutchinson says, that, “from the time of this superstitious bull, the number of executions greatly increased; but chiefly in the places where the Waldenses and Protestants were most numerous.” *Historical Essay*, p. 22.

§ “One other caution is, that the witch must be shaven, so as there remained not one hair about her; for sometimes they keep secrets for taciturnity, and other purposes also, in their hair, and between their skin and their flesh. For which cause, I marvel they flea them not, for one of their witches would not burne, being in the midst of the flame, as Malleus Maleficar: reporteth, untill a charme written on a little scroll was espied to be hidden between her skin and her flesh, and taken away.” *Scot's Discovery*. b. 2, c. 8.



stroyed the corn for four leagues round. The people accused one Anne Mindelin, and one Agnes, for being the cause of it. They confessed, and were burnt. *Bodini Lib. de Dæmonomania*, c. 8.

About this time, H. Institor says, one of the inquisitors came to a certain town, that was almost desolate by plague and famine. The report went, that a certain woman, buried not long before, was eating up her winding sheet, and that the plague would not cease till she had made an end of it. This matter being taken into consideration, Scultetus, with the chief magistrate of the city, opened the grave, and found *that she had indeed swallowed and devoured one half of her winding sheet!* Scultetus, moved with horror at the thing, drew out his sword, and cut off her head, and threw it into a ditch, and immediately the plague ceased! and, the inquisition sitting upon the case, it was found that she had long been a reputed witch. See *Hen. Institor. Part 1. Quest. 15.*

A. D. 1524. About this time, a thousand were burnt in one year, in the diocese of Como, and a hundred *per annum* for several years together. *Barthol. de Spina, cap. 12.\**

Hitherto we have seen that the practice of witchcraft was confined chiefly to foreign parts; the delusion, however, soon extended to our own country, and ran a similar career of absurdity and imposture.

A. D. 1541. The Lord Hungerford beheaded for procuring certain persons to conjure, that they might know how long Henry the Eighth would live. *Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII.*

A. D. 1562. This year, being the Fifth of Queen Elizabeth, the Countess of Lennox, and four others, were condemned for treason. They had consulted with some pretended cheating wizards, to know how long the Queen should live. *Camden's Elizabeth.*

A. D. 1574. Agnes Bridges, and Rachel Pindar, of eleven or twelve years old, had counterfeited to be possessed by the devil, and vomited pins and clouts; but were detected, and stood before the preacher at Paul's cross, and acknowledged their hypocritical counterfeiting. *Stowe's Survey.*

A. D. 1575. The Windsor witches executed at Abingdon. The relation was printed by Richard Gallis. In that, he said, he came to the *God speed*, and with his sword and buckler, killed the devil, or at least wounded him so sore, that he made him stink of brimstone.† *Ibid. B. 2, c. 3, &c.*

Thus was witchcraft, in all its squalid and disgusting vulgarity, firmly established in Great Britain, and the witch was speedily invested with attributes—not only above her comprehension, but such as she could never have imagined.

“They tel us,” says Gaule, “(and the vulgar second them with numberless traditions) of their reading in the moon all things that shall come to passe for a thousand generations. Of their reading by star-light what another has writte in his closet a thousand miles off. Of causing the voyces of two in conference to be mutually heard, although as distant one from another as the east is from the west. Of their being metamorphosed or turned into beasts, bears, dogs, wolves, goats, cats, hares, &c. Of their cutting one another's heads off, and setting them on again; suffering their limbs to be plucked asunder, and knitting them to again immediately. Of their flying in the aire, and walking invisible. Of their riding long and tedious journeys upon broomes and distaffes; and their sayling over seas in egg-shells. . . . . Of their eating up whole fieldes of corne or hay, and drinking up whole rivers in seives. Of presenting a curious banquet upon the table, and inviting thereto their guests from fairie land. Of making a garden of delicate flowers to spring up in your parlour in the dead of winter. Of raising stormes and showres out of tubs; turning streames backward, haling ships laden, against wind and water, with hairens or twined threads. Of making a cock or a flye to draw the hugest beame. Of giving potions to make people love or hate as they please. . . . . Of making bodies impenetrable or shot free; anoynting the weapon, and curing the wound, without the least virtuall contiguity; and turning all metalls into gold. Drinking off a glasse of claret, and make it to spoute out of the forehead presently. Showing you such and such faces in glasses, &c. . . . . What should I tell you of their feates wrought by figures, characters, spells, ligatures, circles, numbers, barbarismes, images of wax; or clay, crystalls, looking glasses, basons of water, herbes, powders, unguents, sawes, knives, pins, needles, candles, rings, garters, gloves, &c. &c. I feare I have even cloyd, while I talked but of giving a taste.

Some worke their bewitchinge only by way of invocation, or imprecation: they wish it, or will it, and so it falls out. Some by way of emissary, sending out their impes, or familiars, to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke,

\* Hutchinson's Historical Essay, p. 22, 23, 24.

† Ibid. p. 24, 25, 26.

howls, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. Some by inspecting, or looking on; but to glare, squint, or peep at one with an envious or evil eye, is sufficient to effascinate (especially infants, and women with child). Some by a demisse hollow muttering, or mumbling. Some by breathing and blowing on; the usuall way of the venefick. Some by cursing and banning. Some by blessing and praising. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turnes. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. Some by getting something of yours into their house. Some have a more speciall way of working by severall elements; earth, water, aire, or fire. But who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the Devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise and put in practice?"\*

In process of time, the practice of witchcraft became almost exclusively confined to the oldest and ugliest of the female sex;† and the measures adopted for the destruction of this miserable race were in general sufficiently atrocious; but, in Scotland, even a greater refinement of cruelty than that which we have detailed, was practised. The innocent relations of a suspected criminal were tortured in her presence to wring from her, by the sight of their sufferings, what no corporeal pain inflicted on herself could extort. Thus, in 1596, a woman being accused of witchcraft; her husband, her son, and her daughter, a child of seven years old, were all tortured in her presence, to wrest from her the reluctant and condemning confession; and several other contrivances, equally unfeeling and atrocious, were resorted to for the purpose of ridding the world of witches.

The mischievous tendency of such proceedings must appear evident,

even to the most superficial observer. In addition to other extensive evils, these severe regulations, together with the statutes enacted against witchcraft, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gave rise to a species of informers, whose industrious efforts materially contributed toward the extension and support of this most popular credulity. We allude to the very creditable fraternity of *witchfinders*, whose peculiar interest it was to foster a delusion by which they profited so abundantly.

These inquisitors were a most villainous and crafty set. They were particularly careful not to visit a town unless they were likely to experience a favourable reception. No "sticklers" must be there to thwart their designs, or to controul their actions; and if they could not secure beforehand an unanimous approval of their iniquitous proceedings, they would not venture upon their scrutiny. We have already related one ceremony which they practised, for the purpose of detecting witches; we add another equally painful and cruel.

"Having taken the suspected witch," says Mr. Gaule, "she is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords. *There is she watched and kept without meat or sleep for the space of four and twenty hours; for (they say) that within that time they shall see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imp to come in at: and lest it should come in some less discernable shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies to kill them. And if they*

\* Select Cases of Conscience, touching Witches and Witchcraft, p. 110, 111, 112, and 128, 129.

† Two or three reasons have been assigned by the learned for the more extensive prevalence of *witches*, rather than *wizards*. "One writer," says Dr. Hutchinson, "giving the reason how it came to pass, that there were so many *women* that were *witches*, more than *men* that were *wizards*, fetches an argument from the derivation of the word *Fæmina*. For, he saith, it comes from *Fe* and *minus*. *Fe*, he saith, is the same as *f*, and *f* stands for *fides*; and thence comes the word *Fæmina*, *quia minorem Fidem habent*. Varius (*Lib. de Fascinatione*) attributes the cause to the stronger passions of the fair sex, and their more general fickleness of nature; while King James declares that, "The reason is easie: for as that sexe is frailer than man is, so is it easier to be entrapped in these grosse snares of the divell, as was over well found to be trew by the Spirit's deceiving of Eva at the beginning; which makes him homelier with that sexe sensine." *Dæmonologie*, Book ii. Chap. 5. We beg our fair readers to observe, that these are not our notions of the cause.

cannot kill them, then they may be sure they are her imps ! " \*

From the view which we have thus taken of our subject, it may appear that we have leaned too much to the side of witches, and divested them of that rancorous malignity, which they are said to have extended towards those who were obnoxious to them. From this we cannot dissent, nor do we wish to do so. That there were individuals, who, from some interested motive, imposed upon the world by a pretension to many of the appalling attributes of witchcraft, we will not deny. Indeed, we have given more than one instance of the fact ; but, then, we have seen that, in most cases, the poor persecuted wretches were compelled to a practice which their better reason taught them to abhor. A great deal depended upon the opinion which the vulgar entertained on the subject ; and when it really did happen that a miserable old woman actually attempted to practise the mysteries of witchcraft, it was usually the effect of a deranged intellect ; of the credulous dotage of old age ; or of provoked malevolence and passion. There is one example on record, which proves that even a virtuous incitement urged a criminal to confession. An old woman, tried at Lancaster, during the early part of king James the First's reign, accused herself, from a vain hope of saving the life of her daughter, who was charged with participation in the crime. The judges, partly it may be suspected, with a view of flattering the prejudices of the king, exhibited the most disgraceful eagerness for the conviction of the prisoners ; and one of them was guilty of the remark, " that such apparent proof was not to be expected against them as others, *their's* were deeds of darkness. " †

But we are inclined to think that, in most instances, the witch was either an instrument in the hands of wicked and designing persons, or a victim of the infamous machinations of the wicked and the indigent. The condemnation of the Pendle-forest witches, which was occasioned by

the artful contrivance of a boy and his father, and to which we alluded in our first paper, affords one instance of the effect of the malicious artifices of two individuals, whose object was evidently the obtainment of a reward for impeaching witches. A very remarkable case also of this kind is that of William Perry, or the " Boy of Bilson," as he was called, who practised his ingenious stratagems in the year 1620, to the manifest admiration and surprise of the beholders.

" The boy returning homeward from school to Bilson, in Staffordshire, where he dwelt, an old woman unknown met him, and taxed him, in that he did not give her good time of day, saying, that he was a foul thing, and that it had been better for him if he had saluted her. At which words the boy felt a thing to prick him to the very heart. In fine, the boy came home, languished some days, and at length grew into extream fits, that two or three (though he was a child of twelve years of age) could hardly hold him. The parents, seeing the extremity, sought help of Catholics ; and with cap and knee did solicit a zealous gentleman, who, overcome by their suit, did rede some prayers, and exorcisms, allowed by the Catholic church, with whose prayers the force of the spiritual enemy abated. The gentleman insisting to know how many was in him ; to his thinking, he said, three."

This artful child, though not more than twelve years of age, had address and perseverance enough to counterfeit the most agonizing distortions. He accused an old woman, whose name was Joan Cock, and she was committed to Stafford Gaol. At the assizes, however, the penetration of the judges detected the imposture, and the boy was ultimately induced by Dr. Morton, Bishop of Coventry, to make full confession.

Such were the delusive artifices which imposed upon the easy faith of our forefathers ; and wretched, indeed, must have been the state of society, when such revolting practices were carried on to the destruction of all moral and intellectual excellence. There could not have been, even at a comparatively late period, any religious feeling among the peo-

\* Cases of Conscience, p. 78.

† Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of King James I. vol. 1.

ple ; any of that pure and holy principle, which leads the heart to admire with gratitude the benevolence of an omnipotent Deity, and to receive with thankfulness the blessings of an indulgent providence. All was dark and gloomy, and terrible. Confidence between man and man was destroyed, and people glared upon each other with eyes of suspicion and malevolence. The witches themselves were considered altogether as hags,

———That for a word, or look,  
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,  
Children, and cattle ;

and the peevish malediction of an irritable old woman infused terror and dismay, even into the bravest bosoms.

The disgraceful proceedings which we have thus endeavoured faithfully to narrate happened, for the most part, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; but a period was approaching, when all the detestable jugglery of witchcraft was to be overthrown, no less by the flourishing luxuriance of literature and science, than by the benevolent firmness of the English judges. In 1604, and the four succeeding years, only eleven persons were tried for witchcraft, and every one was acquitted by Chief Justice Holt. "So changed," observes a modern writer, "were the times, that even confession failed to produce conviction, and the absurdities of a disordered imagination sunk to their real worth." The decisions of my Lord Holt appear to have been the first effectual effort that was made to cut short the career of this prevailing delusion ; and the witchfinders were consequently greatly discouraged. Their proceedings received another check shortly afterwards, from the declaration of Lord Chief Justice Parker, whose humanity made them somewhat more sparing of their cruelties towards the

suspected witches. "At the summer assizes, held at Brentwood, in Essex," says Dr. Hutchinson, "our excellent Lord Chief Justice of England, the Right Honourable the Lord Parker, by a just and righteous piece of judgment, hath given all men warning, that if any dare, for the future, make use of the experiment of swimming the witches, and the party lose her life thereby, all they that are the cause of it are guilty of wilful murder."

But, notwithstanding these humane and judicious provisions, the popular belief in the existence and power of witches was not to be easily overthrown. The vulgar still continued to look upon the aged and the ugly with the eye of hatred and prejudice ; and it was not till knowledge became more extensively disseminated, by the writings of the learned of the reign of Anne, that witchcraft became an object of but little importance to the people. The salutary effect which the diffusion of knowledge produced was followed by the abolition of the existing laws against witchcraft ; and in the ninth year of the reign of George the Second, the mischievous statutes were repealed,\* in consequence of the following occurrence. In the year 1751, a publican, named Butterfield, residing at Tring, in Hertfordshire, giving out that he was bewitched by one Osborne and his wife (who were harmless people above seventy), had it cried at several market-towns in the county, that they were to be tried by ducking on such a day. A vast concourse of people being thus collected together, the poor wretches were seized, and *stripped naked by the mob, their thumbs tied to their toes, and then dragged two miles, and thrown into a muddy stream.* Osborne escaped with his life, though dangerously bruised, but his wife expired under the hands of her brutal perse-

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\* When these statutes were repealed it was enacted, that no prosecution should for the future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery or enchantment. But the misdemeanor of persons pretending to use witchcraft, to tell fortunes, or to discover stolen goods by skill in the occult sciences, is still deservedly punished with a year's imprisonment, and standing four times in the pillory. Blackstone's Comment, b. 4, c. 4, § 6. It may be necessary to add, that there is still unrepealed an Irish statute, inflicting capital punishment on witches. It was passed 28 Eliz. c. 2. and is as minute as the statute of James in its descriptions, &c. It provides also for a person charged with the crime. See Lord Mountnorris's *Hist. of Irish Parliaments*, vol. i. p. 420.

cutors. One of the ringleaders of this atrocious outrage was convicted of the murder, and hung in chains near the spot where the crime was perpetrated.\* Since this horrible occurrence, little has been heard of the spells of witches, and the skill of mortals in the occult sciences has degenerated into the palmistry of the gipsy, or the vague prediction of the vagabond conjuror. The relicts of actual witchcraft, it is true, still lingered among the people, but in a condition too trivial and innocuous to be attended with any ill effect. It is probable, indeed, that even at this period some scattered particles of the delusion exist, more especially in the retired districts of the kingdom. We ourselves have a distant recollection of an aged individual, who resided, several years ago, amidst the green and secluded hills of North Wales. She was a very old and singular-looking woman, and was always to be seen in fine weather, sitting with her distaff and spindle amidst her bees in a little garden, which occupied the declivity of a "Sunny Knoll," behind her humble cottage. Here would she sit, basking in the sun, and holding converse with no living creature except her bees, to which she was particularly attached; and it was believed that these bees, which buzzed about her person with perfect liberty, were the unhallowed ministers of her will and pleasure. She was a harmless, and, we have heard, a good-natured being; but had, by her singular habits and taciturnity, established a degree of fame among the peasantry, of which she seemed perfectly conscious. The cause of this singularity was never known, but many conjectured that some evil doings in early life (for she was not a native of the village) had rendered her thus unsocial and secluded. Thus it often happens, that a slight deviation from the common course of life is sufficient, even in this enlightened age, to impress on the minds of the untutored and superstitious, an awful idea of supernatural power.

We have thus laid before our readers a brief, but, we believe, a

sufficiently complete account, of a system of deception and persecution which claims no unimportant place in the history of the human mind. We have endeavoured to illustrate the effects of fear and delusion, by references to examples at once tragical and ridiculous; and we are not aware, that we can close this long detail of credulity and ferocity, more appropriately than with the following citation from Reginald Scot, containing a convenient Pharmacopœia of approved antidotes.

"But now it is necessary to show you how to prevent and cure all mischief wrought by charmes and witchcraft. One principal way is, to nail a horse-shoe at the inside of the outermost threshold of your house, and so you shall be sure no witch shall have power to enter thereinto. And if you mark it, you shall find that rule observed in many countrey houses. Otherwise, let this triumphant title be written crosswise in every corner of the house thus: Jesus + Nasareus + Rex + Judæorum +. *Memorandum.* You may join herewithall the name of the Virgine Mary, or of the foure Evangelists; or *Verbum caro factum est.* Otherwise, in some countreys, they naile a wolfe's head to the doore. Otherwise, they hang scilla (which is a root, or rather in this place garlic) in the rooffe of the house, for to keepe away witches and spirits; and so they do Alicium also. Otherwise a perfume made of the gall of a black dog, and his bloode besmeared on the postes and walles of the house, driveth out of the doores both devills and witches. Otherwise, the house where herba betonica is sown is free from all mischeefes. Otherwise, it is not unknown, that the Romish church allowed, and used the smoke of sulphur to drive spirits out of their houses, as they did frankincense and water hallowed. Otherwise, Apuleius saith, that Mercury gave to Ulysses, when he came neer to the Inchantress Circe, an herb called verbascum, which, in English is called mullein, or tapsus barbatus, or long-wort, and that preserved him from the enchantments. Otherwise, Pliny and Homer both do say, that the herb called moly is an excellent herb against enchantments; and all say that thereby Ulysses escaped Circe's sorceries and enchantments. Otherwise, diverse waies they went to worke in this case, and some used this defensive, and others that preservative against incantations." + B. 12. ch. 18. R.

\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1751, Part I. and Lord Mountnorris, *ubi supra*.

+ From a passage in Kenilworth (p. 238, vol. i.) it appears, that a sprig of elm, sewn in the neck of a doublet, was also considered as a preservative against witchcraft.



## THE DRAMA.

## THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

*Miss Grimani—cum multis aliis.*

THIS fine comedy, the School for Scandal, has, within the last month, been played at both houses; at Covent Garden, with all the aid of good actors, and full houses; and at Drury Lane, with all the drawbacks of empty benches, and raw, inexperienced performers. The School for Scandal (that School, which knows no vacation in this world!) can never want for scholars, so long as life, and wit, and elegant satire, are permitted to house together. The School for Scandal, indeed, must live! What can be more delightful, more spirited, more airy, than this inimitable comedy, with its rich contrasting characters, and pungent dialogues? In it, life seems to have resolved itself into an essence, and conversation to have lost all its "outward limbs and flourishes," and to have become a spirit only. All the glancing lights and shades of character are caught; all the ingenuities and intricacies of situation are fixed, and made thrice interesting and effective; all the points of a conceit are touched at to perfection. The author has boxed the compass of wit. To remember the personages of this caustic and exquisite play, is to revive the recollections of brave wits and elegant satirists, and to keep the best and the brightest company. There is Charles Surface, the easy, gentlemanly, ruined, airy Charles Surface; with his delightful picture-sale, and his tenderness for "the little ill-looking fellow over the settee!" What a relish is he on the lips of Scandal, with his handsome person, his youth, his graceful half-melancholy love for Maria, and "his most blest conditions!" Then, as a fine contrast, there is Joseph (what a name!) Joseph, with his cold, calculating, sententious morality, the plotting, avaricious, heartless Joseph, with his luckless amours, and *French plate* charities. Then, can there be a richer personage than old Sir Peter? falling out of his bachelorship, late in life, as if he had met with an accident; and tumbling, through the fond anxieties of a florid and healthy old age, into all the turmoils and ter-

rors of the marriage state. How utterly does he appear to have broken the neck of his happiness over a young giddy wife! What a lecture is his passion! What lessons are couched in his alternate tetchy tendernesses and jealousies! How his hopes seemed to wave in the tossings of Lady Teazle's feathers! How his will seems to turn with her "remarkably elegant turn of the head!" What dear fretful family quarrels is he eternally embroiled in! The fall of the screen appears to be the downfall of his house! And can any thing be better than his varying use of the word "Joseph," before and after the luckless discovery? In the last act, it drags on his lip like a fly in honey! Old Sir Oliver,—Sir Noll,—is round and cozy as his name! You at once see the rich Indian uncle, the Nabob, returning up to his ears in rupees and powder, and glorying in getting into the thick of his relations and generousities! Lady Teazle, with her gallant powers of scandal; her virtue, wavering through thoughtlessness; her charming self-restoration, and her constant inimitable spirit, is an elegant comedy in herself! She is the *Divina Commedia*, not of Dante, but of womanhood! There is in her a slight touch of the country hoyden, softened down by the graces of polished life, that carries her through her scandal, her domestic broils, and her pleasures, with a vivacity and a spirit perfectly enchanting! In all these characters, all that is perfect in wit and spirit is concentrated,—and then by what a circle are these delightful creatures surrounded! They themselves are indeed bright stars; but, oh! how bright satellites attend them! After the Teazles and the Surfaces, come a goodly troop. All the scandal school-boys and school-girls,—bitter little Crabtree,—Sir Benjamin Backbite, with his puny weakling of an epigram,—honest Master Rowley,—Trip, the Servant, with his "*post obit* on the blue and silver,"—quiet tiny Moses,—Careless, and Sir Harry, two empty, walking, claret-flasks!—and wicked, orderly Mr. Snake.—What a company!—The ladies too are no less curious. Easy, natural



Mrs. Candour, who gives the medicine of scandal in honey itself; and poor lost Lady Sneerwell, with a heart "bitter as the dregs of Coliquintida!" Maria is, perhaps, a little insipid, but what chance has she in such a biting throng? She is scarcely better off for companions than Polly in the Beggar's Opera!

It is not the place here,—neither have we the time or the space,—to dissert upon the beauties of the most interesting and spirited scenes in this matchless comedy. But we cannot refrain from just hinting at that brilliant scandal meeting, in which Lady Teazle, like the lovely Marcia, "towers above her sex," and at which Sir Peter stands, contemplating the terrible scandal storm, "like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven!" Characters in this cutting scene are conjured up, beaten, snipped, pinched, and cuffed, by the whole party, and finally damned into nothing by a *finisher* from one of the set. The auction of pictures, and the screen-scene, are never to be surpassed, or we know nothing of perfection! The first, for its gay brilliancies of dialogue; the last, for its highly wrought interest. Perhaps the finest piece of wit in any modern English play is contained in the following snatch of dialogue.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Ha! ha! ha!—Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others!

*Sir Peter Teazle.* Ah! Madam! True wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

*Lady Teazle.* True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united!

We have said a great deal more about our admiration of this play than there was any occasion for; but having been led to see the New Drury-lane actress, Miss Grimani, and being called upon in our critical capacity to notice her Lady Teazle, we could not resist the opportunity of indulging in a few reminiscences, common enough perchance, yet pleasanter than a thousand living thoughts of things present or to come.—We are loth to speak ill of a lady, but we must, as in duty bound, confess that Miss Grimani is the very worst Lady Teazle it was ever our misfortune to witness. We

never saw Miss Farren, who received a title for her performance! Miss Duncan (we will not weaken her acting by saying Mrs. Davison) was harsh and broad; but she was at the same time spirited and natural. Others have failed on the side of ardour, eagerness, vigour; but it fell to Miss Grimani's lot alone, to make the joyous, generous, easy, whimsical Lady Teazle, a sentimental and sober-solemn lady of sentimental comedy. Miss Grimani appears to be a quiet, and not insensible person; but she is no more calculated to play Lady Teazle than we are to dance the tight-rope at Astley's, or to ride upon four horses at once. She has a slight, yet not altogether ungraceful person; and her features are strongly marked, but neither her person nor her features become Lady Teazle. Her voice is drawling and monotonous. This lady may improve in other characters; and if she should succeed, we will instantly notice her achievements. But, as Lady Teazle, we can, as just judges, hold out to her no hopes.

The other characters in the comedy were badly filled. Elliston made an amusing Charles, allowing for a little gout,—say—indolence,—tenderness,—call it what you will; but Mr. Cooper, in Joseph, made us wish that even Mr. Winston had been allowed to read the part. Has this same good gentleman, Mr. Cooper, no feeling of his work, that he dresses, acts, and speaks the part so miserably, so despicably? Why, a common play-struck apprentice would know better than to clothe Joseph Surface in a dress-coat, with a modern vulgar red under-waistcoat. And we would eat our two-and-twenty pence, if even Claremont would indulge in a clownish scratching of his hair (we will not say *head*) through the refined scenes of the School for Scandal, and in the finished part of Joseph Surface. We might say to Mr. Cooper, what old Hardcastle says, while drilling his raw servants—"Take your hand out of your pocket, Sir,—and out of your hair!" Munden was admirably dressed in Sir Peter Teazle, in light blue,—the gentlemanly colour of the old school; but he seemed puzzled with his own countenance, for he has made faces so long, that his faces are now really

ready made. Mr. Penley did for Sir Benjamin Backbite: and Harley sacrificed old Crabtree.

At Covent Garden Theatre things are better ordered. Charles Kemble plays Charles Surface (by the bye, we heartily congratulate him on his accession to the throne of this theatre). Young preaches Joseph; Farren realizes Sir Peter Teazle; and Liston lounges in Sir Benjamin Backbite. In talking of this play it is natural to think of those who have the best hit off the characters; and we cannot, therefore, but be pleased when we see certain old ladies and gentlemen interlock their slow fingers at the mention of this comedy, and hear them, with a tender elevation of the eyes, "remember" Miss Farren in Lady Teazle, and King in Sir Peter, and Palmer, dear John Palmer, in Joseph Surface, the Joseph; and Smith, (gentleman Smith!) in Charles; and Parsons in Crabtree; and Dodd in Sir Benjamin Backbite; and Miss Pope, natural delightful Pope, in Mrs. Candour! The list, to be sure, is a bright recollection; and though we never saw "a one of them," we feel, from the famous sounding of their names, that they were no common folk. That *they* were, indeed, the Teazles, the Backbites, the Surfaces, the Candours! and in the earnest faith of impressive fame, we bow to their superiority, and feel ourselves spelled to confess, that we shall never, never see the play so filled again!

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

##### *Almorán and Hamet,*

"A new Eastern Tale of Enchantment," as the bills entitle it, was on Easter Monday produced at Drury-lane; but who that knows a tittle of tales of enchantment, can find any novelty in the stale sentimental allegory of *Almorán and Hamet*, on which the tawdry after-piece of Drury-lane is founded? A more cumbrous load upon the imagination cannot be found; and we sincerely pity those jackalls of the house that cannot, in their search after food for the great Lion-Lessec, stumble upon better meat. Custom calls for some pantomimic display at Easter; and yet, with this well-known necessity staring the manager in the face, the present production bears no marks of long and active preparation; no

sign of careful forethought and prudent selection: the new tale of enchantment, in its scenery, dialogue, and dresses, seems to speak but of hasty choice and rapid execution. If it be absolutely necessary that recourse should be had to Eastern romances for the supply of gaudy dramas, we must think that the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are a *garum* in themselves. They are ever new—ever wondrous! And the pictures they give of oriental magnificence, and Eastern customs and manners, are at once brilliant and faithful. The dramatists of Drury-lane, however, prefer the tarnished finery, and trimmed imagination of a Mrs. Sheridan or a Dr. Hawkesworth, who must write from reading, and not from experience; and who, therefore, filter down the Arabian Nights for the use of schools and playhouses.

The original story of Almorán and Hamet (*original* forsooth!) is pretty strictly adhered to, though the incidents of it are far from being very strikingly dramatic. Almorán's assumption of Hamet's person was contrived by a change of dress, which, as the actors of the two parts were not, like the legs of Poms and Prince Hal, "both of a bigness," made the trick far from imposing; and, indeed, served but to astonish many good people from Dowgate, Portsoken, and the precincts of Farringdon Without, how the princess Almeida could be bamboozled by a mere piece of gold and green silk. Almorán's departure with the Evil Genius down a square trap-hole was as like one of Dr. Hawkesworth's Eastern inventions as heart could wish; and we never saw such a happy mixture of the moral with the imaginative—the oriental with the downright English! He knelt down in all his spangles, bowed his drum-head of a turban towards the earth, pressed his tinsel heart, and descended into as well-dug and square a looking grave as sexton ever picked and trimmed in the church-yard of Cripplegate. Mr. Cooper was really too good for Almorán, and that is saying a bold thing. Those tragic talents which fall short of the mark in Iago, or Richmond, "sticke fiery off indeed" in the noisy villain of a modern oriental afterpiece. He was very great. Mr. Penley, too, was "something more than natural." His tall hand-

some person flamed away in crimson satin, and quite satisfied us of the Pit. We never saw him to such advantage. Mr. Powell, in the First Minister of State, kangaroo'd "with his little short fore-puds" much to our admiration. This gentleman is really a very improving actor; and if he thus goes on we know not where he will stop! Why does he not try the theatre at the Australian settlement? not that we wish to lose him, but we think his peculiarities would recommend him in that land of short arms and confined action. Mr. Barnard looked melancholy; but he was *real Turkish*, like the Cheapside rhubarb. Mr. Bromley (who is Mr. Bromley? is it Bromley from Kent?) was surrounded by a pair of magnificent trowsers. Harley, in a foolish Janissary, let off his winks, and went *peacocking* up and down before the lamps, in his usual facetious manner. He sang a very silly duet with Miss Rovey, which the sillier audience enjoyed. Miss Rovey, however, has a charming voice which only wants a little decent tutoring. The Princess Almeida completely put out poor little Miss Copeland.

We had heard from some foolish play-going people, and had read in the newspapers, (those "evil communications that corrupt good manners," of the beautiful scenery of this "new Eastern Tale of Enchantment;" but we were indeed grievously disappointed. The Neoromantic Temple is one cluster of flaming pillars; in and out of which bounce a set of half-dressed awkward girls, followed by a group of painted and sprawling scene-shifters. The lady, in particular, who presents the magic cup to Almoraz, should be very careful on these cold nights to dress herself the moment she quits the stage. The royal Harem allows of a tambourine dance, by Miss Tree, much in the style of those little clock-work tambourine-dancers at the corners of streets: the interior of the Mosque "with the grand bridal procession" is an old stager, if we are not mistaken. And the Seraglio gardens by moonlight, with a real fountain, the very *moral* of that which squanders its water in the basin of the Green Park, are mighty common-place. Indeed, we must honestly say, that we never saw a duller piece of dullness,

nor a more tawdry piece of splendour, than this new Tale of Enchantment, since we first smelt the lamp.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

*Cherry and Fair Star; or the Children of Cyprus.*

The favourite fairy tale which the Countess D'Aunais filched so prettily from the story in the Arabian Nights, has been chosen by Mr. Farley for his Easter offering:—And if the most enchanting scenery and dresses can attract an audience, then, we predict, will the pit of this Theatre nightly overflow. All persons that have ever been young, and we know but of one gentleman who has never been in this predicament, will recollect the story of Fair Star—sweet, sweet, Fair Star, "from whose long hair the combed emeralds fell."—We shall not, therefore, hazard the tediousness of a twice told tale, but say what little we have to say, upon the scenery and the performers.

The Enchanted Wood and Fairy Vision make good the titles. The distant prospect through an eastern atmosphere is rich beyond all bounds. The Port of Cyprus, with the entry of the Grecian galley, is also admirably managed,—and such a Bridal Vessel, with its snow-white sails and golden broidery, might well come missioned from a fairy isle to carry young lovers over a summer sea. The Bower of Illusion, is the looking-glass contrivance, and cleverly managed,—though the confusion it works is not very amusing or interesting. The burning forest is too hot to look at; and much as we generally like woodfires, we must own that there is such a thing as having too much of what is good. The performers did their duty,—their fairy duty. Farley was earnest in the Corsair, and Miss Foote interesting in Fair Star. Mrs. Vining made a pretty Prince, and Miss E. Dennett played an Ariel-sprite with infinite vivacity. But could she not contrive to be *dumb*? We hint at this, however, with diffidence. Poor Grimaldi in Topack, a slave, had a very little to do, but he beat it out like gold. He is certainly one of the tip-top actors of Covent-Garden Theatre.

The dialogue of the piece—but, however, we hate to find fault.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. ADAM BLAIR, MINISTER  
OF THE GOSPEL AT CROSS-MEIKLE.\*

WE certainly should not have noticed this book in our pages, if a few gossiping novel readers, and several periodical publications, had not pronounced it to be a work of pathos and beauty, far exceeding all the *Julia De Roubignés*, and *Charlotte-and-Werters* in the whole romantic world of letters. We have been entreated by several soft readers, to walk, as a short cut to the temple of pure feeling, through some of the passages in Mr. Adam Blair's life;—and we have at length yielded to these intreaties, and tried this literary *halfpenny hatch* leading through the gardens of sensibility and the flowers of morality to the temple itself. The dust (we use the mildest word)—the gloom,—the tediousness of these “passages” have been to us so offensive, that we have determined upon running our critical broom through them, to make the way clearer, and the darker turns lighter, for all future travellers in the tender line.

The title of this book would lead all simple hearted Christians into the belief that it treated of struggles of the spirit,—that it contained heart-searching admonitions,—fearless and patient controversies,—lonely and pious meditations—reasonings,—exhortations,—prayers! Let such readers put up the little swindler on the shelf again, and return to some old favourite and assured author; for Mr. Adam Blair is not the man for their money. If there be any controversies, they arise between Mr. Adam the minister, and the husband of his “adored Charlotte;” if any meditations exist, they are the meditations of a couple of holy and young Scotch creatures, who make love in a moonlight churchyard, on the tombstone of the deceased and buried Mrs. Blair. If there be any heart-searching admonitions, they are merely uttered by the young clergyman, to reprove the fallen wife for the errors into which he had helped her. In short, the lovers of Tillotson, and

South, and Taylor, and of those who have breathed consolation to the miserable, and spoken quiet happiness to the good,—must stand aside, and turn a *deaf eye* to the present discourse. But let the followers of the Rev. Mr. Werter, and the Rev. Mr. De Roubigné, and the Rev. Mr. Lovelace, and the Rev. Mr. Abelard, and, indeed, of all the canting ministers in the sect of sensibility, come around us, while we expound the dark passages of the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, of Cross-meikle! We can promise a genuine love-feast to the tenderly devout, at least. And now seeing (in our mind's eye) a goodly congregation of the maudlin flock gaping in their parlour-pews, we will shortly tell the good tale our own way, expounding as we proceed.

Mr. Adam Blair is the minister of Cross-meikle, and appears to be very comfortably settled in life, and in the first passage, with a comely wife and a decent allowance of bairns; in fact, a very moderate allowance for a gentleman of his cloth, his children being four only in number. Mrs. Blair and himself are unlucky in their rearing of them, and three of the little cherubs are carried off with the measles, or some such inelegant but fatal disorder. It occurs to us, that Mrs. Blair is not like most mothers, if the book is to be credited; for it states, that “after the death of the last of these three infants Mrs. Blair dried her tears:”—however, this was her business and not ours; and, perhaps, her subsequent regular death may be some atonement. She dies in the third or fourth page, which is certainly early work; and, indeed, we had fears that the *dénouement* was coming at the wrong end of the book; but we soon found, as we shall explain anon, that the minister had to undergo “severer chastening,” or, in other words, that with all the domestic happiness of the *Dean* and Chapter (the *first* chapter) all the extacies were to come. Immediately after the lady's death, what



does the Rev. Mr. Blair do?—Why, after closing “the stiffening eye-lids over the soft but ghastly orbs; kissing the brow, the cheek, the lips, the bosom” of the defunct; he rushes bareheaded into the fields, and then listen what follows:—

There is an old thick grove of pines almost immediately behind the house; and after staring about him for a moment on the green, he leapt hastily over the little brook that skirts it, and plunged within the shade of the trees. The breeze was rustling the black boughs high over his head, and whistling along the bare ground beneath him. He rushed he knew not whither, on and on, between those naked brown trunks, till he was in the heart of the wood; and there, at last, he tossed himself down on his back among the withered fern leaves and mouldering fir-cones.

Mr. Blair, in this situation, dreams, with his eyes open, of a young radiant woman (Mrs. Blair that was), “blushing, trembling, smiling, panting on his bosom, whispering to him all her hopes, and fears, and pride, and love, and tenderness, and meekness, like a bride;”—and “all that sort of thing.”—He soon returned home in considerably better spirits, and his servants let him in, and went to bed.

The minister takes on sadly, and really appears to grieve after the style of La Roche, and almost as perfectly as the original. He gets his wife's picture, and puts it opposite his bed; and he gets together all her odd volumes of the Lady's Magazine and the Novelists; and diets his fancy on her early prettinesses. The little Sarah too, the pledge of their affection (the only *unredeemed* one), the young and interesting Adamite, the flower of Cross-meikle, calls for education, and he pores over Mrs. Barbauld's Early Lessons through the livelong day; Bell's System was then in its bud. During this period of melancholy, and ministerial romance, the “passages” take a turn, and give some account of the waggishness of the presbytery, to which Mr. Blair belonged, and a little history of Mrs. Semple, the widow of the minister's patron. Mrs. Semple is a good woman, and is very kind to Sarah. At her house Mr. Blair's sorrow begins to thaw, and there is every promise of a mild spring, when the widow is called to Edinburgh, and the widow-

er is left to pine away as usual at Cross-meikle.

At this time Mr. Blair receives a letter from Mrs. Charlotte Campbell, an old friend of Mrs. Blair (these young old friends of a first wife are extremely dangerous cattle) offering him a visit, as her husband, Mr. Campbell, in the India service, would not be home for a twelvemonth. She gives no opportunity for a refusal, as she follows her letter *instantly*. Captain Campbell, it appears, is a second husband of the youthful and elegant Charlotte; and in proof of her delicacy and refinement, we give the description of the lady's choice.

The Captain Campbell of Charlotte was, in almost every respect, unlike the curly-headed boy who had preceded him in her good graces. He was a thick-made, square-built, sturdy Highlander, with what are commonly called heather-legs, (*Anglice*, bandy). His nose had been blown up a good deal by snuff and brandy, or both; his eyes were keen grey; his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, bristly red; his bob-major dressed *a merveille*; and his Dutch uniform fine as five-pence.

Mrs. Campbell arrives, pale and comfortless, from a discontented marriage (as the author shrewdly hints); but a very short time at the parsonage plumps up her cheeks, and makes her quite another woman. Mrs. Campbell strays out in the mid-night to the tomb of Mrs. Blair, of course to read Blair's grave. She reads the inscription on the tomb, and then reflects—and then moralizes—and then philosophizes—and then—

Sighs and passionate sobs burst together unchecked and unresisted, and the bruised heart poured out all its luxury of tears.—She lifted her eyes to the moon and the stars, and the beautiful heavens, and her eye spake reproachfully to their beauty. “Why, oh why are ye, eternal bright eyes, not shining on my grave—on my repose? Isabel loved, and was loved, and was happy! I loved, and was never loved again! I sought refuge where the foolish seek it, and I found what they find. Oh, why was I not the wife of Blair! One year—not ten long blessed years—would have been enough for me, and I should have slept sweetly where I knew his eyes would every day rest upon my grave! Ye cold, cruel stars, when shall I be laid at rest beneath your beams!”

Mrs. Campbell looks up, and lo!—there stood Adam Blair (of course, say all novel readers.) She was in

her night dress, and Adam was quite astounded.

But the touch of Blair's hand upon Charlotte's neck, and still more, something already alluded to, had effectually disturbed the tenor of her meditations.

Mr. Blair and Mrs. Campbell read, walked, talked together; and he became more cheerful, and she fattened and became merrier; and, in short, the good-natured people at Crossmeikle began to gossip about the holy, friendly, and fascinated pair. The Minister, and the wife of the Indianaman, talk on matters of religion until they get tender: Charlotte is all the better for Adam's lectures, and he is the better for giving them. At length she becomes candid, and Mrs. Campbell tells Mr. Blair her long story, which ends thus confidently:—

"I toiled for him," said she, (it was of Campbell she spoke)—"I toiled for him—I banished myself for his sake—I made myself his drudge, his slave, his victim. I had been bred in abundance, and he was not poor; yet, because he chose it should be so, I lived as if I had never known what plenty was.—But what was this?—What would I have cared for this had I been requited with affection?—I would have starved myself,—yes, Adam Blair, I would have starved myself, and gladly too, could I have been sure of one kind look—one tender kiss, Adam, when the night closed in upon my misery. But no—things went on from worse to worse, and to all I submitted. I left Scotland—a weary hateful Scotland it was then to me—and I went to Holland, and we were gay, and my husband's face was lighted up, except only when his eyes fell upon mine. Oh, Adam, why should I tell you the weary tale over again? Suspicion, black, false, detestable suspicion—black and false it was than ever the devils made hell or found it—suspicion, distrust, scorn,—these are the bitter ingredients that have at last made my cup run over. Adam, if I have borne any part of all these last miseries well, it is you I have to thank for doing so. I have breathed more freely, dear Adam, since I came back to your shelter: any body else would have refused such shelter to such a creature as me. I have had many faults, but I trust I have never been an ungrateful creature. Pray for me, dear Adam, I have much need of your prayers."

Once more they shed sympathetic tears, and once more they parted.

On one very fine June day, Blair proposed to Charlotte to walk to Semplehaugh, (Mrs. Semple's)

and they took Sarah and realized the proposal. On this occasion Mrs. Campbell never looked better;—the Author says, that if Titian had seen Charlotte he would have jumped at her.

Her form, although with somewhat of a matron-like air, had preserved its outline as perfect as it was at bright seventeen;—her full arms were rounded with all that delicate firmness which Albano delighted to represent in his triumphant Sea-nymphs;—the clear brown of her cheek had banished its once steady roses, but that did not prevent an occasional flush of crimson from being visible;—if the curls of her hair were not quite so silky and slender, they were darker and richer, and more luxuriant than they ever had been;—and a slight heaviness about the lids, did not diminish the effect of her beautiful black liquid eyes, whenever they ceased to be downcast. It was the fashion of the day to wear two or three long ringlets of hair down on the shoulder, and never did glossier ringlets float upon a fairer bosom than hers.

The day passes "mighty agreeable," and the party dine, and walk, and chat very innocently. In the midst of the most interesting dialogue between a bunch of old tabbies, a violent scream alarms the reader and the company. Mr. Blair and Miss Sarah are floundering about in the pond, and Mrs. Campbell (having been bit in her youth by a Newfoundland dog) plunges in and saves the Minister by the hair of his head (mercy on us! had he been an English Bishop, his wig would have been his ruin!).

We will now shew the water party just landed; and we must say, the wet appears to have completely taken the starch out of their morals.

Mrs. Campbell was on her knees, stooping over the child, soothng and caressing her with whispers and kisses, and apparently quite unconscious either of what she herself had undergone, or of the state in which her exertions had left her person. Her hair, as we have already seen, had been flung loose at the beginning;—she had lost her shawl, her neck-kerchief, her cap, all the lighter parts of her dress, in the progress of the struggle; and, in short, she was now as thinly and as moistly clad as any goddess or nymph of the sea that ever Guido drew, or Flaxman modelled. Mr. Blair, who had stood for a moment with his arms folded upon his breast, as if half bewildered with so many sudden transitions, now fell upon his knees close beside Charlotte and his child, and throwing one



arm round each, he drew them both towards his bosom, and began to kiss them alternately, cheek, and brow, and lip, and neck; hastily and passionately, as if ignorant or careless that they were within sight of any one.

Mrs. Semple, who has an eye to decency, gets the lady to retire and take a little rest. The trio subsequently return to Cross-meikle. From the time of this ducking, the Minister, and the Indianman's wife, begin to get confused, watchful, confounded, affectionate;—confoundedly affectionate, in short. By the way, on their return home, this infatuated Adam, with another man's Eve, meets with an old beggar, who greets them as man and wife; and who tells the lady that she "will not sleep the less soundly, with her head in his bosom, for having an old man's blessing." He wishes them "a sweet sleep, and braw pleasant dreams." And Mr. Blair and Charlotte blush like a couple of dog-roses. Never, in fact, was there such a pair of Scotch passion-flowers. Adam dreamt at night of the pond incident,—and during his snooze, to his holy and agitated mind, "beautiful women's shapes, smiling eyes, and burning blushes, darted in glimpses here and there from amidst the thickest of tumults."

At this passage a Mr. Duncan Strahan, W. S. comes suddenly to Cross-meikle to confer with Mrs. Campbell. He talks a little in the garden with her, and frightens the lady into her bed-room, and her bonnet. She immediately determines on going to Edinburgh, and Blair has a word or two with the Writer (not the author),—the Writer to the Signet. On quitting, Charlotte kissed Sarah, and on Blair, "pale as marble," handing her into the chaise, "she squeezed his hand with hot and trembling fingers, at the same moment sprung into the carriage, and flung herself back in the corner of it!"—leaving the Divine all of a flutter in his sensibilities.

Mr. Blair, in the deepest agitation, betakes himself, unaccountably as we think, to the sober pastime of fishing. He thinks of Charlotte, and keeps a very dull eye on his *brown palmer*. His thoughts break out into words, and neglecting his rod, he says,

Poor Charlotte! she does not blame me, but well might she do so if she knew what a dastard I have been. Poor beautiful

Charlotte, alas! what a dark fate seems to hang over the whole of an existence that seems as if it had been formed for happiness! What rivers of tears have been shed by those lovely eyes! How gaily they would have sparkled had she found a tender bosom to recline upon!

The fishing rod drops into the water, for no man can throw the fly and philosophize at the same time. He returns home, minus a winch, a rod, a line, and three flies.

An old parishioner brings Mr. Blair a letter,—a letter from Charlotte,—prettily written, without dashes, and intended as a spur to Adam's morality—begging him to go to Edinburgh to quiet the naughty Writer's suspicions. At the same time, Dr. Muir, one of the Presbytery, calls, and tenderly touches on the parish gossip. Adam reflected a little after the departure of the Doctor, and after a night's un-rest, ordered his horse to be saddled, and, bidding adieu to sleeping Sarah, rode away like the master of Ravenswood, with the speed of an evil spirit dismissed by the exorcist. He rides till he reaches the Bay of Greenock, and getting into "a small wherry," as a man might at Hungerford Stairs, is rowed to Lochfine. He never rests till he reaches the Tower of Uigness (So ho—Mrs. Campbell!)—He knocks!—bang!—like Dr. Pangloss at Cicely's door. Charlotte answers from within, after the manner of a ventriloquist, and indulges in abuse, thinking the knocker,—the living knocker,—is no other than Duncan Strahan. Charlotte looks out of window, with a volunteer's sabre in her hand, and seeing and hearing Blair, she drops the weapon, so as very nearly to cut off the Minister and the catastrophe. This is an ingenious and moving incident!

A moment after, the bolt was withdrawn; the door sprung open, and Charlotte, rushing out half naked as she was, had flung her arms around his neck, and buried her face in his bosom, ere he was able either to meet or to reject the proffered embrace.

She drew herself back, gazed upon his face through visible tears, and then again folded herself round him. "Oh, Adam," said she, "God has heard my prayer—God has not deserted me—but now I was alone—now I have you with me, and I shall fear nothing." She uttered a short convulsive laugh, and added in a whisper,

"No, no, I shall not be afraid of a hundred Mr. Strahans now."

Mrs. Campbell takes the Divine up a dark staircase into an upper chamber, piles wood on the fire, rubs his hands, fetches the tray, and prepares for a cozy evening.

"Eat and drink, dear Adam, we shall have time enough for talking and thinking hereafter. Drink, Adam," and she poured a large glass from a flask of wine as she spoke, "drink, drink, dear Adam, and I will pledge you, I will pledge you gaily—Come, drink, Adam, for your own sake, or for mine."

Blair drinks like a fish,—the cloth being quite removed from the table and the memory of the Minister,—and he becomes so fevered that he goes to the window for a little fresh air. Charlotte follows him, and leans upon his shoulder. Anon,—

Mrs. Campbell took Blair's hand and withdrew him from the window. She re-seated him by the table, poured another glass of wine, and again forcing him to swallow it, began to tell him, in broken syllables, the story of her insults.

Had she never told that story, perhaps Adam Blair had never been a fallen man—nor

"The moon hid her light  
From his heaven that night."

After this fine "passage" about the moon (that seems as if it led to something), we turn the leaf, and find eight-and-twenty stars all winking as shily and mysteriously as possible. The morning dawns, and an old Highland croon enters Mrs. Campbell's room.

And having been in bed long before Mr. Blair's arrival the night before, it may be more easily imagined than described with what surprise she beheld her mistress asleep in the arms of a man—and a stranger.

She stood for some minutes as if unable to believe her eyes, and at last, seeing Blair toss his arm aloft and turn himself on the couch, she withdrew hastily, and the massy door swung after her with a heavy slap when she quitted the guilty chamber.

Blair hears a church-bell, turns *Magnan*, and, leaving Charlotte in a doze, goes out upon the hills. He sits down by a pool, like Wordsworth's leech-gatherer, only with infinitely less to do. He becomes bewildered, and is in the very act of once more taking the water, when he is again prevented by Charlotte, who

seems really to be a sort of walking cork-jacket to him. She speaks;—

"Stop, rash man! what dost thou? Wilt thou slay thyself?—Look back, faint heart! Look back on me! Art thou alone miserable?"

Blair turned round and met her wild eyes;—"Lost woman," said he, shaking himself from her grasp, "what dost thou? What brings thee here? Wilt thou not leave me to myself—to my misery? It is all thou hast left me."

"Adam Blair, what hast thou left to me?"

"To fly, woman, to repent—to weep,—perhaps, not to weep for ever."

Adam, it seems, after his fall, not like his predecessor, stands upon high ground! (we do not merely allude to the hills.) But surely he lays the fault a little too much upon the lady. But then, to be sure, she ought to have remembered that he was a Clergyman before she allowed him to seduce her. She binds him by oath not to kill himself, and then they agree to part; Charlotte watched him walk away with himself, and then bursts out as follows—her speech speaks for itself.

Oh, God! dark and inscrutable are thy ways; if indeed thou regardest us; if indeed it be true that the doings of earth are heeded from above?—Is there indeed an above?—Is there indeed a God?—Are we more than clay—than dust?—Shall we indeed be more than dust hereafter? Alas! Oh God! all is blindness—blackness—utter blackness.—God have mercy upon me, a sinner.—God have mercy on me, there is no other eye to pity.—Great God! look down upon me, in compassion.—Jesus, Saviour, gentle Saviour, pity me—hear the cry of a bruised heart.

Mrs. Campbell in a very short time determines to follow Adam, and away she goes as fast as her wicked feet can carry her. She finds Blair in a foggy cottage, lying in a state of stupor, and a plaid. She fetches water (water again!—It is better than Velno's vegetable syrup!) and sprinkles the Divine to life. He sits up, talks of dying, and relapses into fainting-fit the second. Mrs. Campbell gets the Highlanders to make a litter,—not such a litter as is in the passages of Adam Blair's life—and by such means he is carried back to the Tower of Uigness. He has a fever, and gets better.

In seven days, he wakes after a long sleep, and hears a pipe, which

is, in fact, the death-music of Charlotte. She dies, as in duty bound. Blair gradually recovers, in the course of about 40 pages, which we now hastily pass over (being really weary of this interesting and pathetic story). Captain Campbell returns, and forgives the Minister. Adam is suspended in his parish by the Presbytery, at a meeting where he pleads guilty, and in the course of ten years of humility, and *all that*, is restored to his post; "and lives very happy ever after!"

Such are the passages in the life of Adam Blair! Such is the story which the idle readers of the day pronounce to be matchless for its morality and its pathos! We have given a very faithful abstract of its follies, its impieties, and its cant; and we cannot dismiss the volume without seriously and earnestly protesting against this parody on feeling; this mockery of pathos; this mad and wicked brawl of intemperate and unnatural passion. We

know not what real and pure interest can be excited, by this filthy betrayal of vice in characters and in situations to which we are accustomed to look for the decencies, the virtues, and the white enjoyments of life!—For what worthy end religion is thus to be stained and insulted we cannot conjecture, and we should be very glad if those persons who laud it would communicate to us the causes of their eulogies. Is it absolutely necessary that crime should be prepared as a *dram* for the world;—that women should be wives before their seduction; and that the adulterers,—the Lovelaces,—should be in holy orders!—That a man should woo a woman at the tomb of his dead wife,—and that prayer and religion should be made the panders to immorality? Having shown the book in its true colours, and spoken strongly of it as we feel,—we hurl it aside;—and rejoice that it is not from the English press, that so dirty and helpless a volume has issued.

#### REPORT OF MUSIC.

A NEW Opera, with some claim to public consideration, has been this month brought out, and it is the work of Signor Mosca, a composer of some celebrity on the Continent, but hitherto known in England only by a few detached but elegant morceaux. His little air, *Amor perche m'accendi*, has been for some years a favourite in private circles; and Signor and Madame de Begnis have brought an excellent comic duet of his into notice at the late Oratorios and the public concerts, *To sono di contento*. The plot of *I due Pretendenti* is constructed upon the supposition, that a lady obtains her favoured lover by impressing two disregarded suitors, (of whose importunities she wishes to rid herself,) with the belief that she is a vixen, and mistress of sundry other repulsive qualities which they had failed to discover. Thus deceived, they join in procuring for her the man she prefers.

Elegance, facility, delicacy, and airy melody, are the prominent characteristics of the music; which, like Rossini's, is calculated to charm by its levity, and fix itself by its spright-

liness. The scenes between *Procopio* (De Begnis) and *Emilia* (Madame de Begnis) are particularly animated, and one duet *Dolce dell'anima* for the tenor (Curioni) and *Emilia* is very superior in graceful expression. Curioni sang remarkably well; indeed he has scarcely had fair play since his engagement in England. He was lost in the secondary part of *Gianetto* in *La Gazza Ladra*, and still more unfortunate last year in *Il Turco in Italia*. His voice is certainly limited in power and compass, but he is a scientific singer. The regular and established concerts are proceeding in their course. At the Oratorios, a composition by Lord Burghersh, called *Bajazet*, was performed and well received. It is of the modern fashion, not remarkable for any quality beyond a general suavity, illuminated by occasional gleams of brilliant ornament. Whilst his Lordship has been charged by some with want of originality, marked character, and design in his music, he has also been lauded to the skies by other critics. The fact appears to be, that he has studied and refined his taste by the best models, and that, consequently,

in his passages is to be found a frequent recurrence to classical examples; all that, perhaps, can be expected from a composer at this advanced period of the art. His production seems to show that the study of music is cultivated by some of the higher classes in this country with assiduity and success, and that Italy has not to boast that her nobility only give the best and highest proofs of musical virtù.

At the Philharmonic, M. Mazas, the Parisian violinist, has made his début; Mr. Kieseewetter succeeded him at the last concert. In addition to these celebrated names, it is reported that Lafont and Vaccari are both on their way to this country. There will then be no scarcity of eminent violin players, and our champion Mori will have to sustain the honour of his native England against new competitors.

The vocal Concerts have not by any means been attended with their former fashion or success. This is but too clearly indicated by advertisements of a half subscription for the remaining three nights. Yet there are the same conductors, the same excellence in the performers, and the same taste in the selections. The truth is, probably, that the fickleness of fashion is already diverted to some of those novelties which are offered. The Opera Concert Room is again opened, for four concerts at a two-guinea subscription, and they are to be supported principally by the band and singers of that theatre.

There are, however, several concerto players of great eminence, Mademoiselle Pallix, a harpist from Paris, Puzzi, Bochsa, William Lindley, and among the rest Mr. Kalkbrenner. Pianoforte players have certainly arrived at prodigious acquirements. Mr. Moschelles and Mr. Field have each done wonders; although taking the combination of force and delicacy in expression, and of fire, rapidity and sweetness in execution, we doubt whether Mr. Kalkbrenner, on the whole, is exceeded or equalled; while Mr. John Cramer continues to receive the honour which is justly due to the beauty, polish, and sensibility with which he plays.

On Friday the 18th of April, a grand selection of music was performed at the Surrey Chapel, for the

benefit of the Surrey Alms-houses. One circumstance which attends the increasing passion for music in this country, is the corresponding employment of its powers in works of charity; and it is one which deserves to be pointed out and dwelt upon with a fixed regard. From the frequency of these contributions of art to the purposes of benevolence, they are less particularly remarked; but, both in the metropolis and in the provinces, the pecuniary aids thus obtained are most important in their amount and application. There is scarcely a county hospital in the kingdom which does not derive a considerable income from this source. The instance of Birmingham stands conspicuous; and we again take occasion to recommend to the governors of charities the benefit derivable to such institutions from concerts of magnitude. At the Surrey chapel, the performance was conducted by Mr. Jacobs, the organist of the chapel, a professor well known for his admirable style of organ-playing. Amongst the principal singers were Mr. Goulden and Mr. Blackbourn. The former gentleman has been heard as a counter-tenor at the Oratorios last season, when he came to London from Canterbury. His voice is good; and he is much improved in his style, which is chaste and pure. Mr. Blackbourn is a bass, and has not, to our knowledge, been often heard in public, except in glees; his voice is sound; but limited in volume, and his manner is modest and unassuming. The females were Miss Goodall, Miss St. Travis, and Miss Tattet; and the choruses were numerous and well supported by the gentlemen of the choral fund and other similar societies. Mr. Harpur, who is rising into celebrity as a trumpet player, accompanied many of the obligato songs with effect.

Madame Catalani has concluded her successful tour through the northern and western provinces, and announces some concerts (in London) previous to her quitting England, and, as it is reported, the profession. If so, she is wise, and will leave behind her only the impression of unimpaired powers. The first will be on the 25th of April.

The month of May will, probably, produce a prodigious number of be-

next concerts. Those of Messrs. Cramer, Mr. Grestorex, Mr. W. Knyvett and Mr. Saplo, are already announced.

The publications this month, though numerous, are scarcely in such superabundance as the musical spring-time produces; they are, however, of a higher quality than usual. *La Bella Biondina*, by Rawlings, is a lesson of great elegance. The introduction shows much imagination and contrivance. The second movement is an expressive Andante, leading to an air from Mozart's Opera of *Il Seraglio*, *Ebbene ti lascio*, which is treated with variety and brilliancy. Mr. Rawlings's compositions are always attractive from their melody, brilliancy, and invention; and *La Bella Biondina* cannot fail to become a favourite.

*Kiallmark's Divertimento Scozzese*, in which are introduced the airs *Charlie is my darling*, and *We're a' Noddin*, with variations for the Pianoforte. The airs selected as the subjects for this piece are now so popular, that little additional composition is required to recommend them. Mr. Kiallmark has been, however, very happy in the additions he has made; and, with the exception of the second variation, which is common-place, his divertimento is a very spirited, and agreeable piece, and much above his usual manner.

The 18th number of the *Dramatic airs*, by Stell, the subject *A me tette la Belle* from *La Modista Baggisurica*, once a great favourite when sung by Viganoni. The lesson, in the form of a Rondo, is bold and animated, without, however, being vulgar. A very elegant and melodious passage is introduced at page 5, in B-flat, and the entire piece is striking and effective.

*Rondeau brillant pour le Pianoforte*, composé par J. Moschelles. This piece is better adapted to the execution of the generality of Pianoforte players, than any of the compositions Mr. Moschelles has yet published; still it contains many of the difficulties of his particular style, although they are not so appalling as those of his *Characteristic Sonata*, &c. He appears, in the present case, to have written less for himself, and more for others. The subject of the *Rondeau* is very graceful, and its beauty is in-

creased by the various forms in which it appears in the course of the piece; the skill so apparent in this instance is observable throughout; but this display of science is admirably adapted to heighten the effects of melody and expression. The composition is another proof of Mr. Moschelles's fine taste and eminence in his art.

*A Barcarolle, with variations for the Pianoforte and flute, ad lib. by Latour*, opens with an introduction of great feeling and elegance. The Barcarolle is composed by Mazas, the great violinist, and has been played by him at the Philharmonic Concerts, and is original and graceful. Mr. Latour has seized the moment of inspiration; for his compositions must have been very rapidly produced, Mr. M. having played only a fortnight since. In the variations, he has manifested his accustomed good taste. The flute part is so arranged, that it may be omitted without injuring the effect of the performance, although it has more in it than an ad libitum accompaniment is usually allowed.

The second Number of Mr. Burrowe's *Hibernian Airs* has appeared. The subjects are *Gramachree Molly*, and *Plansty Kelly*. This number is at least equal, we think it superior, in merit to the first.

*Pastorale Rondo pour le Pianoforte, par F. Kalkbrenner*. There is great beauty and originality in the subject of this composition; the passages have a smoothness and flow which are highly agreeable, and well suited to its particular style. The lesson contains several cadences of a very novel form, and is difficult both in regard to expression and execution. In the former respect it is very peculiar.

Messrs. Birchall have reprinted, in a very handsome manner, the fine old music of Matthew Lock to Macbeth, with an introductory part containing the music to *the Witche*, a Tragic-comedy, by Middleton, from which Shakspeare, it has been conjectured, caught the first idea of his supernatural imagery, and Lock, the themes for his music. It is curious thus to trace the rise and the expansion of subjects, which still justly engage the admiration of the present as they have done that of former ages.



## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE affairs of the last month have possessed very little interest either of a foreign or domestic nature. The great powers of Europe in whom the question, perhaps, virtually lies, are still coquetting on the subject of the Turkish war. Continual movements of messengers—rumours, now of immediate hostilities, and now of the renewed influence of Lord Strangford, succeed alternately, and are alternately contradicted. In the meantime a grand sitting of the Divan has taken place, the details of which as published must be interesting, or at least novel, to the English reader. The question was, whether or not the Russian ultimatum should be accepted. The Sultan himself is said to have been present, concealed behind the curtain of a window opening from his cabinet into the council room. All the councillors of the Porte then at Constantinople attended; an invitation was also sent to the chiefs of the Janissaries and of the Ulemas. The question of peace or war was supposed to hang, as it very likely did, on the decision. The Mufti and the chiefs of the Ulemas, in the first place, declared that several of the demands of the Muscovites were contrary to the principles of Islamism, and to the dignity of religion. After this significant and ominous commencement, the Grand Vizier, as president of the Divan, demanded—"Is it just and conformable to the principles of the Holy Koran, to raise the standard of the great Prophet, and to call to arms the mussulmen of the east and of the west, when demands like these are addressed to the Prince of the faithful?" On which all the Muftis answered, "It is just." These words were then re-echoed by the Ulemas. The next proposition was—"Is it just and wise to withdraw the mussulmen from the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, while the Muscovites have assembled on the frontiers a numerous corps which they will not dissolve?" To which all present unanimously answered—"No, it would not be just—it would not be

wise!" The following questions were then discussed—"Can the administration of the two frontier provinces be intrusted in future, as it has hitherto been, to the perfidious and traitorous Greeks or Boyars?" Unanimously answered—"No, that is impossible."—"Can we restore to the rebellious Rajahs all their churches and their privileges, so long as they obstinately persist in their disobedience to the sublime Porte?"—"No, that cannot be!"—The Sultan approved all these decisions, and gave orders to the Grand Vizier to cause his intention to be notified by the Reis Effendi to the foreign ambassadors, and to explain to them, at the same time, the reasons which had induced the Porte to come to such a resolution. It was affirmed that in the same Divan it was resolved, that in case of a new war with Christendom, some mysterious plan, which was under consideration during the war of the Porte with Austria and Russia, in the reigns of Joseph and Catherine, but which was frustrated by the victories of Suwarrow and Prince Coburg, should be put in execution. In consonance with this decision of the Divan, a sort of demi-official rejection of the Russian ultimatum has been published, in language, if it be authentic, quite sufficient to excite even the frozen blood of a northern autocrat. In pursuance of this, the Sultan was said to have ordered a general impressment of seamen, which was carried into execution with great rigour, and without any respect to persons. The city of Constantinople is represented to be as light during the night as it is in the day-time, in consequence of the fires of the bivouacs; by day or night, it resembles a large camp; and the people are so elevated at the idea of the plunder of the "accursed infidels," that the Sultan's determination seems scarcely voluntary on his part. The consequence of this has been a grand council at Vienna, to which the foreign ambassadors were invited, and at which a renewed and simultaneous remonstrance of the

Christian powers to the Porte was resolved upon; but such was the spirit of the Turkish people, that it was supposed the acquiescence of the Sultan must produce a catastrophe at Constantinople, attended by the massacre of all the ministers. The Russian letters give equal "note of preparation." They say, that the army assembled on the Pruth, and ready to take the field, consists of 280,000 men, of which a very large proportion is cavalry; the dragoons alone are estimated at 26,000 men. The Russian park of artillery is stated to consist of 500 pieces of cannon. In the mean time, the death of Ali Pacha does not seem to have produced so favourable an effect upon the affairs of the Porte in Greece as might have been expected. The accounts from Albania and the Epirus are favourable to the insurgents. Obourschid Pacha is so occupied with the Suliotes and Albanians, that he has been unable either to execute the orders of the Sultan or to proceed with his army to the Morea. The whole Pachalik of Joannina is represented to be in arms, and determined in every way to resist the removal of Ali's treasures. While upon this subject, we may mention a strange report, that Ali has escaped alive, and that the head sent to Constantinople was really not his, but that of an old soldier! It is not impossible that by our next something decisive may be communicated on this important question, as the Russian troops are generally accustomed to commence operations by the middle of April.

The state of France continues pretty much as we represented it last month, and as it probably will continue till a general explosion takes place. The Bourbons seem to be exactly in the same situation as they were on the landing of Napoleon from Elba;—not a whit more secure. Our readers may form some idea of this, from the fact of an universal consternation having seized all the authorities on the perusal of a song in a number of the *Morning Chronicle*! The song related to the "*Cordon Sanitaire*;" and immediately on its appearance all the numbers of the Journal containing it were seized by the police. This was followed by an intimation, that it was expected that

his Most Christian Majesty's ambassador in London would do his duty! In what a state must the throne of that country be; whose monarch trembles at a song! The Chamber of Deputies has been adjourned, after many stormy discussions, the result of one of which was, after ample provocation, a duel between Generals Foy and Semele, which, after three shots each, terminated without bloodshed. A very curious exposé took place, by M. Girardin, during one of the sittings, of the practices pursued in the French Post-office. He said that, after passing through the ostensible office, by merely touching a secret door, you found yourself altogether in a new world—surrounded by all the instruments and artifices of espionage. Cauldrons of boiling water to soften wafers—furnaces to melt wax—artists to forge seal-engravings—scientific men to unfold cyphers—all under the immediate inspection of the Director of the Posts, and all, said M. Girardin, "so carefully concealed, that they who were employed to discover the secrets of the world, were themselves a secret to all the world." The Times Newspaper asserts, that this practice was introduced into England at the accession of the house of Brunswick, at which time it was partially adopted, under the apology of a disputed crown. It is stated, that after all the efforts made to apprehend General Berthon, he has at length succeeded in escaping with his principal officers by sea to St. Sebastian, where he was most favourably received. The following has been given as an authentic statement, in one of the French papers, of the number of English who have visited Paris from 1815 to 1821, both inclusive. In 1815, 13,822; in 1816, 15,512; in 1817, 16,618; in 1818, 19,838; in 1819, 18,720; in 1820, 19,040; in 1821, 20,184! The city of Paris has surely, in this estimate, a good set-off against the spoliation of the Louvre.

An important message has been transmitted by the President of the United States to the American House of Representatives, recommending the recognition of the South American provinces as an independent country. It recites the strict neutrality which the American govern-

ment has hitherto preserved with respect to the belligerents, but pointedly observes, that when the result of such a contest is manifestly settled, the new government have a claim to recognition from other powers, which ought not to be resisted. The President enters into the following detail of the progress of the revolted provinces, which is important, as its authenticity cannot be doubted, coming from such a quarter. Buenos Ayres, he says, assumed her rank as an independent state, by a formal declaration in 1815, and has enjoyed it since, free from any invasion by the parent country. The provinces composing the Republic of Columbia, after having separately declared their independence, were united by a fundamental law of the 17th of December, 1819. The provinces on the Pacific have likewise been very successful. Chili declared her independence in 1818, and has since enjoyed it undisturbed; and, of late, by the assistance of Chili and Buenos Ayres, the revolution has extended to Peru. Of the movements in Mexico, Mr. Monroe does not profess to give such authentic information; but he says it is distinctly understood that the new government has declared its independence, and that there is now neither an opposition to it there, nor a force to make any. Under these circumstances, he recommends an immediate recognition of these countries by the United States; a recommendation which no doubt will be acceded to, as it cannot fail to be followed by very considerable commercial advantages. It is surprising with what perseverance the government of the United States endeavours to facilitate the communication with the various ports of Europe. A New York paper asserts, that there is an establishment of twelve regular packets between that place and the port of Liverpool alone! Three of these start every month, so that the intercourse seldom suffers the interruption of a week! What would have been said if this had been prophesied thirty years ago?

Some proceedings have lately been instituted against the press in India, which render completely nugatory all the pretended freedom which was

lately affected to be vouchsafed to it in that country. Mr. Buckingham, the Editor of a paper in Calcutta, has been menaced with transportation, for an article remotely wounding the feelings of the Lord Bishop! It is a very humiliating anomaly in the law in India, that an Englishman only is subject to this punishment, at the discretion of the government. It seems, had Mr. Buckingham been an humble Hindoo, he might have defied even the Christian Lord Bishop to banish him.

An Easter recess, of a very unusual length, has left us but little to say on the score of parliamentary intelligence. One important debate has, however, taken place since the house resumed its sittings; we allude to that produced by the motion of Sir John Newport, on the state of Ireland. The motion was for an Address to his Majesty, and was evidently, and indeed avowedly made, not so much with a view to its being carried, as to provoke a discussion on the subject. The discussion was provoked, and ended pretty much in the same way as all such discussions have done since the junction of the parliaments. Every one admitted the misery which Ireland suffers; each speaker attributed that misery to a different cause, and none proposed a single remedy! Sir J. Newport declared that the evils chiefly arose from not granting Catholic emancipation and reforming the tithe system. Mr. Ellis, of Dublin, said they arose from the exclusive miscreancy of the Catholic population; and Mr. Goulburn, the new Irish Secretary, dilated at some length upon the policy pursued in the days of Strongbow. The speech of the member for Dublin was most eloquently and indignantly reprobated by Mr. Plunket, who went at considerable length into the question. We have already expressed our opinion on the merits of this gentleman. There is not certainly, either in or out of the house, any person more capable of elucidating the affairs of Ireland, if he turns his mind seriously to the topic; and we are gratified in hearing from him that the government, of which he is now a member, are inclined to give it a serious consideration. The subjects to which

be adverted, as calling for immediate attention, were fourfold; namely, the tithe question—the police—the magistracy—and the education of the poor. These are certainly prominent topics; but when these are exhausted, many of equal consequence will remain—we could instance two, at the moment, absenteeism and the Catholic question—but even then a host would remain behind, and no man knows that better than Mr. Plunket. The filth of six centuries has accumulated, and turned that country into an Augean den, which it will require a political Hercules to purify. There is not a single department in Ireland which is not covered with the slime of the reptiles that have successively crawled through its darkness, seeking what they might devour. We will venture to say, that when the report of the commissioners lately appointed to investigate the Irish revenue meets the public eye, there is not even a veteran pecculator in this country who will not laud himself as a Saint, from his comparative purity. As some trifling elucidation of the system generally acted on there, we would just refer to the Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice in Ireland. The Accountant-general, on his oath, states his appointment to have been made out in consequence of his *exchange of his seat in parliament*; and, after various lamentable details of his subsequent disappointments, ends by pathetically terming himself “*the oldest official fixture in his Majesty's service!*” He makes all this statement in such a quiet kind of tone, that, as was well remarked in parliament, he appeared to think a transaction of this nature a mere *matter of course*. And so, no doubt, he does; and he must be a very stupid man, if, being so long an “*official fixture*,” he had so little

profited by his experience as to consider it any thing else. The same document describes a patent office held by the present Lord Lieutenant, the reversion of which was further granted by patent in 1808, to Richard Wellesley, Esq. for life. The office is a sinecure—it is called Chief Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer—salary, 69*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*—gross amount of *fees*, 4,532*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*!! To this office, having such arduous duties, there is also attached a Deputy Chief Remembrancer, appointed *by the patentee*—salary *none*—gross amount of *fees*, 3,740*l.*!!! There are some trifling disbursements, which reduce the salaries a few hundred pounds.

We have to record since our last the death of Sir John Sylvester, the Recorder. He is succeeded in his office by Newman Knowllys, Esq.; and Mr. Denman has been elected, after a very active contest, to the vacant office of Common Serjeant.

A very melancholy event has taken place in Scotland, the death of Sir Alexander Boswell (eldest son of Johnson's biographer), in a duel with a Mr. Stuart. The message was sent by the latter, in consequence of an anonymous lampoon inserted in the Beacon newspaper, and acknowledged by Sir Alexander to be his composition. The libel was severe, and so was its retribution.

A long programme has been published in some of the foreign papers, of his Majesty's intended summer tour on the Continent. If true, it must occupy considerable time. His Majesty has returned from Brighton in good health and spirits. He held a levee, and afterwards a drawing-room on his birth-day, both of which were numerously attended. Sir B. Bloomfield has been again restored to favour, with additional honours.

April 26, 1822.

## MONTHLY REGISTER,

MAY 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE most prominent feature that presents itself this month, is the second report from the committee appointed to inquire into the agricultural petitions. The main premises resemble very nearly those stated in our last article but one. The most curious part of this document is the declaration with which it sets out, that the committee have made no inquiry into the cause or the extent of the excessive supply which they state the corn markets to exhibit. It is scarcely credible that any set of grave men should thus mistake their way in an investigation so momentous; or, that after having so blundered at the outset, they should hazard such a spontaneous exposition of their error. For, upon the nature of the cause alone must entirely depend the nature of any remedy to be proposed; the excessive supply either proceeds from superabundant production at home, or from too great a supply from abroad,—two circumstances so essentially different in their operation and effects, that it must be obvious to the shallowest mind, that what might be an alleviation in the one case, would be found an injury in the other. The two expedients which we anticipated in our last, are formally proposed; first, to expend or advance a million upon corn to be warehoused by those who may choose so to dispose of their stock; and, secondly, to lay a duty of 15s. per quarter when the ports are opened, lowering the rate at which importation is in future to be allowed, to 70s. instead of 80s. We need not again go over the grounds of objection. It is sufficiently obvious that neither of these plans can benefit the farmer. If the growth be equal to the consumption, by warehousing he would only hold stock to compete with himself at the expiration of a year or eighteen months,—the term to which it is proposed to limit the loan. If, on the contrary, the home growth is inadequate, such a measure would only tend to open the ports *the sooner*, and the kingdom would be deluged for years to come, with the superabundance of the foreign corn, which now loads the granaries of England, America, and the Continent. The question always turns on one point—*i. e.*—upon the necessity that may or may not exist for an

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occasional foreign supply; for if at any future period such a necessity should exist, as the measure of the want must be indefinite, so also must be the measure of the supply. This report contemplates only a temporary relief; we contend that there can be no such thing as a temporary relief. The farmer must be put in possession of the means to calculate his expenses, and the price of his commodity, upon just and certain grounds; if not, his trade will be mere gambling, mere speculation, which must be alike destructive to himself, and to those who subsist on his labours. Parliament must legislate for the whole, not for a part of the community; and as the first report very justly stated in almost the only valuable part of its complicated and contradictory contents, the country could not bear, nor would any government venture to impose duties sufficiently heavy to countervail the expenses under which the farmer now stands. Duties then are fallacies, even according to the committee's own showing, fallacies ruinous to the country, ruinous to the individual, and therefore ruinous to the state.

It appears from these arguments, that the committee have taken the contrary direction to that which reason suggests. Instead of vainly endeavouring to raise the price of corn,—the object of all the provisions hitherto suggested, they should have endeavoured to bring about an immediate reduction of the farmer's expenses, and this is chiefly to be effected by a reduction of taxation, the *only* solid plan for bettering his condition, and the only part of the question palpably evaded by the committee.

When the Marquis of Londonderry assumed that five per cent. upon the rent was a fair estimate of the taxation that falls upon the farmer, he grossly mis-stated or mistook the facts. Taxation must be drawn from the production; and the relation which the total amount of the one bears to the total amount of the others, shows the true quantum of the pressure. Colquhoun, in 1812, computed the one to the other, as 1 to 8, or thereabouts. He then estimated the price of wheat (to meet a supposed average of years) at 76s. 9d. per quarter, although it was at the time at 140s. and



had not been of late years so low as he computed. He made the agricultural production 216 millions. The pressure of taxation must now be nearly double what it then was, even taking his calculation as the ground of our own, and comparing it with present prices; but, in point of fact, it is almost quadruple; the fair average of price of wheat now being scarcely above 40s. per quarter. And if we consider that the landlord and the clergyman, as all other trades do, lay their taxation, and that of those they employ, upon their commodity, upon land, and upon tythes; it is clear that production must ultimately pay such taxation.

The particular evil now is, that the farmer cannot make his cost price of his article; therefore, whilst others are taking their taxes, &c. from him, he alone stands in the gap, and pays for all out of his capital. If taxation does not afford the reason why the landlord and the clergyman cannot make adequate abatements, it comes to this. Their expensive habits of life, which forbid their accepting lower sums, must in any event be abridged, and consequently revenue must diminish as individual expenditure is contracted. The same effect would therefore follow; a reduced taxation must come. In the one instance, it may be voluntarily done by the government; in the other, it must be done to meet the defalcation of revenue. At present, one of the most curious phenomena of the times is, that the revenue does not appear to fall off; but, on the contrary, to be a little on the increase, in diametrical opposition to all general reasoning, and to the contraction of expenditure which must be presumed to follow reduction of income among the agricultural classes; to the decrease of the foreign trade which must happen from the cessation of the barter in corn; to the diminution of all duties *ad valorem*, in consideration of the depression of prices generally. But we consider the effects of the wide-spreading ruin amongst the landed interest, to be yet far from their height. It is well known, that there are many landlords who wait for their arrears of rent till the barns be filled, when they will not again suffer themselves to be forestalled by the tax-gatherer. The land owners have hitherto hesitated as to reducing their establishments, in hopes of parliamentary or other aid; but now they see their case is without hope, the work of retrenchment will begin. We are assured on authority, that one nobleman high in the agricultural world, will dismiss fourteen domestic servants at the close of the London season, and the same informant adds, that there are not less than one hundred gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of St. James's Square, who will cut down

their establishments in a similar proportion. It will not be then till about Michaelmas next, or soon after, that the urgency of the distress will be most apparent; when, if Providence should bless (curse in the language of ministers) the land with a fine harvest, the further reduction of prices will add to the universality of the ruin amongst the agricultural classes.

In the meanwhile they are upon the alert; and county, and hundred, and district meetings are continually petitioning for the reduction of taxation to begin, and for reform to complete the remedy. Norfolk, hitherto the most opulent, perhaps, in respect to its farmers, sets the strongest example; near twenty of the hundreds have met, and the unanimous declaration of the resolutions, whether emanating from Tories or Whigs, is, that taxation is the grand cause of the distress. In one instance only has a protecting duty been prayed for; in most of the others it has been as decidedly reprobated. This mode of procedure presents the most efficacious means of producing a powerful effect upon the House of Commons; for, if followed up with energy, it will command success, and never was there a time when every individual seemed to consider it so much his duty to use his greatest exertions as at this instant. We would second this feeling to our utmost, for upon its exercise depends, as we esteem it, the salvation of the landed interest, perhaps of the monarchy and the constitution. We touch upon the very verge of violence. For the proof, unhappily, we may still refer to the burnings of agricultural property, and the more open destruction of rural machinery in Norfolk and Suffolk, where, though the most energetic means have been used for the suppression of these disgraceful proceedings, and where some of the perpetrators have been executed, the disorders still continue. It cannot perhaps be much wondered at, when starving unemployed labourers are told by the servants of the crown that abundance is the cause of the distress, that these deluded men should practically enforce the theory of ministers.

The weather at the end of March, and till the close of the first week in April, has been as favourable as could be to the operations of the field; the lambing season has been forward, and the drop abundant beyond all memory. Barley sowing has proceeded well and rapidly, and much Talavera wheat has been sown again this season, not as a substitute for winter wheat, but for barley, it takes the same place in the course of crops, and clover may succeed as well. The cold northern and easterly winds which prevailed during a few days, accompanied with hail and sleet, affected the appearance of wheats which had looked

yellow previously, and which, since the cold, have assumed still more of that colour, but it is not considered that they are injured. The effects are much more visible upon the leaves of the hedge rows, which are in many places as black as if burned. The clovers look remarkably well and forward. The appearance of beans varies according to soil and culture, some being strong and healthy, as those that are drilled in Oxfordshire, while in stiff countries, as Bedfordshire, it is feared some of those ploughed

in will scarcely get up. The turnips are all in flower, and, in most parts, it is difficult to find means of consuming them; the grass is very forward; the general business at the fairs has been as dull as the stock show has been abundant. Wool is declining in price. The mutton trade in Smithfield was decidedly worse on Monday, the beef market remaining much the same.

April 20, 1822.

## HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR MARCH AND APRIL, 1822.

THIS is the season of gratification to him whose delight it is to trace the ever varying processes of vegetable life. As the morning of the year advances, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, throw forth their riches to the lengthening day; the garden and the field spread their brilliant tapestry beneath a genial sun; and the florist scans his 'gay parterre' with a joyous but discriminating eye.

March 20th.—The lightly verdant leaflets of the white raspberry, (*Rubus idæus*) are emerging from their scaly envelope. 21. Those of the eringo are also rapidly expanding. The blossoms of the red currant are generally opening, fair promise of a crop, "fresh, delicious, keen."

The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps  
All night, and never lifts an eye all day,

has unfolded the first of its pendant flowers. 23. The blossom of the gooseberry has likewise "opened to the sun," and is thronged with bees, "busy and with unwearied hum:"—these social insects should find a place in the garden of every lover of nature. 24. The wrinkled leaves of the filbert (*Corylus avellana*); the acid ones of the barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*); and the downy ones of the jeannotin apple, are rapidly developing themselves. The crown imperial, in despite of the transient, yet chilly blusterings of the north-western gales, has displayed her crimson umbels.

————— Ever bent on earth,  
Favouring her secret rites and pearly sweets.

The garden mice have become more destructive; the most effectual mode of destroying them is to scatter peas, which have for some days been soaking in a strong decoction of nux vomica, over those beds which are likely to suffer from their depredations. 27. The clustered bloom of the white blossomed sloe (*Prunus spinosa*) is

now spangling the hedges, and contrasting with the leafless branches, "makes desolation grin the more supreme." The tunicate shoots of asparagus have pierced the surface of their beds. 29. The leaves of the medlar (*Mespilus germanica*) are rapidly developing; this fruit tree, above all others, appears the least subject to disease of any description. All advancing crops of peas, beans, &c. are exceedingly healthful and vigorous, though by no means so forward as the temperature of the season might warrant us to expect. The plantations of cabbages (*Brassica*) are among the few which are not benefited by a mild winter; many are advancing to seed, without producing for the table of "that all-glutton, man." This servicable vegetable is one of the most faithful of his horticultural attendants; wherever he can exist, the cabbage will flourish. I have seen it growing within a few paces of the sea, and M. Candolle found it upon the Alps, "at every height that man can take up his abode." 30. The glutinous leaves of the horse chesnut (*Æsculus hippocastanum*) are rapidly expanding. Thus terminated the month, and no variation have we to report in the temperature of its close; to the last it breathed "ethereal mildness;" no ruthless blasts, no piercing colds, cast a gloom on its farewell, or strewed o'er the trace of its footsteps with blossoms untimely stricken; but—

Smiling came the nymph and gay,  
Smiling too she passed away.

April 1. The buds of the red raspberry, and of the guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*) "exist as buds no more." The once self-enamoured boy has opened his flowers, still turned towards the fatal pool,—

The pale narcissus on the bank, in vain  
Transformed, gazes on himself again.

The blossom of the gooseberry promises an abundant crop, and that of the currant a very partial one, whilst that of the various plums augurs "a path betwixt the wide extremes." 6. The young grey and downy leaves of the laburnum (*Cytisus*) are taking a determinate form. The fruit of the apricot has set in abundance, and they are rapidly increasing in size. 8. The jonquil has opened her starry flowers—

————— Loads with potent breath the air,  
And rich in golden glory nods.

The blossom of the cherry is opening in boundless profusion, fair but falsely flattering promise of an abundant fruitage:—cherries, of all fruits, are the most uncertain; they often wither and fall, when on the point of assuming a ruddy tinge; "you are never certain of them," a gardener will tell you, "until you have them in your mouth:"—the blossom of this plant, as well as that of wall-trees, &c. is characterised by a fragrance which is commonly designated "almondy;" this, as well as the

flavour of the bay-leaf, and of the kernels of stone-fruit in general, is caused by the presence of prussic acid, perhaps the most deadly of poisons, a single drop of it, when pure, being fatal to human life. 13. The lily of the valley (*Convallaria maialis*) has thrust its shoots above the soil. The last few days have been excessively cold, with the wind at the E.; there has not, however, I trust, been a sufficient reduction of temperature to injure the wall-fruit. The numerous varieties of pears are in succession unfolding their delicate blossom; as are also the leaves of the apple tribe:—in doing so, these last betray an incipient destruction; caterpillars are visible in their curled-up leaflets, the edges of which are cut and withered by the keen winds; "ill bodes the aspect of the times," for this certainly portends—

Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,  
And which no care can obviate.

*Essex.*

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, April 23.)

WE have observed on a former occasion that the proceedings in the present session of parliament respecting commerce, would probably be of the highest interest and importance; and we have likewise stated the opinion generally entertained, that the measures to be adopted were likely to give a great impulse to the foreign commerce of the empire. As the session proceeds, the most intense anxiety is directed to the measures brought forward. Among them are the following:—The West India Islands and Settlements to be declared free ports; British and foreign flags to be admitted with cargoes indiscriminately, and all goods legally imported may be re-exported; also the produce of the settlements to all European countries; free intercourse with South America and the United States to be also allowed; the produce of the latter, such as lumber, corn, flour, &c. to be subject to a small duty, to give some advantage to the British Colonies in North America. As it would far exceed our limits to give the particulars of the bills introduced, so it would be useless, in fact, to abridge them, as persons interested will naturally have recourse to the Acts themselves. We will, however, add the titles of some of them. "A Bill for the encouragement of Navigation and Commerce, by regulating

the Importation of Goods and Merchandise, so far as relates to the Countries from whence, and the Ships in which such Importation shall be made;" the second, "A Bill to repeal certain Acts, and parts of Acts, relating to the Importation of Goods and Merchandise;" and a third, "A Bill to repeal divers ancient Statutes and parts of Statutes, so far as they relate to the Importation and Exportation of Goods and Merchandise from and to Foreign Countries;" but they are too extensive, and go too much into detail, for insertion; and, as they relate to very old Acts of Parliament, they would be of little interest unconnected with the whole voluminous particulars.

The following is an abstract of a Bill to regulate the Trade between his Majesty's Possessions in America and the West Indies, and other places in America and the West Indies.

All former Acts regulating the Importation and Exportation of certain articles into and from certain Colonies in America and the West Indies, repealed.—Act not to discharge any seizure, forfeiture, or penalty, already made or incurred.—Goods in table B. may be imported into Ports mentioned in table A. either in British or foreign vessels, whether belonging to the subjects of

any European sovereign or otherwise.—Not to allow the exportation of Arms or Naval stores without licence of his Majesty's secretary of state.—Certain articles may be exported from any of the Ports mentioned in the Acts in such foreign vessels on certain conditions.—The articles enumerated in table (B.) may be exported to any other British colony, or to the United kingdom.—The legality of the importation to be made appear to the satisfaction of the principal officers of the customs.—The privileges of this Act not to extend to vessels of such states and countries as do not give equal privileges to British vessels.—His Majesty may extend the provisions of this Act to other articles and ports than those enumerated in the tables.—No articles, except such as are enumerated in the tables, to be imported in foreign vessels, on any pretence whatever.—How Penalties and Forfeitures are to be recovered.

With respect to the commerce with Spanish South America, some uncertainty still prevails. The United States will probably recognize the new governments of that Continent, as now sufficiently consolidated to enter into permanent relations. The President having recommended this recognition, and his suggestion having been approved by the committee, there can be little doubt of its being carried into effect. What effect such a step may have on the conduct of the European governments cannot be anticipated; but there are persons who think that France will not long delay to recognise the new Republics. At all events, it may be expected, that these states will be ready to give superior advantages to the subjects of the governments which shall recognise them; and, in fact, we learn by the Paris papers, that Mr. Zea, the agent from Columbia, has delivered to the minister for foreign affairs, and to the foreign ministers at the French Court, a note, in which, after a long preface, showing the reasonableness of acknowledging Columbia as an independent State, he declares it to be the intention of that government to allow full liberty of commerce to the subjects of those governments which shall recognise the Republic; to prohibit all intercourse, commerce with the ports, or residence there, and in the territory of Columbia, to those whose governments do not recognise it; and even to prohibit all merchandise coming from the countries whose governments refuse or delay the recognition sought.

The long expected Russian tariff is not yet published; the last accounts, however, say that it was printed; but that having undergone several modifications, it would be found to differ materially from what had been asserted in German and English journals.

It is stated in the Times of the 24th April, that a vessel arrived at Hamburg on the 13th, from St. Petersburg, after a quick passage, and brought an extract from the new tariff. We give the first articles. Sugar in loaves and crushed, *prohibited*. Ditto raw, white and brown, per pood, 1 r. 50 cop. Coffee *unaltered*. Rum arrack, Cognac *unaltered*; but only to be admitted at St. Petersburg. We must observe, however, that the Hamburg papers up to the 16th inclusive, have no later intelligence from St. Petersburg than of the 1st of April, and merely say, the tariff would be published the ensuing week. Nor does the Borsen Hall list (answering to Lloyd's list) of the 15th and 16th, notice any arrival at Hamburg from St. Petersburg on the 13th.

*Cotton*.—The state of the cotton market has been favourable and improving for this month past. Bengals, in particular, have been in great request. The sales during the last five weeks, that is, since March 19, have been about 16,000 bales; of which, upwards of 11,000 bales were Bengals. The most considerable business was done in the week ending April 2, of which the following are the particulars as reported: "There has been a general and rather extensive demand for cottons for exportation; the request has been chiefly directed to the Bengal descriptions, of which the shippers have taken about 2,000 bales; the other purchases chiefly for resale. They consist of 5,000 bales, viz.—in bond, 4,000 Bengals, ordinary 5½d. and 5¼d., good 5½d.; 200 Surats good fair 6½d.; 147 Bowed good fair and good 9¼d. a 9½d., a few 9¼d.; 56 Smyrnas good 8d. a 8¼d.; and duty paid, 160 Demerara, ordinary 10¼d., good fair 10¾d. and 11d., superior 12½d. and 12¾d.; 30 Surinams good 11½d.; 111 Spanish, ordinary 8½d., good 8¾d. and 9d.; 400 Bahias fair 10¼d."

In the two following weeks, the demand continued to be general and extensive, chiefly for exportation, the sales being 2,800, and 3,200 bales; without any remarkable variation in the prices. In the week ending this day, (23d,) the demand has been very considerable; the purchases are nearly 4,000 bales, viz.—350 Surats 6¼d. middling, 6¾d. a 6½d. fair, 6½d. good fair; 2,950 Bengals 5½d. ordinary, 5½d. a 5¾d. fair and good fair, 5½d. a 6d. good, and 23 packing fair 5½d.; 150 Smyrna good fair 7½d. a 8d.; 62 Bowed fair 9d., good 9¼d.; 6 Sea Islands good 20d.; 10 Bahias fair 10¼d. all in bond; and duty paid, 100 Demerara TF fine 12d., 108 fair common 10½d. a 10¾d., and 50 middling 9½d.

At Liverpool, the demand during the same period has been regular and clearly though not remarkably brisk. The sales

have amounted to 37,000 bags. In the course of the week, ending April 20, the demand was rather more limited than it had been; the sales being only 5,570 bags.

*Sugar.*—The market has been in general heavy and languid for this month past. Yet the decline in price has not been very considerable on the whole; being about 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. on inferior Muscovades; the finer sort having nearly maintained their prices. The refined market, however, has been exceedingly heavy, and goods have been pressed upon the market, especially in the first week of April; some persons seemed resolved to sell at all events, and a parcel of brown lumps was stated to have been sold as low as 76s. 6d. The market, however, immediately recovered this depression, and several sales were effected at 77s. 6d. and 78s.

We have adverted on a former occasion (in the London Magazine for February, 1822) to the great decline in the refined sugar trade. A petition, it is said, will shortly be laid before government by the refiners, stating the great depression of their trade, its progressive decline for a series of years, and praying to be allowed to continue from Havannah and other foreign sugars. Should the particulars of the Russian tariff above mentioned prove authentic, the consequences will be highly injurious to the refiners.

The following are the particulars of the market for the week ending to day:—The reduction of 1s. to 3s. 6d. per cwt. in the prices of low Muscovades by public sale on Tuesday last was confirmed by private contract last week; the market was exceedingly heavy at the decline, and the purchases reported quite inconsiderable: the good and fine sugars nearly maintained the late prices.

This forenoon there was a steady, but not extensive request; the sales effected fully supported the prices of last week. The wholesale grocers and refiners are stated to be out of stock, but they hold off from purchasing to any extent, in the anticipation that the late westerly winds will bring considerable new supplies to market, and that they will probably succeed in purchasing at lower rates.

The request for refined goods for the home-trade was last week very languid; the prices of all the good and fine descriptions were 1s. lower. For the low goods there was some demand for export to the Hans Towns. Molasses were in good demand, and this forenoon there is no alteration, the market steady at 25s.

By public sale last week, 945 chests Havannah sugars went off freely; the ordinary and middling white at higher prices; the good white, the yellow, and brown, at the previous currency.—White, good, 37s.

to 38s. 6d.; ordinary and middling, 34s. to 36s.—Yellow, good and fine, 26s. to 27s. 6d.—Brown, good, 25s. to 25s. 6d.—On the same day, 8 chests middling white Brazil sold at 34s. to 34s. 6d.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Gazette:—

March 30.....	34s. 0d.
April 7.....	34s. 10d.
14.....	34s. 7½d.
21.....	34s. 3½d.

*Coffee.*—The quantity brought forward towards the close of last month, being too considerable for the demand, had the effect of rather depressing the market. But this had the natural effect of rendering the demand more brisk; in the first week of this month the market regained fully the previous currency; good and fine ordinary Brazil sold 102s. a 104s. 8d.; afterwards nearly the same quality realized 104s. a 106s.; 448 bags good ordinary Cheribon sold so low as 100s. a 103s.; ordinary and good ordinary Cuba, 97s. a 99s. 6d.; good ordinary St. Domingo, 104s.; a large parcel of Porto Rico coffee sold at very high prices, middling, 118s. fine ordinary, 111s. a 113s. good ordinary, 108s. a 110s.

In the following week, the public sales of Coffee brought forward were considerable, consisting of 388 casks and 912 bags, exclusive of the India sale: the market was in a very uncommon state, generally heavy, and little business doing by private contract; yet the public sales went off with great briskness; the Demerara and Berbice descriptions were much wanted for home consumption, and sold freely at prices 5s. per cwt. advance; Havannah sold at a similar improvement, good ordinary 107s. fine ordinary, 110s. a 111s. The other descriptions were without variation; ordinary and good ordinary St. Domingo, a little broken, went off at 100s. a 102s.

*Baltic produce.*—In hemp and flax but little has been doing, and few sales are reported. The report of the low state of the tallow market had the effect of bringing large orders from the country, but generally limited to rates which were too low. The news from St. Petersburg received in the middle of the month, seeming to favour the opinion that hostilities were inevitable, had some effect on the tallow market. The letters received yesterday from St. Petersburg were to the 30th of March; the Exchange was a shade higher, 9½d. It was reported there would be an export duty on tallow.

*Oils.*—There is little doing in Whale Oil; yet, from the heaviness of the market, purchases may be made a shade lower: for the present season's fishing some inconsiderable parcels have been contracted for at 23l. Seed Oils are quoted at a small reduction.



**Tobacco.**—There is very little doing in Tobacco; the sales since our last are confined to a few low Leaf Virginia, purchased at a small reduction in the prices.

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—There has not been much briskness in the Rum markets of late, and a large sale on Tuesday last (16th) of 243 puncheons 11 hogsheads had an unfavourable effect on the market, but the prices have since recovered. Brandies are exceedingly heavy, and may be purchased at a small decline.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

**Indigo.**—An inconsiderable sale (726 chests) at the India-House on the 9th instant, had but little effect on the market. About 60 chests were bought at 6d. a 9d. per lb. higher than the last sale prices.

**Corn.**—There have been only such fluctuations in the prices as arise from the greater or less quantity brought to market; but there is nothing to encourage an expectation of relief to the farmer by any considerable rise.

Aggregate averages of the six weeks, including February 15, by which importation is regulated:

Wheat, 47s. 2d.	Oats, 15s. 0d.
Rye, 22s. 4d.	Beans, 21s. 7d.
Barley, 19s. 0d.	Pease, 23s. 5d.

An account of all grain, wheat, meal, and flour, warehoused under the act 55 Geo. 3, c. 26; and remaining in the said warehouses on the 5th of January, 1822:

	qrs.	bu.
Barley .....	35,255	3
Beans .....	24,897	3
Indian Corn .....	226	0
Oats .....	400,196	0
Pease .....	10,063	7
Rye .....	900	2
Wheat .....	678,669	7
Potash .....	858,949	6
Wheat, meal, and flour, 133,652 cwt. 1 qr. 3 lb.		

In addition to the official list of Foreign Grain, under bond, in the different Ports of the kingdom, 5th January, it is calculated there are since arrived 6000 qrs. Wheat, 20,000 qrs. Oats, Barley about 7000 qrs.; and in Flour there is a reduction of about 14,000 barrels.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

**Riga, 29th March.**—**Flax.** The last prices paid were, Druiana and Thiesenhausen Rackitzer, 42r.; for cut Badstüb, 37½r.; Risten Thieband, 30r.; the supply is still slack, and it is therefore difficult to find sellers.—**Hemp.** That upon the spot is in demand, but very little has lately been purchased upon contract. A parcel of clean Ukraine has been sold at

106r.; ditto Pass, 82r.; for delivery and all the money down the prices are, Ukraine Outshot, 80r.; Polish ditto, 85r.; Ukraine Pass, 70r.; Polish ditto, 80r.; ditto Torre, 47r.—**Hemp Oil.** Is nominally, 95r.; both on the spot and on delivery.—**Potashes.** Contracts for Polish crown for the end of May have been made for 102½r.; all the money down.—**Tallow.** For yellow crown to be delivered at the end of May, 130r. all the money down are asked; 126r. are offered for it. There is no inquiry after other kinds.

**Gottenburg, 30th March.**—At the iron fair at Christianham, which is just finished, the greatest part of the iron contracted for was sold with the condition of fixing the price afterwards, a minimum of 16 rix dollars banco, and a maximum of 17½ being assumed. The real price will be determined by the general prices at this place from the commencement of the arrival of the new supply, till the middle of July. These high prices are in consequence of the uncommon mild winter, by which the working of the mines has been so much hindered, that it is calculated, that no more than two-thirds of the usual annual quantity can be delivered. Hence 10 rix dollars banco are still paid for raw iron.

Though a large quantity of bar iron has been contracted for, yet a still larger quantity will be consigned hither, and this with what we may expect from other Swedish ports will probably prevent a rise in the prices.

A grand repair of the sluices of the canal of Trollhatta will keep back the supplies from the interior till the end of May, which is the more disagreeable, because we have several orders here to be executed immediately, and our remaining stock, still undisposed of, hardly amounts to 5000 ship pounds of not well assorted iron articles.

Since the beginning of this year four American ships, one loaded, have arrived here to fetch iron.

**Hamburg, April 18.**—**Coffee.** In the course of this week there was sold 20,000lb. of small Portorico, several small parcels of Brazil, 100 sacks of Batavia (mostly at 11½), and about 20,000lb. of Domingo at 11½. There was more demand for the latter yesterday, but none was to be had of equally good quality at that price.—**Cocos** is in some request, and the prices consequently more firm.—**Dyewoods.** The sales are inconsiderable, and the prices unchanged.—**Spices.** There have been some purchases of pepper, and its price keeps up, as also that of Pimento.—**Rice.** The prices of the common sorts are a little advanced, but the better remain unchanged.—**Sugar.** Very little has been doing as well in the fine as in raw goods, which

is probably owing to the holidays. The holders, however, endeavour to maintain the late prices.

*Amsterdam, April 20.*—In consequence of the petitions of several landowners and farmers, representing to the States General the depressed state of agriculture, a report on the subject has been laid before the Second Chamber of the States General, by the Committee of Petitions. The Chamber has ordered the report to be printed. We find from this report that the landowners in the Netherlands are making precisely the same complaints as the agri-

culturists in England, respecting the depreciation of all kinds of produce, and the too great facility afforded to the importation of foreign grain. Neighbouring countries, they say, (meaning, we suppose England and France), protect and encourage agriculture by a wise legislation, by which they are prohibited from carrying their overplus to these countries as they formerly did, while foreign grain is freely admitted into the ports of the Netherlands. They, therefore, ask for prohibitory laws, high protecting duties, &c.

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Brandwhite, P. Bristol, fringe manufacturer. [Vizard, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.  
Harrison, I. Mount-terrace, Whitechapel-road, flour-factor. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, Cheapside. C.  
Jullion, J. Holborn, jeweller. [Hannam, Piassa-chambers, Covent-garden. T.  
Lyes, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. [Bousfield, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. C.  
Robinson, W. Botesdale, Suffolk, maltster. [Stocker, New Boswell-court. C.  
Wickham, W. jun. Chichester, butcher. [Ellis, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.  
March 26.—Buckle, C. Manchester, draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.  
Hoyle, T., J. Lord, J. Chatburn, and W. Fothergill, Irwell Springs, Lancaster, calico-printers. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row. C.  
Hughes, M. B., and J. Horton, Dudley, Worcester, iron-founders. [Clarke, 109, Chancery-lane. C.  
Lacey, J. Bristol, dealer. [Woodhouse, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.  
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Trowbridge, J. Shaftsbury, Dorset, stocking-manufacturer. [Buchanan, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.  
Turner, W. Ruckholt-house, Leyton, Essex, dealer in horses. [Griffith, 103, High-street, St. Marylebone. T.  
March 30.—Barmby, T. Ossett-common, Dewsbury, York, clothier. [Fisher, Thavies-inn. C.  
Baylis, J. Dunton, Warwick, coal-merchant. [Hall, 15, Great James-street, Bedford-row. C.  
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Major, J. W. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn. C.  
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April 13.—Abbotts, T. and R., Skinner-street, wine-merchants. [Heath, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T.  
Betham, G. of the East-India ship, Asia, master-mariner. [Tatham, Castle-street, Holborn. T.  
Corbett, E. Liverpool, common-brewer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.  
Croston, T. West-houghton, Lancaster, manufacturer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row. C.  
Davidson, W. and A. Garnett, Liverpool, merchants. [Batty, Chancery-lane. C.  
Good, P. P. Clapton, insurance-broker. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.  
Loutten, G. West Teignmouth, Devon, rope-maker. [Hore, 1, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.  
Pickersgill, J. Wood-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.  
Pickett, J. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, builder. [Heard, Hooper's-square, Lemon-st. Goodman's-fields. T.  
Quick, P. jun. Liverpool, corn-merchant. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.  
Robinson, M. Sebright-place, Hackney-road, plumber. [Norton, 37, Old Broad-street. T.



Steel, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker. [Baker, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.]

April 14.—Arnsby, S. Jun. and T. Arnsby, son Fishoft, Lincoln, horse-dealers. [Wright, Inner Temple. C.]

Browne, W. J., and W. Kermode, Liverpool, merchants. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]

Emmott, W. Leicester-square, tailor. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. T.]

Garnett, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]

Herbert, P. and J., London, merchants. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-st. T.]

McWhane, M. Foley-place, Portman-square, upholsterer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.]

ville, mercantile T.  
er, [Hicks,

Boar-dealer.

Iker, Exche-

d Kent-road,

dealer. [Ad-

April 20.—Ackland, H. Lundenhall-market, butcher. [Pearce, Swithin's-lane. T.]

Barnes, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-lane. C.]

Chalmers, J. sen. High Holborn, boot and shoemaker. [Duncombe, 6, Lion's-lan. T.]

Flodley, J. L. Sparrow-corner, Minorian, clothes-salesman. [Sheffield, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T.]

Hobson, G. Middleton, Lancaster, corn-dealer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]

Holinden, W. Milton, Kent, grocer. [Mitches, St. Swithin's-lane. T.]

Radd, C. W. Broadway, Worcester, maltster. [Mortlandale, Gray's-lan-square. T.]

Sharp, J. Hornaditch, auctioneer. [Cockayne, 5, Lyon's-lan. T.]

Thornings, E. and J. Dimmock, Stafford, picture-makers. [William, 1, Swithin's-lane. C.]

Thornicroft, J. Coventry, victualler. [Hall, 13, Great James street, Bedford-row. C.]

Walter, G. Upper-street, Islington, linen-draper. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jury. T.]

April 23.—Burr, J. Hales Owen, halop, iron-master. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-lan. C.]

Child, J. St. Ives, Huntingdon, boot-wright. [Ellis, 45, Chancery-lane.]

Coalen, C. Earith, Huntingdon, liquor-merchant. [Long, 4, Holborn-court, Gray's-lan. C.]

Evans, F. Cirencester, Gloucester, corn-dealer. [Bever, 2, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-lan. C.]

Firmstone, J. P. Wolverhampton, Stafford, iron-master. [Hicks, Bastich's-buildings, Holborn. C.]

Fowler, W. Snares, Middlesex, linen-draper. [Fisher, Farnival's-lan, Holborn. T.]

Hannun, E. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.]

Hirst, J. Awkley, York, ironfounder. [Lever, 5, Gray's-lan square. C.]

Holland, S. P. Worcester, hop and seed-merchant. [Cardale, Gray's-lan. C.]

Kent, C. Chorlton-row, Manchester, shopkeeper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]

Smith, A. J. and I. Shepherd, Drierley, Stafford, iron-masters. [Tooke, Gray's-lan. C.]

Smith, J. K. Farnham, Surrey, upholsterer. [Fisher, Farnival's-lan. T.]

Warren, P. Warminster, Wilts, menialman. [Lowden, 17, Clement's-lan, Strand. C.]

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—March 10 to April 16.

Brown, W. merchant, Lawhill, Saltcoats.

Brown, H. merchant, Saltcoats.

MacArthur, G. grocer, Glasgow.

Sorby, J. Jun. ironmonger, Glasgow.

Wood, W. sen. ship-owner, Dunfermline.

M'Leod, Rev. J. builder, Glasgow.

Hill and Pattison, and N. Hill, spirit-dealers, Glasgow.

M'Lean, A. cattle-dealer, Mark, Kirkcubrecht.

M'Queen, D. and L., cattle-dealers, Dramournie, Inverness.

Mitchel, W. grocer, Marbole.

Brash, J. ironmonger, Edinburgh.

Drysdale, J. grocer, Glasgow.

Ferguson, P. Jun. slater, Glasgow.

M'Alpine, J. general-merchant, Corpach, Fort-William.

Liston, W. merchant, North Bridge street, Edinburgh.

Stewart, R. cattle-dealer, Blairtarnock, Glasgow.

Brown, J. merchant, Saltcoats.

Cranston, T. merchant, Edinburgh.

Auderson, J. builder, Inverkelthing.

Hunter, H. merchant, Greenock.

## BIRTHS.

March 22. In Arundel-street, the lady of W. Yatman, Esq. a son.

24. At the residence of Henry Barker, Esq. MP. Old Palace-yard, the lady of the Hon. T. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Despencer, a daughter.

26. At Densworth Cottage, the lady of N. Newham, Esq. a son.

— At Deal Castle, the Hon. Mrs. Crewe, a son.

— At Milton-house, Stamford, Lady Milton, a daughter.

29. In Whitehall-place, the Right Hon. Lady James Stuart, a son.

April 1. Lady Frances Ley, a daughter.

— At Battersea, the lady of C. Rippon, Esq. a son.

2. At her brother's, E. Lonsdale, Esq. Bedford-place, the lady of M. Gatteres, Esq. of Sidmouth, Devonshire, a son.

5. In Bolton-street, the lady of the Hon. T. Knox, MP. for Dungannon, a daughter.

— At Viscount Northland's, in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the Hon. Capt. Knox, RN. a daughter.

6. In Great Maldox-street, the lady of Major Carlyon, a son and heir.

— At Wheathamsted, Herts, the lady of the Rev. G. T. Pretyman, a son.

8. At Colchester, the lady of the Rev. Dr. George Holt, a daughter.

9. At Bifrons, near Canterbury, the Marchioness of Ely, a son.

— At Coley-park, the lady of J. B. Monck, Esq. MP. a son.

13. In Baker-street, the lady of W. James, Esq. MP. a son.

— In Portland-place, Lady Ravensworth, a daughter.

— At Walton-upon-Thames, the lady of W. Parker, Esq. a daughter.

14. In Park-street, the lady of Sir T. Jones, a daughter.

— In Euston-crescent, the lady of J. R. Burchett, Esq. a daughter.

15. In St. James's-square, the Hon. Lady Vane Stewart, a daughter.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Giltane-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Captain Parsons, a son.

At Edinburgh, the lady of R. Montgomery, Esq. a son.

## IN IRELAND.

At Dominick-street, Dublin, the Duchess of Leinster, a daughter.

In Dawson-street, Dublin, the lady of Lieutenant-Col. Verner, a son and heir.

## ABROAD.

At Bombay, the lady of R. Baxter, Esq. of Camille-street, London, a son and heir.

At Paris, the lady of T. Ashmore, Esq. a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Percy, the Hon. Chas. Percy, youngest son of the Earl of Beverley, to Ann Caroline

- grand-daughter of Bertie Bertie Gresham, Esq. of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire.
- March 27. By special licence, at Hulton chapel, in the parish of Runcorne, by the Rev. Dr. Blackburn, Warden of Manchester, Sir James Miles Riddle, of Ardnamarchan and Sunart, Bart. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton, Bart.
28. Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq. of Inner Temple, and of Waterloo Villa, Cornwall, to Sarah, daughter of the late John Davison, Esq. of the East India-house.
30. At Flamstead, by the Rev. A. Franks, Frederick Franks, Esq. to Emily, second daughter of Sir J. Saunders Sebright, Bart.
- John Savage, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late T. Patrickson, Blackheath.
- April 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Lawrence, Esq. of Southampton Cottage, Camberwell, to Agnes, only daughter of J. Willan, Chester.
4. At All Saints, Southampton, H. Walker, Esq. to Amelia, youngest daughter of S. Medina, Esq. of Guildford-street, Russell-square.
8. At St. George's Bloomsbury, H. Mullineux, Esq. of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, to Miss Edwards, of Gloucester-street, Queen-square.
- At Great Saling, Essex, J. Humphreys, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Charlotte Dorothy, sixth daughter of B. Goodrick, Esq. of Saling-grove, in that county.
- John Bourke Ricketts, Esq. son of the late G. Ricketts, of Ashford-hall, in the county of Salop, to Isabella, daughter of T. J. Parker, of Portland-place, and niece to C. N. Palmer, Esq. of Norbiton-house, Surrey.
9. At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. Archdeacon Heslop, DD. John Francis Davis, Esq. of Birdhurst-lodge, near Croydon, to Emily, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Humphreys, of the Bengal Engineers.
- The Rev. Richard Tomkyns, Rector of Great Horwood, Bucks, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. J. Preedy of Winslow.
- At St. Lawrence's Church, Thanet, George Friend, Esq. of Canterbury, to Ann, third daughter of R. Tomson, Esq. of Ramsgate.
10. At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. H. Moore, of Tackbrooke, in the county of Warwick, to Rebecca Harriot, youngest daughter of the late L. Huntingdon, Esq. Deputy Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties.
- At Islington, Mr. T. Bourke, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of A. Bruce, Esq. Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.
11. At Marlborough, Wilts, Mr. G. J. Squibb, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Meyler.
- At St. Mary's Church, Bathwick, by the Rev. F. Festing, Vicar of Wingham, Edmund Haynes, Esq. of the Island of Barbadoes, to Lucy, third daughter of G. Reed, Esq. of Dockfour, Demarara, and Johnstone-street, Bath.
15. At Richmond, the Hon. Pownall Bastard Pellew, MP. eldest son of Lord Viscount Exmouth, to Georgiana Janet, eldest daughter of M. Dick, Esq. of Richmond, and of Plicarrow-house, Angushire.
16. At Leigh, Worcestershire, S. Miles, Esquire, of Leicester, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late J. Dod, Esq. of Cloverly-hall, Shropshire.
- At St. George the Martyr's, Mr. James Boyle, jun. of Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Catherine Matilda, eldest daughter of Mr. Molyneux, of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
- At St. George's Hanover-square, Mr. Alde of Constantinople, to Georgiana Emma Maria, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir G. Collier. The ceremony had been previously performed at Count Ludolf's the Neapolitan Ambassador, and was attended by the Count and Countess Ludolf, the Count and Countess St. Antonio, &c.
17. At St. Lawrence Jewry, Mr. Burn, Solicitor, King-street, to Sarah Sophia, daughter of the late Capt. R. Colnett, of the East India Company's Service.
18. Baker Gabb, Esq. of Abergavenny Castle, Monmouthshire, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter

of T. Stead, Esq. of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

— At St. Pancras, Wm. Warre Simpson, Esq. to Isabella, third daughter of J. Booker, Esq. of Croustadt.

#### IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Allan George Field, Esq. to Jessie, relict of the late Dr. J. Maclean, of Carriacoon.

#### IN IRELAND.

At Athlone, Philip Robinson, Esq. of Mount Venture, in the county of Tipperary, to Olivia, youngest daughter of John Larkan, Esq. Captain RN.

Captain Charles Gill, CB. RN. to Harriett, daughter of W. White, Esq. Captain RN.

#### ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, W. Helsham, Esq. son of J. Helsham, Esq. of Killeenny, Ireland, to Charlotte, only child of the late Capt. Orme, 53d regt.

At Port of Spain, Trinidad, Stephen Jones Copinger, Esq. of Cork, to Louisa, only daughter of Lee Osborne, Esq. of that island.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, Charles Frederick Lewis Duplies, Comte de Cadignan, Captain of the 3d regt. of dragoons, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, to Catherine Sophia, eldest daughter of the late C. Trelawney Brereton, Esq. formerly Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and of Shotwick-park, Cheshire.

#### DEATHS.

March 21. At his residence, in Tilney street, in his 70th year, Sir Charles Henry Englefield, Bart.

— At Epping Vicarage, the Rev. Edward Conyers, Vicar of Epping and of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, after a severe illness of five months.

23. In his 71st year, Joseph Ashe, Esq. son of the late John Ashe, Esq. and brother to the Rev. S. Ashe, many years rector of Langley Burrell, Wilts.

— At Brompton Park House, in his 84th year, James Vere, Esq. Banker, of Lombard-street.

25. Mr. Thomas Nixon, Warden of the Fleet Prison, he expired suddenly while sitting in the Lodge: medical aid was immediately procured, but was of no effect in restoring animation.

Lately, in Nicholas-street, Chester, aged 36, Sophia, wife of Mr. Ayrton, and eldest daughter of Francis Nicholson, Esq. a lady distinguished by her talent for painting: although, in consequence of ill-health, unable to apply to it with that sedulity she would otherwise have done.

— At Worlingham-hall, in the County of Suffolk, Robt. Sparrow, Esq. in his 81st year.

26. At Sunning-hill, Mary, only daughter of Geo. Smith, Esq. of Sellwood Park, Berks.

27. At her residence, in Dursford-street, Stonehouse, after a severe illness, Mrs. Blaxton, relict of the late Lieutenant Henry Blaxton, RN. and sister to Admiral Sir Edward Thornborough, KCB.

— At Bath, after a severe and lingering illness, the lady of Sir Geo. Gibbs, MD.

29. After a painful illness, Lady Elton, wife of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire.

— At his house, in Russell-square, Samuel Yate Benyon, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

30. At his house, in Red Lion-square, Samuel Keene, Esq.

— At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, Sir John Silvester, Bart. Recorder of London, in his 70th year. He had been dining the preceding day with the Duke of York, and retired to bed in good spirits at about 12 o'clock, and the next morning was found dead, owing, it is supposed, to a spasmodic attack which had seized him in the course of the night. Sir John was nearly 80 years of age, and had been very infirm for several years. He is succeeded in the Office of Recorder, by Newman Knowlys, Esq. Common Serjeant, who was unanimously elected on the 10th of April.

April 1.—Suddenly, at Ensham-hall, the residence of his Son-in-law, John Ruxton, Esq. Colonel Patrick Hay, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, aged 78.

1. At Bagbrooke Rectory, near Northampton, H. B. Harrison, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Harrison, AB. and Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
2. At Dorking, aged 84, Catherine, relict of the late Rev. Owen Manning, of Godalming, Surrey.
3. In the Strand, aged 14, Sidney, the third son of the late William Davies, Esq. of the house of Cadell and Davies.
4. John Longley, Esq. Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police Office, and formerly Recorder of Rochester.
5. At Pentonville, aged 61, John Leigh, Esq. for 30 years an eminent merchant at Lisbon.
6. At Ipswich, most sincerely regretted, Isabella Catherine, relict of the late William Thomson, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and eldest daughter of the Rev. William Whinfield, Rector of Ramsey, and Dover-court-cum-Warwick, in the County of Essex.
7. At his house, at Hammermith, in his 68th year, Richard Radford, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace for the County of Middlesex.
8. In Clarges-street, Caroline, wife of Dr. Cloves.
9. In Upper Norton-street, Robert Wilson, Esq. late Superintending Surgeon in the East India Company's Service, on the Bengal Establishment.
10. At his house in Berners-street, Henry Delamain, Esq. in his 94th year.
11. At his residence, Broom Farm, Teddington, John Stephenson, Esq. in his 81st year.
12. Suddenly, in his 69th year, John Green, Esq. of Highbury Park, Islington, and Hinxley, Leicestershire.

## IN SCOTLAND.

William, Esq.  
of Herriot Row,  
son, relict of Geo. Ross,  
W. S.  
of the Hon. Lord  
Lowell, Bart. of An-  
of a wound in the  
a duel the preceding  
Esq. Jun. of Dundee.  
richtertool, in Fife, Sir  
by the Hon. John  
Marquess of Queens-  
y the Earl of Roslyn.

THE MOUNTAIN PRISONER was just returned

from London, where he had been attending the funeral of his Brother, the late James Barwell, Esq.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Skibbereen, Lieut. Charles Probert, of the Rifle Brigade, son of the late William Probert, Esq. of Lincoln, in consequence of the incessant fatigue arising from his duty in that disturbed part of Ireland.
- At the Deanery-house, Cork, Mrs. Ellington, widow of the late Major General Ellington, and daughter of the very Rev. the Dean of Cork.
- At Dungar, King's County, Mrs. Chetwynd, relict of the late Wm. Chetwynd, Esq. of Hampstead, in the County of Cork.

## ABROAD.

- At Paris, Geo. Mercer, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, late Lieut. Colonel in the First Regiment of Life Guards.
- At Montvilliers in France, in his 30th year, Pious O'Kearney, Esq. of Down Castle, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland.
- At Lockeren, in the Pays Bas, Jane, the third daughter of Peter Cotes, Esq.
- At Madaira, whither he went for the recovery of his health, William Richard Hudson, eldest son of William Hudson, Esq. of Frogmore, Herts, aged 21.

## LONGEVITY.

At North Warnborough, Mrs. Duggett, aged 100.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &amp;c.

Magdalen College, elected Vinerian Scholar of Common Law, in the room of Mr. Barton, elected to the vacant Fellowship.—The Rev. Edw. Copleston, Provost of Oriel College, appointed Perpetual Delegate of Privileges, in the room of the late Dr. Hodson, Principal of Brasenose.

On the 29th of March, Edward Nesa, Commoner of St. Mary Hall; Henry Edward Vaux, Commoner of Exeter College, and John Parry, Commoner of Brasenose College, were elected to the three new Scholarships, adjudged by the Court of Chancery, under the will of Lord Craven. The two former gentlemen claiming as kindred to the Founder.

On the 12th of April, was the election of Fel-

low at Oriel College, when for two vacancies there were eleven Candidates, of whom John B. Otley, BA. of Oriel, and John Henry Newman, BA. Scholar of Trinity, were elected Probationary Fellows.

The Rev. Hugh Nicholas Pearson, DD. of St. John's College, Private Chaplain to His Majesty at Brighton, has been inducted to the Vicarage of St. Helen, Abingdon, with the Chapels of Radley and Drayton, Berks, on the presentation of the King.

On Wednesday, the 17th ult. the following Officers of the University for the ensuing year, were nominated in Convocation:

Proctors. The Rev. John Moore, MA. late Fellow of Worcester College.—The Rev. Thos. Sharpe, MA. Fellow of Magdalen College.

Pro-Proctors. The Rev. Henry Jenkins, MA. Demy of Magdalen.—The Rev. Zachariah Henry Biddolph, MA. Fellow of Magdalen.—The Rev. Richard Lynch Cotton, MA. Fellow of Worcester.—The Rev. Thomas Grantham, MA. Fellow of Magdalen.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. J. Lodge, elected Librarian of the University, in the room of the late Dr. E. D. Clarke.

Honorary Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rt. Hon. Lord Henniker, St. John's College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. John Henniker, of St. John's College, eldest son of Lord Henniker.

Master of Arts.—Robert Dalsall, Esq. Trinity College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. Joseph Stansfield, Trinity College.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR MARCH, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

## GENERAL REPORT.

THE greatest part of this month was distinguished by fine sunny weather between the mild rains, and an increase in the extraordinary high temperature for the beginning of spring. Although the barometer has fluctuated much, and undergone 30 changes, the mean pressure, notwithstanding the prevalence of strong SW. and W. winds, was high.

There have been several hoar frosts before sunrise, but not one of them was injurious to the leafing and the early blossoms. The *maximum* temperature of the air on several days this month, was equal to that of some summer days. The mean temperature is upwards of 4° higher than in last March, and 5° higher than the mean of March for the last seven years, and about equal to the April months for that period. Spring water is 2° higher than at this time last year; therefore, we need not be surprised at the forwardness of spring, especially when we consider the re-

viving state of the earth from the almost daily additions of solar heat; and that its loss of moisture this month by evaporation, is nearly half an inch more than it has received by rain: indeed, so powerful was the evaporation during the last four days, that it took up half an inch in depth of water from the evaporator. Having had but a few days northerly and easterly winds throughout the autumn and winter, fears will be entertained till the first or second week in May, of their return with sharp frosts, which would undoubtedly prove fatal to the young fruit.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 4 *parhelia*, 4 solar and 6 lunar halos, 4 meteors, 3 perfect rainbows, and 12 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 6 from SW. 3 from W. 2 from N. and 1 from the NE.

## DAILY REMARKS.

March 1. Hoar frost and a fog early, followed by winds from various points, and a sunny day, with Cumuli, &c.: a cloudless sky till midnight, when a large lunar halo appeared.

2. AM. calm and cloudy, and a *Nimbus* at mid-day, which in its passage let fall a few drops of rain: PM. fair, with two winds, the upper one from SW.

3. A *Stratus* early, succeeded by a calm and cloudless morning: nascent Cumuli and Cirri in the afternoon, and two winds: a clear sky, and much dew by night.

4. A fine sunny day, with descending Cirri, &c. and a parheliion on the south side of the sun at 4 PM.: a large lunar halo appeared towards midnight, followed by rain.

5. The day as the preceding: a large solar halo in the afternoon in a veil of *Cirrostratus*: a hard gale from SW. and rain by night.

6. A rainy day, and a continuation of the gale.

7. AM. sunshine and clouds: PM. a gale from the west, with flying showers of rain at intervals, and one rainbow.

8. An overcast sky, and a continuation of the gale, with showers at intervals in the day: cloudy and fine by night.

9. After 2 hours sunshine, an overcast sky, and a gale from the SW. by night.

10. AM. overcast, and a continuation of the gale: PM. fine between the showers.

11. A sunny day: the clouds coloured at sunset, and a clear sky by night.

12. Hoar frost early, and a cloudless morning: PM. fine with Cumuli and Cirrus: the latter modification passed to attenuated *Cirrostratus* in the evening.

13. A parheliion to the north of the sun at half past 8 AM.—a sunny day with Cirrus, and passing beds of *Cirrostratus*: the night as the preceding.

14. AM. overcast and calm: light rain and one rainbow in the afternoon, and a fine night.

15. A slight hoar-frost early, followed by a cloudless day: overcast with *Cirrostratus* by night.

16. Foggy early, an overcast sky, and a little rain.

17. AM. overcast and calm: PM. light rain.

18. Alternately cloudy and fine; and two winds in the evening, the upper one from NW.

19. A sunny day with prevailing *Cirrocumulus*:

an overcast sky after sunset, and light rain. The mean temperature of the last 24 hours was higher than that of some summer days and nights.

20. AM. calm and overcast, and a thick haze resting on the surrounding hills; sunshine in the afternoon, foggy at intervals by night, and two small meteors.

21. AM. a thick fog: PM. fair with Cirri and *Cirrostrati*.

22. AM. Cirri and a brisk wind: PM. a cloudless sky, and one small meteor.

23. A fair day, with Cirri interspersed about the sky, and a sinking barometer: attenuated *Cirrostratus* by night.

24. AM. a solar halo, and showers of rain: PM. fine, and a very dry NW. wind. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc beyond the small crescent (her age being only 36 hours) reflected a copper-colour till she set, which had the appearance of the full moon through a hazy atmosphere.

25. Showery by day, and a strong gale from SW.: a clear sky by night. The dark part of the moon's disc was again remarkably bright, and exhibited several luminous spots.

26. Overcast with undulated *Cirrostratus* and *Cumulostratus*, and two winds crossing at right angles: a sunny afternoon, and overcast by night.

27. AM. sunshine and clouds: PM. a cloudless sky, and at half past o'clock a brilliant meteor to the southward descended through a great space, apparently perpendicular.

28. Frequent beds of *Cirrocumulus* and variable winds in the day: showery after sunset, and a faint lunar halo.

29. A fair day, with prevailing Cirri, which passed to *Cirrostratus*, and produced a solar halo, with two coloured *parhelia* just without its edge, one on each side of the sun; also a lunar halo till 9 PM. when the sky became completely overcast, followed by light rain, and a gale from SW.

30. AM. rain and hail, and a continuation of the gale: PM. *Nimbi*, with heavy showers, and a gale from the north, and one perfect rainbow.

31. Fair, and a continuation of the gale in the morning: PM. a piercing gale from NE. which caused a very sensible change in the air, and lessened the temperature of spring water,—a large lunar halo, and a meteor appeared in the evening.

**RESULTS.**

**BAROMETER** { Maximum..... 30.51 March 31st, Wind NE.  
 { Minimum.... 29.87 Do. 8th, Do. W.  
 Range of the Mercury ..... 0.64  
 Mean barometrical pressure for the Month ..... 30.145  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for the lunar period, ending the 23d instant ..... 30.238  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 14 days, with the Moon in North declination ..... 30.284  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 15 days, with the Moon in South declination ..... 30.242  
 Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury ..... 0.510  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours ..... 0.640  
 Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 80

**THERMOMETER** { Maximum ..... 64° March 19th & 27th, Wind W. and SE.  
 { Minimum ..... 34 Ditto 11th & 31st, Do. NE.  
 Range..... 30  
 Mean temperature of the Air ..... 49.79  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 31 days with the Sun in Pieces .... 49.14  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 30.00  
 Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM.,... 51.25

**DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.**

Greatest humidity of the Air ..... 94° in the evening of the 20th  
 Greatest dryness of Ditto ..... 43 in the afternoon of the 24th.  
 Range of the Index ..... 51  
 Mean at 2 o'clock PM. .... 61.8  
 — at 8 Do. .. AM. .... 74.3  
 — at 8 Do. .. PM. .... 77.0  
 — of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock .... 71.0  
 Evaporation for the month ..... 2.000 inch.  
 Rain for Ditto..... 2.165 ditto.  
 Prevailing Winds. SW.

**A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.**

A clear sky, 4; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 13; an overcast sky, 7; foggy, 1½; rain, 5½.—Total, 31 days.

**CLOUDS.**

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus, Nimbus.  
 25      15      27      2      14      12      16

**A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.**

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1½	1	—	4½	2	10½	7	4½	31



## NEW PATENTS.

T. Brunton, Commercial-road; for improvements upon the anchor. Feb. 12.

E. Peck, Liverpool; for machinery to be worked by water, applicable to the moving of mills, &c. or for forcing or pumping water: communicated to him by R. Bulkley, a foreigner. Feb. 22.

W. E. Cochrane, Esq. Somerset-street, Portman-square; for improvements in the construction of lamps, whereby they are rendered capable of burning concrete oils, animal fat, and other similar substances. Feb. 23.

W. Prickle, Mark-lane; for improvements in machinery for cutting out irregular forms in wood, &c. Communicated to him by J. P. Boyd, of Boston in America. Mar. 2.

J. Higgins, Esq. Fulham; for improvements upon the construction of carriages. Mar. 2.

C. Yardley, Camberwell; for manufacturing glue from bones, by means of steam. Mar. 2.

J. Thompson, Regent-street, Westminster: for an improvement in the method of preparing steel for the manufacture of springs for carriages. Mar. 2.

J. Ruthven, Edinburgh; for a new

method of procuring mechanical power. Mar. 2.

G. Stratton, Hampstead-road; for an improved process of consuming smoke. Mar. 2.

J. Gladstone, Liverpool; for a chain of a new and improved construction. Mar. 12.

R. B. Bate, Poultry; for improvements upon hydrometers and saccharometers. Mar. 21.

W. E. E. Conwell, Ratcliff-highway; for an improvement in the preparation of a purgative vegetable oil. Mar. 21.

S. Robinson, Leeds; for improvements on a machine for shearing and cropping woollen cloth. Mar. 21.

G. Stephenson, Long Beaton, Northumberland; for improvements in steam engines. Mar. 21.

R. S. Harford, Ebbro Vale Ironworks; for an improvement in the heating processes in the manufacture of malleable iron. Mar. 21.

W. Church, Nelson-square; for an improved apparatus for printing. Mar. 21.

A. Clarke, Esq. Dron, Louchars; for an improvement in the boilers and condensers of steam engines. Mar. 21.

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 April.	Hamburg. 16 April.	Amsterdam 18 April.	Vienna. 6 April.	Nuremberg 11 April.	Berlin. 13 Apr.	Naples. 13 April.	Leipsig. 13 April.	Bremen 15 April.
London ...	25.10	36.5	40.2	9.56	fl. 10.4	7	579	6.17½	610
Paris .....	—	26½	57½	119	fr. 119½	84	22.76	80½	17½
Hamburg .	182½	—	35½	144½	146½	153½	41.80	147½	133½
Amsterdam	58	105½	—	136	138½	144½	47.15	139½	126
Vienna ....	251	146½	36½	—	40	105½	57.60	100½	—
Franckfort.	3½	148½	35½	—	99½	104½	—	100½	111½
Augsburg .	250	147½	36	99½	99½	105½	57.40	—	—
Genoa .....	472	82½	90½	61½	—	—	18.90	—	—
Leipsig ....	—	147½	—	—	99½	104½	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	510	88½	97½	57½	—	—	17.30	—	—
Lisbon ....	556	37½	41½	—	—	—	49.15	—	—
Cadiz .....	15.60	93½	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ....	433	—	82½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ....	15.60	—	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ....	15.70	95	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	556	38½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 15 April.	Breslaw. 10 April.	Stockholm. 1 April.	Petersburg. 29 March.	Riga. 2 April.	Antwerp 15 April.	Madrid. 8 April.	Lisbon. 25 Mar.
London .....	152	7	11.20	9½	9½	39.6	37½	51½
Paris .....	80	—	22½	99	—	½	16.4	548
Hamburg ....	147	152½	121	8½	8½	34½	—	38½
Amsterdam .	139½	144½	112½	9½	9½	2½	—	42½
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2820

# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From March 27 to April 23.

Amsterdam, C. F. ....	12-7 ..12-6
Ditto at sight .....	12-4 ..12-3
Rotterdam, 2 U .....	12-8 ..12-7
Antwerp .....	12-2 ..12-3
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	37-0 ..37-3
Altona, 2½ U .....	37-1 ..37-4
Paris, 3 days' sight .....	25-40..25-30
Ditto..2 U .....	25-55..25-60
Bordeaux .....	25-70..25-60
Frankfort on the Main } Ex. M. ....	154
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us....	9
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M .....	10-10..10-11
Trieste ditto .....	10-10..10-12
Madrid, effective ...	37½..37
Cadiz, effective .....	37½..36½
Bilboa .....	36½..36½
Barcelona .....	36
Seville .....	36½
Gibraltar .....	30½
Leghorn .....	47½
Genoa .....	44
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60
Malta .....	45
Naples .....	40
Palermo, per oz. ....	118
Lisbon.....	50½..50½
Oporto .....	50½
Rio Janeiro .....	46
Bahia .....	51
Dublin .....	94
Cork .....	94

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons ....	3	14	6	3	15	0
New dollars .....	0	4	10	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	11½	0	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 3½d.

### Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d, the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys ....	£4	0	0	to	0	0	0
Champions ...	2	2	0	to	4	5	0
Oxaobles .....	1	10	0	to	2	0	0
Apples .....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 1, to April 22.

	April 1.	April 8.	April 15.	April 22.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	31 6 to 41 0	31 0 to 41 3	30 6 to 41 0	0 0 to 0 0
Sunderland	30 0 to 41 3	29 0 to 42 0	31 6 to 0 0	0 0 to 0 0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Mar. 23	Mar. 30	April 6	April 13
Wheat	46 3 45 1	45 8 44 2		
Rye -	22 6 17 7	21 4 14 8		
Barley	18 6 19 1	18 10 18 2		
Oats	16 0 16 1	16 1 16 4		
Beans	21 7 21 3	21 6 20 11		
Peas	22 4 23 0	22 2 21 7		

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from March 28, to April 23

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	26,425	1,520	2,397	30,342
Barley	37,019	—	2,250	39,269
Oats	70,094	1,465	1,626	73,185
Rye	859	—	—	359
Beans	11,655	—	—	11,655
Pease	3,772	—	—	3,772
Malt	32,958	Qrs.; Flour 32,670 Sacks, Foreign Flour — barrels.		

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto .....	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto .....	40s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags .....	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	54s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto .....	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto .....	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto .....	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets ...	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 10 to 4	4..4	0 to 4 10..1	6 to 1 14
Whitechapel.			
3 3 to 4	0..4	0 to 5 0..1	8 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 3 to 4	4..3	10 to 4 8..1	8 to 1 16

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate,—			
Beef ....	1s. 8d.	to 2s. 8d.	
Mutton..	1s. 8d.	to 2s. 8d.	
Veal ....	2s. 8d.	to 4s. 8d.	
Pork ....	2s. 4d.	to 4s. 4d.	
Lamb ...	2s. 4d.	to 5s. 0d.	
Leadenhall—			
Beef ....	1s. 8d.	to 2s. 10d.	
Mutton..	1s. 8d.	to 2s. 6d.	
Veal ....	3s. 0d.	to 5s. 4d.	
Pork ....	2s. 6d.	to 4s. 4d.	
Lamb ...	4s. 0d.	to 5s. 8d.	

Cattle sold at Smithfield from March 29, to April 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,114	1,780	135,810	1,659

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

*By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.*

(April 22d, 1822.)

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THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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No. XXX.

JUNE, 1822.

VOL. V.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



ALL THE WAY

## THE LION'S HEAD.

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ELIA assures his pleasant Remembrancer \* \* \* \* \*, that he has not lost sight of the topic he recommends so warmly. He has only put it off for a Number or two.

---

S. G. is requested to undertake the duty which he would impose on us. If he has Atlantean shoulders, it may not be too heavy for him ; and, should he equal the spirit of his present private Communication in the exercise of his talent as a public functionary, our pages are freely at his service.

---

Our Lancashire friend shall be gratified next month, if possible ; and *Quando* shall have no occasion to repeat his inquiry.

---

G. Y. is certainly in error as to the rule of the Ancient Concert. If he will only turn to the very last bill (May 15), he will there find compositions of Webbe's, which is a proof of his mistake. A good defence might be made of the expression to which he objects, although much that he advances is true. The writer has attended the Concert some years, though not regularly.

---

The Ode to America may as well be published in the Country to which it is dedicated. Mathews, the actor, is about to "trip" there, as the bills inform us, and he would perhaps find a corner in his trunk for two feet of poetry.

---

We are happy to find that we are still on good terms with Beta ; and that we may continue to deserve the favour with which he regards us, we must decline his "Broken Heart."

## SONNET TO THE BAT.

Twilight's dull herald, who dost flitting come  
 From some lone cloister'd nook, by foul imp driven,  
 Where thou long time with Famine's pinch hast striven !  
 Flitting along through the deep darkening gloom,  
 Pleased with unsightly shapes and shadows dim ;  
 Pleased with lone churchyard scenes, and paths forbidden ;  
 Unsocial Bird ! thou comest forth like him  
 Who seeks where Avarice' hoarded pelf is hidden.  
 The Moon is up ; but oh ! shines not for thee :  
 Say for thy thanks are those harsh shriekings given ?  
 Behold yon scene of rare felicity,  
 Lovers enjoying Courtship's earliest Heaven !  
 'Tis for their sake fair Luna breaks the gloom,  
 For thee she conjures up the shadows of the tomb.

There, Mr. ———, we have inserted one of your Sonnets (the other is too bad), in return for your kindly unbosoming yourself to our Lion's Head. To reply to the various particulars of your Letter, *adeo sunt multa*, is more than our patience or our place permits.

---

O'Keefe is alive, somewhere at Chichester : E. P.'s Elegy therefore may be had at the publishers', if the Author will either call or send. His Sonnet to Miss Tree is forwarded to her by the twopenny post.

---

The Essay on Agricultural Distress would only increase it.

---

The Sonnet by Φ (O fie !) is warm with other fires than those of poesy.

---

The Captive is ready to be restored ; other favours, viz. The Fountain, H. L., Berkshire Ballad, Sonnet to the Moon, Essay on Happiness, Stanzas to Mary, On the Essence of Wit, and Imitation of Gray's Novelty, are disposed of according to their deserts.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XXX.

JUNE, 1822.

VOL. V.

**The Early French Poets.**

**PIERRE DE RONSARD.**

There is no poet I am acquainted with, ancient or modern, who has impressed his own character so minutely and strongly on his writings as Ronsard. His loyalty to his sovereigns, accompanied by the most perfect frankness; the openness of his heart, equally disposed to form friendships, and constant in preserving them; his generosity and placability; his great learning, that unhappily served, for the most part, only to make him ridiculous; the high value he set on his noble birth,\* which, as he said, enabled him to imitate Pindar, when Horace had failed in the attempt on account of his wanting that advantage; his gallantry, made up of pedantry and passion; his hearty love of the country in its natural and unembellished state; his zeal for the poetic art, to which every thing else was subordinate;—all these, like so many quarterings in a coat of armour, are on his pages blazoned at full and in their proper colours. From the account which his affectionate friend Claude Binet has given of his life, corrected by such notices as he has left of himself, I have extracted some of the principal incidents, and shall place them here as the best introduction to the remarks which I have to make on his writings.

Pierre de Ronsard descended from a noble family, was born on Saturday the eleventh of September, 1524, the year in which Francis I. was made prisoner in the battle of Pavia.† The first of his ancestors who came into France, was the younger son of an opulent and powerful nobleman settled on the banks of the Danube. This man, incited by a spirit of enterprize, left his home with a band of companions, who, like himself, were younger brothers; and entering into the service of Philip of Valois, then at war with the English, satisfied the French king so well, that he was rewarded with an ample estate on the banks of the Loire, where he and his posterity continued to reside. The father of our poet was thought a fit person to accompany Henry, the son of Francis I. when he was sent as a hostage for his father into Spain; and to be entrusted with the management of the young prince's household. Pierre, who was the sixth son, having been brought up till he was nine years old at the Chateau de la Poissoniere, his native place, in the lower Vendomois, was then sent to the Royal College of Navarre at Paris; but not bearing the restraint laid on him by his preceptors, he was brought by his father to Avignon, and placed in the

\* Odes, B. 1. O. xi. Epode iv.

† See his twentieth Elegy, addressed to Remy Belleau.

service of Francis, eldest son of the French king. That prince dying soon after, Ronsard was transferred to the train of his brother Charles, Duke of Orleans, by whom he was again passed over to the retinue of James V. king of Scotland, who had come to marry Madelaine, daughter of the French king. By James he was taken to Scotland, where he passed two years and a half. He then spent six months in England, where he learnt our language; and afterwards returned to his former master the Duke of Orleans, who now retained him as his page. Being master of the accomplishments usual at his age, he was despatched on some affairs to Flanders and Zealand, whence he was charged to proceed on a mission to Scotland. On his second visit to that country, he narrowly escaped shipwreck. He returned at the early age of sixteen. Henry, who was afterwards king, then placed him in the suite of Lazare de Baïf, who at that time was ambassador to the Diet at Spire. On this journey he acquired the German language. His next service to his country led him to Piedmont, with the Capitaine de Langey. But these exertions were disproportioned to his time of life, and occasioned a fever, with a defluxion on the brain, that in the end deprived him of his hearing. This misfortune, however, served only to determine him to the pursuit of those studies to which he had not hitherto had time to apply himself. His love of letters is said to have been awakened by one of his brother pages, who had always a Virgil in his hand, and who used to explain to him passages in that poet. In the Preface to the *Franciade*, he says, that his master at school had taught him Virgil; and that having learnt him by heart from his infancy, he could not forget him. To the Latin poet he now added Jean le Maire de Belges, the *Romant de la Rose*, and the works of Clement Marot. By Dorat, who was the preceptor of young Baïf, Ronsard was encouraged to the study of Greek, in which he made such a proficiency, as to translate the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*; at the same time asking his master, why he had so long kept such treasures concealed from him? His next attempt was a

version of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, part of which still remains. It was represented on the French theatre; and from such a beginning, we can, in some measure, account for the excellence at which the French have since arrived in this species of composition. He was next desirous of trying his strength with Pindar, whose manner he was so studious of imitating, that he drew on himself the sarcasms of his contemporaries. So far did he carry his admiration of every thing that had the most remote connection with his favourite poets of Greece, that he is said to have been influenced in the choice of a mistress to celebrate in his verses, by the accidental circumstance of her bearing the name of Cassandra, the daughter of Priam. But in the *Epistle to Remy Belleau*, he leaves it doubtful whether this was the real or fictitious name of a young lady, of whom he became enamoured when he was following the court at Blois.

His idolatry for the antients was not such as to make him neglect the means which his own country afforded him for enriching its vernacular tongue. He is said, like Burke, to have visited the shops of artisans, and to have made himself acquainted with all sorts of handicrafts, in order that he might learn the different terms which were employed in them, and derive illustrations whereby to diversify and ornament his diction. In his *Abregé de l'Art Poétique*, and in the Preface to the *Franciade*, he himself recommends this practice; and at the same time advises the poet to appropriate the most significant words that he can collect from the different dialects of France.

About 1549, on his return from Poitiers to Paris, he chanced to fall in with Joachim du Bellay; and joining together on the journey, the fellow-travellers were so much pleased with one another, that they determined to reside under the same roof. In this party, Jan Antoine de Baïf made a third. It did not, however, continue uninterrupted by jealousy. Ronsard accused Bellay of wishing to forestal the favour of the public, by a collection of poems which he had closely copied from some of his own. He even instituted a suit, as Binet relates, for the

recovery of some papers, of which du Bellay had surreptitiously obtained possession for this purpose, and gained his cause. But so little resentment was harboured on either side, that they renewed the intimacy; and Ronsard encouraged his rival to the cultivation of the art to which he was himself so much attached, by means at once more honourable, and more likely to ensure success—namely, by trusting to the resources of his own mind. Another instance of his noble temper showed itself in his forgiveness of Mellin de Saint Gelais, who, after having disparaged the works of Ronsard, as he had reason to believe, in the presence of the King, afterwards sought his friendship; whereupon the injured poet not only altered a passage in one of his poems, in which he had expressed his sense of this malignity, but honoured him with those praises to which he thought the merit of Saint Gelais entitled him.\* In answer to the charges brought against him of obscurity and unconnectedness, he haughtily declared his indifference to the taste of the vulgar; and compared his enemies at the court to dogs that bite at the stone which they cannot digest.

Mais que ferai-je à ce vulgaire,  
A qui jamais je n'ay sceu plaire,  
Ny ne plais, ny plaire ne veux ?

L. v. O. ii.

At the end of ten years he quitted his Cassandra, thinking, perhaps, that having stood as long a siege as Troy without yielding, there was no further chance of winning her affections. A young damsel of Anjou, named Mary, was the next object of his poetical courtship. To her he altered his style, and condescended to speak his passion in plainer terms.

Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, is said to have changed the opinion of the French King with respect to the merit of Ronsard, and to have done

it so effectually, that the monarch afterwards thought himself honoured by possessing so great a genius in his dominions; and gave proofs that he did so, by the honours and pensions which he conferred on him, though not in such measure as to satisfy the expectations of Ronsard. The sage Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor to this lady, as he afterwards was of France, also undertook his defence; and wrote a Latin poem in his praise. In return, Ronsard addressed a long and laboured ode (the tenth of the first book) to l'Hôpital. The Cardinal de Chatillon, Charles Cardinal of Lorraine, and other great men of the day, now enlisted themselves in the number of his patrons and friends; and the Presidents of the Jeux Floraux, not thinking the customary prize of the eglantine sufficient for his deserts, sent him a figure of Minerva in silver, which he presented to the King.

At the death of Henry II. and during the religious dissensions which followed at the succession of Francis II. Ronsard, in his defence of the established form of worship, exposed himself to some rough treatment from the Reformers. Amongst other things, they accused him of heathenism, for having assisted at the sacrifice of a he-goat; an affair that turned out to be a frolic, in which he and some of his literary companions engaged, in consequence of a tragedy by Jodelle being represented before the King. However he might think himself bound to support the ancient religion of his country, that he was no bigot I am disposed to believe from the following lines in an Ode to one of his friends:—

Ne romps ton tranquille repos  
Pour Papaux ny pour Huguenots,  
Ni amy d'eux, ni adversaire,  
Croyant que Dieu Pere tres-doux  
(Qui n'est partial comme nous)  
Scait ce qui nous est necessaire.

L. v. O. xxviii.

Break not thy peace, nor care a jot  
For Papist or for Huguenot,  
Nor counting either friends or foes,  
Thy trust in God alone repose,  
Who, not like us with partial care,  
Bids all a Father's blessing share.

\* In the Odes, L. iv. O. xxi. it appears that Mellin had disavowed the calumnies which it was reported that he had uttered in the presence of the King against Ronsard; and that their friendship was restored.



When the short reign of Francis II. was terminated by the death of that King, his brother, Charles IX. did not suffer Ronsard to quit him, by which the poet was much gratified. Amongst other subjects, to which Charles directed his pen, were such vices in his people as he should think deserving of his satire, at the same time, desiring him not to spare what he found worthy of reprehension in himself. Ronsard was hardy enough to take him at his word, and so fortunate as to escape the fate which befel the monitor of the Archbishop of Grenada. The King in his turn kept the bard in good order, declaring that poets were to be used like good steeds, to have sufficient food allowed them, but not to be pampered. The courtiers availed themselves of the fertility of his Muse; and borrowed his pen for the celebration of their mistresses. The Queen Mother, Catherine de' Medici, directed him to make choice of one of the ladies of the chamber, whose name was Helene de Surgeres, descended of a Spanish family, to receive the homage of his own person, and bade him address her in the pure and refined style of Petrarch, as most suitable to his age and gravity. Between the discipline thus imposed on him by his royal master and mistress, it is likely that the poet must have felt himself under some constraint. He continued, however, to warble many a sonnet in his cage; and as a reward of his submission and docility, was presented with the Abbey of Bellozane, and some priories. At the succession of Henry III. to whom he used the same freedom as he had done to his predecessor, he complained that he was no longer caressed, as he had been by Charles. He found some consolation in the attentions of the two rival queens, Elizabeth of England, and Mary Stewart,—the former of whom compared him to a valuable diamond of which she made him a present,—and the latter, from her prison, sent him in 1583, two years before his death, a casket containing two thousand crowns, together with a vase representing Parnassus and Pegasus, and inscribed—

A Ronsard l'Apollon de la Source des Muses.

“To Ronsard, Apollo of the Muses' Fountain.”

During the latter part of his life

he was much afflicted with the gout. The Sieur Galland, chief of the Academy of Boncourt, was the friend in whose society he now found most comfort, calling him his “second soul.” To him, on the twenty-second of October before his death, he wrote:—“Qu'il etoit devenu fort foible et maigre depuis quinze jours, qu'il craignit que les feuilles d'Automne ne le vissent tomber avec elles; que la volonté de Dieu soit faite, et qu'aussi bien parmi tant de douleurs nerveux, ne se pouvant soutenir, il n'etoit plus qu'un inutile fardeau sur la terre, le priant au reste de l'aller trouver, estimant sa presence lui etre un remede.” “That for the last fortnight he had become very emaciated and feeble; that he feared the leaves of Autumn would see him fall with them; that his prayer, however, was God's will be done; and that moreover, not being able to support himself amid such nervous pangs as he endured, he was no longer any thing but a useless burden to the earth; for the rest, that he entreated him to come and see him, for that he thought his presence would be a cordial to him.” Hoping for some ease from change of place and objects, he removed from one of his benefices to another. His piety was fervent and unremitting; and his repentance for the excesses of his earlier life, into which the court had led him, earnest and sincere. He manifested no uneasiness, except in a frequent desire, which accompanied him to the last, of dictating the verses that presented themselves to his mind. The last were two sonnets, in which he exhorted his spirit to confidence in his Saviour; and thus he expired on the twenty-seventh of December, 1585, with his hands joined in prayer.

According to his own directions, he was buried in the choir of the church of Saint Cosme en l'Isle, one of his priories, where he died.—Claude Binet caused, as he says, a little monument to be erected, on which the following epitaph was inscribed:—

Κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἦεν, ὅτε κόσμιος ὁ  
Ρώνσαρδος

Κόσμον ἐκόσμησεν κόσμῳ ἑὼν ἐπέων.  
Νῦν δὲ θανόντος ἔχει τύμβος Κοσμά  
ἐνὶ ναῶ

Οὔτις τῆς φήμης μνημα δὲ κόσμος  
ὅλος.

This is such a string of puns as, if they were once slipped out of their Greek setting, it would be impossible to thread again.

His biographer observes, that Europe lost several of her most illustrious men about the same time: one of them was Antoine de Muret, whom Ronsard had reckoned among his friends, and who united with Remy Belleau in writing annotations on his poems.

The French poets, whom he esteemed, as having begun to write well in that language, were Maurice Sceve, Hugues Salel, Antoine Herroet, Mellin de Saint Gelais, Jacques Pelletier, and Guillaume Autels. To them succeeded a set of writers who were in some measure, though older some of them than himself, influenced by his example, and who have been already mentioned as constituting, together with him, the French Pleiad. Others, whom he highly esteemed, were Estienne Pasquier; Olivier de Magny; Jean de la Peruse; Amadis Jamyn, whom he had educated as his page; Robert Garnier, a tragic writer; Florent Chrestien; Scevole de Sainte Marthe; Jean Passerat; Philippe Desportes; the Cardinal du Perron; and Bertaud. Among those learned foreigners who paid their tribute to the excellence of Ronsard, occur the distinguished names of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pietro Vettori, and Sperone Speroni.

His conversation is said to have been easy and pleasant. He was himself free, open, and simple; and associated willingly with none who were otherwise, being a declared enemy to every thing like affectation. In short, Claude Binet considered him in manners and appearance as the model of a true French gentleman.

His usual residence was at Saint Cosme, a delightful spot, (*l'oeillet de la Touraine*) the pink of Touraine, itself the garden of France; or at Bourgueil, where he went for the sake of sporting, in which he took much pleasure; and here he kept the dogs given him by Charles IX., a falcon, and a goshawk (*un tiercelet d'autour*). Another of his amusements was gardening, in which he had considerable skill. When at Paris, his favourite retirements were at Meudon, for the sake of the

woods and the Seine; or at Gentilly, Hercueil, Saint Cloud, and Vanves, for the sake of the rivulet of Bièvre and its fountains. He took delight also in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and music, and was skilled enough in the latter to sing his own verses.

The poems that stand first in his collection are the *Amours de Cassandre*, consisting, besides a few other pieces, of two hundred and twenty-two sonnets, one only of which is in the Alexandrine, the rest are in the vers communs, or decasyllabick measure. In the Preface to the *Franciade* he says, that he had changed his mind as to the Alexandrine measure, which he no longer considered as the proper heroic. His reason is, that it savours too much of an extremely easy prose, and is too enervated and flagging; except it be for translations, in which it is useful, on account of its length, for expressing the sense of an author. He thought differently when he wrote his *Art Poétique*, as may be seen by referring to the chapter on versification.

Ronsard must sometimes have puzzled Cassandra, unless she was tolerably learned, and well read in Aristotle. Thus in Sonnet 68, he asks her—

O lumiere ! enrichie  
D'un feu divin, qui m'ard si vivement,  
Pour me donner l'être et le mouvement,  
Etes vous pas ma seul entelechie ?

“O light ! in whom I see  
The fire divine, that burns me to bestow  
Whate'er of being or of life I know,  
Say art not thou my sole entelechy ?”

In the 104th, he reminds her of the violation of her person by Ajax, the son of Oïleus.

His attempt to mould the French language to the purposes of poetry did not succeed. When, in imitation of Petrarch, he says—

Le seul Avril, de son jeune printemps  
Endore, emperle, enfrange notre temps.

Son. 121.

Vedi quant' arte 'ndora e'imperla e'nnostra  
L'abito eletto.

the French being the language of Europe, will not easily endure such innovations as these, which tend to make it less generally intelligible.

The fifty-second sonnet is no unfavourable specimen of his Platonic manner:—

Avant qu'Amour du Chaos ocieux  
 Ouvrit le sein qui couvoit la lumiere,  
 Avec la terre, avec l'onde premiere,  
 Sans art, sans forme estoient brouillees les cieux.  
 Tel mon esprit de rien industrieux,  
 Dedans mon corps, lorde et grosse matiere,  
 Erroit sans forme et sans figure entiere,  
 Quand l'arc d'Amour le perca par tes yeux.  
 Amour rendit ma nature parfaite,  
 Pure par lui mon essence s'est faite,  
 Il m'en donna la vie et le pouvoir.  
 Il echauffa tout mon sang de sa flame,  
 Et m'emportant de son vol, fit mouvoir  
 Avecques lui mes pensées et mon ame.

Or ever Love drew forth the slumbering light,  
 That in the bosom of old Chaos lay,  
 Earth, sea, and sky, without his primal ray,  
 Were in blank ruin sunk and formless night :  
 So, whelm'd in sloth, erewhile, my heavy spright  
 Did in a dull and senseless body stray,  
 Scarce life enough to stir the lumpish clay,  
 Till from thine eyes Love's arrow pierc'd my sight.  
 Then was I quicken'd ; and, by Love inform'd,  
 My being to a new perfection came :  
 His influence my blood and spirits warm'd ;  
 And, as I mounted this low world above,  
 Following in thought and soul his sacred flame,  
 Love was my being, and my essence Love.

The fifty-ninth is an imitation of Bembo. There is more elasticity and freedom in the copy than in the original.

Comme un chevreuil, quand le printemps  
 detruit  
 Du froid hyver la poignante gelée,  
 Pour mieux brouter la feuille emmiellée,  
 Hors de son bois avec l'aube s'enfuit :  
 E seul, e seur, loin de chiens et de bruit,  
 Or sur un mont, or dans une vallée,  
 Or près d'une onde à l'escart recelée,  
 Libre s'egaye où son pied le conduit :  
 De rets ne d'arcs sa liberté n'a crainte ;  
 Sinon alors que sa vie est atteinte  
 D'un trait sanglant, que le tient en lan-  
 geur.  
 Ainsi j'allois sans espoir de dommage,  
 Le jour qu'un oeil sur l'Avril de mon age  
 Tira d'un coup mille traits en mon coeur.

Si come suol, poi che'l verno aspro e rio,  
 Parte e da loco alle stagion migliori,  
 Uscir col giorno la cervetta fuori  
 Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio :  
 Ed or su per un colle, or lungo un rio  
 Lontana dalle case e dai pastori,  
 Gir sicura pascendo erbetta e fiori  
 Ovunque più la porta il suo desio :  
 Ne teme di saetta o d'altro inganno,  
 Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo il  
 fianco  
 Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi.  
 Così senza temer futuro affanno  
 Moss' io, Donna, quel dì che bei vostri  
 occhi  
 M'impigar lasso tutto 'l lato manco.

As when fresh spring apparels wood and plain,  
 Forth from his native lair, a tender fawn  
 Issues alone and careless, if the dawn  
 Gin the grey east with flecker'd crimson stain ;  
 And all unheeding of the hunter's train,  
 Wherever through his roving fancy drawn,  
 By lake or river, hill or flowery lawn,  
 Sports with light foot, and feeds and sports again ;  
 Nor aught he fears from meshes or from bow,  
 Till to his liver a fleet arrow sped  
 Has pierced, and panting on the earth he lies :—  
 In my life's April thus wont I to go,  
 Of harm unfearing, where my fancy led,  
 Ere the dart reach'd me from her radiant eyes.

The hundred and sixty-second, to Baïf, proves his high esteem for that writer, whom we have seen so much disparaged.

Pendant, Baïf, que tu frapes au but  
 De la vertu, qui n'a point de seconde,  
 Et qu'a longs traits tu t'enyvres de l'onde,  
 Que l'Ascrean entre les Muses but;  
 Ici banni, ou le mont de Sabut  
 Charge de vins son epaule seconde,  
 Pensif, je voy la fuite vagabonde  
 Du Loir qui traine en la mer son tribut.  
 Ores un antre, ores un bois sauvage,  
 Ores me plait le secret d'un rivage,  
 Pour essayer de tromper mon ennui;  
 Mais je ne puis, quoique seul je me tienne,  
 Faire qu'Amour m'accompagnant ne vienne  
 Parler a moi, et moi toujours a lui.

The conclusion of this is from Petrarch:—

Ma pur si aspre vie e si selvagge  
 Cercar non sò, ch' Amor non venga sempre  
 Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui;

where the variety in the metre gives the Italian poet a striking advantage over Ronsard.

Baïf, who, second in our age to none,  
 Dost with free step to Virtue's summit mount,  
 While thou allay'st thine ardour at the fount  
 Of Ascrea, where the Muses met their son;  
 An exile I, where sloping to the sun  
 Rich Sabut lifts his grape-empurpled mount,  
 Am fain to waste mine hours, and pensive count  
 Loire's wand'ring waves as ocean-ward they run.  
 And oft, to shun my cares, the haunt I change;  
 Now linger in some nook the stream beside,  
 Now seek a wild wood, now a cavern dim.  
 But all avails not: whereso'er I range,  
 Love still attends, and ever at my side  
 Conversing with me walks, and I with him.

There is more nature and passion in the two hundred and fourteenth sonnet, which begins—

Quand je te voy, discourant à par toy,  
 than I have observed in any of the others.

The Second Book of his Amours,

which contains, besides other short poems, eighty sonnets, is devoted to the praises of his Marie, the last thirteen being written after her death. It is confessedly in a more familiar style than the First Book; yet is filled with images drawn from the heathen mythology.

J'aime la fleur de Mars, j'aime la belle rose,  
 L'une qui est sacrée a Venus la deesse,  
 L'autre qui a le nom de ma belle Maistresse,  
 Pour qui troublé d'esprit en paix je ne repose.  
 J'aime trois oiselets, l'un qui sa plume arrose  
 De la pluye de May, et vers le ciel se dresse:  
 L'autre qui veuf au bois lamente sa destresse:  
 L'autre qui pour son fils mille versets compose.  
 J'aime un pin de Bourgueil, où Venus appendit  
 Ma jeune liberté, quand pris elle rendit  
 Mon cœur, que doucement un bel oeil emprisonne.  
 J'aime un beau laurier de Phebus l'arbrisseau,  
 Dont ma belle Maistresse, en pliant un rameau  
 Lié de ses cheveux, me fit une couronne.

*Le Second Livre des Amours. Son. 28.*

Two flowers I love, the March-flower and the rose,  
 The lovely rose that is to Venus dear,  
 The March-flower that of her the name doth bear,  
 Who will not leave my spirit in repose:

Three birds I love ; one, moist with May-dew, goes  
To dry his feathers in the sun-shine clear ;  
One for his mate laments throughout the year,  
And for his child the other wails his woes :  
And Bourgueil's pine I love, where Venus hung,  
For a proud trophy on the darksome bough,  
Ne'er since releas'd, my youthful liberty :  
And Phœbus' tree love I, the laurel tree,  
Of whose fair leaves my mistress, when I sung,  
Bound with her locks a garland for my brow.

In one of his odes (Book v. O. xi.) he again expresses his preference for these two flowers, the rose, and the violet, which he calls the flower of March, and supposes to bear the name of his Marie. That the lark was his favourite bird, appears from a passage in his *Gayetez* :—

Alouette,  
Ma doucelette mignollette,  
Qui plus qu'un rossignol me plais  
Qui chante en un bocage epais.

After a few sonnets and madrigals on another lady, whom he calls *Astree*, and of whom we are not told whether she was of the Queen Mother's choosing or his own, we proceed to his two books of sonnets on *Helene*. These are a hundred and forty-two in number. He begins with swearing to her by her brothers *Castor* and *Pollux* ; by the vine that enlaced the elm ; by the meadows and woods, then sprouting into verdure (it was the first day of May) ; by the young Spring, eldest son of Nature ; by the crystal that rolled along the streams ; and by the nightingale, the miracle of birds,—that she should be his last venture.

Ce premier jour de May, *Helene* je vous  
jure  
Par *Castor*, par *Pollux*, vos deux freres  
jumeaux,  
Par la vigne enlassée à l'entour des or-  
meaux,  
Par les prez, par les bois herissez de ver-  
dure,  
Par le nouveau printemps fils aîné de na-  
ture,  
Par le crystal qui roule au giron des  
ruisseaux,  
Et par le rossignol miracle des oiseaux.  
Que seule vous serez ma dernière avan-  
ture.  
Son. 1.

Whether she was so or not, does not, I think, appear ; but it was full time, for he was about fifty years old. There is, however, another short book, entitled *Amours Diverses* ; and besides this, a large gleanings of sonnets and odes, many of them on the same subject, which he did not think worth gathering ; but which his editors were careful enough to pick up and store along with the rest. Amongst these are some which for more reasons than one I cannot recommend to the notice of my reader. We will pass them, and go on to his odes.

These may be divided into two classes ; some, in which he has imitated the ancients ; and others, that are the offspring of his own feelings and fancy. In the former, unhappily the larger number, *Anacreon*, *Pindar*, *Callimachus*, *Horace*, are all laid under contribution by turns, and that with no sparing hand. It was in his ability to transfuse the spirit of the old Theban into Gallic song, or as he called it, to *Pindarise*, that he most prided himself, and it was here that he most egregiously failed.

Si dès mon enfance  
Le premier en France  
J'ai Pindarisé,  
De telle entreprise  
Heureusement prise  
Je me voy prisé.

Nothing can well be more unlike the poet, whom he boasts to have introduced into his own language,\* than this tripping measure. As for the music of *Pindar*, indeed, that was out of the question. It was not in the power of the French, nor perhaps of any other language, to

\* At the beginning of the next century, there was a translation of all *Pindar* into French, partly in prose and partly in verse. It is not mentioned by *Heyne* when he is recounting the versions that have been made of that writer ; nor have I seen any notice of it elsewhere. I will add the title of the book, and a specimen of it, taken from the beginning, which will be enough to satisfy any reader's curiosity :—*Le Pindare Thebain*.

return even a faint echo of it. But those who are acquainted with that poet, know that another of his distinctions consists, not only in the hardness of his metaphors, but in the no less light than firm touch with which he handles them. One instance will be enough to show how ill Ronsard has represented this characteristic of his model. Pindar, speaking of a man who had not, through neglect or forgetfulness, his task to do when it ought to have been already done, says, that "he did not come, bringing with him Excuse, the daughter of Afterthought;" or literally, "of the late-minded Epimetheus."

Ὅς οὐ τὰν Ἐπιμαθείος  
ἄγων ὀψινόου θυγατέρα Πρό-  
-φασιν Βαρριδᾶν  
ἄφικετο δόμους. Pyth. V. 38.

How has Ronsard contrived to spoil this in his application of it to the Constable Montmorency!

Qui seul mettoit en evidence  
Les saints tresors de sa prudence,  
Ne s'est jamais accompagné  
Du sot enfant d'Epiméthée,  
Mais de celuy de Prométhée,  
Par longues ruses enseigné.

L. i. O. i. Strophe 6.

Another of Pindar's excellences are those γνῶμαι, sentences, or maxims, the effect of which results not more from their appositiveness than their compression. One of these is, that "Envy is better than pity," *κρίσσω*

γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλγος, which Ronsard has left indeed no longer one of the dark sayings of the wise, but has made almost ludicrous by the light in which he has placed it:—

C'est grand mal d'être misérable,  
Mais c'est grand bien d'être envié.  
L. i. O. x. Strophe 22.

Sometimes on Pindar's stock he engrafts a conceit, than which no fruit can be more alien to the parent tree. Thus, of a passage in the Second Pythian, v. 125 to 130, in which the Theban appears to intimate, as he does elsewhere more plainly, that he expects a reward for his song; Ronsard avails himself to tell his patron, that he shall see how liberally his praises will sound, if "a present gilds the chord,"

Prince je t'envoye cette ode,  
Trafiquant mes vers à la mode  
Que le marchand baille son bien,  
Troque pour troq': toy qui es riche,  
Toy Roy des biens, ne soit point chiche  
De changer ton present au mien.  
Ne te lasse point de donner,  
Et tu verras comme j'accorde  
L'honneur que je promets sonner,  
Quand un present dore ma corde.

L. i. O. i. Antia. 8.

This is truly anti-pindaric. Of that other class of odes, which appear more like the overflowings of his own mind, and which have a better chance of pleasing the English reader at least, I would point out the following:—in the first book, the

Traduction meslée de vers et de prose. Par le Sieur Lagausie. 1626. 8vo. Paris. Chez Jean Laquehay.

#### OL. 1.

La force de chasque element  
Paroit par leurs effects contraires,  
Mais le moindre de l'eau surmonte absolument  
Tous ceux de ses trois freres.  
Parmy les differens metaux  
Des thresors d'un superbe avare  
L'esclat de l'or fait trouver faux  
L'esclat des autres le plus rare,  
Brillant contre eux comme un flambeau qui luit  
Dans les tenebres de la nuit,  
Si tant est que mon coeur se pique  
De soin de decrire un combat  
Dont tous les Grecs vont voir l'esbat,  
Il faut parler de l'Olympique.  
D'autant que comme on voit que l'astre du soleil  
Allumant un beau jour a perruque expandue  
Esclaire la vaste estendue  
De l'air sans avoir son pareil.  
Je ne scaurois non plus trouver un tourney comparable à l'Olympique, &c.



seventeenth; in the second, the eleventh, to his preceptor Jean Dorat, and the eighteenth to his lacquey; in the third, the eighth to the Fountain Bellerie, the twenty-first to Gaspar D'Auvergne, and the two following it; in the fourth book, ode the fourth, on the choice of his burial-place, together with the eighteenth and nineteenth, which I subjoin with a translation; and in the fifth and last book, odes eleven and seventeen.

Dieu vous gard, messagers fidelles  
Du printemps, vistes arondelles,  
Hupes, cocus, rossignolet,  
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux sauvages,  
Qui de cent sortes de ramages  
Animez les bois verdelets.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,  
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,  
Turtles, and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred chirpings heard  
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;  
And ye, whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,  
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train  
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,  
Of each sweet herblet sip;  
And ye new swarm of bees that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,  
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call—  
A hearty welcome on ye all:  
This season how I love!  
This merry din on every shore,  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbade my steps to rove.

## L. iv. O. xix.

Bel aubespın florissant,  
Verdissant  
Le long de ce beau rivage,  
Tu es vestu jusqu'au bas  
Des longs bras  
D'une lambrunche sauvage.  
Deux camps de rouges fourmis  
Se sont mis  
En garnison sous ta souche:  
Dans les pertuis de ton tronc  
Tout du long  
Les avettes ont leur couche.  
Le chantre rossignolet  
Nouvelet  
Courtisant sa bien aimée,

Dieu vous gard, belles paquerettes,  
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,  
Et vous boutons jadis connus  
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse:  
Et vous thym, anis, et melisse,  
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard, troupe diaprée  
De papillons, qui par la prée  
Les douces herbes suçotez;  
Et vous nouvel essain d'abeilles,  
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles  
De votre bouche baisotez:

Cent mille fois je resalué  
Votre belle et douce venue:  
O que j'aime ceste saison,  
Et ce doux caquet de rivages  
Au prix des vents et des orages  
Qui m'enfermoient en la maison.  
L. iv. O. xviii.

Pour ses amours allegier  
Vient loger  
Tous les ans en ta ramée.  
Sur ta cime il fait son ny  
Tout uny  
De mousse et de fine soye,  
Ou ses petits esclorront  
Qui seront  
De mes mains la douce proye.  
Or vy, gentil aubespın,  
Vy sans fin,  
Vy sans que jamais tonnerre,  
Ou la coignée, ou les vents,  
Ou les temps  
Te puissent ruer par terre.

Fair hawthorn flowering,  
 With green shade bowering  
 Along this lovely shore ;  
 To thy foot around  
 With his long arms wound  
 A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,  
 Red ants have ta'en  
 Their fortress beneath thy stock :  
 And, in clefts of thy trunk,  
 Tiny bees have sunk  
 A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,  
 When to wooe his bride  
 The nightingale comes again,  
 Thy boughs among,  
 He warbles the song  
 That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,  
 His nest he weaves  
 Of moss and the satin fine,  
 Where his callow brood  
 Shall chirp at their food,  
 Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,  
 And for ever alive  
 Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime ;  
 By the wind unbroke,  
 And the thunderstroke,  
 Unspoil'd by the axe or time.

In several of his odes there are passages of extraordinary splendour. What can exceed in magnificence this description of Jupiter coming in the form of a swan to Leda ?

L'or sous la plume reluit  
 D'une semblable lumière  
 Que le clair oeil de la nuit  
 Dessus la neige première :  
 Il fend le chemin des cieux  
 D'un long branle de ses ailes,  
 Et d'un voguer spatieux  
 Tire ses rames nouvelles.

L. iii. O. xx. *Première Pause.*

His plumes beneath are glittering bright  
 With such a golden glow,  
 As when the broad eye of the night  
 Is on the earliest snow.  
 He shaketh once his out-spread wing,  
 And cleaves the sky amain,  
 And at one stroke his new oars fling  
 The billowy air in twain.

One of his odes concludes with a wish, to the completion of which I would willingly contribute. After invoking the other heathen deities, he adds—

— Vous dryades et vous fées  
 Qui de joncs simplement coiffées  
 Nagez par le crystal des eaux,  
 Pendant des fleuves les entorses,  
 Et qui naissez sous les escorces,  
 Ames vertes des arbrisseaux ;

Ornez ce livre de lierre,  
 Et bien loin au ciel, de la terre  
 S'il vous plait enlevez ma vois :  
 Et faites que tousiours ma lyre  
 D'âge en âge s'entende bruire  
 Du More jusques a l'Anglois.

L. iv. O. xv.

Ye dryads and ye fays that bind  
 Your brows with simple reed entwined ;  
 Who down the crystal rivers swim,  
 Turning the bends with lithsome limb ;  
 And ye, that in the green bark dwell,  
 Meek sisters of the quiet dell ;

With ivy deck this favour'd page ;  
 And let my lyre from age to age  
 Still echo on, in strains that rise  
 Above this mean earth to the skies,  
 Till at the world's extremest bounds,  
 The Moor and Briton learn the sounds.

The seventeenth ode of the same book is prettily rendered from the well-known idyllium, whether it be Moschus's or Bion's, which begins—

Ἐσπερε, τᾷς ἰπατᾶς χρύσειον φάος  
 Ἀφρογενείας.

Ronsard's version of it much excels that by Claudio Tolommei, inserted by Mr. Mathias in his *Selections from the Lyrical Poets of Italy*, V. iii. p. 227. There have been several attempts to imitate it in our own language. I will not now add another to the number.

The third ode of the fifth book is addressed to three English ladies, who had composed a book of *Christian Distichs* in Latin; which it is said, in a note by Richelet, had been translated into Greek, Italian, and French, and inscribed to Margaret, sister to Henry II.; as Michel de L'Hôpital had remarked in his *Third Epistle*.

The eleventh and twelfth odes are attempts at the Sapphic measure. One, and I believe one only, is in blank verse. It is the eleventh in the third book.

It is wonderful how much learning and pains his commentators have thrown away on these poems. Nothing can more prove the high esteem in which they were then held.

His *Franciade* succeeds next. The death of his patron Charles IX. discouraged him from continuing it, and he has left only four books, which, like most of his other writings, are composed of shreds of the Greek and Latin poets, but with some splendid patches of his own interspersed among them.

At the end of the fourth book, he has very candidly added this confession:—

Les Francois qui mes vers liront,  
 S'ils ne sont et Grecs et Romains,  
 En lieu de ce livre ils n'auront  
 Qu'un pesant faix entre les mains.

“The Frenchmen, who shall read my verses, if they be not Greeks and Romans too, instead of this book will have but a cumbersome weight in their hands.”

The hero Francus was the same person with Astyanax, and is said to have derived his new name from the Greek compound epithet *Pherénchos*, *Porte-lance*.

All this affectation of antiquity is not very consistent with the anger expressed in his Preface against those, who, neglecting their vernacular tongues, composed in the Greek and Latin. “Encore vaudroit-il mieux, comme un bon bourgeois ou citoyen, rechercher et faire un lexicon des viels mots d'Artus, Lancelot, et Gauvain, ou commenter le *Romant de la Rose*, que s'amuser à je ne sçai quelle grammaire Latine qui a passé son temps.” “It would be better, like some good burgess or citizen, to search for and make a lexicon of old words from *Arthur*, *Lancelot*, or *Gawen*, or to write notes on the *Romant of the Rose*, than to amuse oneself with I know not what Latin grammar, that is now completely out of date.”

There is nothing in the *Franciade* with which I have been so much pleased as with the meeting between Francus and Hyante. It is copied from Apollonius Rhodius and Valerius Flaccus, but surpasses both.

Ils sont long temps sans deviser ensemble  
 Tous deux muets l'un devant l'autre assis :  
 Ainsi qu'on voit, quand l'air est bien rassis,  
 Deux pins plantez aux deux bords du rivage,  
 Ne remuer ny cime ny feuillage,

Cois et sans bruit en attendant le vent :  
 Mais quand il souffle et les pousse en avant,  
 L'un pres de l'autre en murmurant se jet-  
 tent  
 Cime sur cime, et ensemble caquettent.  
 Ainsi devoient babiller à leur tour  
 Ces deux Amans. L. iv.

Between Charles IX. and Ronsard  
 there passed some pleasant verses.  
 The monarch bantered him on his old  
 age, but concluded by owning his own  
 inferiority in the gifts of mind.

Par ainsi je conclu, qu'en sçavoir tu me  
 passe,  
 D'autant que mon printemps tes cheveux  
 gris efface.

The poet replied, by reminding  
 him, that he must some day be like  
 himself.

Charles tel que je suis vous serez quelque  
 jour,—

that youth is the season of danger  
 and temptation, and that old age  
 has many advantages over it; that  
 the King was wrong to call him old,  
 for that he should yet be able to serve  
 his Majesty at least twenty years

longer. He ended by a courteous  
 avowal, that if Charles would but  
 take a little pains, he might be as  
 good a poet as himself.

To the succeeding monarch, Henry  
 III. he was not sparing of good ad-  
 vice.

Vous ne venez en France à passer une mer  
 Qui soit tranquille et calme et bonasse à  
 ramer.

Elle est du haut en bas de factions enflée,  
 Et de religions diversement soufflée;  
 Elle a le coeur mutin, toutes fois il ne faut  
 D'un baton violent corriger son défaut.  
 Il faut avec le temps en son sens la re-  
 duire :

D'un chatiment forcé le mechant devient  
 pire.

Il faut un bon timon pour se sçavoir  
 guider,

Bien calfeutrer sa nef, sa voile bien guinder :  
 La certaine boussole est d'adoucir les tailles,  
 Estre amateur de paix, et non pas de ba-  
 tailles,

Avoir un bon conseil, sa justice ordonner,  
 Payer ses creanciers, jamais ne maçonner,  
 Etre sobre en habits, etre prince accointable,  
 Et n'ouir ni flatteurs ni menteurs à la table.

*Le Bocage Royal, p. 691.\**

Think not in France, thy voyage, King, shall be  
 O'er the smooth face of an unruffled sea :  
 O'er her swoln waves the blasts of faction sweep,  
 And warring zealots lash the angry deep.  
 Her heart is stubborn. But thou must not goad  
 Her rage, or think to tame her by the rod.  
 Time's lenient hand her senses will restore :  
 Chastise the furious, and they storm the more.

Be these thy cards and compass—to make light  
 The people's burdens, and to rule by right ;  
 For the state's welfare all thy plans to frame,  
 War thine aversion, peace thy love and aim ;  
 To chuse for council men most sage and skill'd ;  
 To pay thy creditors, nor ever build ;  
 Grave in apparel, faithful to thy word ;  
 Nor suffer, though a free and courteous lord,  
 One sycophant or lyar at thy board.

He earnestly exhorted Charles IX. to deliver the Greeks from the tyranny  
 of their Turkish masters :—

Bref cette Grece, oeil du monde habitable,  
 Qui n'eut jamais ny aura de semblable,  
 Demande, hélas ! votre bras tres-Chrestien  
 Pour de son col desserrer le lien,  
 Lien barbare, impitoyable, et rude.

*Ibid. p. 713.*

Grecia, the world's fair light, that on this earth  
 Ne'er had, nor e'er will have, her like in worth,  
 Demands thine arm of Christian Majesty,  
 To set her neck from this base bondage free.

\* This reference is to Claude Binet's folio edition ; but I did not make a memorandum  
 of the year.

In his verses to Queen Elizabeth he describes England; and having said that Bacchus alone of the Gods had denied it his gifts, he passes an encomium on its native liquor, which would lead one to conclude that the

bard had enjoyed his cup of mild ale in this country, as much as he did the bottle of wine that was brought to him from the nearest village, under a hawthorn tree, in his own.

Mais quelque jour Cérés la vagabonde  
Ayant tourné les quatres parts du monde,  
Cherchant sa fille a travers des humains,  
Tenant deux pins allumés en ses mains,  
Doit arriver lassée a ton rivage,  
Qui pour du vin te doit faire un breuvage  
Non corrosif ni violent ni fort,  
Trouble-cerveau ministre de la mort,  
Mais innocent a la province Angloise,  
Et de Cérés sera nommée cervoise,  
Qui se pourra si gracieux trouver,  
Que tes voisins s'en voudront abreuver.

Ibid. p. 716.

When Ceres o'er the world's four parts had stray'd,  
Seeking in every clime the ravish'd maid;  
She, while her hands two piny torch-lights bore,  
Came faint and weary to thy distant shore.  
A beverage then instead of wine she gave  
In golden plenty o'er thy fields to wave;  
Not violent or strong; nor apt to fire  
The troubled brain, and deathful deeds inspire.  
Named from herself, as the fair harvest grew,  
She call'd its smiling produce mild cwrw.\*  
The neighbours quaff the novel cups with glee,  
And social share the harmless jollity.

In his verses to Catherine de' Medici, he tells her that Nature after making her had broken the mould.

Elle en rompit le moule, à fin que sans  
pareille  
Tu fusses ici-bas du monde la merveille.

Ibid. p. 731.

The Bocage Royal is followed by the Eclogues. At the beginning of

the first he commends the beauty of nature unadorned and wild, beyond all the embellishments of art.

Car tousiours la nature est meilleure que  
l'art.

Among the other sovereigns of Europe, he eulogizes Elizabeth and Mary.

Passant d'autre côté j'allois voir les Anglois,  
Region opposée au rivage Gaulois :  
Je vy leur grande mer en vagues fluctueuse ;  
Je vy leur belle Royne honneste et vertueuse :  
Autour de son palais je vy ces grands milords,  
Accorts, beaux et courtois, magnanimes et forts,  
Je les vy tous aimer la France leur voisine,  
Je les vy reverer Carlin et Catherine ;  
Ayant juré la paix, et jetté bien-avant  
La querelle ancienne aux vagues et au vent.  
Je vy des Escossois la Royne sage et belle,  
Qui de corps et d'esprits ressemble une immortelle :  
J'approchay de ses yeux, mais bien de deux soleils,  
Deux soleils de beauté, qui n'ont point leurs pareils :  
Je les vy larmoyer d'une claire rosée,  
Je vy d'un clair crystal sa paupiere arrosée,  
Se souvenant de France, et du sceptre laissé,  
Et de son premier feu comme un songe passé.  
Qui viroit en la mer ces deux Roynes, fameuses  
En beauté, traverser les vagues escumeuses,  
Certes on les diroit a bien les regarder,  
Deux Venus qui voudroient en Cythere aborder.

Eclogue Premiere, p. 797.

\* The British name for ale, pronounced cooroo.

Next pass'd I to the British nation o'er,  
 A land right opposite to Gallia's shore.  
 I saw the wild waves of their ocean-flood ;  
 I saw their chaste Queen, beautiful and good.  
 Her palace with great lords was throng'd about,  
 Fair, courteous, wise, magnanimous, and stout.  
 I saw them cordially to France inclined ;  
 Our ancient feuds deliver'd to the wind ;  
 For they had vow'd—henceforth, with heart sincere,  
 To love her people, and her kings revere.  
 I saw the Scottish Queen, so fair and wise,  
 She seem'd some power descended from the skies.  
 Near to her eyes I drew : two burning spheres  
 They were, two suns of beauty, without peers.  
 I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,  
 And trembling on their lids a crystal tear ;  
 Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day  
 When her first love pass'd like a dream away.

Whoe'er should mark the two Queens in their pride  
 Of beauty, traversing the foamy tide,—  
 Would surely say, in wonder lost the while,  
 Two Venuses approach their favourite isle.

In the third Eclogue we have the chief poets of his day, under the names of shepherds. Bellot is Bellay ; and Perrot, Ronsard himself ; Janot is Jean Dorat ; Micheau, Michel de l'Hôpital ; Lancelot, Lancelot Carles, a great poet, says the annotator Marcassus ; and Bellin, Belleau.

In the fourth Eclogue, some of these appear again. In the fifth, we have the two royal brothers, Charles IX. and Henry III. as shepherds, with the names of Carlin and Xandrin.

In the second of the Elegies, Ronsard warns his friend Philippe Desportes against harassing his mind with too much study.

After the Elegies come two books of Hymns. Towards the end of the third, in the first book, he has made bad work of the story of the Gemini and Idas, which is so beautifully told in Pindar. The seventh, entitled Daimons, is a curious collection of the superstitions that prevailed in his time respecting spirits. Book ii. Hymn ii. he runs a strange parallel between Hercules and Jesus Christ. Hymn xiii. of the Husbandmen to Saint Blaise, is exceedingly pretty.

The first book of Poems which is next in order, is inscribed to Mary Stewart, whose captivity he deplores, and blames the cruelty of Elizabeth. In the second poem to her (p. 1174), he represents her leaving Fontainebleau to return to Scotland. In describing the colour

of her eyes, which he calls "un peu brunet," he says—

Aussi les Grecs en amour les premiers  
 Ont à Pallas Déesse des guerriers  
 Donné l'oeil verd, et le brun à Cythere.

There is a great deal of heart in these verses to the unhappy Queen of the Scots. Saying, that she sometimes chuses some of his own poems for her reading, he adds—

Car je ne-veux en ce monde choisir  
 Plus grand honneur que vous donner plaisir.

"I would not chuse in this world a greater honour than to give you pleasure."

And towards the conclusion of this Envoy, as it is called—

Elle courtoise, O livre glorieux,  
 Te recevant d'un visage joyeux,  
 Et te tendant le main de bonne sorte,  
 Te demandra comme Ronsard se porte,  
 Que c'est qu'il fait, ce qu'il dit, ce qu'il est :  
 Tu lui diras, qu'icy tout luy desplait, &c.

P. 1176.

"She, courteous as she is, O glorious book, receiving thee with joyful face, and stretching out her hand to thee kindly, will ask thee how Ronsard is, what he is doing, what he is saying, what his present state is : thou shalt say to her, that there is nothing here which gives him pleasure," &c.

We cannot leave Ronsard more honourably employed, than in thus endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of an oppressed, and perhaps an innocent woman.



## A SONG.

Is this the generation of love?—let thy song be love :  
this love will undo us all. *Troilus and Cressida.*

1.

In thine April eyes  
The watery pearls are set ;  
For Love?—Oh ! sigh no more  
Beautiful Amoret.

2.

For Love?—so cruel-kind  
That never will he flee,  
So long as he can nurse  
In the soul jealousy ;

3.

Self-scorn, that comes and goes ;  
Doubt, which ever flies ;  
Pale Hope, and radiant tears,  
Sad yet pleasant sighs :—

4.

For Love?—so cruel-kind  
That seldom will he stay,  
While he can leave behind  
Remorse and heart-decay.

5.

If he cometh not,  
The simple joys will rain  
Unharming mirth on us :—  
But desires vain,

6.

And hot trancing pleasures  
And entangled dreams,  
Which the day discovers  
Like all idle themes,

7.

Fill his path, and fling—  
As the morn-bright Hours  
In Aurora's path  
Flung the rose-leaf flowers.

8.

They were fresh and fair ;  
But his *upas* leaves  
Shed a sweet despair,  
Till the wrung heart heaves

9.

With unmingled pain,  
Doubt that never flies,  
And desires vain :—  
So the lover dies.

B.

## SKETCH OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.

Naples 22d Dec. 1821.

IN our last,\* we took leave of you at the moment of our casting anchor in the Bay of Naples. The scene which was presented to us on deck, though not new, was of that character with which the mind can never become familiar; dim, varied, and solemn. Across the Bay we saw the flames of Vesuvius, flashing up in glaring brightness, or sinking down into their crater, like a mighty conflagration on the point of being extinguished, while the long black slope of the mountain was fringed half way down with fire; at hand were the many vessels heaving to and fro; the lamps seen among them here and there, shed an indistinct illumination on dark masses of collected hulks, on an endless labyrinth of ropes, or on the figure of a solitary sailor leaning over a ship's side in southern listlessness. A thousand lights twinkled through the casements of the city, and the hum of crowds just murmured in our ears, and mixed with the hasty dash of waters beating against the vessels, or with the dipping of distant oars. At brief intervals we heard the rattle of wheels passing over a bridge near which we were anchored, and we could distinguish the passing forms, and hear the loud voices of stragglers who were wandering near the Sanita.

On the following morning, about ten o'clock, a *Cavaliere* came off in a boat. The passengers and crew were summoned to the side of the vessel; the *Cavaliere*, addressing himself to the captain, made the usual inquiries. "From what port do you come?" "Leghorn." "What is your lading?" "Cheese and rice." "Nothing else?" "Nothing." "How many passengers have you on board?" "Five." "What is your crew?" "Nine." "You have changed no one of your company since you received the bills of health at Leghorn?" "No one." "You have had no communication with any vessel, nor touched any shore since leaving Leghorn?" "No, none." "You will

swear to all this?" "Yes." "Are all on board in health?" "Yes; but a boy on board has a bad foot." "He must be examined." The boy was brought nearer to the inquisitors, and showed his wound to a surgeon in the boat, who declared it to be of no consequence. "When shall we take pratique, Sir?" "In six or seven days." "Six or seven days, *Madonna*, how so?" Here our captain entered on a preconcerted chapter of lies, with great spirit. A squadron of small vessels, under the convoy of a Neapolitan brig of war, that had sailed from Leghorn the day before us, and had arrived one day previously, had not been condemned to any quarantine. Don Giuseppe very wisely wished to take advantage of this circumstance; he declared we were in the squadron, but had been separated from it just round the Capo Miseno, in consequence of having broken our yard, and of having been obliged to lie to several hours; he pointed to the yard which had been mended as evidence, and pledged his honour and his saint, and even offered to swear to the truth of what he said. All this, however, was of no use; the *Cavaliere* was obstinate, and the lies were thrown away. The great man turned to depart. "But *Eccellenza*," cried the captain, in a plaintive voice, "six or seven days!" "You must petition the board of health," said the *Cavaliere*, as he rowed off. It was clear that the great man in the boat saw through *our* great man's lies, but the exception was foolish enough, or rather the privilege enjoyed by the squadron was absurd, since being convoyed by a Neapolitan brig could not insure the health of a number of vessels united in haste at Leghorn from different parts of the Mediterranean.

Quarantine laws are very necessary in such a port as Naples, and they should be jealously observed; but the regulations here are ill adapted to attain their end, and very little respected, except in times of

\* Vide Sketches on the Road, page 60 of the present Volume.  
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alarm.\* A nominal quarantine is imposed on all merchant vessels in every season, and from whatever foreign port they may come; the time fixed by the law for vessels coming direct from England is fourteen days, which, however, are always diminished to ten or eleven. The vessels, except in very particular cases, are admitted into the midst of a crowded harbour, and are only to be distinguished by yellow flags. A considerable annual sum is thus drawn from traders, and a great number of *impiegati* (a part of the exuberant population) are supported, who live upon the abuse and violation of the law.† The captain of almost every country ship carries on a little snug smuggling, and the guards appointed by the health office, and stationed in boats to prevent any communication between different vessels, and with the shore, are very generally employed by the captains, while they lie in quarantine, to convey commodities away in contraband. These fellows at deep midnight receive any thing into their boats, and carry it, or have it carried, into the city without difficulty; their prices are regular, and they are said to act honestly enough towards their employers. This sort of "honour among thieves" is said not to be infrequent here; but we are much inclined to doubt its extent and force, as we can see no reason why one rogue should not cheat another, whenever opportunity and interest invite.

About noon a boat came off to us,

containing the captain's family, consisting of his mother, his wife and children, and an old priest; we were astonished to see the coldness of this meeting; there were no welcomings home, no kind salutations or inquiries, no joys expressed on either part at seeing each other again after three months' absence; there was no tenderness, no love: almost the first questions from the boat were, What have you brought us from Genoa?—What did you buy at Leghorn?—Have you got any rosolio? And presently a conversation ensued, in which the probable gains of the voyage were calculated and discussed at length.

The captain's eldest son, a boy about fourteen, had already assumed the greasy three-corner hat, the broad shoe-buckle, and the loose frock of a priest—he appeared the most impudent and vulgar of the party. It is from classes such as these that the poorest, and now the most numerous orders of priests and monks are drawn. The vulgar Neapolitans consider a connexion with the priesthood as conferring a sort of nobility on their families, for which reason they generally use all their endeavours to get one of their sons into the church. The individual selected receives a little education, and a cowl or a cocked hat; becomes idle and mendicant for the rest of his life; and furnished with some hypocrisy, a little Latin, and a good deal of snuff, has nothing more to do but to pray and beg, and get fat. The mother and

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\* In consequence of the ravages of the yellow fever in Spain, and of its appearance at Marseilles, several regulations have been lately made, and a law promulgated, denouncing sentence of death against such as shall be detected in violating them.

† These laws are frequently oppressive and unreasonable. It was our fortune in the month of July, 1816, to take a passage on board a country vessel for Gallipoli, the journey by land being rendered perilous by the Vardarelli Banditti; after a wretched voyage of fourteen days we reached our destination, and were condemned to twenty-eight days' quarantine, because, forsooth, an epidemic disease *had been* raging in Noja, a town in the middle of the kingdom, around which a cordon had been drawn for several months. There was no Lazzaretto, and we passed the time in a deserted church, on a rock outside of the town. When, after our painful imprisonment, we were set at liberty, besides paying a ducat per day for two guards who were placed over us, the Cavalieri, or deputati di Saluta, made a demand of forty ducats for their fees! Be it known, at the same time, that these were there considered as honorary employments, and were filled by the patricians of Gallipoli.

We entered the port late at night; a boat glided out presently from under the walls, and three ruffians came out, and leaped on board our vessel to see if the captain had any thing to smuggle. The next morning the captain made a present of a roll of American tobacco to one of the deputati di Saluta, who took it home on his person! and we passed twenty-eight days in quarantine.

wife wore blue silk jackets, covered with tawdry gold lace; their big sun-burnt hands were loaded with rings, and ear-rings of extravagant forms and dimensions hung half way down their necks. The whole of the family, like its worthy head, Don Giuseppe, were very unfavourable specimens of their caste.

We passed four days in our uncomfortable confinement, during which we envied the felicity of every ragged fellow we saw running at liberty on the wide *terra firma*; at length, however, the morning arrived on which the Cavaliere again came along side; we were all again ranged before him, and after a few matter of form questions put to the captain, we were informed that our bonds were removed, and that we might go on shore. On landing, we were conducted to the health office hard by, thence we repaired to the Prefettura di Polizia, where we were detained an hour about our passports, and then left at liberty to go where we chose.

On quitting the health office, which building is better known under the name of L'Immacolata, we elbowed our way along a terrace open to the port to the well known Strada Molo, which is certainly one of the most singular streets in Europe, and here we felt ourselves once more in Naples. It would be impossible to give a description that should do justice to this spot; we know it well, and we are aware that no sketch from our pens could convey to the mind of the stranger any idea of its hurry and confusion, its noise, its lengthened farce and caricature, or rather not caricature but nature in a whimsical and antic dress; a few words, however, may recall to the memories of those who have visited this spot some of its half-forgotten scenes. The Strada Molo runs from the Largo del Castello down to the mole, being the grand passage to that primitive and national theatre; it is formed on one side by the Castello Nuovo, a large dark castle with a broad fosse; and, on the other side, by as incongruous a row of houses as one may desire to see. It is a broad street: in descending towards the sea, you have the high lantern of the mole, the ships, a little of the bay, and the mountain of Vesuvius in view; in

ascending towards Toledo, you see a green hill rising close behind the city, capped by the white and many-windowed monastery of San Martino, and the old frowning castle of Sant Elmo, (or more properly Sant Eremo;) either way the views are picturesque, and the place is altogether open and pleasant.

On one side of this street, under the castle, are ranged stalls of old clothes men, venders of old copper, jewellery, and watches "made to sell;" merchants who deal in every variety of rusty locks and keys, pistols without locks, knives without handles, pewter, copper, iron and wooden spoons, saucepans, gridirons, screws, nails, curiosities, and antiquities *made in the newest way*, and a vast variety of other wares. Formerly, almost every stall had an assortment of old stiletos, but now it is not permitted to sell them. On the other side, you get among much more dignified personages; here are the Cavar Mole (or tooth drawers) flourishing their enormous pincers, and displaying a large board, something like a Mexican's shield, covered with tusks of every shape and size, rent from the jaws of hapless Lazzaroni; just by is a still more important character,—a mountebank hoisted on a tottering table, flanked by a large open case of bottles, of various colours, each a specific for a thousand diseases, and a picture representing the marvellous cures he has performed,—and perhaps by another case containing trusses, bandages, and plasters for such as want or may want them. He is surrounded by a gaping crowd; his words flow from him "smooth, rapid, deep, and clear," one may see they cost him nothing; it is amazing how many dead, at least as good as dead, he has resuscitated by his art; it is incredible how many letters he has received from dukes and duchesses, and *celeberrimi professori*, inviting him to take up his residence in a palace, or in a university, and how he has refused them all—all; preferring to sell bottles and plasters in the Strada Molo, and to cure Lazzaroni, Marinari, and Calessieri, of incurable diseases, at ten or fifteen grains a head. He proudly displays his power over the brute creation, by twisting long live serpents round

his arms and neck, and also, "not to speak it profanely," by making the by-standers open their mouths and their pockets, and gaze at him in a stupor of credulity and astonishment.

A little farther on, just by the post-office, under the shade of a tattered boat-sail, sits a man of letters, with a pen in his hand, an inkhorn, an iron snuff-box, containing the true *erba santa*, and some white (that is to say, rather white) sheets of paper before him. We have frequently walked up to him, for to us scribblers there is always something inviting curiosity in these paraphernalia of Apollo; they are our own tools; they are to us what the helmet and feather and bright sword are to the hero. Here, too, we have at times played the eavesdropper, and have had occasion to smile at the variety of subjects which pass under this good man's pen, for he is one of a multitude who assist with their literary abilities those who have not happened to cultivate the art of writing. The manufacturers of fine sentences, who write on mahogany tables covered with green baize, would find it hard work to get through the *pêle-mêle* variety of knotty subjects which are here indited with the utmost composure. This poor fellow sits here, ill sheltered from wind and weather, and scribbles and gossips away from morning till night, and covers a whole sheet of paper for five grains. The versatility of his talent is kept in continual exercise; he now listens to a tight *donnetta*, and having dispatched her letter of tender, or reproaching, or despairing love, turns round to a haggard old woman who is overflowing with ire, and who bursts out into complaints of debts not paid, and menaces of a prison; when that is done, perhaps his ear is filled and his hand arrested by a *galantuomo* who makes excuses for debts he cannot pay, and promises to pay very soon; his facile pen next returns thanks for a bundle of *caccio-cavallo*,\* or runs through a letter of compliments which is to accompany a basket of real *Maccaroni della Costa*, and then prepares to follow the

story which a sturdy *paesano* is ready to pour into his listening ear, that he has sold his master's pigs, and bought the calesso, and will return, without fail, on the second day after the festa di San Gennaro. All this is delivered in pure unorthographical Neapolitan; nor does the business always pass off currently; frequent doubts and difficulties are proposed to the scribe by the persons who employ him, and who are not quite satisfied that he has expressed their meaning with precision and force; this elicits various explanations on his side, when the common reply, "non dubitate," fails of its effect.

From these spectacled sages, we are called away by the sounds of cracked trumpets, and crazy long drums, interrupted at intervals by the shrill voice of Polcinello, inviting passers by, with jokes two hundred years old, just to step into his Teatrino (about as large and as clean as a blacksmith's shop) and to see all its wonders at the very reasonable price of three grains; near this is a strapping wench in trowsers and a short red jacket, sawing across a squeaking fiddle with a long bow (of the same odd shape as those which Luca Giordano and Solimeno put in the hands of their fiddling angels), and a little hump-backed gentleman blowing a clarionet; pictures divided into squares are suspended behind; in one compartment there is a fair lady lifting up a donkey by her hair, and in another, a troop of dapper horses and horsemen passing between her legs. A few doors off is a show of Marionettes, where the invitations are equally clamorous; and, next to that, is an iron bedstead maker, who, if possible, makes still more noise. Opposite is a famous *lollypop* maker, dabbing, beating, and screwing out the glutinous mass, to the no small temptation of a crowd of children, and Lazzarani and Lazzarone, who are children also in their affection for sweets, as in most other particulars. Here too there is generally an old woman singing, accompanied by an old man playing the fiddle; the subject of the songs, and of the grotesque paintings on a large board

\* Caccio-cavallo is a dry salt cheese, made of goat or sheep's milk. The best maccaroni is made on the shores of the Bay of Naples, at the Torre dell' Annunziata, near Pompeii, at the most celebrated manufactories.



just by, are the miracles of some Madonna, some one among thousands;\* the music, the poetry, and the pictures are very odd, but very well adapted to each other, and to the people to whom they are directed. Here and there you see various curious groupes; as, for instance, in one place a celebrated operator, surrounded by four or five fellows, from whose jackets or coats he is cleaning the grease and other impurities by means of a marvellous composition which is contained in little phials;—venders of macaroni, polpetti, stufato, &c., some of whom possess a shop in a cellar, but the greater part display their kitchen in the street, and cook over their charcoal fires the precious morsels of life: they ladle out their macaroni, and their customers seize and dispatch it in a moment; they make no account of the modern luxuries of plates and spoons, or knives and forks; they catch up a handful, lift the long slippery strings up in the air, open their capacious mouths, and adroitly introducing them, let them slide down their throats; and when all is over, with a deep sigh, partly from satisfaction, and partly from regret that the good things are so soon gone, they walk off, looking round as they go, with an air of superiority, upon the poor rogues standing by who have not four grains to do the like, and then each with a grain or two that is still left him, directs his steps to a cantina just at hand, where two or three share a carafa of wine between them, of course, without the use of glasses; and if they are particularly expert, their method is to reverse the bottle in the air, and catch the red stream in their mouths as it descends; this they do almost without spilling a drop, and by some means, instantly stop the current when they have drunk their share.

By the doors of these cantini, one hears at nearly all hours vehement cries of quattro, nove! cinque! sette! &c. these proceed from Lazzaroni playing at La Morra, a primi-

tively simple game, but which still is not without its flats and its sharps, its adroit and its maladroit. It is thus performed: two players close their hands, raise them above their heads, and bringing them rapidly down again, open as many of their fingers as they think fit; each guesses at the aggregate number, and both cry out at the same moment, and while their hands are descending. Twelve, sixteen, or twenty is game; the one who guesses right gains a point, of which he keeps account by opening a finger of his left hand, which is always held up in the air. The principal beauty and advantage of the game is, that continual disputes arise between the players about the numbers they have cried, which are frequently difficult to decide, as they both bawl out together and form one voice; or whether one or the other has not opened or closed a finger or so after the numbers were called. These trifling differences of opinion are referred to the by-standers, who sometimes decide according to their partialities, sometimes according to justice, but not infrequently fall by the ears among themselves upon the point in dispute; so that it is very common to see the game end in a general squabble, in which case, faces and arms are clawed and bit, shins kicked, large stones caught up, and spittle and bad words distributed *con brio*. When the fracas is at its height, some little dirty police officer interposes his authority, the disturbance ends, and in ten minutes after, the fierce combatants may be seen kissing one another, or walking along with the arm of one thrown over the other's neck, in all imaginable amity.

On each side of the street are large tables, covered with aquavite, teragli (a sort of biscuit), coarse sweetmeats, rosolio, &c. On each of these tables are placed one or two enormous horns, painted and gilt, as ornaments. The Neapolitans are "vastly fond of the horns;" besides being exhibited on these plebeian tables, they are very often stuck up in the

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\* The Madonnas are almost innumerable; there is a Madonna for every thing; La Madonna del Monte, La Madonna del Piano, La Madonna de' Setti Dolori, La Madonna del Pozzo, La Madonna del Carmello, La Madonna del divino Amore, La Madonna dell' Arco, La Madonna del Ponte, La Madonna della Colonna, La Madonna della Scala, La Madonna della Catena, della Vita, della Vittoria, &c. &c. &c.



halls, or even in the gallerie di compagnia of the nobility; they always grace the apothecaries' and barbers' shops; and, in short, there are few houses in Naples destitute of these elegant ornaments.

At short distances there are droll old barbers with a couple of chairs, and the apparatus which they employ in the exercise of their mystery, scraping rough black beards that would turn an edge of adamant: one sees, every now and then, a Lazzarone grinning fiercely through his suds; but as there is something *piquant* in this operation we must describe it. The patient pays a grain beforehand, takes off a coat or jacket, that is to say if he has one (those gentlemen not being always embarrassed with that encumbrance), which he hangs at the back of the chair, and then sits down; the operator ties a large rough cloth of a variety of tints, black, red, and yellow, round the neck of the sufferer, and puts a tin soap-bason, something like Mambrino's helmet, in his hands; then pouring a little water into it, makes a lather with his fingers, which he daubs over the chin, mouth, nose, and ears of the wight who wants to lose his beard; then grasping his razor, proceeds to the serious part of the work. The operation is enlivened by a variety of complaints and retorts. "Ah, managgio me fui male!" "Ma per San Gennaro hai n'a barba di ferro!" "Nè, chiano, chiano!" "Non dubitate, non dubitate niente."\* At length the operation is completed, the patient gets up, slides his hand across his chin, and, delighted with its unusual smoothness, goes away chuckling, and resigns his seat to another.

These are the main groupes, but there are many others of less importance, as fellows roasting and boiling chesnuts over charcoal fires, vociferating as they toss the pan or stir the fruit, "O! che galanteria! O! che castagne, caudè, caudè!"†—and Acquajoli, some fixed and some ambulatory. These are persons whose trade it is to sell water made cold with snow; the vagrant tradesman goes

running about from place to place, carrying on his back a barrel of cold water, and in one hand having a bottle of sambuco, in the other a couple of glasses; when he meets a customer, he very actively throws his barrel on one of his knees and fills a glass. The more dignified members of this class have fixed situations; they are furnished with a high counter, whereon are displayed oranges and lemons, bottles, glasses, &c. of various sizes, large coarse lemon squeezers made of iron, and a few other instruments; four columns rise from the corners of the counter, which support a sort of roof, which is made very gay with flags and figures, and the whole of the apparatus is painted, and roughly and gaudily carved and gilded from top to bottom. Between the columns at each end, a barrel is hung upon swivels between columns; these vessels are ever and anon put in motion, in order to dissolve the snow which is in them, or to draw off the water for the thirsty applicants. The Acquajolo stands behind, raised on a little stool; his shirt-sleeves are tucked up to his shoulders, and he has a white cotton night-cap on his head. The price of this water, which is always cold and clear, is half a grain for a large glassfull with a little sambuco or lemon juice in it; but the cunning rogues always ask foreigners the insinuating question, "La volete per un grano?" by which means a double price is generally obtained. The Acquagelata is in Naples almost a necessary of life; the Sorbetti and Gelati may be considered as luxuries; great quantities are consumed in the coffee-houses by the middling and upper classes, and as the low Neapolitans like luxuries as well as their superiors, there is a considerable number of Sorbettari in the streets; they sell a coarse sort of Sorbetto, which is served out in little cups resembling gally-pots, at a grain each; they furnish no spoons, but as the Sorbetto is almost liquid, the purchasers easily gulp it down; the cups are then returned to the vender. Here also "Punch and Judy" exhibit their

\* "Ah, d—n it you hurt me." "By Saint Januarius you have a beard of iron."  
"Do not doubt—do not doubt any thing."

† *Caudè, caude, or caldè, caldc.* In the Neapolitan dialect the letter *l*, is very generally changed into *u* or *v*.

tricks; their theatre and personages are just the same as those which used to amuse us in London, nearly the only difference being in the language, which is true Neapolitan.

All this goes on every day, if the weather permits, with little variation, from eight in the morning till five, in the winter, and eight in summer; the grotesque crowd never fails, the broad humour scarcely ever flags; every show, every professor, every individual we have mentioned is encircled by an admiring group. The Molo is, perhaps, still more excellent in its kind; but the Molo is only frequented in the evening, and is never *brilliant* except on holidays; whereas the Strada Molo is always busy, and always the same. The middle of the street is generally occupied by carriages and carts, and by the Corriboli\* and Calesi, which are whirled along with great rapidity by tough little horses, while the drivers, standing behind, crack their whips, joke as they pass their fellows, or show, by signs of their hands, how much they are cheating their customers of.

After making our way through this street we reach the Largo del Castello, a large piazza with a few young trees, and with a great deal of rubbish and filth in the midst: here the chief trade is the sale of old clothes, which are thrown over the wooden rails or spread out upon the ground: at this time there is a large booth on one side, where various scenes are represented by figures in wax, as large as life; the favourite performance at present is the miraculous adventure of San Gennaro in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, which is a burlesque imitation of the adventure of the prophet Daniel in the lion's den. In this square also are the two famous minor theatres, San Carlino and La Fenice, of which we shall speak at a future time. From the Largo several streets lead into the celebrated Strada Toledo, which is esteemed and boasted of by the Neapolitans as being the busiest and finest street in the world; and busy it certainly is, but much

might be said against its being the finest. It is three quarters of a mile long; and though it would not be considered wide in England, it certainly is wide for a continental street; it is paved with large flags of lava from Vesuvius, and after a day of heavy rain is tolerably clean. The first view is striking; the houses or palazzi, for here every house of more than two stories is called a palazzo, are very high,—four, five, six, or even seven stories, each of which is lofty; nearly all the windows open upon balconies, and nearly all the roofs are terraced. Not one of the buildings is fine in an architectural point of view; and the ground floor of every palace, whoever may be its inmates, is turned into shops and coffee-houses, very few of either of which are at all respectable. The street is filled at all hours with a most motley and incongruous crowd, and is ever echoing with a thousand discordant voices. You do not see here mountebanks, or Punch, or Polcinello; but Acquajoli are stationed at the corner of every street, and stalls of fruit, bread, fish, flowers, and perfumery, and the counters of money-changers, disfigure both sides of the way and almost the whole length of the boasted Toledo. In the evening the number of stalls is greatly increased, and at that season the street, seen from a little above the Largo della Carità, presents a very singular vista; there is a long succession of stall-lights, more frequent and brighter than the lamps of the street; some are placed on the ground, some a little higher, and some above-head suspended to the Acquajoli; a thick dark line of carriages is continually rushing up and down, and on either side there is a waving crowd also in quick motion.

Toledo is certainly a very singular street, perhaps the most remarkable one in Europe; the superior part of the crowds that frequent it are generally better dressed and more *all' Inglese* than the same class in any other city in Italy; the Signori take great

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\* The *Corriboli* are the Neapolitan hack gigs, which always ply in the streets. The *Calesi* are country gigs without springs; their shafts generally make an aspiring angle up in the air; sometimes a second horse is put to outside of the shafts; they are nearly always sadly loaded. We have frequently seen them with three on the seat, two on the shafts, two behind, and one poor devil in a net under the body of the vehicle.

pleasure in exhibiting themselves regularly in carriages, on horse-back, and on foot in Toledo: but the poor rogues are also very fond of Toledo, and generally contrive to come in for a very good share of it; the vulgar pursue their various avocations in this resort of the fashionable and the gay; cavalieri on horse-back are jostled by jackasses loaded with great panniers of dung; carriages grate against carri drawn by huge oxen, and filled with similar materials; and Signori and Lazzaroni hustle and elbow one another on foot. The crowd, which is always much the same, is spread over the whole street from side to side, and from end to end; coaches and corriboli dash on, their drivers shouting out "avantè;" the crowd gives way for a moment and then closes immediately. Strangers, unused to this street, in endeavouring to escape from horses and carriages, usually run to the sides, and get in among maccaroni and fish-stalls, egg-baskets, and money-changers, and find

themselves unawares at a dinner-party of dirty rogues, amidst all the odours of fish-broth, garlic, grease, and God knows what besides.

We are told, and we believe it, that Naples was very much improved in appearance during the residence of the French; those who knew Naples before the memorable epoch of ninety-nine, say it can hardly be recognised, it is so much more civilized; but Lazzaroni are still found in every corner, and particularly in every place which, from its locality, its grandeur, or its size, is likely to be the resort of the better classes. In the Largo before the royal palace there is a large supply of every species of vagabond, from the porter with his basket and red sash, to the beggar, half naked, and filthy, and diseased; in fact, several of the trades hold, as it were, a general house of call; and not only the mendicants, but the understrappers in the cause of nearly every vice, volunteer their services at the same spot.

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## LOVELY WOMAN.

### A SCOTTISH SONG.

I've rock'd me on the quivering mast  
Through seas all chafed and foamin;  
I've braved the toiling of the storm  
From dawning day till gloamin;  
I've girdled round the good green earth,  
In search of pleasure roamin—  
And scorn'd the world to smile with thee,  
Loved, loving, lovely woman.

#### 2.

The farmer ploughs the pleasant land;  
The merchant ploughs the ocean;  
The soldiers' steeds gore-footed snort,  
Through warfare's wild commotion;  
And princes plot, and peasants moil,  
From morn till dewy gloamin,  
To win thee—heaven's divinest gift—  
Sweet, wiling, witty woman.

#### 3.

The savage in the desert drear  
The lion's lair exploring;  
The king who rules, the sage who charms,  
The nations round adoring;  
The bard, who 'neath the bright moon meets  
The dew-hair'd muses roamin;—  
All seek to win thee to their will  
Wise, witty, lovely woman.

C.

## THE PRINCESS OF MOONLAND,

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE." \*

Cum notis variorum.

## Letter the First.

TO CATHERINE PEAR. †

YOUR letter, Kitty, of the 13th ult,  
Writ in a tender crowquill kind of hand,  
Came duly by the post, and the result  
Is this long letter—longer than the Strand.  
And so you hint, Miss, that you understand  
I have a marvellous story to relate,—  
Well—you shall hear it all,—a fairy's wand  
Could not call stranger things to light.—But  
Kate!

Truth is alone my theme, in circum-  
stance and date!

## II.

One summer-day, in 1794, ‡  
(Magazine day) the very first of June;  
The *Gentleman's* was then in full church  
flower,  
Nor dead the *Universal*—gone too soon!  
Dull periodicals were all in tune,  
And Urban then ne'er mock'd the face of  
Munden;  
Each page was dark from morn to noon,  
from noon  
To dewy eve,—no naughty writer punn'd in  
Reviews,—and not a leaf had budded of  
the *London*!

## III.

One summer evening, when the gallant sun  
Was dancing on the Severn's silver tide,  
And I had trod (my tale is now begun)  
With angle-rod along the water side,—  
Waving, and waving free, and far, and  
wide, §  
My *yellow palmer* 'mid the live fly throng,

To cheat the merry trout, the speckled bride  
Of my delight—sudden, the reeds among—  
I paused to hear a rich, and strange,  
and lulling song!

## IV.

I tarried at the river's shallow edge,  
And wound my line in, and couch'd low to  
hear  
A soft dull voice over the hawthorn hedge,  
Murmuring a magic ditty—wild and dear  
The hushing music came upon my ear;  
It floated, as the water at my feet,—  
"That day I fish'd no more," ||—but, with  
a fear,  
Coil'd down upon the grass—and thrill'd to  
meet  
A voice so soft, and oh! so mystically  
sweet!

## V.

—It pass'd away!—nor could I chuse but  
deem  
It was a phantom voice—or voice just  
breath'd  
By some fair thing, the creature of a dream,  
Some Ariel of the moment, flower-en-  
wreath'd,  
And with its music to the day bequeath'd,  
In honour of the summer.—Thus I lay  
With all harsh thoughts even as a weapon  
sheath'd  
Deep in my mind!—Lord! what a foolish  
way  
Boys have of drawing beauty; thinking  
odes, like Gray.

\* The authors of *The Bride of Lammermuir*, and *Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair*, have called their tales "owre true;" and certainly the *sandy* or Scotch death of the hero in the first, and the Doddridge kind of seduction in the last, are, to our notions, *over* true. There is nothing more extravagant in the following poem than in those tales. We cannot resist pointing out the blending of the English, Scotch, and Latin languages in the title to this poem. We wish it had been written by an Irishman, to have made it complete in its varieties.

† *Catharine Pear*; a pretty girl and a friend of the author; supposed to have been some relation of Miss *Tree*. King Henry VIII. married a lady of the same name; but in those days they did not know how to spell it.

‡ The reader is requested to read "seventeen ninety-four," leaving out the "hundred" for the sake of the measure.

§ These lines are admirably descriptive of fly-fishing, though scarcely long enough. Fly-fishing, indeed, requires an *Alexandrine* of a line.

|| Dante has a similar passage. The author of this poem protests he did not borrow from the Italian:—but there is another mode of getting at the line.

VI.

Albeit, I made "a lady of my own,"  
(Like Wordsworth) and I crown'd her all  
with love,  
And set her on my heart as on a throne ;—  
A kind of coronation, far above  
That which adorn'd the Abbey's pillar'd  
grove  
And set men feeding in the costly hall ;  
A coronet of water-flowers I wove,  
And back'd my Pegasus, just fresh from stall,  
Through fancied peers, and plates, and  
aldermen, and all ! \*

VII.

This was sheer folly—poetry ;—the moon  
Rose o'er the river like a crescent fair,  
And silver'd every ripple, and full soon  
Fill'd with soft passion'd mistlight all the  
air :  
The trees in hallowing † whispers every-  
where  
Bow'd as in vernal worship—and the reeds  
Sang melancholy psalmody, ‡—oh ne'er  
Was seen such homage—even the water  
weeds  
Grew flowers beneath her light—(on light  
the green thing feeds).

VIII.

The moon trod measuredly the azure skies  
Amid the stars, and—but in short this moon  
Beat all the moons § of many centuries,  
And put the *fulls* and *halfs* all out of tune.  
I once upon a sabbath afternoon,  
Before the sun was down, I freely own,  
Saw one o'er Shrewsbury towers uprise, a  
boon  
Of beauty to the world ; but dull as stone  
Compared with this, which quits a poet's  
lantern shone.

IX.

Poor soul ! the poets make sad work with her,  
(I mean the moon)—So I shall let her pass ;

I fix'd my eyes, their lids without a stir,  
Full on the sky—and lay on the damp ||  
grass :  
Straightway the crescent orb'd—then seem'd  
a glass  
That mirror'd a small world as true as life,  
A small mankind peopled it with a mass  
As usual, of \*\* child, father, man, and wife,  
And all, as usual too, loving, or else at  
strife !

IX.

The orb descended—mov'd—and seem'd  
each minute  
To come upon my eyes ;—until I seem'd,  
Not seeing it—nor under it—but in it—  
And then I thought (I do not say I *dream'd* ;  
Because I really *slept* not) that I *beam'd*  
(Not breath'd) no bigger than a long legg'd  
gnat—  
All in such precious perfect smallness  
gleam'd  
That life seem'd shrivel'd up ;—oh my  
cravat  
Was a mere silken thread—and, had you  
seen my hat !

X.

Dean Swift drew little people, but he never  
Harass'd tall Captain Gulliver with one  
So short as Ego †† (I), my eyes were ever  
On my own figure, and 'twas one of fun !  
I walk'd about a bit,—then tried to run,  
And ran ten inches in the hour—a feat !  
They thought me quite a Rayner,—when  
I'd done,  
I look'd and saw a road,—and then a street,  
With gutters very clean, and pavement  
very neat.

XI.

I entered a small city. Little men  
And very little women walk'd the streets ;  
A sort of Hyde-park corner met my ken,  
With such a penny †† turupike ! my two  
feet,

\* This is not the only passage in which our author's imagination goes a *Dymoking*.

† Quere "halloeing." *Printer's devil*.

‡ Reeds have a sort of organic complaint in their lungs. We knew an old gentleman who declared, he could often make out the *Old Hundredth* from the moaning of the river reeds. We scarcely could believe him. Spurzheim would have found an *organ* in his head with a vengeance !

§ The moon, from the time of Homer to that of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, has figured away in skies and epics. The moon here drawn appears to be the *Pam* of the pack.

|| A dangerous, though a poetical situation, and, as Shakspeare would say, a *humorous* one.

\*\* The reader is requested to be informed, that the child comes before the father and the mother in this place for the sake of harmony. It is, perhaps, quite an inversion of the order of nature, or, as mathematicians would say, the rule of three inverse ; but poets are allowed inversions, and if critical magistrates are to take away an author's *licentia poetica* for such trifles, the muse must shut up her tap.

†† We really think this little word might have been left alone with the readers. The author, indeed, appears to have translated it more for the benefit of his measure than his friends.

‡‡ Qu. Is this intended as a diminutive, or a toll ?

(Feet!) patted through it, and I stared to  
meet  
A minikin kind of London—coaches—  
carts—  
And Jews and barrow-women all complete,  
And little pastry-cooks with little tarts,  
And butchers very small, with very small  
calves' hearts. \*

## XII.

I know not what this place was call'd—of  
course  
It was not London; but was mighty like it; †  
St. Paul's—the Strand—the Horse-Guards  
—and the Horse—  
The Foot—and those that learn to lance and  
pike it;  
The Monument so like that you might strike  
it,  
Only no higher than a candlestick;  
If any doubt me, tell them that they lie,  
Kate,  
And I shall bear you out,—I know no  
trick:  
Romancing (i. e. lying) always makes me  
sick.

## XIII.

I sought an inn, a tavern, an hotel,  
(No matter which)—I tried them o'er and  
o'er!  
I did not like the Brown Bear, or the Bell,  
The Old Black Bull, or George and the  
Blue Boar:  
The Swan with Two Necks tempted me full  
sore,  
But then I fear'd two bills instead of one;  
I tried the Golden Crosses by a score,  
And Saracen's Heads, Belle Sauvages; but  
none  
Pleased me, or touch'd my purse, not even  
the Bolt in Tun. ‡

## XIV.

I took a little lodging up two pair,  
In a diminutive § Craven-street,—a crack,

A street of a hair's breadth, no more—and  
there  
I straight began my best clothes to unpack,  
My coat, French blue, upon my shoulders  
slack,  
|| And yet a tight fit for a humble bee,—  
A waistcoat, and, some other garments,—  
black,  
Boots (like refined liquorice), and three  
Shirts, six cravats, two stocks,—made  
all the stock of me.

## XV.

I soon bethought how I should live, for all,  
The very least of living things, *must* live;  
'Tis true my gullet and my mouth were  
small,  
And a mere nothing would repletion give:—  
But mites would find it difficult to thrive  
Without a little mastication—cheese  
Would do for me I thought; so I did hive  
A minikin single Glo'ster,—and did tease  
My brain to hit some plan by which to  
live at ease.

## XVI.

Trade would not do; I hated trade—I  
spurn'd  
The half-inch counter and the apron; bright  
Within my soul poetic fury burn'd;  
Homer contriv'd to live, and he did write! \*\*  
Well—an heroick?—No,—or else indite  
A little string of odes;—or tell Scotch tales,  
Or cut out sonnets;—or with puny spite,  
Point epigrams, and watch the monthly  
sales,  
And sell them by the hundred like tin-  
tacks or nails.

## XVII.

I sat me down, and wrote a little ode  
To Beauty for my bread ††—but it brought  
little;  
I quite piled up a Tommy-Moorish load  
Of love and moonlight, yet it fetch'd no  
victual;—  
It really scarcely served to boil the kettle:

\* Quite "a picture in little."

† As far as we can understand this place, it seems to be a model of a city. It certainly resembles London; and some of the characters "hereinafter mentioned," have a London mark on them.

‡ It is curious that this little metropolis should have inns, *signed* like the inns of London; but this is not the only thing in which the wee city apes its betters.

§ The poet is wrong here:—Craven-street is a *great* street for lodgings, and garrets let high.

|| In spite of all the author's talk about his "French blue" coat, it turns out that he had nothing but smallclothes to his back. He might as well have mentioned his great-coat, which we dare say he had as little as the other.

\*\* Quere "Right?" *Printer's Devil.*

†† To write to Beauty for bread is an instance of a little brain, quite in character with the subject of this poem. If any gentleman ever got a two-penny roll by an ode, we would consent to eat it! "Oh, bread from the fancy is light weight enough!"



The Muse, like Richard, without teeth was  
born,\*  
Or should have been;—her bread is never  
brittle,  
For it is seldom broke—I do not scorn  
My ode—although the points and end of  
it are torn.

## ODE.†

Thy precious little eye,  
That o'er thy tiny cheek  
Shineth, to me doth speak  
Of a star and a Lilliput sky.

Thy little balmy mouth,  
With its little balmy kiss,  
Giveth a giant bliss:  
Long may it speak of youth!

Thy little little feet,  
In their little Spanish shoes,  
Admonish a slip-shod muse  
To a pace more staid and neat.

Thy little wan sleek hand  
Is polish'd ivory; chess  
Might thy fingers steal, I guess,  
For pawns to check——(torn.) ‡  
And, off, thy little sweet heart,  
That such havock makes with men,  
Would not fit the breast of a wren,  
It is such a tiny part!

## XVIII.

This was the ode, to my landlady's daughter,  
A pretty little loving lovely thing,  
That brought to me each morning my  
warm water,  
And waited like a genie on my ring; §

One Friday evening she had chanced to bring  
The tea-things up (she did not look amiss)  
I saw a smile over her forehead wing  
Its dove-like flight,—there was no standing  
this—  
I caught her like a fly, and tore away  
a kiss.

## XIX.

Her little violet-scented lips were sweeter  
And smaller than the curled rose-bud leaf: ||  
She squeak'd and struggled—call'd me a  
base creature,  
And seem'd to be devour'd by shame and  
grief:  
I really thought myself a desperate thief,  
And loos'd my prisoning arms, which like  
a spell  
Had held her; off she went, and I in brief  
Despondence sat, lamenting in my cell,  
When in she peep'd again, and "thought  
I had rung the bell?"

## XX.

We lov'd!—and not a pang our hearts  
foreboded;  
The little world was all before us!—I  
By day her name besonneted and oded,  
And dreamt at night of her small star-like  
eye!  
She told anon a wondrous history  
Of what she was—and where I was—her  
pretty  
And bee-stung looking lips the tale did ply,  
And soon I found her marvellous learn'd  
and witty—  
That she was but a fay—and fairy was  
the city!

\* By the bye, *Richard* was born *with* teeth, and not *without*, as the poet hath drawn them. But there are many other persons in the latter predicament, whose names would serve the author as well, and preserve the passage.

† This ode would do to set in a broach, or to print in *Little's* works; but we have some verses to match:—

## TO A LILLIPUT LADY.

Sure, lady mine,  
You spoke in sport,  
To call my line  
A mile too short.  
Those lines I sent  
To tell my smart  
Were only meant  
To reach your heart.  
But when you stretch,  
The Muse with pleasure  
Will run and fetch  
A longer measure.

Surely this author's Pegasus is a pony.

‡ The point is quite worn off. Finely pointed instruments, such as epigrams and bodkins, seldom retain their sharpness long.

§ Dick Symes, a smart fellow with a ready tongue, and a discreditable wit, declares that the lady, unless she had been a Madame Vestris, who makes a tolerable hobble de hoy, neither a man nor a boy, could not enter like *A lad in*; but he forgets, in his punning eagerness, that only the *genie* is alluded to. Puns are the pests of society.

|| We question whether violets *are* sweeter than roses, and we see no reason why truth should be sacrificed to poetry. "Daisy-scented lips" would set the passage on its legs.

## XXI.

She told me that she was no servile child,  
No homely waiting maid of Craven-street,\*  
(Although to pleasure her enjoyment wild  
She had enacted such), how trebly sweet  
Her treble voice became!—I tried to meet  
Her pearl-sized azure eyes, and saw them  
smile;

She said she was a princess, and her feet  
Were brightly diamonded—I blushed a-  
while—

Then stared to see the room change to a  
lordly pile!

## XXII.

For, at her bidding, quick my second pair,  
With its six chairs, and feature-twisting  
glass, †

And one poor table—vanish'd;—Heaven  
knows where!

And I saw all the opposite houses pass  
(Like a side scene), and 'stead of them a mass  
Of trees, and walks, and terraces began  
To assemble at the will of this fay-lass,  
And my smallclothes grew bright—and my  
small wan

Thin visage plump'd, and show'd an al-  
ter'd little man! ‡

## XXIII.

We sat in bright apartments (very small),  
Ourselves no longer than a thin tin-tack; §  
And little liveried servants at her call,  
Little starch'd men came, standing at her  
back;

We took a little something as a snack,  
A blue-fly's merrythought, a bilberry ice—  
A drop of ratafia, and soon the clack  
Of my companion was let loose;—a slice  
Of fly, with small talk season'd, tasted  
mighty nice!

## XXIV.

“This is my room!|| This is in fact my  
palace,  
This is my servant; (Stephen,\*\* show your-  
self!)

This is my—but you do not fill your chalice,”  
(She said, and pass'd the bottle) on the  
shelf,

That is my royal bowl, china not delf,  
(We'll †† squeeze a lemon into it to-  
night.) ‡‡

This is my city—each man-jack's an elf—  
These are my sovereigns.”—I strain'd my  
sight,

And saw but yellow dust—such dust  
would come down light.

## XXV.

My city you shall see—I'll take you through  
it—

To-morrow, not to-day; to-day we'll chat,  
'Tis like all other bigger cities; view it,  
And tell me where's a better;—tell me that!  
We've taxes, poets, play-houses—(now drat  
The man, he has not brought the bills to-  
day!)

We'll go—(but I must buy you a flat  
hat,) §§

To the opera; we've a Catalani fay!  
And I will get our little span-long Kean||  
to pla-!

## XXVI.

With talk like this we reach'd the dinner-  
hour,

And, oh! the comfortable cloth to view!—  
The pretty pin's-head of a cauliflower,  
Fish, and a breast of lamb, and one or two  
Patties (not girls but tarts) and melted dew,  
(No butter), and a ham from fairy pig,  
And fowls, mere flea-bites, peas, and then  
a few

\* O ho!—The truth is coming out—“No waiter, but a *Night Templar*,” as Dick Symes writes it. The changes in this marvellous poem (that “lies like truth, and yet most truly lies,”) are as rapid as the changes in a Christmas pantomime. First we have a gentleman fishing, with very little sport, after the manner of all gentlemen anglers; then a song from the invisible girl; then a descent of the moon upon the said gentleman, like a tin cover on a turkey; then a long rigmarole about a little city; then a landlady's daughter, who is no daughter, but a princess!—“Gad a-mercy, Mr. Puff, how is all this?”—But we shall see anon; it is a knavish piece of work.

† A friend of ours, a lady, has a glass of this *tangling* description, which we never dare to look into, for it makes the face like a letter S. She declares she prefers it, for having naturally very straight hair, it saves her the trouble of putting it in *papers*.

‡ Another change. We shall have change for a guinea soon, as George Selwyn says.

§ This is the second *tin-tack* that has been driven into the reader already in this poem. An author, as Mr. Puff says, never knows how to make enough of a good thing.

|| The Princess *loquitur*.

\*\* Ben Jonson calls him *Master Stephen*.

†† How these little people like to talk big! If the lady had said “*pinch* a lemon,” the expression would have been quite strong enough.

‡‡ This is what Dick Symes calls a *Belcherian* line; an allusion to a *punch* in the *inside*. But this is low.

§§ Our author is extremely fond of *parentheses*.—They would, if picked out, make a little poem of themselves, and certainly would not be missed.

||| Many of the public prints have endeavoured to make Kean appear as little as our poet, but, in spite of all, he is a *Gog* of an actor!

Potatoes, the best fairy-kidneys \*—dig  
The world, you'd not find better though  
you might as big!

## XXVII.

We drew the table very near the fire,  
My lady † drank pure water out of choice;  
I tried a little Tritton's best entire,  
And found the fay-stout made my heart re-  
joice!

Verily soon uplifted was my voice,  
Strengthen'd with small strong beer and  
dainty food;  
"Thomas, ‡ the hock!—green glasses—  
make less noise!  
"Tis many years since this was in the wood!"  
I tasted it—look'd wise—smack'd—and  
pronounced it good!

## XXVIII.

The cloth remov'd—the long-neck'd bottles  
came

Like curious people stretching in a crowd;  
And precious fruits, dwarf-apples all a-flame,  
And blushing pears, sun-smitten, in a cloud  
Of leaves lay nestling:—well §!—I fill'd  
and bow'd

Over my claret to my princess;—she,  
Fill'd—gave the King with three, not over  
loud,  
Then fill'd again, and push'd the wine to me;  
Begg'd me to name a friend,—and I gave  
Mrs. D——. ||

## XXIX.

We pass'd the bottle, "not too freely"—but  
So as to make our mirth and fancies tell,—  
And now we schemed for some amusement;  
put, \* \*

Or loo, back-gammon, †† brag, or bagatelle;  
My little stock of money went pell-mell,  
For she *could* win;—some people would say,  
rob;—

I hinted at a game at cribbage,—well—  
We play'd—the fives came to her in a mob,  
And lauk! How vast her luck,—'twas  
ever "two for his nob!" ‡‡

## XXX.

I soon became the pennyless prey of tick! §§  
I left off paying, and she left off playing:  
I push'd away the cards, for I was sick  
Of such a cursed run of twoing, traying;—  
She saw that I was hurt, and, just waylaying  
My lips with a sweet kiss, she laugh'd away,  
And looking in my face, *her* face arraying  
In most arch smiles, she sang, or seem'd  
to say,

(A wily little witch!) the song of *Duncan  
Gray!* |||

## XXXI.

"Call me a poet!" (the song done) she  
exclaim'd!

(Poets were there like coaches hack'd and  
number'd),

"I'll have my little lover brightly fam'd,  
And to that end his name must be encumber'd  
With rhymes and measures, things o'er  
which I've slumber'd

Often, though woven by a fairy brain!  
I'll have this little man compared with some  
bird

Of delicate plume!—It goes against the  
grain

To call these creatures up—they're such a  
hungry train!

\* We know not whether all these things are in season together, or eatable at the time our author states; but poetry is remarkable for the mildness of its seasons, and fairy peas may, like fairy ladies, be excused for being a little too forward.

† "How would you do at sea if you were out of water?" said Dick Symes to a gentleman that professed to drink nothing else. "Why, I would suck my pumps," was the answer. "Right," said Dick, "you would have two feet in your hold." The lady, however, is not a *thorough-bred* water-drinker; indeed the *breed* is as scarce as the Earl of Tankerville's wild bulls at Chillingham. It appears that even a fairy can push the bottle. Dick Symes says, that bottles were not invented in the days of fairies, and that the poet is therefore guilty of an *Anacreonism*.

‡ It was Stephen but just now. The author seems to be in a Falconbridge mood—"An' if his name be George, I'll call him Peter."

§ It is a proverb that, "Truth lies in a well."—It is difficult to understand how *Truth* can lie at all, but at any rate, we suspect she does not lie in *this* well.

|| A friend of the author. This is one of the prettiest compliments we ever remember:—to be toasted immediately after the king, and by a Fairy Princess.—"Well, mem!—This is what I call an honour!"

\* \* "Only let me catch her at *pat*," says Lord Duberly.

†† Backgammon is a terrible game for a lady's temper; and we only wonder that the gentleman should have proposed it. He was sure of getting more *hits* than *gammons*.—See a picture on the subject.

‡‡ Some players are fond of saying, "two for his *heels*," but we prefer the other end. We have heard of a patron who used to point out a dining-table (at which Porson had sat), and say, "There, Sir! under that table have been some of the most intellectual *legs* of the age!"—A gamester had been more germane to the matter.

§§ Another friend of the author, we presume.

||| We half suspect that this little princess is of Scotch extraction, by her turning the penny so prettily. At any rate, she gives herself Scotch airs.

XXXII.

Stephen, in blue turn'd up with yellow,  
 bow'd,  
 Like a respectful Edinburgh Review,  
 Received his lady's message, hemm'd aloud,  
 Smirk'd sideways through his whiskers and  
 withdrew !  
 He went to Grub-street, search'd the fam-  
 mish'd crew,  
 Before he gave his summons to appear ; \*  
 For if he called a shabby one he knew  
 He might be turned into a flea, and hear  
 An order to hop off himself in his own  
 ear. †

XXXIII.

One came ; a lax young nobleman, a fay  
 Jaundiced with moody indolence and pride,  
 A savage, half-inch poet, and they say  
 Married (to speak more properly, allied)  
 To a high learned fairy ; he had tried  
 To harbour underneath her nose loose  
 elves—  
 But she rebuked—so he forsook a bride  
 Of such harsh morals, and he fill'd men's  
 shelves  
 With lampoons on her love, so keen,  
 they bit themselves!

XXXIV.

He was a moody Lord, as you shall see,—  
 For, like the pavement at a baker's door,  
 He took distress of weather differently  
 From all around him ;—others would run  
 o'er  
 With tears, when he was warm and dry at  
 core ;  
 If *they* were hard and frozen, he was wet :  
 Apollo often damn'd him for a bore,  
 And all the Muses, when to chat they met,  
 Rubb'd with hard truths his name till  
 it was black as jet.

XXXV.

But, Kate, my dear, this letter's long  
 enough,—  
 So what this coroneted poet said,  
 And what my princess said to him, are stuff  
 For the next canto, or epistle ;—wed  
 This story to your memory !—I have read  
 All that I've writ,—and if it be not true—  
 I am not living, nor is Queen Anne dead !  
 Nor are you fair, nor is Miss Brown a Blue !  
 I've still some facts to state : ‡ at pre-  
 sent, Kate, adieu !

\* Query, a peer ! *Printer's Devil.*

† Nothing but fairy ingenuity could accomplish this. He would indeed be wrapt up in himself. We should think he would be "as deaf as a beadle" to all orders afterwards.

‡ We are in possession of much more "stuff," as the author terms it ; with which, at some future time (if the medicine be liked) we may again dose our readers.

### LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,  
 That would a substance seem,—  
 That is, yet is not,—though desried—  
 Like skies beneath the stream ;  
 A tree that's ever in the bloom,  
 Whose fruit is never rife ;  
 A wish for joys that never come,—  
 Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark inevitable night,  
 A blank that will remain ;  
 A waiting for the morning light,  
 Where waiting is in vain ;  
 A gulph where pathway never led  
 To show the depth beneath ;  
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—  
 That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky  
 That every where extends,  
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
 In space that never ends ;  
 A Morning whose uprisen Sun  
 No setting e'er shall see ;  
 A Day that comes without a Noon,—  
 Such is Eternity.

## A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MENDICITY from the metropolis. Srips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieu of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from corners of streets and turnings of allies, the parting Genius of Beggary is “with sighing sent.”

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a supplicant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates univindious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and ale-house signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Flanders (as indeed he was) and memorable

sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer “mere nature;” and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with an opposite policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated, when we read the “true ballad,” where King Cophetua wooes the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its “neighbour grice.”\* Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save

\* Timon of Athens.

excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedence. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would chuse, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. His coat is coeval with Adam's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions.

I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

——— Look

*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.*

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet,—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless crutches? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild Rector of P——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time, most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or, *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,  
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,  
Dux cæco fidus : nec, me ducente, solebat,  
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum  
Incertam explorare viam ; sed fila secutus,  
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta



Fixit ineffensæ gressu ; gelidumque sedile  
 In nudo nactus saxo, quæ prætereuntium  
 Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras  
 Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.  
 Ploravit nec frustra ; obolum dedit alter et alter,  
 Quæis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.  
 Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,  
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis ; ad herilia jussa  
 Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè  
 Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei  
 Tædia perpressus, reditum sub nocte parabat.

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,  
 Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ ;  
 Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum  
 Orbavit dominum : prisci sed gratia facti  
 Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,  
 Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,  
 Etsi inopis, non ingratae, munuscula dextræ ;  
 Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque,  
 Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,  
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,  
 His guide and guard : nor, while my service lasted,  
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which  
 He now goes picking out his path in fear  
 Over the highways and crossings ; but would plant,  
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,  
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd  
 His poor seat on some stone, high where the tide  
 Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd :  
 To whom with loud and passionate laments  
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.  
 Nor wail'd to all in vain : some here and there,  
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.  
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept ;  
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear  
 Prick'd up at his least motion ; to receive  
 At his kind hand my customary crumbs,  
 And common portion in his feast of scraps ;  
 Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent  
 With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,  
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,  
 And sever'd from my sightless master's side.  
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,  
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,  
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,  
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,  
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,  
 In long and lasting union to attest,  
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood ; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his

head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him ; for the accident,

which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out of door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary, and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Natura* indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured? whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their sight for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful mo-

tion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?—

There was a Yorick once, that would not have shamed him to have sate down at the cripples' feast, and would have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."—

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the way-side in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have stooped my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions.* Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to enquire whether the “seven small children,” in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

“Pray God your honour relieve me,” said a poor beadswoman to my friend L—— one day; “I have seen better days.” “So have I, my good woman,” retorted he, looking up at the welkin which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a tester.

It was at all events kinder than

consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle—

But L. has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.

ELIA.

P. S. My friend Hume (not MP.) has a curious manuscript in his possession, the original draught of the celebrated “Beggar’s Petition,” (who cannot say by heart the “Beggar’s Petition?”) as it was written by some school usher (as I remember) with corrections interlined from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. As a specimen of the doctor’s improvement, I recollect one most judicious alteration—

*A pamper’d mental drove me from the door.*

It stood originally,

*A livery servant drove me, &c.*

Here is an instance of poetical or artificial language, properly substituted for the phrase of common conversation; against Wordsworth.

I think I must get H. to send it to the LONDON, as a corollary to the foregoing.

N. B. I am glad to see JANUS veering about to the old quarter. I feared he had been rust-bound.

C. being asked why he did not like Gold’s “London” as well as ours—it was in poor S.’s time—replied—

—*Because there is no WEATHERCOCK, And that’s the reason why.*

## CATULLUS, WITH NEW TRANSLATIONS.

### LEISURE HOURS.

#### No. VIII.

*The Dedication, the Pinnacle, the Peninsula of Sirmio, Hymn to Diana.*

ENOUGH has been already said of Catullus in the former pages of the LONDON, with the exception of one point, which seems to have escaped the notice of the writers: I allude to the hard treatment which the poet has received from his professed friends. Whenever they light on any poem of peculiar brilliancy and energy, they directly set their mark upon it as a translation from some other poem of a Greek Writer; which other poem happens always to be

conveniently lost. Thus the Atys, which is full of allusions to Roman customs, is said to be Greek; and if you appeal to the splendid picturing and animated passion of the Peleus and Thetis, in evidence of the capacity of Catullus to have invented the Atys, you are told, “Oh, the Peleus and Thetis is undoubtedly Greek.” The Phaselus, also, where everything in itself inanimate finds a tongue, has life in its motions, and feels the stirrings of human passion, is

much too bold and picturesque to belong to the class of Roman poetry: it must certainly be Greek. Even Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose version of the *Atys*, *Calve tuâ veniâ*, is the most poetical and spirited in the language, takes up the common notion of his inspiring master being a plagiarist; and aware that his favourite theory of the Roman dearth of invention might be opposed by the grand example of Lucretius, he coolly reminds us that Lucretius stole his philosophy from Epicurus: but from whom did he steal his poetry?—He might as well have told us, that Shakspeare could not be an original poet, because the story of his *Romeo and Juliet* is to be found in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*.

Reasoning from analogy, we should naturally expect that poets of bolder invention preceded Virgil. The Augustan age was the Roman age of Anne; the era of critical refinement

and cautious imitation. The presumption is decidedly in favour of the poetic originality of Lucretius and Catullus. They alone have come down to us; and if they were only retailers of traditionary sentiment and reflected imagery, from whom did the other poets of the Republican era borrow their recorded vigour? Whence came the tragedies of Accius, Pomponius, and Varius? The *Thyestes* of the latter is said by Quintilian (x. 513) to be "comparable to any one of the Greeks." The same critic affirms, "Satire is wholly Roman:" how does this consist with the dearth of invention? He takes leave also to dissent from Horace in his flippant censure of Lucilius, and speaks of the nervous genius of the latter in the warmest terms. If it be objected that satire is excluded from the higher order of poetry, let the moral passages of Juvenal furnish the answer. AN IDLER.

PS. The character which Juvenal gives of Lucilius resembles his own: if Juvenal was only an imitator, what must have been the archetype?

Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens  
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est  
Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ:  
Inde iræ et lacrymæ. Sat. i. 165.

But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,  
And flashes in the face of guilty men  
As with a naked sword, loud blushes speak  
The shuddering sin, that reddens on the cheek;  
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part,  
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.  
Altered from Dryden.\*

#### DEDICATION OF THE POEMS.

*To Cornelius Nepos.*

On whom this new, † spruce, tiny volume bestow,  
By the porous dry pumice-stone burnish'd but now?  
Cornelius, thy own it shall be,  
For trifles of mine were still something to thee.

You praised them—for well I remember the time—  
When alone of the sons of our Italy's clime,  
In three tomes—Jove! what labour! what lore!  
You dared to expand the long annals of yore.

Then accept—nor disdain it—this scrip-scrap of mine;  
Whatever the sins on its head, be it thine:

And may it perennially last,  
O patroness virgin! when ages are past.

\* This masterly old translator having stopped short of the sense, the couplet in *Italics* is supplied.

† Doering will have it that *novum* and *lepidum* relate to the contents of the book, not to the outward fashion. In this case Catullus is chargeable with an awkward ambi-

## CONSECRATION OF HIS PINNACE.

## Carm. IV.

Strangers! the bark that meets your eye  
 Saith never ship could fleeter fly;  
 No tree that swam e'er pass'd her by  
 With oar or straining sail:  
 She calls on Hadria's threatening shore,  
 The Cyclads, Thracia's surges frore,  
 Propontis, Euxine's surly roar,  
 To contravene the tale.  
 In after-time a skiff, she stood  
 Tufted with nodding leaves—a wood!  
 Full oft from ridged Cyturus' rood  
 Her sighing foliage spoke:  
 Pontic Amastris, lend thine aid!  
 Cyturus wave thy boxen shade;  
 Ye knew and know, the Pinnacle said,  
 Your memories I invoke!  
 Bear witness ye! to what I speak:  
 I rooted on your mountain peak;  
 Thence launch'd me in your foamy creek,  
 And plunged the leafless oar;  
 Thence bore my lord through th' idle spray;  
 On either tack obliquely lay,  
 Or with squared sail-yards right away  
 Scudded the gale before.  
 No shore-god had my prayers: I pass'd  
 From farthest seas, and now my mast  
 Rocks on this limpid lake at last;  
 My better day is gone:  
 Laid up, and dedicate to thee,  
 Who with thy twin-star rulest the sea,  
 I feel old age insensibly  
 Come stealing peaceful on.

## TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

## Carm. XXXI.

Sirmio! soft eye of island scenery,  
 Resting on either waters, molten lake,  
 Or the broad sea, with what a glad free will  
 I visit thee once more; and scarce believe  
 That I have left at distance far behind  
 The desarts of Bithynia, and am here,  
 And look on thee in safety. O what bliss

guilty in alluding to the gloss of the pumice, immediately in succession to these epithets. That *lepidus* and *novus* are used elsewhere to express *facetious* in matter, and *new* in manner, it requires not the ghost of Bentley to inform us: but this furnishes not a shadow of reasonable argument, why they should be so understood here. This is eternally the way with commentators, who, instead of weighing the context, ransack their memories for pedagogical common-places. They seem always to have a dread of circumstantiality; especially when it is picturesque and to the purpose. School-masters agree with them in this: perhaps because school-masters have formed their taste on commentators. I remember they would never let us say that Augustus quaffed the nectar with *purple* mouth, or that Dido spoke from her *rosy* lips; *beautiful* was always the word. In the *Atys* the emasculated youth is said to touch the timbrel *niveis manibus*: there is a faint allusion, delicately touched off, to the paleness of effeminated manhood. Then comes Doering with his "*hoc est pulchris*:" *beautiful* again!—"O seri studiorum!" Let me, however, recommend Doering's edition of Catullus as a very accurate one, and the notes as generally fraught with useful comments and illustrations.

Greater, than thus to spring as loosed from cares,  
 To drop the weary load of mind, and spent  
 With foreign travel, by our own dear hearth  
 Sink down at once on that familiar couch  
 For which we languish'd when away! tis this  
 Compensates all we suffer'd. Joy to thee  
 Delightful spot! and bid thy master joy  
 That he is come: and thou, O Lydian lake,  
 Rejoice with all thy waters: all at home  
 That laugh in memory, laugh my welcome now!

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HYMN ON A FESTIVAL OF DIANA.

*Carm. XXXIV.*

Girls and boys of spotless age,  
 Ours is Dian's patronage:  
 Spotless boys and girls, we raise  
 In song our Dian's praise.

Infant great of greatest Jove!  
 Daughter of Latona's love;  
 Newly born she cradled thee  
 By Delos' olive-tree.

For thou wert of mountains queen;  
 And of all the woodlands green;  
 Covert lawns in forest nooks,  
 And noisy-gurgling brooks.

Thee, Lucina—Juno,—call  
 Mothers in the birth-pang thrall;  
 Puissant Trivia, Luna thou,  
 With falsely shining brow.

Measuring with thy monthly sphere  
 Thy swift journey of the year,  
 Thou, O Goddess! fill'st with grain  
 The garners of the swain.

By the name that meets thy will,  
 Be thou named and hallow'd still;  
 Bless with thy accustom'd grace  
 The old Romulean race!

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*Tales of Uddalcross.*

TALK SIXTH.

DEATH OF THE LAIRD OF WARLSWORM.

It happened on a fine harvest afternoon, that I found myself at the entrance of one of the wild and romantic glens or vales of Galloway; and as a Galwegian vale has a character of its own, it would mutilate my story to leave it undescribed. Imagine an expanse of brown moorland extending as far as sight can reach, threaded by innumerable burns or brooks, and tenanted only in ap-

pearance by flocks of sheep, or by coveys of red and black game. Here and there a shepherd was seen with his dogs, or a bareheaded maiden with her pails of milk, going homewards from the fold, and cheering her way with one of those old tender traditional ballads which some neglected spirit, like that of John Lowe, has scattered so largely among the pastoral glens of Galloway. A shep-



herd's house, or his summer sheal, rising like the "bonnie bower" of the two heroines of Scottish song, on a burn brae, and covered thick with rushes, while it threw its long wavering line of blue smoke into the clear sharp air, spoke of the presence of the sons and daughters of man, or said, in the quaint and homely language of the Galwegian proverb, "where four cloots go, man's twa feet maun follow."

But this heath, barren and wild as it seemed, had other attractions. At the distance of almost every little mile, numerous streams of smoke ascended from the brown moor; the sound and the hum of man, busied with the flail, the hatchet, or the hammer, was heard; the cry and the merriment of children abounded; and here and there a green tree-top or a chimney-head, a kirk-spire, or a ruined tower, projecting above the horizon of blossomed heather, proclaimed to the traveller that Caledonia, amid her deserts, has her well-peopled glens and her fruitful places.

On a summer sabbath morning the people of Galloway are to be beheld in their glory; then every little deep green and populous vale pours forth its own sedate, and pious, and well-dressed multitude. From the dame in the douce grey mantle to the maiden in glittering silks and scarlets; from him in the broad blue bonnet to her in the gallant cap and feather; from the trembling and careful step of age to the firm and heedless stride of youth; from her who dreams of bridal favours and bridegroom's vows, to him bent to the earth with age, musing on the burial procession and the gaping grave,—all are there, moving on staid and soberly to the house of God. Often have I stood and seen the scanty current of people issue out like the little brook of their native glen, join themselves to a fuller stream, and, increasing as they flowed on, become as a river ere they reached the entrance to the burial ground, which, hallowed with their fathers' dust, encompassed their native kirk. I have heard the bell toll, and the melody of their psalms of praise and hymns of thanksgiving flow far and wide. I have thought, while these holy sounds arose, that the bleat of the flocks became softer, the cry of the plover less shrill, and

that the divine melody subdued into music the rough brawling of the brook along which it was heard.

At the heathy entrance into one of these beautiful vales I accordingly stood and pursued the winding of a little stream, which, after leaping over two or three small crags, and forming several little bleaching grounds of greensward for the villagers' webs, gathered all its waters together, and concentrated all its might, to pour itself on a solitary mill-wheel at the farther end of the valley. On either side of the glen the shepherds and husbandmen had each constructed his homely abode according to his own fancy; the houses were dropped here and there at random, facing east, and west, and south, each attached to its own little garden, the green flourishing of which was pleasant to the eye, while the fragrance of some sweet herbs, or a few simple flowers, escaped from the enclosure, and was wafted about me by the low and fitful wind. The whole glen was full of life, the sickles were moving beneath the ripe grain, the bandsmen were binding and stooking it, several low-wheeled cars were busied in depositing this rustic treasure in the farmer's stackyard; while the farmer himself moved about, surveyed the fulfilment of his wishes, and rubbed the full ears between his palms, and examined with a pleased and a curious eye the quality of his crop. At the doors of the cottages the old dames sat in groups in the sun, twirling their distaffs, and driving the story round of wonder or of scandal; while an unsum-mable progeny of barefooted bairns ran, and rolled, and leaped, and tumbled, and laughed, and screamed, till the whole glen re-murmured with the din.

I sat down by the side of a flat grave-stone, bedded level with the grass; the ancient inscription, often renewed by the pious villagers, told that beneath it lay one of those enthusiastic, undaunted, and persecuted peasants, who combated for freedom of faith and body when the nobles of the land forgot the cause of God and their country. Presently the children desisted from their merriment, and gathered about and gazed on me, a man of an unknown glen, with a quiet and a curious eye. I ever

loved the innocent scrutiny of youthful eyes ; so I allowed them to descend at freedom on my southland garb, and wonder what could make me choose my seat by the martyr's tombstone, a place seldom visited, save by men in a devotional frame of mind. A venerable old dame, with a straggling tress or two of grey hair flowing from beneath her mutch or coif, laid aside her distaff, and advanced to free me from the intrusion of a dozen or more of her curly-headed descendants. The admonishing tone in which she said, "bairns, bairns," with the rebuke of her eye, accomplished her wishes ; the children vanished from my side, and retired to a little round green knowe or knoll, which rose on the rivulet bank in the middle of the village, and seemed appropriated for rustic games, pitching the bar, casting the stone, for leaping, and for wrestling. "A bonnie harvest afternoon, sir," said the Galwegian matron, "but ye would be wiser to come and rest ye in a comfortable house than sit on the cauld stane, though it lies aboon the dust of ane of the godly auld folk of the saintly days of Galloway, or maybe ye might like the change-house better to birl yere sixpence and be be-hadden to none, and I cannot say that I can advise ye."

I was prevented from replying by another of the village dames who thus broke in on our parley. "Birl his silver in the change-house !—wherefore should he ? what can hinder him from slipping cannilie away up the brae to the gudeman of Warlsworm ? he's either dead or as good as dead ; and if he's no departed, so much the better ; he will leave the world with a perturbed spirit, for sore, sore, has he stuck to the earth, and loth will he be to leave his gowd and his gains, and his bonnie broad lairdships ; and who kens but the sight of a stranger breaking his bread and drinking his milk may make him die through downright vexation for the unwonted waste ? Andrew, my bonnie lad, take this strange man up to auld Warlsworm's hall door ; I would gang myself, but I vowed never to cross his threshold or enter his land, since he cheated my ain cousin out of the green holms of Dee ; black be his cast, and bitter his doom !" A

little boy came to my side and put his hand in mine ; and, willing to know more of a man of whom I had heard so much, away I walked with my barefooted guide, and soon came within sight of the mansion of Warlsworm.

It was a rough old house built of undressed granite, and covered with a slating of coarse sandstone. The smoke, despairing to find its way through the windings of a chimney almost choaked with sides of bacon and soot, sought its passage in many a curl and turn along the roof, and, finally descending, streamed out into the pure air through window and door. Groups of black cattle, after browsing on every green thing which the garden contained, and trying to digest the withered thatch which depended from the sides of the barn and stable, stood lowing knee-deep in a pool of muddy water before the mansion, and looking wistfully on the green hills and the golden harvest around them. The fowls, undismayed by founart or fox, plundered the corn which hung drop-ripe and unreaped in the field ; while a multitude of swine, breaking, in the desperation of hunger, from their pens, ran grunting through the standing grain, crushed the growing potatoes in unwieldy joy ; and finally cooled their sides, and fulfilled the scripture proverb, by wallowing in the mire which encompassed as with a fosse this miserly mansion.

The door stood open. In summer, in the pastoral districts, few doors are closed ; and with the privilege which a stranger claims in a hospitable land I entered the house. Wheeled towards the fire, and bedded thick with sheepskins and soft cushions, stood the lang settle or rustic sofa ; and on it lay a man bald and feeble with age ; and kneeling by his side I saw a fair-haired girl, her hands clasped, and her large blue eyes fixed with a moist and motionless gaze on his face. This was the owner of the mansion, the far-famed laird of Warlsworm ; and the maid was his niece, as remarkable for her gentleness and beauty, as her relative for his grasping and incessant greed. As my shadow darkened the floor, she looked up, and motioned me to silence and a seat. I accordingly sat down, and looked with an

eye of deep interest on the touching scene before me. There lay Age, his face gross and covetous, his mind seeking communion with the riches of the earth, while his body was fast hasting to dust, and his soul to its final account; and there knelt Youth, glowing in health and ripe in beauty, her tresses bright, and flowing over her neck, like sunshine visiting a bank of lilies; her hands, white and shapely, and small, clasped over a white and a perturbed bosom; while from her long dark eye-lashes the tears of sorrow descended drop by drop. On both, a young man in a homely garb, but with a face comely and interesting, sat and looked, and looked too with a brow on which might be read more of love for the maid than of sorrow for the man.

The old man uttered a groan, turned on his couch, half opened his eyes, and said, "Bessie, my bairn, let me have hold of thy hand; my sight is not so good as it ought to be; and I think I see queer things, that should not be seen by a man when he lies down to die. But I have wronged no man; I took but what the law gave me; and if the law grips with an iron hand, it's the worse for them that made it. I thought I heard the footstep of the young portioner of Glaiketha; he'll be come to borrow gold and to wadset land. But Bessie, my lass, gold's scarce and land abundant; no that I refuse the minted money when the interest will do thee good, and when the security's sicker; see gang thy ways, my wean, to the old pose ahint the oothud, or hear ye me; there's a saddle-bag of good red gold riding on the rannel-tree that has nae seen sun or wind these seven-and-twenty summers." "Oh! forget the cares of the world," said the maiden, with a voice smothering with sorrow, "and think of your health. This is not the young portioner of Glaiketha seeking for gold to cast away in eating, and drinking, and dancing, or in more evil pursuits; but a stranger youth come to repose him all night as strangers do, and recommence his journey in the morning." "Repose him," re-echoed the old man, his voice deepening, and his faded eyes brightening, as he spoke. "Have I wranged any of his kin, that he comes hither to rest on my substance? have I ever

darkened his father's door, that he should presume to darken mine? Alas! alas! the bonnie haughs of Orr, and the fair holms of Dee, will be wasted on loons and limmers, and I shall no find repose where all men find rest. Aye! aye! my hall will soon be a changed place; there will be fizenless tea instead of weel buttered breakfast brose; a pudding with spices and raisins, for a gallant haggis dropping with fatness and full of marrowy strength; and for the pleasant din of the spinning wheel there will be the sounding of fiddle-strings and the leaping of wanton feet. Strangers will feast at my supper-board, where strangers never feasted before; and auld men will shake their heads and say, 'Awey fly the riches of honest Warlsworm.' And putting his hands over his eyes, as if to hide the hideous picture of extravagance which his imagination had painted, and uttering groans succeeding groans, he stretched himself at full length on the lang settle.

His niece turned pale as she beheld him writhing under the infliction of the spirit which she mistook for a deadlier pang, and thus she addressed the young man, who seemed to remain there that he might gaze without intermission on her beauty. "Oh, Willie lad, if ye wish for wealth in this world and weal in the aue to come—rise up and run." The youth leaped to his feet, stood with his lips apart, his left foot forward, and his whole face beaming with joy at being commanded by so sweet a tongue. "Oh run, William, run; fly over moor and moss, and seek and bring auld Haudthegrup, a man gifted in prayer and conversant with godly things; he will cheer my uncle's spirit. For oh, they're glad-some when they get thegither. I have seen them sit in the howe heart of winter, laying schemes for gripping and guiding wealth, when the snow was on the hill, and the icicle on the house-side, with less fire to thaw them than would warm a bairn's breakfast. Oh, run, William, run, tell him to hasten; for the sands of life are nearly out; and that my uncle talks of the gathered gold of faith and the set siller of redemption; and that's nae symptom of health with him." The youth looked at her for a moment, then away he darted from

the door, climbed the hill with the swiftness of a fowl in its flight, tarried for a second on its summit to look back on the dwelling, nor were his glances unrewarded; he then vanished along the moor to seek the home of auld Haudthegrup.

This devotional auxiliary soon made his appearance; he seemed a personification of penance and famine. He was tall and lean, with a frame of iron, a forehead villanous low, and eyes small, restless, and glimmering about in quest of gain, like those of a cat seeking prey in the twilight. His nose was sharp and thin, like the style of a sun-dial; while his lips, though very broad, were too scanty to cover a seam of teeth as rusty as the jaws of an unused fox-trap, and wholly unacquainted with the luxury of the pastoral district, the flesh of lambs or ewes, unless when a friend's house had the scourge of his company. He carried under his arm a mighty Bible, garnished with massy clasps of iron, and entered the abode of his dying friend with the satisfied look of a man proud of his gifts, and conscious of the extensive influence of his intercessions. "Peace be among you," said the goodman of Haudthegrup, "and may God claim his ain in his blessed time and way; when the grain's ready let it go to the threshing floor, and when the grapes are ripe, take them to the wine-press." He saying he made a stride or two, and, looking in the face of his ancient friend, thus proceeded to comfort him. "Bless me, laird of Warlsworm, ye're no going to leave us; leaving us, too, when golden days are at hand? Never was there such an appearance of a harvest of gold, and the precious things of the earth, all ripening and getting ready for thy sickle and mine. Cheer up man, ye'll hear the chink of gold in yere left lug for mony a bonnie year yet. Would ye lie there, and let the breath sough away frae atween your lips, like a cow strangled with her tether in a field knee-deep of clover? Look me in the face I say; bankers are breaking, and the credit of cattle-dealers is cracked—gold will be gold soon, and the rate of interest will rise in Galloway. The crouse and ringing frosts of winter will soon come to purify the air, and

make yere auld-blood cours boldly in yere veins. Then the grass will grow green, the bushes will bud, and the primroses will blow on the bonnie burn bank, and ye'll get yere feet among the braw blooming gawans, that lie scattered o'er the face of the earth, like as many pieces of a spendthrift's gold. Sae cheer up man, ye would do wrong to die and so many blessings awaiting ye."

The laird of Warlsworm sat erect for a moment; the prospect of life, and the hopes of future gain, passed by him like a bright pageant; his eyes sparkled with that unholy light by which Mammon sums his treasure, and he stretched forth his hand to clutch the visionary gold, which deceitful fancy heaped up before him. But nature could not sustain the effort; the light faded in his eyes, his hand sank, and his head declined, and, sinking on the cushions, he muttered, "Na, na, it winna do; it winna do; I maun away to the worms, and my bits of bonnie gold will get a fearful scattering:" and, fixing his looks on the old bag of coin, which was suspended in the chimney, he lay for a while in woeful rumination, and thus proceeded:—"Aye, aye, ye'll no hang lang in that cozie place now; the hand of the spoiler will come, and thy braw broad pieces which I gathered with care and with sorrow, and regarded as gods, will gang to the silk shop and the maker of golden gimcracks glancing with polished stones for woman's neck and bosom." And, shutting his eyes in despair, and clutching his hands in agony of spirit, he resigned himself to his fate.

Meanwhile the devout twin-brother of Mammon seated himself in an old chair, laid his Bible on his knees, uncovered his head, placed his long iron fingers on the clasps, and, with a prolonged preliminary cough, which hypocrisy had taught to imitate the listless and weary end of a dull sectarian sermon, he opened the volume. He glanced his eye around, to see if his auditors were composed, and commenced his search for a chapter befitting the perilous state of his friend. I was seated beside him, and thus I heard him converse with himself, as he turned over the leaves. "A chapter fit for a sinner's state!—I mauna read about

repentance, nor speak of the benefits of redemption. He'll never forgive me for directing his thoughts to such strange objects." The laird uttered a low groan, and the devout man proceeded with his mutterings.— "He's going gear; he's going gear; he winna shoot over the coming midnight; he'll be a stretched-out corse, and Bessie Lamond, his niece there, a braw rich heiress before the morning light. She'll be a weel tochered lass, when auld Gripagain travels. Let me see, there's Hurleyhawkie, a rich land and well watered; there's Auchening, a dreary domain it's true, but there's gallant shooting on't, though it bears little but cranberries; then there's Wyliehole, and the sixteen acre parks of Warlsworm; forbye bails and bonds, and gathered gold:—my sooth Bessie, my lass, many a gallant will cast his cap at thee." And he glanced his sharp considerate eyes on the young maiden, to whose mind her uncle's danger seemed alone present. "Aye, aye," he resumed, "she's a welfavoured lass, and I'll warrant has a gift of knowing on't; deil a doubt of that; but I am not so very auld, and have been single for seven year, and, hating a sad cough, which I can mend when I like for sixpence, and sundry grey hairs, the lass may have sillier woosters than me. When I cock my bonnet, and put on my crousest coat, and give my horse a tasting of corn, and then a tasting of the spur, I think the quean will no be a draps-blood to her uncle if she say me nay. And the lassie, too, is modest of demeanour; she wears nae silver in her shoon, nor frights the fowls with the feathers of her cap; and weel I mind it was her thrifty mother's boast, that she should never sit on a sark till she could spin ane. I'll warrant her a gallant lassie, and a good guider of gear. I should like to lead her to a brankan bridal." And, resuming his search of a suitable chapter, he withdrew his looks from the maid, who, with brimful eyes, a troubled brow, and quivering hands, ministered to the sick man.

Her pure sincerity of heart won its way to auld Warlsworm's bosom, frozen as it seemed, and shut up resolutely against the charities of nature. "Ah, Bessie, lass," he murmured, "thy uncle maun leave the

bonnie links of Orr, and the gowany braesides of Dee. Many a tug, and many a toiled brow, has it cost him to get them; but the strength of man cannot endure like the hills, nor his spirit flow for ever like a running stream. And talking of running streams, that reminds me that Miller Macmillan owes me a year's rent, past on Tuesday; gar Jack Candlish gang and fetch it: the miller's a sicker ane; he thinks my dam is nearly run, and that my wheel of existence lacks the water of life, and sae he'll keep up the rent till my head's happit, and then wheedle or swear thee out on't. So that's settled, and my spirit's all the calmer for it. And now for thee, lass, ye'll be a rich quean, Bessie, and the lads will like ye nae the waur because he who lived before ye had a gathering eye, and a sicker grip. But ye maun never wear a towering bonnet with a long feather; for that is an abomination in devout eyes, and a sad drain for the pocket; and sair I slighted bonnie Jenny Duff for the pride of her apparel: wear the snood of maiden singleness as lang as ye can, lassie; and, if ye maun be a wife, wear a douce hood or a devout mutch; ye'll find ane of yere grand-mother's, treasured by among my bonds; for I loved my ain mother better than ever I loved gold; ye'll hardly credit that, Bessie; and I love thee too, my ain sweet sister's wean." He laid his arm around her neck, looked full in her face, with a kind and a glistening eye, and the demon of lucre spread his wings to forsake the mansion where he had lived so long. But it was otherwise ordered. The poor weeping girl knelt over him, and wiped away from his face the tears which flowed from her own eyes, for tears never flowed from his, and hid her face in his bosom with many a bitter sob.

"Ah, ye waster hussey!" exclaimed the laird, in a tone above his strength, "wherefore wipe ye my face with a damask napkin, when a cloth three threads to the pound is too good for a wadset about to be redeemed like me. And see, as I hope to be saved, if ye are not consuming the good dry wood which I kept for the cozie winter night; ground-elding (dried turf) is good enough to warm such an old sople"



bough as me, which the feller's axe is fast lopping away from the green tree of existence." This appearance of unwonted profusion smote sore on the heart of the parsimonious old man, and in a tone of rebuke and bitterness he continued his discourse. "I may waste my breath—and I ought to leave some for a scrap of prayer, it may help me where I am going; I may waste my breath, Bess, I say, in counselling ye how to chuse a husband. When a woman's eye is bright her ear is deaf. Take not a man, Bess, who counts kindred four generations back, he'll call his ancestor a gentleman, and spill the brimming cup of thy fortune in justifying his descent. Nor yet marry a man who scorns his ancestors; the man who mocks his forefathers tramples on their dust. I hold a father's fair name equal with hoarded siller. Above all things wed not a lawyer, lass; ye should aye strive to mend your fortune, and better your fame. Think not of a sailor, for he thinks there is no Sunday in five fathoms of water, and finds a love in every land. Shun, too, the soldier, for shining scarlet, golden shoulder-knots, and a hat filled with fowls' feathers, will consume thy gold and fly away with thy happiness; and, oh, what a gowk he maun be, who stands up to be shot at for saxpence a day, Sunday included. But marry, lass, for all women love to be married, were it only for the sake of having somebody to scold at, and to bear the fault for their folly,—wed, I say, a strong handed chield, who can keep the crown of the causeway, and make himself be obeyed at his own fire-side. A cannie homely lad, who can clip seven score of sheep while another clips six; kens the buttered frae the bare side of the bread; loves nought so well as his own wife, but the knotting of his own purse-strings; and who fears the Lord, and can back five bushels of barley."

This grave and worldly counsellor fairly exhausted himself, and, laying his head on the cushion, and fixing his eye on his bag of gold, which common fame calculated at a thousand pieces, remained silent while that devout person, Haudthegrap, commenced family devotion. He had examined the New Testa-

ment for a fitting and seemly text; but the divine meekness, and charity, and self-denial, and scorn of all terrestrial grandeur, which inspire its pages, rejected all community of feeling, and obliged him to seek consolation under the splendid and ostentatious dispensations of the Mosae law. "Spoiling the Egyptians," I heard him mutter, as he hastened along, "the heathen Egyptians of their jewels of silver and jewels of gold, a meritorious deed;—making the molten calf, a piece of dark idolatry and a waste of precious metal:—spoiling the Amalekite, a rich and a pagan people, a pleasant act and an acceptable. The temple, aye, aye, the temple of Solomon, the roof thereof was of fine cedar, the pillars of ivory, the floor of pure silver, and the walls of beaten gold,—this has often consoled me, and, doubtless, will console him. It would be pleasant to die with a vision of this golden palace before him." Here he raised his head and said audibly: "Let us begin the worship of Him on High, by reading in his praise first Kings, chapter the sixth." And, elevating his voice, he chaunted forth the history of the building of Solomon's temple, adorning it with the prolonged tone and quavering grace-notes of an ancient Cameronian professor. Nor did he fail to express his own admiration at the profusion of precious metal, by dwelling, with a delight that seemed unwilling to depart, on the passages recording the overlayings of the wall with gold, and the altar, and the floor. As he proceeded, the eye of old Warlsworm looked on his own sooty rafters, and on his coarse unhewn floor, and on the ark which contained his meal; yet what were they, covered, as his imagination made them, with beaten gold, compared to the immeasurable riches of the Jewish temple. Devotion fell prostrate before the divinity of wealth, and the man who had not five hours to live leaped to his feet, smote his hands together, and exclaimed, "Oh Lord, what o'gowd? what o'gowd?"—"Aye lad, and pure gowd too," responded Haudthegrap, casting the Bible from him as he spoke, and pacing round the room with a proud look, and an augmented stride.

At this lamentable conclusion—



family worship and intercession for the soul of a departing sinner, the beauteous relation of Warlsworm seemed deeply affected and incensed. She caught the laird in her arms, replaced him on his cushions, soothed down his worldly spirit, and wiped from his face the moisture which disease and excitement had brought to his brow, and that, too, with a cloth of a texture very unlike the fine twined linen and needle-work of Egypt which had contributed to this unseemly rapture. While this passed, I observed the shadow of a man, lengthened by the departing sun, moving on the hall floor, and seeming to whirl round and round with the agility of a dancer. I looked about, and beheld a singular being, a man about the age of fifty, clad in coarse cloth, called by the shepherds hiplock plaiden, barefoot, bare legged, bare necked, and bare headed. About his shoulders hung a mass of withered and matted hair; and he carried in his hand a long straw, which he held up before his face, moving all the while round and round, and accompanying his gestures with wild and disjointed words. "Alas, alas," said the young maiden, "what can have brought that poor demented simpleton here? he knows our doors were ever closed against him, and that our meal never augmented the little store which he obtained, more by the intercession of his own innocent face, than by the entreaty of his tongue, from the scrupulous charity of our neighbours. Ah, poor homeless, homeless, hapless creature, he is come to express the sorrow of his own harmless heart, for the illness of the head of this house; and hame shall he not go without partaking of the mercies with which we have been so long blessed." And with meat and drink in her hands forth she walked, and approached, not without hesitation, to the little green knoll on which the poor maniac had stationed himself, in order perhaps to give greater effect to the singular ceremony he was performing.

"East and west, and north and south," he chaunted in a tone of dissonance equal to the croak of the raven—"east, west, north, and south; not a cloud—not a breath of wind—a burning heat, and a scorching drought—the grasshopper cannot sing

for want of her evening dew." He paused, and reversed the straw, and, holding it up before him, renewed his dancing and his chaunt. "North, south, west, and east, the morning sun cannot ascend for the concourse of clouds—the little streams sing among their pebbles, for their banks will soon be overflowed, and the little flowers, bless their bonnie faces, hold up their parched heads, rejoicing in the descending shower. The rains fall, the winds blow, the rivulets swell, and the thunders roll, and rock the green hills. The wide and winding water—even the links of my bright and stately Orr—flows like a wild and a raging sea. I see it, I see it, I see it; man may not ride it; and the saddled steed neighs across the flood, which it trembles to take. Ah! I would not go to be buried in the old kirkyard, beyond that roaring river, though ye were to make me a bed three ell deep, and lay the greenest turf in Galloway aboon me." "Gawain, Gawain," said Bessie Lamond, in her sweetest tone, and with a smile of sympathy and kindness on her lips, "Gawain—himie, have ye forgotten how many bowls of curds and cream, and pieces of bread and cheese I have stolen from our penurious board to feed ye in the glen? Turn and speak to me, my bonnie man, and spae nae mair about uncoonie things, and see nae mair unsonsie sights."

But Gawain was possessed beyond the influence of the tongue and charms of the fair niece of the penurious laird, and continued to elevate and dandle the straw with an increasing wildness of look and gesture. "But who are those who ride mourning on their coal black steeds, two and two, and bear a coffined corse before them? I see some whom I shall not see long, and the owner of this house is among them; stretched full gay in his burial linen, and a velvet pall aboon him—the siller it costs would be a sore sight; it is well for him that his senses are shut, else the expense of the burial wine would break his heart. There is a deep grave dug, and the bedral leans on his spade, and looks to the burial train about to pass the river. Aha! Johnie Feasttheworm, ye're cheated lad, ye're cheated," shouted Gawain, changing the wild seriousness of his

come to that of laughter and merriment. "Fill your kirkyard hole again with the black mools, for auld Warlsworm's floating down the links of Orr, and his bonnie black coffin will frighten the seamen on Solway; and wha should float aside him but auld Haudthegrup? but he'll no float far, for twa pouchfuls of stolen gowd will tug the sinner down, and sink him to perdition: ye're cheated, Johnie Feasttheworm, ye're cheated, see fill ye're kirkyard hole with the fat mools again, my cannie man."

These concluding words were too loud to escape notice, and out upon him sallied Haudthegrup, his face inflamed, his hand clenched, and burning anger on his tongue. "What fiend hath possess himself of this man, and utters this falseness through his foolish lips? Verily, I will cast him out; a sore buffeting shall the foul thief abide, that presumes to enter into the living image of the High One, and prophesy against righteous men. Lo! I will rebuke him with my right hand, and chasten him sorely with this rod of rowan tree, with which I once combated and overcame three witch-women in the wicked parish of Penpont." And, advancing upon Gawain, as he spoke, he aimed a blow, which the maniac turned aside, exclaiming: "Aha! auld greedy Haudthegrup, I have ye now, I have ye now; take that, man, for throwing a bone at me, at Joe Tamson's bridal, seven and thirty year syne come beltan." As he uttered these words, he dashed his opponent from him with such force, that he reeled several paces, and plunged into a miry hole, fairly under the verdant mantle with which the summer warmth had decked it. Gawain having performed this feat, stalked perpendicularly into the hall—seated himself by the warm ashes on the hearth, and, looking on the sick man, said, "Ye lie soft and braw on your bonnie white cushions there; and deed and trouth, an I was you, I wad nae die till the cauld frost and winter should come, when I care na to accompany ye to the kirkyard hole myself, and take my word for't, ye'll lie saftest and fealest on the Buittle side of the kirk; I aye think the gowans are bonnier, and the grass the fairer, and the blinks of the summer sun sweeter on that side than

the other: 'od, but lad, if ye hope to lie wi' me, ye maun lie quiet, and no trouble ane with your weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth—the cauld grave's a bad place to repent in."

We were now rejoined by old Haudthegrup, purified by the fair hands of the maiden from the soil of the pond, and anxious to drown shame and mortification by a long and lamentable prayer. The sun was set, and a soft and balmy twilight had succeeded. The sound of the reaper's returning song, and the repeated call of the harvest-horn were audible on all sides,—and in the hall of Warlsworm we had that silence which ushers in prayer, and that fitful and glimmering light afforded by the decaying beams of day, and the twinkling gleam of fading embers. As we knelt, I could not refrain from looking on the singular group thus strangely assembled.

Gawain abasing himself in the ashes, and stooping his forehead quietly into the dust, accompanied with a chorusing groan the melancholy cough of the sick man; the maiden knelt by the couch, watching with a steady and uninterrupted gaze the changing looks of her uncle; while Haudthegrup himself clasped his hands, drew down his cheeks to a most hypocritical length, and, fixing his eyes on things above, namely, on the golden hoard which hung beyond reach in the chimney, proceeded with his prayer. The prayers of the righteous avail much, says the Fountain of Belief, but what avail the prayers of the hypocrite? Unwise would that man be who would give them a record and a sanctuary. A strong and a burning faith, a day of firm belief, and an hour of death-bed repentance, were pressed with many a mighty word and many a weary groan. He recommended the health of his friend to Him who sweetened the waters of Marah, and his spirit to that being who presided over angels and thrones, and the souls of just men made perfect. "To thee," said he, making a concluding address to the Fountain of all glory, "to thee who can make silver into gold and the dust upon which we tread into precious gems, it can be little to mend a broken body and revive a contrite spirit. To thee

who made my lambs worth five half crowns at the St. James's fair of Lanark, though when I supplicated thee they were worth but five and sixpence, the renovation of this frail and fainting man is but a breath from thy nostrils. But if it is thy will to glean this ripened ear, to snatch this brand from the fires of this sinful world, let him honour thee and serve thee, and leave a moiety of that worldly dross which men call gold, even unto him who thus wrestled with thee for his welfare and salvation." Here the sick man moaned, and the glances of his gifted friend and him flashed towards the hidden gold like the hostile lights of two adverse planets. Haudthegrup concluded, "and leaving his red gold in thy servant's hand, let him dwell in that house not built with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"A house not built with hands," re-echoed Gawain in the tone of the prayer, and leaping to his feet, "I never saw a house not built with hands except a magpie-nest in the foot of my mother's garden." With him too rose the laird of Warlsworm, the deadly paleness of rage and receding life in his face; he fixed his eyes, shining with a light that seemed of the world below, on Haudthegrup, and stretching his hands towards him to pour forth his departing malediction, seemed inspired by the fiend who presides over the last hours of evil men. He opened his lips, the curse trembled on his tongue; but words never came, for he was stricken speechless, and fell back on the settle, his lips apart, his eyes fixed, and his hands clenched. "He'll never bound me frae his door mair," said Gawain, "nor tell me that wet straw is owre good a bed for a beggar bodie." "Let us carry him into the spence," said Haudthegrup, "his spirit winna part in peace while his eye is fixed on that dross called gold and his worldly goods." The dying man seized his niece's hand, and pointed to several bags which hung among hams and tongues in the chimney.—"Ah, he's making an edifying hinder end," said his parsimonious friend, "his hopes are with things aboon, with the blessed, doubtless." And away he bore him amid some faint resistance to a little secluded chamber, his hands still stretched to-

wards the chimney and his lips moving with the rapidity of one who speaks in haste. His dumb warnings were all in vain.

"Now, my bonnie young lady of Warlsworm," said this sanctified person in a whisper, "watch over the last moments of the righteous, and let these two youths and this simple innocent attend you; verily, they may profit by such an edifying sight; I, even I, a man dead to the things of this earth, will go and kneel down even where I lately knelt, and my intercession shall arise and go upward for the welfare of the body and the glorification of the spirit." The maiden wept, and, half insensible with sorrow, bathed her cheeks in tears, while away strode the comforter to the hall, and presently his voice arose in vehement intercession—the sick man groaned. In a little while, the sound of the prayer seemed to ascend from the floor, the laird made a convulsive effort to rise, the voice of Haudthegrup quavered and hesitated, as the voice of a man will do when his hands are busied, and then the sound as of gold falling was heard. At this mishap, the tongue of the interceder uttered a curse, and the power of speech returning to the dying man, he smote his hands together and exclaimed, "He's herrying me, he's herrying me, and I maun gang to the brimstone pit with no a penny in my pocket," and with these words he expired.

The singular prophecy of Gawain met with a remarkable fulfillment. The day of the burial of the laird was wild and stormy, the place of interment was in an old churchyard on the south side of the river Orr. The mourners were mounted, and the coffin was borne on horses' necks, covered with a pall of black velvet, the parochial mortcloth, which reached nigh to the ground. Haudthegrup was chief mourner, and, to elude the expence of a toll-bar, he proposed to ford the river, red and swollen with rain. When he reached the middle of the stream, his horse, unaccustomed to such processions, startled and plunged, and fairly flung his rider over his ears. In his fall, he seized the coffin of Warlsworm, and the quick and the dead alike found a grave in the

links of the Orr. "Alas, for Haud-the-grup," said one of the mourners, "watch when he swims and let us try to save him." "Swims" rejoined another mourner, "how think ye will he swim, and seven hundred stolen

pieces of Warlaworm's gold in his pocket? I'll prophesy when his body's found, he'll be holding his hands on his breeches-pockets to preserve his treasure."

### Janus Weathercock's Reasons

#### AGAINST WRITING AN ACCOUNT OF

#### "THE EXHIBITION."

A VERY INGENIOUS PAPER, WITH TWO MOTTOS WORTH ALL THE  
BEST BESIDE.

Thou art too full of figures; that's a word of the Gascon growth; that's a dangerous phrase (I don't reject any that are used in the common streets of France; 'tis a mere jest, to think of opposing custom with grammar); that's an ignorant discourse; a paradoxical sentence; that there is too silly; you often make yourself merry; it will be thought you say a thing in good earnest, which you only speak in jest. *Montaigne.*

Of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best. I'm sure it is the most religious,—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trusting to Providence for the second.

*Tristram Shandy.*

THE Welsh bards were much smitten by Triads.—By my mother's side I inherit a pint or so of Cambrian lymph (very apt in hot weather to set my best corks flying); therefore it is not difficult to account for my immoderate exercise on these hobbies. Lord Byron talks about his *twofold* perceptions of things:—I must say, that a more sufficing proof of want of invention in his meditative powers could not be adduced. As we mine deeper among the harmonious entanglements of nature, so doth the sacred Pythagorean number, the beautiful triangle, give richer gleams through the opacity of our corporeal incumbrances; and in those mere retainers on the flesh (the arts and sciences, in the vulgar acceptance), the points of the ever-unalterably-pyramidal emblem, the etherial flammic symbol, are presented to all reasonably sensitive apprehensions, thick as "quills upon the fretful porcupine." But how, most profound Janus! is this preface to your chapter of trinal analogies to become pertinent to a critique on the Exhibition? Read a little farther, if you please, and it is ten to one but you will feel as easy on that score as the

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author—at least. I am for *this once* quite assured of an intention; and, besides that—pretty clear of a meaning,—if I could but make it out:—you'll not be troubled with it *this* month, however.

According to my theory, the life of the mind may be portioned out into three grand stages; the first and the third of which offer *externally* similar characteristics. The mind, in its simple, pure, and uninformed state, is quiescent and relying;—and the end of all its feverish aspirations after knowledge is but to return it to its original home, where the adoration of nature absorbs it wholly. For the critical art, this process applies very close:—criticism being neither more nor less than a genuine exposition of the impressions produced by a given subject on a tasteful mind, scrupulously cleared from warps and prejudices. To attain this object wholly I assume to be impossible;—owing to our perpetual and unavoidable contact with our senses, which are the primal causes of prejudice and error. It is a common thing to hear the vulgar (the well-dressed I mean) to hear the vulgar say, that "such an one has

infinite taste in poetry or painting without pretending to be a judge!"—this is nonsense. These terms are synonymes in both arts. For if it be true (which I take it cannot be denied) that taste results from experience and deep thought, carried on, indeed, perhaps, almost unconsciously, wherein does it vary from judgment?—I am now working round to the reason of my prelude. Allow me to consider (*ut probatum*) that real criticism rejects mechanical aid; then it follows that complete confidence must be reposed in him who lays claim, however modestly, to but a portion of the *cathedra*. He must show his clear-sightedness and aptitude for penetrating the high mysteries, by talking about the shapes and forms of things which nobody else can see, even with a patent lamp;—and I am not aware that this object could be attained better than by some such sentences as the foregoing. Proof also will be looked for at his hands, concerning his due preliminary considerations on the nature of his art, and on this head permit me to hope that this very sentence (if nothing had gone before it) sufficiently guarantees my qualifications. Lastly, as evidence of an incipient reformation with regard to *warps*, he must imitate me in disclaiming any pretensions to a rigid impartiality, of the which whosoever trumpeteth is a knave or a dupe.—The appositeness of my introduction is nicely developed, or else the Devil's in't; and now it has served my purpose, you may give it by way of a pinch of snuff to your friend there with the obtuse apprehension.—When he hath plucked out the heart of my mystery, he shall find Aristotle's poetics (*without notes!!!*) as easy as—lying. Perhaps all this is too terse—"Dum brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio."—It's the best part of my article, for all that—(I use the *present* auxiliary, because, though the remainder is not as yet signified on the paper, it is, and has been written "within the book and volume of my brain," to all intents and purposes, from all eternity)—It's the

best part of my article; I repeat; and if you read four pages more you'll not be the wiser! take a fool's word.

Where is the wind to-day?—"South-east."—How in the plague's name came a prayer against this most accursed of all winds to be omitted in our Litany? But there was no Somerset-house Exhibition in those days, because, there was no Somerset-house. I dare say, you may discover another reason or two, but I am quite comfortable with this.

So! we are arrived! *Pu—g—h!!* (I look on a printerly-arranged exclamation of this kind as an admirable succedaneum for a paragraph of witticisms. It gives one a consequence beyond a contributor—it is quite Editorial—and very harmless—so *Pu—g—h!* again.) What a smother! how the dust careers away yonder in the long sun-beam!—how rusty and rough are the castors of males!—how disgusted ladies are with the dimmed hue of their black morocco-slippers! how their curls uncurl their wanton tendrils! and how little straggling parties, three or four hairs in each, "fret on their temples, tickle in their napes!" How light kid gloves are darkened by the action of animal warmth! How faces shine, and bandanas whisk about over bald foreheads!—and how awkward men stick their thumbs where they should *not*, for lack of their sticks, torn away by that unfeeling caitiff, Tom Bromhead, who, couched in his green den at the very feet of Hercules, spares neither age nor sex.

I cannot bring myself to put implicit faith in that saying of Lord Bacon's, "that good men *crushed* are sweeter for the crush,"—Heaven knows that the *crush* *here*, to-day, is strong, and yet—I will not set down so many hundreds of my fellow creatures as bad, because they do not distil into frankincense and spike-nard.—No! Bacon for once is mistaken; \* but for all that, new ventilators would not be irrelevant to the great room—so *pu—gh!* the third time—or what is still better, because Shaksperian—*pah!*

\* Janus is extremely fond of distorting notable passages in notable authors, for the purpose of building some preposterous conceits thereon. This is all mighty well with dabblers like Southey, Byron, and Scott; but when he meddles with Bacon he gets the wrong pig by the ear. In fact, he had better turn Jew and evite him altogether.



Who did the Exhibition for the London Magazine last season? "Corn. Van Vinkbooms." Did he indeed? Why then let him do it again, as Vathek said to the Giaour. I'll none of it! Why should I get the ill-will of every exhibitor, both those I commemorate and those I do not? "Very true, dear W—but—hem! but—why you see that Cornelius has met with several little obstacles, which have hitherto prevented his attendance at the Academy—in short (I know I speak to a friend), Van Vinkbooms now lies in Horsemonger jail under sentence of death for a M. Antonio robbery in the British Museum!! Bandinelli's St. Lawrence *avec les deux fourches* was his bane. Love of art swayed him, not lucre (for often hath he offered a hundred pounds in vain), like the unhangd pilferer of Rembrandts; yet how different their fate!" Extremely unpleasant indeed, and turns up inconveniently both for him and me—mais—hélas! he-bien—(This façon de Paris is very dry!) I must undertake it for you, I see! Look on it as done—some way or other.

There are 1049 works, as they are termed, occupying in their intitulation 49 pages 4to. To give anything like an account of a quarter of these would fill three of our Magazines. Let us count the notes of admiration in our catalogue—173! too many by 100! How many double crosses?—57! Still uncompassable! Thus then we sweat down the mass for our use. Portraiture attracts patronage enough, God knows; and that patronage runs in a good course, as the goodly trees it waters testify, Lawrence, Phillips, Owen, Jackson, Chalon, and Chantrey. Praise of mine would not gain four minutes' more attention to the grandeur of Turner, the chaste sobriety of Callcott, the amenity and poetical repose of Collins, or the delicate fidelity of William Daniell. What a work of supererogation to sound the trumpet for Ward and Cooper, the Snyders and Wouvermans of the day, who have deservedly as much as they can do. The futility of explanatory criticisms on the familiar scenes appears in the designation, and now what remains to me out of this immense show? The historical department, which, notwithstanding a respectable growth

since last year, may be held between my finger and thumb like this pinch of snuff. And, first, you are all much attracted, I hope, by the veteran Northcote's sterling composition, entitled, "*The Princess Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward the Fourth, who, when very young, was consigned to the care of the abbess of the monastery of Dartford, where she afterwards became a nun, and there spending her life in devotion and contemplation, was buried in that convent about the year 1517, eighth of King Henry Eighth.*" The expressions in this picture are amiable without weakness, and pathetic without a shade of drivelling: the unconscious air of the child, the warm grief of the mother, and the lofty yet kindly serenity of the white-robed abbess, are discriminated with a depth and precision which evidence equal feeling in the conception and judgment in the execution. The tone does not disgrace the invention, beaming with an even and sober light; the carnations are clean, fresh, and sanguine. Let us have a print of it from the brilliant and faithful hand of Scriven, not forgetting its admirable companion last year. As a pendant to this conventual incarceration hangs The Burial of Christ by the same pencil; a worn out hackneyed subject, on which the creative genius of Michel Agnolo would now fail to elevate any structure which should arrest attention by novelty. That Mr. N. should have employed his time on it, was probably the result of a choice not his own. It is, however, well composed, and possesses breadth, depth, and strong relief. The taste of colour is from the severer departments of the Bolognese school, so eloquently recommended by Sir Joshua and Fuseli as the legitimate vehicle of the dignified, the pathetic, and the awful. Between these two cool chastities is a fiery luxuriance (Cupid and Psyche, 18) by the now-in-oil-seldom-seen Westall, an artist who has touched every species of composition, and seldom failed to add some delicacy unknown before. If the various-styled Stothard, our Raffaëlle, has been more successful in catching the evanescent graces of every-day life, he must yield to his rival in higher and more poetical inventions; Stothard could



not have painted Westall's "Three Witches,"—nor Westall, Stothard's "French Priest's earnest Colloquy with Robinson Crusoe." Stothard, looking to his *humanities*, is rather the intenser of the twain; Westall the more universal. I find great difficulty as to precedence of merit between his "Fisherman labouring out a boat, on the wild beach of billowy Hastings," his rich landscapes of *Solitude*, and *Roslin Castle*; his tumultuous cattle piece of *Lions and Bulls*; or his in-all-limbs-beauteous *Helen*, falling like a warm sun-stream on the senses of Priam and Troy's elders, who bask like grasshoppers in her blighting loveliness. I have heard his powers denied or degraded:—let the above enumerations of achievements in so many opposite branches strike these silly, unreflecting, and petty calumniators dumb.\* That Westall's style is redolent with faults no one ever affected to deny; but they are the faults not of incapacity, but of recklessness as to what he may deem (perhaps erroneously) the un-essentialities of his works. His excellencies, both in elegance of posture, brilliancy of chiaroscuro, characteristic touch, and vividness of colour, are eminently his own. In the production before us, the new method† of working with an admixture of water colours, crayons, and oil-paints, has been strictly followed; but the effect (at least as well as I can judge at so great a distance) seems hardly commensurate to the tediousness of the means. It is whispered that Mr. W. himself puts little or no faith in the notion of its being the "*Venetian Secret*," though he esteems it to comprise several desiderata, among which is *surface*. It is my very humble opinion (who am not picture, but print-learned) that it relishes a little of the Bassanos, but I find not much of Giorgione, Titiano, Tintoretto, or Schiavone, the ablest colourists of that gorgeous age. I cannot help fancying that the

usual distinctness of Mr. W.'s first conception was, in this ever-delightful subject, something dimmed by a too unvaried contemplation of Design's gaudy-tyring maid. The novelty of his means threw a temporary dazzle over his fancy; and while complete admiration is given to the beauty of the lorn *Psyche*, and the wantonly-luxuriant accessories, the inadequate personification of the heavenly Breath of the World provokes our spleen. It were also to be wished that the splendid yet blind cubiculum of Apuleius had not been exchanged for an open leafy tent, where the tell-tale moonlight makes the lamp (the instrument of the helpless one's future miseries) superfluous. These things would be trifling in the ornamental style, which aims to please the eye, reckless of propriety; but Westall hitherto has held a higher mood! and, indeed, in this same "brilliance pictorial," he perchance but disports by way of unbending his inventive and reflective faculties.

This gentleman has in his possession a singular and exquisite cabinet picture of *Raffaello* caressing his beloved *Fornarina*, which internal proofs most forcibly affix to the hand of the great Roman himself. (A faithful engraving from it would confer large fame and popularity on the courageous artist who should undertake it.) A delicate *Schiavone*, various as a tulip bed with rich broken tints; and a glowing portrait, remarkable for *morbidezza*, by the scarce Morone, also make costly the walls of Mr. Westall's drawing room. In the exhibition of these gems, to real amateurs, his kindness is unwearied.

I must now abate my eyes to the sleeping *Bacchante* (21) of Stothard, which is placed immediately under No. 18. But first, after so much dry nibbling criticism, let us take a mouthful of very come-inable pretty verses by way of running illustration to the picture we have quitted.

\* Who possesses this gentleman's painting from the Third Canto of the Lord of the Isles, (*Bruce, Allan, Ronald and Edith, in the outlaw's cave*)? wherein the choice and seizure of the momentous nick of time reveals an intimacy with the springs of sympathy worthy of the highest names. The state of public knowledge of the arts in this matter-of-fact country may be learnt from the miserable sight of these abilities prostituted by the necessity to ornamental vignettes for Sharp's prose writers, and id genus omne!

† Supposed by Miss Cleaver, the very ingenious inventress, to be the real and true process of *Titiano*, *Correggio*, the *Bassans*, *Rembrandt*, *Cuyp*, &c.

Shakerly Marmion, the play-writer, is their author. If you like them—buy the book! (Legend of Cupid and Psyche, edited by Mr. Singer, 1820) if not—let it alone!

Then in one hand she held the tremulous light,

And in the other took the sword, so bright  
As 'twould her beauty and the fire outshine;  
And she thus arm'd, became more masculine.

But when, by friendship of the lamp, her eye

Had made a perfect true discovery  
Of all was in the room, what did she see?  
Object of love, wonder of deity!

The God of Love himself, Cupid the fair,  
*Lie sweet! sleeping in his golden hair.*

At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire  
Increased his flames, and burnt more pure,  
and higher.

• • • • •  
• • • • •  
• Poor Psyche, all amazed,  
With joy and wonder on his beauty gazed.  
His neck so white, his colour so exact,  
His limbs, that were so curiously compact:  
His body sleek, and smooth.

• • • • •  
A bright reflection and perfumed scent  
Fill'd all the room with a mix'd blandishment,

Shot from his wings; and at his feet did lie  
His bow, and arrows, and his armory.

• • • • •  
• • • • •  
• When lo,  
Whether from envy, or from treachery,  
Or that it had a burning appetite  
To touch that silken skin that look'd so white,

The wicked lamp, in an unlucky hour,  
A drop of scalding oil did let down pour  
On his right shoulder.

Have you looked at this young lady, "who wears forth the odorous moisture of the flowers," with the warmth of her dainty body, bathed in the unseen dews of sleep? I say again, have you looked at her well? "Aye, truly I have!" Well, Sir! and what do you see? "I see a very handsome girl, with golden tresses, fast asleep with her pretty mouth open, and upwards; and I see a little impudent Cupid who seems extremely aware that her slumber is somewhat extraneous, and as it were rather induced by excess of stimulants, than excess of exhaustion, which to be sure is plainly enough implied in the discomposed straggle of her plump limbs; and I see a romantic white-haired goat with leering eye and upreached quivering mouth, cropping the sweet shoots of

the lush vine under the which these three lie buried!" Extremely right, Mr. A—A—What d'ye call 'em! But is this all? "All—save a pair of small brass Bacchic cymbals." L—d have mercy on us! what a blind world is this, my masters! Why, thou featherless owl! thou short-nailed mole! descryest thou not clearly that this tablet having been originally painted some time ago, the varnish, or the *macgilt*, or the *something*, has cracked Miss's skin like a dropsy, and that to hide these ravages SCUMBLING has been used!! Dost hear? SCUMBLING!! "May be so; and what of that?"

Stop a moment, will you, my dear reader? I cannot get that interrogative down yet. I must drink this glass of Sherry exactly at three swallows, and take precisely—How precision is disregarded now to be sure! in drawing, in acting, in making up prescriptions, in taking them, in the position of dragoons' feet in the stirrups, in the make of breeches, in grammar, in pronunciation, in choice of words, in—in short—I don't know why I should begin my excellent work "*On Precision*," just *here*! so I put my finger and thumb into the box over which it has hovered for the last twenty-three seconds, and take precisely—two seven-eighths pinches of Paris. I think I feel a little better now! nevertheless I do pronounce that phrase "what of that" to be the most vulgar, the most impertinent, unfeeling, malevolent, stupid, churlish, discomfiting, *unanswerable* query that Apollyon ever thrust in a man's head. It is as bad as a pail of water thrown over you, or a smack in the face!—And to meet with all this, in reward for as fine a piece of connoisseurship as you shall light upon between Vasari and Vinkbooms! fie on't, it's an ungrateful world! But for all that I will have my say, and I say that Stothard's picture is a good picture, and a loveable picture—go to! and a well-drawn,—and an expressive picture, and as good as a Poussin, and a great deal better altogether than you or I should make if we were to live, according to the Chinese wish, 1000 years, painting away all the time:—and if you come to that—so is his other little composition yonder (178. Jacob telling his dream to his

father) a design which looks as if it ought to be in Raffaello's Bible! "No matter!" said Mr. Hobson.

But come, my charming young ladies who "doat on Lord Byron," here is a picture painted on purpose for ye (*Manfred and the Witch of the Alps*, 108). A very chaste and carefully finished composition; of course more in the gusto of Rome than of Venice, though the tints are clear, and bear more transparence than is usual with Mr. Howard. The fountain spirit has great beauty of shape and features—the attitude of the guilty misanthrope is natural and characteristic, and the Alpine scenery, rocks, and wild-flowers, the torrent and its spray-begotten Iris, make up a vehicle for the actors extremely picturesque, rich, and inviting. With regard to his *Ariel released by Prospero* (72) I confess I was somewhat disappointed. The magic duke is here depicted as compelling two earthy spirits to do his bidding:—I concede that their difficultly forestriated dusky bodies are drawn with science and feeling; they rive the pine forcefully; but now I must doubt whether a greater impression of power would not have been conveyed by causing the earth-bound tree to gape and yield up its airy kernel under the thrilling impulse of his mighty and intense willing:—the awful eye bent in fascinating immovability, and the mystic rod raised, as if to pour forth its sympathetic potency, would indicate this plainly enough to the spectator, as several inventions of Michel Agnolo can testify—and certainly the great secret of strength, both in writing and design, is condensation—to employ just exactly so many figures and words as will do your business—and no more.\* The above objection, or rather suggestion, is merely my notion of the scene, instead of Mr. Howard's; whose method of relating, with eloquent dumb show, the harassing lets and annoyances inflicted on Caliban (76) cannot to my feeling be easily surpassed in vividness and intelligibility. I wish the tasteful secretary would look into Mr. Soane's translation of Undine; he would find much to his mind, which might in turn create much to our mind. Perhaps one of

his friends may see this and tell him of my hint. Don't you wish you were rich enough to purchase that Devonshire landscape, by Collins? (Buckland in the Moor, 89.) I do, with all my heart, and with all my soul, on which it would act like balm. And I wish I had Turner's exquisite little gaiety, (What you Will. 114.) And I wish I had Cooper's Battle of Strigonium. (120.) And I wish Mr. Etty had made a large fortune, and gave away his delicately and masterly executed gems to poor but ardent amateurs.—Alas! alas! Why is the will to encourage genuine merit so seldom accompanied by the means? When I look at this gentle group (*Maternal Affection*. 121.) so correctly drawn, so splendidly coloured, and so lightly touched, I long—I languish—"I cannot withdraw, but turn back at every step.—I sigh, and in sighing exclaim, unfortunate being that I am!—it is thus that all-powerful Painting keeps me under her dominion—then gaining strength I proceed, reflecting on the treasure I have quitted." Mr. Etty has as yet given us little or no specimens of his powers in sterner stuff—but why should he? His manner is peculiarly his own, and will always enamour by its tender selection of attitudes and expressions, and the genial warmth of its hues. Perhaps a greater force of legitimate chiaroscuro would add variety to his style, his effects at present depending nearly, if not entirely, on the opposition of colours. I cannot take leave of this most meritorious artist without expressing my sincere admiration of the amorous and yet modest languor infused into the bright eyes and fair lids, drooping with thick lashes, of his females.—The '*St. Catherine*,' and '*Psyche*,' in the last Exhibition at the British Gallery, owed to this beautiful trait more than half their attraction.

Let us now sit down and feast our eyes on Hilton's gallery picture (*Meleager, Atalanta, and the Boar of Diana*. 128.) How finely coloured, how very rich, exuberant, and juicy—how well made up—how painterly! This last tack has brought him nearer to the gorgeous port of Venice than any before. How glowing without foxey-

\* It is a pity Janus's preaching and practice do not agree.

pass: how brown and mellow, yet pure and clean! How much nature and suppleness in the drawing, without vulgarity!—and how much correctness without rigidity! How cleverly brought together, and how *effectual* are the cold steel and the perspiring flesh! What a fierce pencil in the animals and the Tizianesque trees! how pulpy and delicate in the carnations!—how artfully easy are the grouping and the arrangements of the parts; and what an air of unity the whole possesses!—This in my opinion is Mr. Hilton's congenial style; the style of Vecelli—the *picturesque*, in its proper and highest sense; and it is a million of pities he should ever wander in a vain search after the antagonistic and essentially inimical graces of Parma and Rome—the result of such unchemical alliance has been, and ever will be, *neutralization*.—From those who do not comprehend "*the reason of his style*," Mr. H. must expect to hear many objections, mighty sound in themselves, but travestied into absolute nonsense by their inapplicability to the point in question. I hold that no work of ability can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself;—whether or not it be consistent with itself. If this theory be true, the onus laid on the *conscientious* critic is almost equal to the author's. In our good England, however, this burthen would seem but feather-weight, judging from the spanking pace at which our periodical scalpers get over the ground:—perhaps consciences are too high in price for their pockets.\*

But I don't like to be hurried along in this way; I have seen pictures enough for to day, and I won't have them put out of my head! "Sweet Janus, but three more!"—Well, Sir! which be they? "Why first here is Chalon's *Precieuses ridicules*, (162) one of the very best things he ever enchanted the fashionable world with. Can art and taste go beyond his triumph over the most preposterous costume that ever caricatured human habiliments? How pungent, how effervescent is the countenance of the rose-coloured

Beauty!—I mean the beauty dressed in crackling satin *coulour de rose*. How fierce are those shoe-ties, how awful that wig! Would any one believe that Mr. Chalon was not born and bred in the court of Louis Quatorze, instead of being at this present time alive, and in great request with the ladies, at No. 11, Great Marlborough-street, London? Tell me, Mr. Weathercock, if you would not give some of your scarcest Bonasones to be able to put that—that—bottle of Champagne for the eyes into your *Boudoir*?" Why it is not easy for me to answer that question, because Bonasones I have *none*, (they are all sold, poor dears! to pay for *themselves*)—and as to Boudoir, I cannot persuade Vinkbooms to deliver it up—I suppose he has it—I can't recollect that ever I had!—But in sober truth, I must decline farther use of my *article* eye.—It would appear an insult to notice Mr. Thomson's striking and poetical work of Prospero and Miranda (172.) in a slight and incomplete manner: and the same may be said of the excellent Lear of Briggs (198.) who is this year placed where he should be, viz. in the great room. Mr. H. P. Bone has an historical subject, in the School of Painting, (The Death of Priam. 273.) embodied with considerable force of tone and expression. It is very much in the feeling of the princes of the French school, Poussin and Le Sueur; with a little dash of West—finished very honestly; and I hope, for the credit of London, will meet with a purchaser.

The *Venus and Adonis*, by his brother, seems, as well as my dim eyes will inform me, to be placed aloft in a very unworthy situation. Both of these gentlemen work very perceptibly onwards. I must now bid you adieu, my kind companions—but let me entreat you first to admire again and again Jackson's very characteristic, and therefore bewitching, portrait of our Stephens—it is drawn *con amore*, and is by far the best of this brilliant artist's female heads.

Among the marbles, Flaxman, Westmacott, and Baily, maintain their accustomed dignity, and keep alive

\* Paley once said "that he could not afford to keep a conscience!!!" This declaration was honest at any rate!

with their strenuous breath the populace-neglected embers of historic art. Westmacott's Psyche is affectingly simple—a pure bashful relying creature, who could live but in the breath of the Heavenly Love. The War Angel of the elegant-minded Flaxman is extremely noble—no man understands the action and powers of the skeleton better than Mr. F.; which knowledge is the *primum mobile* of grace and motion. I wonder he does not favour the public with some more of his harmonious outlines. The romantic Apollonius would furnish an interesting series, which might be lithographized by some of his pupils.

J. W.

P. S. Give my respects to your Mr. Fine Arts, and request him to write a panegyric on Wilkie's chef-d'œuvre (for so it certainly is, both in conception, composition, colour, drawing, grace, and expression; this is, indeed, fetching up lee-way with a wet sail,) with one of his most superb quills. Tell him also I shall look sharp after his critique on Mulready's "*Convalescent*;" it is a touchstone of sympathy and feeling. Mackenzie should write it, or Allan Cunningham! I desire that Mynheer Van Stinking Brooms will keep his herring-defiled paws from it—I hate that fellow most particularly. Fumigate him out of the concern!

Our friend Mr. Weathercock has omitted to notice Mr. Leslie's "*Rivals*." With some defects of execution, nothing can be more expressive than this admirable little picture; if his former productions were more attractive from their connexion with our national habits and associations, this is equally meritorious in genuine unforced humour. Nothing can excel the spirited and graceful way in which the story is told.—Ed.

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SONG.

## 1.

The morning hours the sun beguiles,  
 With glories brightly blooming;  
 The flower and summer meet in smiles,  
 And so I've met with woman.  
 But suns must set with dewy eve,  
 And leave the scene deserted;  
 And flowers must with the summer leave,—  
 So I and Mary parted.

## 2.

O Mary, I did meet thy smile,  
 When passion was discreetest;  
 And thou didst win my heart the while,  
 When woman seem'd the sweetest;  
 When joys were felt that cannot speak,  
 And memory cannot smother,  
 When love's first beauty flush'd thy cheek,  
 That never warm'd another.

## 3.

Those eyes that then my passion blest,  
 That burn'd in love's expression;  
 That bosom where I then could rest,  
 And now have no possession;  
 These waken still in memory  
 Sad ceaseless thoughts about thee,  
 That say how blest I've been with thee,  
 And how I am without thee.



## POLYHYMNIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.\*

It can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may with the turning over but few leaves chuse for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable; and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrists we have just mentioned; and who that has read the *Wanderer of Switzerland* and the minor pieces of this poet, can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them in the *LONDON MAGAZINE*, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty:—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy, and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled *Reminiscence*; it is exceedingly plaintive and unaffectedly pathetic.

## REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,  
Dear companions of my golden days?  
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;  
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand  
ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and  
brother,  
Yea in soul my friend and brother still?  
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none  
other  
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and  
gladness?

Love and gladness I no longer see;  
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness  
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,  
Brings the welcome warning of release.  
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?  
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chords repeated in regular succession, supporting, but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

## YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay  
morning,  
New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;  
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,  
Nature rings with melody and mirth.  
Love invisible, beneath, above,  
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion  
stealing,  
Unperceiv'd hath sober Manhood brought;  
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,  
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;  
Till the heart no longer prone to roam,  
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,  
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the  
scene;

Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,  
And to-day the agony between:  
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,  
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written),

\* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of Celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work, by James Montgomery. The Music arranged by C. F. Hase.



and may claim a place in the memory with his Despair, and The Wanderer.

The War Song (the words of which were given in our last No. page 456) is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself!

#### MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again!

Love's own language comfort dasting  
Through the souls of friends at parting;  
Life in death to meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,  
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,  
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,  
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.  
Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,  
O'er our lost endearments weeping,  
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,  
"Meet again" transports us home.  
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,  
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,  
Vast eternity exploring,  
"Meet again" in heav'n at last:  
Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

#### VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness  
lowers,  
And heav'n and earth are hid from sight;  
Cheer up, cheer up; ere long the op'ning  
flowers

With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are  
blowing,

O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;  
Cheer up, cheer up; all beautiful and glow-  
ing,

May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and  
ocean

Roll the loud chariots of the wind;  
Cheer up, cheer up; the voice of wild com-  
motion

Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace; though dread artill'ry  
rattle,

And ghastly corpses load the ground;  
Cheer up, cheer up; where grown'd the field  
of battle,

The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noontide fervors  
beating,

When droop thy temples o'er thy breast;  
Cheer up, cheer up; grey twilight, cool and  
fleeting,

Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief  
thy story;

Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;  
Look up, look up; eternity and glory  
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening; the reverse of the movement of which Meet Again consists. This air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of The Pilgrimage, which follows, is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim who in trouble  
Can lean upon a bosom friend;  
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,  
When foes assail or griefs impend.  
Care flies before his footsteps, straying  
At day break o'er the purple heath,  
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him play-  
ing,  
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,  
When with his friend abroad he roves,  
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,  
Or talks by moonlight through the groves;  
For him the vine expands its clusters,  
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;  
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,  
'Tis summer by his ev'ning fire.

In good old age serenely dying,  
When all he lov'd forsakes his view;  
Sweet is Affection's voice replying,  
"I follow soon," to his "adieu:"  
Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,  
The spirit's union will not end,  
Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given  
In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song, expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the Qui sdegno of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, Aspirations of Youth, is the call of Genius to Glory,

which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

#### ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time,  
In our country's story;  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge;  
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil,  
Win from school and college;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,  
Through the path of duty.  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty;  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heav'n of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit,  
In the wildest weather:  
O, they wander wide, who roam  
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,  
Draw our souls in union,  
To our father's house above,  
To the saints' communion:  
Thither ev'ry hope ascend,  
There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain, like the War song. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not seek the work elsewhere; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music, that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force, and spirit. The *Airs* are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here,—but, seeking other melodies, and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.

### CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

### *Lives of the Poets.*

#### No. VIII.

#### THE LIFE OF WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE was born on the 29th of September, 1734, at Longholm, in the County of Dumfries, of which place his father, Alexander Meikle, or Mickle, a minister of the church of Scotland, was pastor. His mother was Julia, daughter of Thomas Henderson, of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh. In his thirteenth year, his love of poetry was kindled by reading Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. Two years after, his father, who was grown old and infirm, and had a large family to edu-

cate, by an unusual indulgence obtained permission to reside in Edinburgh, where Mickle was admitted a pupil at the high school. Here he remained long enough to acquire a relish for the Greek and Latin classics. When he was seventeen years old, his father unluckily embarking his capital in a brewery, which the death of his wife's brother had left without a manager, William was taken from school, and employed as clerk under the eldest son, in whose name the business was carried on.

At first he must have been attentive enough to his employment; for on his coming of age, the property was made over to him, on the condition of paying his family a certain share of the profits arising from it. Afterwards, he suffered himself to be seduced from business by the attractions of literature. His father died in 1758; and, in about three years, he published, without his name, *Knowledge*, an Ode, and a Night Piece, the former of which had been written in his eighteenth year. In both there is more of seriousness and reflection, than of that fancy which marks his subsequent productions. Beside these, he had finished a Drama, called the *Death of Socrates*, of which, if we may judge from his other tragedy, the loss is not to be lamented, and he had begun a poem on *Providence*. The difficulties consequent on his trusting to servants the work of his brewery, which he was too indolent to superintend himself, and on his joining in security for a large sum with a printer who failed, were now gathering fast upon him. His creditors became clamorous; and at Candlemas (one of the quarter days in Scotland) 1762, being equally unwilling to compound with them, as his brother advised him to do, and unable to satisfy their demands, he prevailed on them to accept his notes of hand, payable in four months. When the time was expired, he found himself, as might have been expected, involved in embarrassments from which he could devise no means of escaping. His mind was harassed by bitter reflections on the distress which threatened those whom his parent had left to his protection; and he was scared by the terrors of a jail. But they, with whom he had to reckon, were again lenient. He consoled himself with recollecting that his delinquency had proceeded from inadvertence, not from design, and resolved to be more sedulous in future; but had still the weakness to trust for relief to his poem on *Providence*. This was soon after published by Dodsley, and, that it might win for itself such advantages as patronage could give, was sent to Lord Lyttelton, under the assumed name of William More, with a representation that the author

was a youth, friendless and unknown, and with the offer of a dedication if the poem should be again edited. This proceeding did not evince much knowledge of mankind. A poet has as seldom gained a patron as a mistress, by solicitation to which no previous encouragement has been given. It was more than half a year before he received an answer from Lyttelton, with just kindness enough to keep alive his expectations. In the meantime, the friendly offices of a carpenter in Edinburgh, whose name was Good, had been exerted to save his property from being seized for rent; but the fear of arrest impelled him to quit that city in haste; and embarking on board a coal vessel at Newcastle, he reached London, penniless, in May, 1763. His immediate necessities were supplied by remittances from his brothers, and by such profits as he could derive from writing for periodical publications. There is no reason to suppose that he was indebted to Lyttelton for more than the commendation of his genius, and for some criticism on his poems; and even this favour was denied to the most beautiful among them, his *Elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots*. The cause assigned for the exclusion was, that poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn, a sacred principle if it be applied to the characters of those yet living, but of more doubtful obligation as it regards past times. When Euripides, in one of his dramas, chose to avail himself of a wild and unauthorized tradition, and to represent Helen as spotless, he surely violated no sanction of moral truth; and in the instance of Mary, Mickle might have pleaded some uncertainty which a poet was at liberty to interpret to the better part.

During his courtship of Lyttelton, he was fed at one time by hopes of being recommended in the West Indies; and, at another, of being served in the East; till by degrees the great man waxed so cold, that he wisely relinquished his suit. His next project was to go out as a merchant's clerk to Carolina; but some unexpected occurrences defeating this plan also, he engaged himself as corrector of the Clarendon press, at Oxford. Here he published (in

1767) the *Concubine*, a poem, in the manner of Spenser, to which, when it was printed, ten years after, having in the meantime passed through several editions, he gave the title of *Syr Martyn*.

Early in life, his zeal for religion had shown itself in some remarks on an impious book termed the *History of the Man after God's own Heart*; and, in 1767, the same feelings induced him to publish *A Vindication of the Divinity of Jesus Christ*, in a Letter to Dr. Harwood; and, in the year following, *Voltaire in the Shades*, or *Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy*.

He was now willing to try his fortune with a tragedy, and sent his *Siege of Marseilles* to Garrick, who observed to him, that though abounding in beautiful passages, it was deficient in dramatic art, and advised him to model it anew; in which task, having been assisted by the author of *Douglas*, and having submitted the *rifacciamento* of his play to the two Wartons, by whom he was much regarded, he promised himself better success; but had the mortification to meet with a second rebuff. An appeal from the manager to the public was his unquestioned privilege; but, not contented with seeking redress by these means, he threatened Garrick with a new *Dunciad*. The rejection which his drama afterwards underwent at each of the playhouses, from the respective managers, Harris and Sheridan, perhaps taught him at last to suspect his own judgment.

In 1772, being employed to edit *Pearch's Collection of Poems*, he inserted amongst them his *Hengist and Mey*, and the *Elegy on Mary*. About the same time, he wrote for the *Whitehall Evening Post*. But his mind was now attracted to a more splendid project. This was a translation of the great Epic Poem of Portugal, the *Lusiad* of Camoens, which had as yet been represented to the English reader only through the inadequate version of Fanshaw. That nothing might hinder his prosecution of this labour, he resigned his employment at Oxford, and retired to a farm-house at Forrest-hill, about five miles from that city, the village in which Milton found his first wife,

and where Mickle afterwards found his in the daughter of his landlord. By the end of 1775, his translation was completed and published at Oxford, with a numerous list of subscribers. Experience had not yet taught him wariness in his approaches to a patron. At the suggestion of his relative, Commodore Johnstone, in an unlucky moment he inscribed his book to the Duke of Buccleugh. This nobleman had declared his acceptance of the dedication in a manner so gracious, that Mickle was once more decoyed with the hope of having found a powerful protector. After an interval of some months, he learnt that his incense had not been permitted to enter the nostrils of the new idol, and that his offering lay, where he left it, without the slightest notice. For this disappointment he might have considered it to be some compensation that his work had procured him the kindness of those who were more able to estimate it. Mr. Crowe assisted him in compiling the notes; Lowth offered to ordain him, with the promise of making some provision for him in the church; and one, whose humanity and candour are among the chief ornaments of the bench on which Lowth then sat, Doctor Bathurst, soothed him by those benevolent offices which he delights to extend to the neglected and the oppressed. Nor were the public insensible to the value of his translation. A second edition was called for in 1778; and his gains amounted on the whole to near a thousand pounds, a larger sum than was likely to fall to the share of an author, who so little understood the art of making his way in the world. It was not, however, considerable enough to last long against the calls made on it for the payment of old debts, and for the support of his sisters; and he was devising further means of supplying his necessities by a subscription for his poems, when Commodore Johnstone (in 1779) being appointed to head a squadron of ships, nominated him his secretary, on board the *Romney*. Mickle had hitherto struggled through a life of anxiety and indigence; but a gleam of prosperity came over the few years that remained. A good share of prize-

money fell to his lot ; and the squadron having been fortunately ordered to Lisbon, he was there received with so much distinction, that it would seem as if the Portuguese had been willing to make some amends for their neglect of Camoens, by the deference which they showed his translator. Prince John, the uncle to the Queen, was ready on the Quay to welcome him at landing ; and during a residence of more than six months he was gratified by the attentions of the principal men of the country. At the first institution of the Royal Academy at Lisbon, he was enrolled one of the Members. Here he composed *Almada Hill*, an epistle from Lisbon, which was published in the next year ; and designing to write a *History of Portugal*, he brought together some materials for that purpose.

When he had returned to England, he was so much enriched by his agency for the disposal of the prizes which had been made during the cruise, and by his own portion of the prize-money, that he was enabled to discharge honourably the claims which his creditors still had on him, and to settle himself with a prospect of independence and ease. He accordingly married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Robert Tomkins, of Forrester-hill, and took a house at Wheatley, a little village about five miles from Oxford. Some interruption to his tranquillity occurred from the failure of a banker, with whom his agency had connected him, and from a chancery suit, in which he too hastily engaged to secure a part of his wife's fortune. He then resumed his intention of publishing his poems by subscription, and continued still to exercise his pen. His remaining productions were a tract, entitled *The Prophecy of Queen Emma*, an ancient Ballad, &c., with Hints towards a Vindication of the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian and Rowley (in 1782), and some essays, called *Fragments of Leo*, and some reviews of books, both which he contributed to the *European Magazine*. He died after a short illness, on the 25th of October, 1788, at Forrester-hill, while on a visit at the house of his father-in-law ; and was buried at that place. He left one son, who was an extra-clerk in the

India House, in 1806, when the *Life of Mickle* was written by the Rev. John Sim, a friend, on whom he enjoined that task, and who, I doubt not, has performed it with fidelity.

Mickle was a man of strong natural powers which he had not always properly under controul. When he is satisfied to describe with little apparent effort what he has himself felt or conceived, as in his ballads and songs, he is at times eminently happy. He has generally erred on the side of the too much rather than of the too little. His defect is not so much want of genius as of taste. His thoughts were forcible and vivid ; but the words in which he clothed them, are sometimes ill-chosen, and sometimes awkwardly disposed. He degenerates occasionally into mere turgidness and verbosity, as in the following lines :

Oh, partner of my infant grief and joys !

Big with the scenes now past my heart  
o'erflows,

Bids each endearment fair as once to rise,

And dwells luxurious on her melting  
woes.

When his stanza forced him to lop off this vain superfluity of words, that the sense might be brought within a narrower compass, he succeeded better. Who would suppose, that these verses could have proceeded from the same man that had written the well-known song, beginning "And are ye sure the news is true," from which there is not a word that can be taken without injury, and which seems so well to answer the description of a simple and popular song in Shakspeare ?

————— It is old and plain :

The songsters, and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their threads  
with bone,

Do use to chaunt it. It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

Syr Martyn is the longest of his poems. He could not have chosen a subject in itself much less capable of embellishment. But whatever the pomp of machinery or profuseness of description could contribute to its decoration has not been spared. After an elaborate invocation of the powers that preside over the stream of Mulla, a "reverend wizard" is conjured up



in the eye of the poet; and the wizard in his turn conjures up scene after scene, in which appear the hopeful young knight, Syr Martyn, "possest of goodly Baronie," the dairy-maid, Kathrin, by whose wiles he is inveigled into an illicit amour, the good aunt, who soon dies of chagrin at this unworthy attachment, the young brood who are the offspring of the ill-sorted match, his brother, an open-hearted sailor, who is hindered by the artifices of Kathrin from gaining access to the house, and, lastly, the "fair nymph Dissipation," with whom Syr Martyn seeks refuge from his unpleasant recollections, and who conspires with "the lazy fiend, Self-Imposition," to conduct him to the "dreary cave of Discontent," where the poet leaves him, and "the reverend wizard" (for aught we hear to the contrary) in his company. Mean and familiar incidents and characters do not sort well with allegory, which requires beings that are themselves somewhat removed from the common sphere of human nature to meet and join it a little beyond the limits of this world. Yet in this tale, incongruous and disjointed as the dream of a sick man, *velut ægri somnia*, he has interspersed some lines, and even whole stanzas, to which the poet or the painter may turn again and again with delight, though the common reader will scarce find them sufficient to redeem the want of interest that pervades the whole.

His Elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots, is also a vision, but it is better managed, at once mournful and sweet. He has thrown a pall of gorgeous embroidery over the bloody hearse of Mary.

Wolfwold and Ella, of which the story was suggested by a picture of Mortimer's, is itself a picture, in which the fine colouring and spirited attitudes reconcile us to its horrors.

His Tragedy is a tissue of love and intrigue, with sudden starts of passion, and unprepared and improbable turns of resolution and temper. Towards the conclusion, one of the female characters puts an end to herself, for little apparent reason, except that it is the fifth act, and some blood must therefore be shed; Garrick's refusal, in all likelihood, spared him the worse mortification of seeing it rejected on the stage. Yet there is

here and there in it a masterly touch like the following:

Either my mind has lost its energy,  
Or the unbodied spirits of my fathers,  
Beneath the night's dark wings, pass to and fro,

In doleful agitation hovering round me.

Methought my father, with a mournful look,

Behold me. Sudden from unconscious pause

I wak'd, and but his marble bust was here.

Almada Hill has some just sentiments, and some pleasing imagery; but both are involved in the mazes of an unskilful or ambitious phraseology, from which it is a work of trouble to extricate them. It was about this time, that the laboured style in poetry had reached its height. Not "to loiter into prose," of which Lyttleton bade him beware, was the grand aim; and in their eagerness to leave prose as far behind them as possible, the poets were in danger of outstripping the understanding and feelings of their readers. It was this want of ease and perspicuity in his longer pieces, which prevented Mickle from being as much a favourite with the public, as many who were far his inferiors in the other qualities of a poet. When a writer is obscure, only because his reasoning is too abstruse, his fancy too lively, or his allusions too learned for the vulgar, it is more just that we should complain of ourselves for not being able to rise to his level, than of him for not descending to our's. But let the difficulty arise from mere imperfections of language, and the consciousness of having solved an involuntary enigma is scarcely sufficient to reward our pains.

The translation of the *Lusiad* is that by which he is best known. In this, as in his original poems, the expression is sometimes very faulty; but he is never flat or insipid. In the numbers, there is much sweetness and freedom; and though they have somewhat of the masculine melody, the *κτύπος ἀρσην*, of Dryden, yet they have something also that is peculiarly his own. He has in a few instances enriched the language of poetry by combinations unborrowed from any of his predecessors. It is doubtful whether as much can be said for Pope's translation of Homer. Almost all who have written much



in the couplet measure, since Waller clipped it into uniformity, have been at times reduced to the necessity of eking out their lines in some way or other so as to make the sense reach its prescribed bound. Most have done it by means of epithets, which were always found to be "friends in need." Mickle either breaks the lines with a freedom and spirit which were then unusual, or repeats something of what has gone before, a contrivance that ought to be employed sparingly, and chiefly when it is desirable to produce the effect of sweetness.

The preference which he sometimes claims in the notes for his author, above the other epic poets of ancient and modern times, is less likely to conciliate the good opinion than to excite the disgust of his readers. There is no artifice that a translator can resort to with less chance of success, than this blowing of the showman's trumpet as he goes on exhibiting the wonders of his original. There are some puerile hyperboles, for which I know not whether he or Camoens is responsible; such as—

The mountain echoes catch the big swoln  
sighs.

The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er.

Johnson told him that he had once intended to translate the *Lusiad*. The version would have had fewer faults, but it may be questioned whether the general result would have been as much animation and harmony as have been produced by Mickle.

In addition to the poems, which were confessedly his, there are no less than seventeen in Mr. Evans's collection of Ballads, of which a writer in the *Quarterly Review*\* some years ago expressed his suspicion that they were from the pen of Mickle. It has been found on enquiry, that the suggestion of this judicious critic is fully confirmed. One of these has lately been brought into notice from its having formed the groundwork of one of those deservedly popular stories, which have lately come to us from the north of the Tweed. It is to be wished that Mickle's right in all of them were formally recognised, and that they should be no longer withheld from their place amongst his other poetical writings, to which they would form so valuable an accession.

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY,

### THE ORATOR OF VIRGINIA.

(Continued from our last.)

THE speech, an extract from which we gave in our last, may be said to have decided the character of the contest, and given it a definitively warlike complexion. Negotiation was henceforward at an end; and, according to the proposition of Henry, Virginia presented an armed population. Soon after the adjournment of the House of Burgesses in which this resolution was adopted, an incident occurred which placed him in a new point of view before the country, and proved his ability to

become a practical patriot. In pursuance of a plan to denude the Americans as much as possible of all military stores, in case of actual hostilities, a body of men landed at Williamsburgh, the capital of Virginia, and, as it was said, under the orders of Lord Dunmore, carried away twenty barrels of gunpowder from the magazine. This was considered as a public insult; and, at a meeting convened at Newcastle, for the purpose of consulting on it, Henry so inflamed the people

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\* For May 1810, No. VI. The titles of the Ballads are Bishop Thurston, and the King of Scots, Battle of Caton Moor, Murder of Prince Arthur, Prince Edward, and Adam Gordon, Cumner Hall, Arabella Stuart, Anna Bullen, The Lady and the Palmer, The Fair Maniac, The Bridal Bed, The Lordling Peasant, The Red Cross Knight, The Wandering Maid, The Triumph of Death, Julia, The Fruits of Jealousy, and The Death of Allen.

that he found himself at the head of five thousand armed men, determined either upon restoration or reprisal. His determination was formed in a moment:—he marched at once upon Williamsburgh, the seat of government, collecting at every stage fresh forces, and followed by the benedictions of those who were unable to accompany him. The consequence was, that he was soon arrested in his progress, by the submission of the Governor to all his demands, and a receipt from the Receiver General for the full amount of the gunpowder carried away. Thus, having given the first impulse to the revolution in Virginia, he was also the first who headed, in that state, a military operation. This success subsequently raised him to a command in the revolutionary army, in which, however, he does not appear to have distinguished himself. But that he sustained his character, may be collected from the fact, that the army, over which he was placed, went into mourning on his resignation, which was the consequence of disgust at some disrespect which he thought was shown him. The state of Virginia also elected him three times its governor, and would have done so the fourth time, but that he positively refused the re-appointment, as inconsistent with the provisions of the constitution. Thus may he be said to have entitled himself to at least a share in the beautiful eulogium passed upon Washington by one of our sweetest poets:—

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page!  
Thou more than soldier! and just less  
than sage!

All that thou art reflects less fame on thee,  
*Rar less, than all thou hast forborne to be.*

In order to estimate this sacrifice correctly, it must not be forgotten, that he was still poor, oppressed by a family, and that the salary which he thus voluntarily surrendered amounted, independent of contingencies, to one thousand pounds a year.

The capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Little York, in 1781, may be said to have consummated the American revolution, and given the United States, according to Henry's prophecy, "a station amongst the na-

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tions of the earth." The time was not come, however, for the retirement of a patriot. This was the very moment, perhaps, in which his services were more than ever requisite. Peace had indeed arrived, but its blessings were to be rendered permanent—a code of laws was to be framed—the wounds of war were to be healed—the resources of the nation were to be developed, and America had still to show, that she could not only ruin but regenerate—that if she overthrew the altar which slavery had raised for the immolation of her people, it was only to erect a genuine temple to Liberty in its place. In this great work the Virginian senator was active and conspicuous. If we have beheld him hitherto fired and animated by the enthusiasm of freedom, lighting his country on her path to glory, and foregoing all personal considerations in that sacred cause—we may view him now on a far different theatre, but not to less advantage. The moment the victory was achieved, his animosities seemed to have ceased—he was the first to hold out the hand of peace and reconciliation to the enemy he had overcome, and, towering high above antipathy and revenge, to soften the inflictions he had not the opportunity of averting. In proof of this, we present with pleasure to the English reader the speech which he made on advocating the return of the British refugees. It combines the spirit of the Christian with the sagacity of the statesman, and in point of eloquence, is of the very highest order. It has never been published in England, that we are aware of, so that we hope to be the first to naturalize in this country an oration which does equal honour to the head and heart of its author. The measure was most obnoxious—a British refugee was a term almost of horror, and Henry drew down upon himself denunciations both "loud and deep" by his proposition in their favour. Among others, Judge Tyler, the Speaker of the Assembly, most vehemently opposed him, and in a committee of the house, demanded "how he, above all other men, could think of inviting into his family an enemy from whose insults and injuries he had suffered so severely." The fol-

lowing was his prompt and beautiful reply.

I acknowledge, indeed, Sir, that I have many personal injuries of which to complain; but when I enter this hall of legislation, I endeavour, as far as human infirmity will permit, to leave all personal feelings behind me. This question is a national one, and in deciding it, if you set wisely, you will regard nothing but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs, and I am sure I should most absurdly flatter myself, if I thought that I was the only person in this house capable of making such a sacrifice. We have, Sir, an extensive country, *without population*. What can be a more obvious policy, than that such a country ought to be peopled?—*People* form the strength, and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly advancing to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country—observe the salubrity of your climate—the variety and fertility of your soil, and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions, of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to chastise and resist them—or whether you choose rather to rush, at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in this land of promise—make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate, and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed—fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power—and, I venture to prophesy, there are those now living, who will see this favoured land amongst the most powerful

on earth—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts, and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now affect to rule the waves. But, Sir, you must have *men*. Those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your land is groaning, must be cleared away—those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and industry of men—your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared—you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best market for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men, and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors and they will come in—the population of the old world is full to overflowing—that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe on their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and a longing eye—they see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land, on which a gracious providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which peace hath now stretched her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this—they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets—they see her here, a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy states—her glories chaunted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Let her but stretch forth her fair hand towards the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome, and you will see them pouring in from the north, and from the south, from the east, and from the west;—your wildernesses will be cleared—your deserts will smile—your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary. Much objection is made to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel not the force of such objections. The re-

lation which we bear to these deluded people, and to their nation, is now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence—the quarrel is over—peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity then to lay aside our antipathies, and consider the subject in a political light;—these are an enterprising and a monied people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of the land, and supplying us with necessities during the infant state of our manufactures. I have no prejudices against them—I have no fear from them—what, when we have laid the British Lion at our feet, shall we now show ourselves afraid of his whelps! Discard from your bosoms fears so groundless, and prejudices so disgraceful—unfetter commerce—let her be as free as air—depend upon it she will range the whole creation, and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty.

It is quite impossible not to feel the wisdom of these sentiments. Mr. Henry's proposition was carried, and every succeeding year proves that his anticipations were well founded. America soon discovered the policy of his counsels, and, tide after tide, emigration has ever since continued to roll wealth and improvement over her provinces.

In this assembly Henry proposed a very important measure, and not less remarkable also for its boldness than for its originality. The Indians on the frontiers of the territory of the United States had long and naturally considered the white men as intruders upon that world which the "great Spirit" had allotted them. The consequence was that they were ready instruments in the hands of every enemy;—in the war of the revolution they had been formidable engines of the British power, and even in peace they hung upon the confines of civilization like a pestilential cloud ready to discharge its ruin on the first object which attracted it. Treaty upon treaty had been made with them and failed; in fact, the faith of such treaties seldom outlived the ceremonies which attended their ratification. It was under these circumstances that Henry turned his mind to the amelioration of the evil: he thought, and wisely, that the best plan would be, if possible, to unite the white man and the red man by a common bond

of interest and feeling, and thus make civilization a kind of protection to itself. For this purpose, he introduced a bill for the encouragement of intermarriages with the Indians. His inducements were a bounty on the production of the marriage certificate, another on the birth of every child, an exemption from taxes, and education at the expense of the state. This bill was read a first and second time, but unfortunately it was lost on the third reading, during the author's absence, he having been in the meantime re-elected governor of the state, and thus honourably displaced from the floor of its assembly.

Soon after this he retired temporarily from public life. In fact, necessity obliged him; he had devoted the prime of his manhood to the service of his country, and, after having been tossed about by the revolutionary tempest for seventeen years, he found himself at the age of fifty so embarrassed with debt, that he had literally to commence the world afresh. Under this pressure, he retired to Prince Edward county, and there it was that, one day conversing with his neighbours on the necessities which involved him, one of them said to him "Go back to the bar, your tongue will soon pay your debts. If you will promise to go, I will give you a retaining fee on the spot." Henry saw the wisdom of the advice. Late as it was, he returned to his profession in 1788, and, we are happy to say, was enabled to retire upon an ample independence after six years, practice in the district courts of Prince Edward and New London.

In the mean time, however, he was called again, if we may so express it, into legislative life. The Philadelphia Convention had sent forth the Federal Constitution for the consideration of the States, and this document excited in the mind of Henry the most "awful alarm." He was a zealous democrat; and even the revered name of his friend Washington could not reconcile him to an instrument, which, putting the purse and the sword in the power of the President for the time being, laid, in his apprehension, the groundwork of a despotism. He accordingly accepted the representation of Prince Edward county for the State of Virginia, and duly at-

tended the Convention at Richmond. In this assembly, he opposed most vehemently the adoption of the Constitution, on the ground which we have stated. His entire argument seems summed up in the following abstract.

If, said he, your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, how easy is it for him to render himself absolute! The purse is in his hands—the army is in his hands, and, if he be a man of address, it will be attached to him; and it will be a subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. Sir, will the American spirit, solely, relieve you when this event happens? I would rather, infinitely, have a King, Lords, and Commons, than a government so replete with such insupportable evils. If we make a king, we may prescribe the rules by which he shall rule his people, and interpose such checks as shall prevent him from infringing on them: but the President, in the field, at the head of an army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master so far, that it will puzzle any American ever to get his head out of the galling yoke. I cannot with patience think of this idea. If he be guilty, will not the recollection of his crimes teach him to make one bold push for the American throne? Will not the immense difference between being master of every thing, and being ignominiously tried and punished, powerfully excite him to make this bold push? And where will be the existing power to punish him? Can he not, at the head of an army, beat down every opposition? Away with your President—we will have a King—the army will salute him monarch: your militia will leave you, will assist him and fight against you; and what will you have to oppose them? What will become of you? Will not absolute despotism ensue?"

These are curious speculations, and time alone can decide upon their cogency. Henry was, however, unsuccessful in his opposition. The Federal Constitution was carried by a considerable majority; and it is remarkable enough, that two future Presidents, Messrs. Madison and Monroe, voted in the majority. On the numbers being told, he made a short speech, submitting to the measure, but at the same time protesting against it.

Yet (said he) I will be a peaceable citizen—my head, my hand, and my heart, shall be free to retrieve the loss of liberty,

and remove the defects of the system in a constitutional way. I shall wait with hopes, that the spirit which predominated in the revolution is not yet gone, nor the cause of those who are attached to the revolution yet lost—I shall therefore patiently wait in expectation of seeing that government changed, so as to be compatible with the safety, liberty, and happiness of the people.

That Henry was quite sincere in an anticipation which for the sake of mankind we hope never may be realized, the opposition to power in which he was all his life necessarily involved may readily induce us to believe. He had an innate and instinctive suspicion of every man at the head of an army. On this subject, an anecdote is related of him, which, we regret to say, was not in its conclusion calculated to disembarass him of those prejudices. In the year 1798, when Buonaparte had overthrown a series of Austrian armies, and was carrying every thing before him, on its being mentioned in a company where he was, he shook his head expressively, exclaiming,—

It won't all do—the present generation in France is so debased by a long despotism—they possess so few of the virtues that constitute the life and soul of republicanism, that they are incapable of forming a correct and just estimate of *rational* liberty. Their revolution will terminate differently from what you expect—their state of anarchy will be succeeded by despotism, and I should not be surprised, if the *very man at whose victories you rejoice, should, Caesar-like, subvert the liberties of his country.* All who know me, (continued he,) know that I am a firm advocate for liberty and republicanism: I believe I have given some evidences of this. I wish it may not be so, but I am afraid the event will justify the prediction.

About this period, a case occurred at the bar which excited the most extraordinary interest in America, and which has been always considered as that in which Henry made his most splendid professional display. It was the celebrated case of "British Debts." In this trial the state of Virginia was particularly involved, and the fortunes of many of her most eminent citizens depended on the result. The simple question was, whether the change in the American government cancelled pecuniary obligations incurred by a



citizen of America to a British subject, previous to the revolution. Henry maintained the affirmative of this proposition, and is said to have prepared himself with the most laborious minuteness. There was no one principle of law, either national or municipal, even remotely affecting the case, of which he had not made himself master. Such was the interest excited, that the speaker of the House of Representatives was left sitting alone with his clerk, all the members having *en masse* adjourned to the court house. It is not our intention, of course, to follow him in a most profound and elaborate argument, which took an entire day in the delivery; however, we cannot refrain from quoting one or two extracts, which we consider eminently forcible, and which are the only specimens our limits will allow us to give of his eloquence at the bar. The following appears to us to be a most striking description of the peculiarities attending the revolutionary contest.

The most striking peculiarity (said he,) attended the American war. In the first of it, we were stripped of every municipal right. Rights and obligations are correspondent, co-extensive, and inseparable—they must exist together, or not at all—we were therefore, when stripped of all our municipal rights, clear of every municipal engagement, burthen, or onerous obligation. If then the obligation be gone, what is become of the correspondent right? They are mutually gone—the case of sovereign and independent nations at war is far different; because there private right is respected, and domestic asylum held sacred. Was it the case in our war? No, Sir. Daggers were planted in your chambers, and mischief, death, and destruction, might meet you at your fireside! In common wars, children are not obliged to fight against their fathers, nor brothers against brothers, nor kindred against kindred. Our men were compelled, contrary to the most sacred ties of humanity, to shed the blood of their dearest connexions. In common wars, contending parties respect municipal rights, and leave, even to those they invade, the means of paying debts, and complying with obligations—they touch not private property. For example, when a British army lands in France, they plunder nothing; they pay for what they have, and respect the tribunals of justice, unless they have a mind to be called a savage nation. Were we thus treated? Were we

allowed to exercise industry, and to collect debts by which we might be enabled to pay British creditors? Had we a power to pursue commerce? No, Sir. What became of our agriculture? Our inhabitants were mercilessly and brutally plundered, and our enemies professed to maintain their army by those means only. Our slaves were carried away—our crops burnt—a cruel war carried on against our agriculture—disability to pay debts produced by pillage and devastation, contrary to every principle of national law. From that series of plenty in which we had been accustomed to live and to revel, we were plunged into every species of human calamity. Our lives attacked—the charge of rebels fixed on us—confiscation and attainder denounced against the whole Continent; and he that was called King of England, sat judge upon our case—he pronounced his judgment, not like those to whom poetic fancy has given existence—not like him who sits in the infernal regions, and dooms to the Stygian lake those spirits who deserve it,—because *he* spares the innocent, and sends *some* to the fields of Elysium—not like him who sat in ancient Rome, and wished the people had but one neck that he might at a blow strike off their heads, and spare himself the trouble of carnage and massacre,—because one city would have satisfied his vengeance—not like any of his fellow men, because he would be satisfied with nothing short of the indiscriminate destruction of a whole Continent—involving the innocent with the guilty! Yes, he sat in judgment with his co-adjutors, and pronounced proscription, attainder, and forfeiture, against men, women, and even children at the breast! Is not this description pointedly true in all its parts? And who were his co-adjutors and executioners in this strange court of judicature? Like the fiends of poetic imagination, Hessians, Indians, and negroes, were his co-adjutors and executioners! Is there any thing in this sad detail of offences which is unfounded? Any thing not enforced by the Act of Parliament against America? We were thereby driven out of their protection, and branded by the epithet *rebels*. The term may not now appear in all its train of horrid consequences. We know that when a person is called rebel by that government his goods and life are forfeited, his very blood pronounced to be corrupted, and the severity of the punishment entailed on his posterity. The jurisprudence and history of that nation prove that when they speak of rebels, nothing but blood will satisfy them. Is there nothing hideous in this part of the portrait? It is unparalleled in the history of mankind. When we contemplate this mode of warfare, we are testified in saying, that in this revolutionary



war, we had a right to consider British debts as subject to confiscation, and to seize the property of those who originated that war. If we consider the business of confiscation according to the immemorial usages of Great Britain, we shall find that the law and practice of that country support my position. The *crimen læsæ majestatis*, as it is called, involved every thing. What would have been the consequences if we had been conquered? Were we not fighting against that majesty? Would the justice of our opposition have been considered? The most horrid forfeitures, confiscations, and attainders, would have been pronounced against us. Consider their history from the reign of William the First to this day. Were not his *Normans* gratified with the confiscation of the richest estates in England? Was not England almost depopulated—its inhabitants stripped of the dearest privileges of humanity—degraded with the most ignominious badges of bondage—and totally deprived of the power of resistance to usurpation and tyranny? This inability continued to the reign of Henry the Eighth. In his reign the business of confiscation and attainder made considerable havoc. Recollect the sad and lamentable effects of the York and Lancastrian wars. To come a little lower, what happened in that island in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745? If we had been conquered, would not our men have shared the fate of the people of Ireland? What confiscations and punishments were inflicted in Scotland? The plains of Culloden and its neighbouring gibbets would show you. I thank Heaven that the spirit of liberty, under the protection of the Almighty, saved us from experiencing so hard a destiny! But had we been subdued, would not every right have been wrested from us? Would debts have been saved? Would it not be absurd to save debts, while they should hang, burn, and destroy? After presenting to your view this true picture of what would have been our situation, had we been subjugated, surely a correspondent right will be found, growing out of the law of nations, in our favour. Sir, if you had seen the sad scenes which I have known—if you had seen the simple but tranquil felicity of helpless and unoffending women and children, in little log huts on the frontiers, disturbed and destroyed by the sad effects of British warfare and Indian butchery, your soul would have been struck with horror.

It is quite unnecessary for us to dwell upon the power of such a passage as this, which we have taken almost at random from the magnificent argument in which it is contained. If any of its sentiments

should appear to partake of prejudice, the reader must recollect, that he was in this case merely an advocate, professionally retained, bound to do his duty to his clients, and addressing an American tribunal most likely to be inflamed and biassed by a reference to such topics. Acting in his unfettered capacity as a man and a legislator, we have seen, in the question of the British refugees, how free from every taint of illiberality was the mind of this truly great man.

The adoption of the constitution, which Henry in vain opposed in the assembly of Virginia, was still to be discussed in the National Congress, and he determined in that assembly to make what would most likely have proved an ineffectual resistance. He seems to have had a sincere horror of the proposed measure—the contention of parties raged furiously around him—the caution natural to age was in him perhaps excessive, and, after a life spent in speaking and fighting for the liberties of his country, he imagined he saw anarchy and despotism struggling in the perspective. Under this impulse, he presented himself a candidate for the representation of Charlotte County, in the House of Delegates, at the election of 1799. It was little to be wondered at that when he appeared at the place of election, he should be hailed and followed by an almost adoring multitude. The vision of former days arose before them—they saw him in the retrospect, rising “alone, unadvised and unassisted,” in the assembly of Virginia, proposing the measure which founded their independence, and gloriously carrying it in defiance of a furious aristocracy—they saw him afterwards embarrassed by domestic claims, and overwhelmed with debts, yet nobly relinquishing a lucrative office, because he thought its tenure unconstitutional—they saw him in the fullest tide of his prosperity, when glory waited on his footsteps, and a hemisphere hung upon his voice, simple and unaffected, as free and as familiar with his humblest acquaintance, as when, in his youthful day, he hunted the deer of the forest—no wonder, therefore, that now, in his old age, a candidate for their favour, they tu-

multuously rallied round the patriot and the friend. Henry seems to have appreciated it as he ought, with the gratitude of a man, but, at the same time, with the humility of a Christian. It is recorded that a zealous preacher of the Baptist church, whose piety was shocked at the homage paid to an individual, loudly reproached the people, asking them "why they thus followed Mr. Henry? Mr. Henry, (said he,) *is not a God.*" "No indeed, my friend," replied Henry, who overheard him, "I am but a poor worm of the dust,—as fleeting and as unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and *is remembered no more.*" His tone and manner affected every one—alas, they were a too sure presentiment of what was fast approaching. Before the Congress sat, for which he was, of course, triumphantly elected, he had vanished like that "fleeting and unsubstantial shadow!" He *was* in "the dust," but not, Oh! surely not to be forgotten. No, while the fame of genius is precious, or the memory of patriotism is dear—while America has a head to think, or one pulse of liberty vital in her heart, she will bend, in the pride of tears, over the grave of Henry. Peaceful be thy resting place, thou child of inspiration—may the tread of slavery never press its turf, or vex the spirit that sleeps in bliss beneath it! It was on the sixth day of June, 1799, that America lost Henry.

Of his public life, we have given quite as much as our limits will allow us, though not near so much as the merits of that life deserve. In private, he was amiable, benevolent, and beloved—a good husband—a good father, and a sincere Christian. His manners were particularly unassuming, and, at times, full of pleasantry. The following is related amongst his friends as a specimen of his light and good-natured playfulness. Being at the house of Mr. Randolph, at Richmond, Mr. R. H. Lee, a very eloquent and distinguished senator, commenced a conversation on the genius of Cervantes, and descanted at such length on the prowess of Don Quixote, that the

company began to show evident marks of the length of the dissertation. Henry, who observed this, affected to join the speaker, and following up the panegyric, remarked: "Ah! Mr. Lee, you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book." "Indeed," said Mr. Lee, "pray what is it?" "It is," said he, "that divine exclamation of Sancho, '*blessed be the man that first invented sleep; it covers one all over like a cloak.*'"

The genius of Henry, we have seen, was but little assisted by education—he was, indeed, almost self-taught, and through life retained the impression that there was much more to be learned from an attentive perusal of the great living volume of human nature, than from all that the shelves of philosophy could furnish. His conversation with a Mr. Wormley, a purblind book-worm in his neighbourhood, furnished a sufficient illustration of this. Meeting him one day in a book-shop, he exclaimed: "What, Mr. Wormley, still buying books!" "Yes," said Mr. Wormley, "I have just heard of a new work, which I am extremely anxious to peruse." "Take my word for it, Mr. Wormley, *we are too old to read books—read men*—they are the only volume we can peruse to advantage." It was a volume which he indeed had perused attentively, and hence arose his great power of persuasion over mankind—the human heart was to him an instrument of which he knew all the stops and chords, and touched them at his pleasure.

In concluding our brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of this extraordinary man, we have only to hope that we shall be successful in directing towards him the attention of our countrymen, fully persuaded that all classes of men may rise with advantage from the study of such a character. Contemplating him, the humblest of the people may be taught not to despair of eminence—the highest may learn a lesson of humility, and both may see that distinction is not, so much the consequence of birth, as of the qualities which accompany it.

## A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.\*

THIS is the title of a work on Buonaparte, far more interesting than any that have preceded it, to those who would know the real character of this extraordinary being. It shows him to us in his private life, in those moments when the Emperor is lost in the man, when the actor is off the stage: we have Napoleon in familiar intercourse with us, giving accurate, or, at least, striking portraits of his contemporaries, from the revolution down to the battle of Waterloo; reading lectures on the political state of England; and speaking of his own actions as if they belonged to other times. In such a work, it is impossible not to take an interest, and a lively interest, whatever may be our opinion of him who forms its subject: besides, all political animosity is, or ought to be, buried with him in the grave; he has become a portion of the past; the fires, that he once lit up, are now burnt out, or are only faintly glimmering in their embers; they are not to be rekindled by any political discussions; and, were it not that many of the actors in the scene with him are still alive, his story might be told with the same freedom as that of any other conqueror, who, like him, may for his little day have been the scourge and wonder of the world. As it is, we shall as much as possible avoid all comment on the work, merely giving a brief epitome of some of its principal facts.

The author sets out with a minute story of the voyage to St. Helena, from the moment when the sails were first unfurled, till the landing at James Town, a period of ten weeks, during which, he seems to have gained the confidence of the exile; if, indeed, Buonaparte can ever be said to have made a confidant of any. Enough, however, transpires in the course of this volume, to prove that he was as solitary in his sufferings as in his greatness; his mind wanted no support from communication, and therefore he was little likely to make a show of his feelings, as is the case with most men in the hour of af-

fliction. It is weakness only that makes sorrow communicative, and Napoleon's sorrow had no weakness, except it were that of anger; but all this, and much more important matter, we must leave untouched from want of space to do it justice, and proceed to the detail of his habits at St. Helena.

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *à la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes

\* This work is still in the press. Our account is received from a friend, who, by favour of the publishers, has had access to the proof sheets of the first volume.—ED.

played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

For the first weeks, Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn had the charge of the fallen exile; upon the whole, he and his captive seem to have agreed tolerably well, but he was soon to be superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, and if Buonaparte was not altogether satisfied with his first guardian, he was utterly discontented with his second. In a little time, in the usual order of things, they came to open war, Napoleon growing more and more fretful, and the governor more and more rigorous, the severity of public duty taking a deeper tinge from the feelings of the individual. Buonaparte's temper may be pretty well ascertained from his private expressions in regard to Sir Hudson; "bugiardo," "sbirro," "Siciliano," "imbecile," "bavard," "capo di spioni," were not his worst terms of reproach, yet at the same time there appears to have been some cause for this violent irritation in the irksome restraints imposed upon him, and in the natural evils of Longwood, made doubly vexatious by the want of fit accommodations, supposing always our author's statement to be literally correct. The whole island seems to be particularly unpleasant, and Longwood to be the most unpleasant part of it: sometimes for want of water Napoleon could not have a bath, which to his habits was an essential luxury, and if he attempted to move out he was either scorched up by the sun or blighted by the fogs; "here," he was wont to say, "it either blows a furious wind, loaded with rain and fog, *che mi taglia l'anima*, or, if that is wanting, *il sole mi brucia il cervello*, through the want of shade."

Nor do these complaints appear to have been without some reason; for he was constantly annoyed by headache, by swellings of the gums and cheeks, and by pains in the side, which last, we should suppose, were indicative of a diseased liver. All this, however, arising from the nature of the climate, Sir Hudson Lowe could not help; but whether he or the English government might not have been milder keepers, is a question not so easily decided. But this is a subject that we do not wish to dwell upon, and having first given our author's account of Napoleon's bed-room, as a specimen of his lodging, we shall go on to other matters less liable to discussion.

It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old fashioned sofa covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning-gown, white loose trousers and



stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

In this country it has been generally supposed that Buonaparte had no other influence with the French than that of fear, but it appears that we judged of our neighbours by ourselves, and it is certain, that we feared him as much as we hated him. We had good reason for it; they, however, had not, or at least, Buonaparte thought they had not; he fancied that the French people loved him, and he tells some anecdotes, which, if true, would go far to prove it: as these are given in his own language, or nearly so, we cannot do better than quote one of them:

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sydney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most

imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Buonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "*Jetez une douzaine de boulets à la fois dans ce groupe là, peut-être il y en a quelques petits généraux.*" (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian

army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment upon the edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us.

We now come to a subject more peculiarly interesting to the English reader—the battle of Waterloo—a battle, which, whether for the severity of its action, or the importance of its results, has not been equalled since the day of Marathon. Every Englishman will be naturally anxious to hear Napoleon's opinion of his great rival, but we fear that he will be little satisfied when he has heard it, for it is not very favourable to the glory of our general. Napoleon asserts, that the Duke committed two capital blunders; first, in suffering himself to be surprised; and, secondly, in giving battle, for, if defeated, he must have been utterly ruined, as he could not retreat, there being a wood in his rear, and only one road by which it could be gained. On the other hand, had he retired to Antwerp, Buonaparte must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were marching up against him. How far this judgment may be correct we are not military enough to decide; but we have sufficient philosophy to know, that the event proves nothing, either one way or the other. At the same time, it must in candour be observed, that

Buonaparte seems to be a somewhat partial judge in these matters; he affirms that the English are not calculated to make such good soldiers as the French; but if the general was wrong in giving battle, and his soldiers were inferior, how did he happen to gain the victory? And what does he say for himself in having been beaten by such enemies, to whom in all respects he was so superior? He is, perhaps, more correct in stating that the strength of this country is in its navy, and no less correct in his account of our smugglers, who are the most desperate beings that have ever existed since the days of Blackbeard. We know something of these wild adventurers, whose deeds, and speech, and manners, have all a romantic horror about them that does not belong to the present day; and many a tale could we fashion of them for our readers, that would blanch their cheeks more than the wildest improbabilities of fiction. The people of this country are little acquainted with their habits, or with the scenes that have been lately acted on the coast, in the attempt to put them down; an attempt which never can succeed with all the vigilance of our seamen. There is a romance in their doings as in their sufferings: disguised in the dress of the peasantry, they traverse the wildest parts of the country in the dead of night, to meet the expected boat, though the secret of its landing is known to one only, whom they follow in blind obedience. If the boat is discovered by our seamen, a light is flung into the air, or a pistol flashed off, as they term it, and she is instantly pushed off, and lost again in the darkness. If brought to close quarters they often fight desperately, though their subsequent sufferings, when wounded, are such as to beggar all description; the necessity of secrecy is paramount to all other considerations, and surgeons cannot always be trusted. We actually *knew* one instance of a poor wounded wretch festering for weeks on a mattress, with nothing else between him and the ground, till the straw was thoroughly soaked through by the impure flowings from the wound, and fungi sprang up from the dampness. But nothing will tame them, nor can you convince them.



that there is any moral turpitude in their calling; a strong instance of which we saw in an old smuggler, whose son had been shot in a fray with our seamen. The Lieutenant, as noble a being as ever served his country, begged, prayed, nay implored the old man, while the body lay stretched before him, to desist from such courses, or, at least, not to bring up his remaining son to a life so perilous, but it was all in vain; he replied, that if he had twenty sons they should do the same, and the reply was clenched by an oath too horrid for repetition. We speak of facts with which we are well acquainted, and have only softened them in our recital.

It was from these men, who in their little cock-boats bade defiance to all the vigilance of our seventy-four gunships, that Buonaparte gained his intelligence during the war, and their fidelity was always found equal to their courage. But intelligence, it seems, was not the only contraband commodity that they dealt in; they often contrived to smuggle over the French prisoners from this country, and the manner of the traffic was thus: any Frenchman, who wished to rescue his friend or his relation from English captivity, would make a bargain with the smugglers to bring him over, for a certain sum proportioned to the circumstances; and it was seldom that they failed in their purpose; all that they wanted for the business was the name and age of the prisoner to be rescued, together with some token to ensure his confidence. At first Dunkirk was the place allotted to them, but these "*genti terribili*," as Buonaparte terms them, grew so outrageous at last, and played such wild pranks, that he was forced to make some order for their better behaviour. A little camp was in consequence prepared for them at Gravelines, and certain limits assigned, within which their wanderings were restrained. Here they were often assembled to the number of five hundred.

Between this detail and the burning of Moscow, are many curious anecdotes that we are for the present compelled to leave untouched. Napoleon's delineations of contemporary character are admirable: Alexander,

the King of Prussia, Moreau, Soult, Pozzo di Borgo, Fouché, Talleyrand, Carnot, Robespierre, Josephine, and a hundred names familiar to history, are sketched with a strong, though rapid hand, and the stamp of truth is on the most of them. The murders of El Arish, and the poisoning at Jaffa, are fully treated; but these and many things of more importance we must pass over, and close our notice of this first volume with Buonaparte's account of the Russian conflagration.

I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of

which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napo-

leon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!!

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### THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

IN the collection of verses published by the University of Oxford, *on the Birth of his present Majesty*,\* is a copy attributed to Spence, at that time Regius Professor of Modern History.† In 1780, when Mr. Nichols was collecting the scattered pieces of Mr. Spence for insertion in his "Collection of Poems," Bishop Lowth writes to him—"The poem on the Birth of the Prince of Wales was published in the Oxford verses very imperfectly; and, I may add, unwarrantably. Mr. Spence had in-

troduced, by way of episode, the RUSSIAN TRAGEDY, which was then first in every one's mouth, and was received with universal horror and detestation. The Oxford critics, very rightly and prudently, thought it not fit to be published by the University; they ought, therefore, to have sent it to the author to be reformed, or to have suppressed it entirely. Instead of this, they cut out the whole episode, about one-third of the poem, and which was the principal part in the author's view, and

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\* Gratulatio Solennis Universitatis Oxoniensis ob celsissimum Georgium Fred. Aug. Walliæ Principem Georgio III. et Charlottæ Reginae auspiciatissime natum. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano, 1762. Folio. Sign. H.

† For particulars of Spence (who was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, from 1728 to 1738, author of the *Polymetis*, an *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*, and, though last, yet by far the most amusing of all his works, of *Anecdotes of Pope and his contemporaries*) we cannot do better than refer to Nichols's 8vo. *Life of Bowyer*, and Mr. Singer's *Memoir*, prefixed to his Edition of Spence's *Anecdotes*, 8vo. 1820. Mr. S. notices the lines we are about to print, as the concluding copy in the Oxford collection; this, however, is a mistake into which he has been led by an expression of Bishop Lowth's, who, in his letter to Mr. Nichols, alludes to a poem of his own, in the *Epicedia* on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, as "the concluding poem of the collection," a remark that will not apply to what we have here designated *The Russian Tragedy*.

for the introduction of which the whole plan of the poem was formed ; and printed the beginning and end, without any connexion or meaning, to the total destruction of the poem. If you print it from the Oxford copy, you must put asterisks in the middle, to show that it is a mere fragment. But this will raise curiosity, and enquiries will be made after the middle part, of which I believe some copies may be found ; and the publication of that avowedly by you, will, I think, even now be improper. Pray let me know what you intend as to this matter ; and I beg you to do nothing in it without consulting me."

Mr. Nichols followed the suggestion of the Bishop ; he printed the poem with asterisks, and added a note, explaining, that certain lines in

the original MS. had been omitted by the publishers of the Oxford collection. On transmitting a proof to Dr. Lowth, his Lordship expressed his approbation of this note, adding, " and I think the curious will hardly find out a copy to fill up the blank."

The Russian transactions alluded to in the poem have now become matters of history, and, after an interval of more than sixty years, may be commented upon in still stronger terms than those used by the writer of the suppressed verses. There can therefore be no impropriety in giving the lines entire, which we do from an authentic copy, and for the first time. The suppressed, and by far the most interesting, portion, is distinguished by inverted commas.

Hail to the sacred day, that gives an heir  
To Britain's throne, and opens th' extended view  
Of glories yet remote ! th' auspicious day,  
Now crown'd with recent honours, nor before  
To Britons unendear'd, that saw matur'd  
In full event great Nassau's glorious plan ;  
Religion, Freedom, on the solid base  
Of law erected ; and th' important charge  
Consign'd to Brunswic's chosen race ; a line  
Of patriot kings, ordain'd to guard secure  
The rich deposit, and to latest times  
Inviolate the blessing to convey.

Thrice happy Britain ! by th' encircling seas  
Divided from the world ; in arts, in arms  
Pre-eminent : but far above the rest  
In the high privilege of legal sway  
Distinguish'd : where the civil pow'rs triform,  
Of various aim, in union meet combin'd,  
Each tempering each, in just degree, hold on  
Their steady course, and tend to one fix'd point,  
The general good. As in this mundane frame,  
Adjusted by th' all-wise arch-builder's hand,  
Each rolling sphere, wand'ring in regular maze,  
Prime or attendant ; every part, each grain,  
Each atom, with due poise, and moment due,  
Adds his conspiring influence, and attracts,  
Attracted ; while the great superior orb,  
All-cheering fount of light, himself obeys  
The general impulse : he from his high state  
With undiminish'd majesty descends,  
Revolving round the common central goal  
With solemn pace, and joins the mystic dance.

O fairest form of well-built polity,  
By ancient sages sought in vain, unknown  
To foreign climes, Britain's peculiar boast !  
O justly dear to all thy sons ; of all  
Regardful ! safe in thy protection rests  
The lowly cot ; nor less the regal throne

Stands firm by thee, and owns thy guardian care.  
 By thee secure the sceptre of the main,  
 From sire to son transmitted, shall descend  
 Thro' Brunswic's line ; nor know the frequent change,  
 And sad vicissitude, that still attends  
 Tyrannic rule unblest. There dark Distrust,  
 Pale Jealousy, and Fear with haggard look,  
 For ever dwell : while lurking Fraud her snares  
 Spreads thro' the guarded dome ; and close Cabal,  
 Shunning day's dreaded eye, o'er danger broods.  
 See, where immured in cheerless state, unseen,  
 Sits the proud eastern despot ; fear'd of all ;  
 Himself most insecure : no kindred near,  
 No friend as his own soul ; from all the joys  
 Of social life sequester'd : a dark void  
 Surrounds the desert throne, distain'd with blood  
 Of brethren, rivals deem'd ; congenial blood,  
 Dire off'ring, at Suspicion's horrid shrine  
 Pour'd out, the tyrant's guardian deity,  
 Preposterous, who in frantic fear destroys  
 His best supports, and with blind confidence  
 Against his own bare bosom arms his slaves.

" Oh ! what avails the vast extended wild  
 " Of empire, stretching from the frozen port  
 " Of black Archangel to the narrow Frith  
 " That eastward severs from Kamskatka's shore  
 " Columbo's new-found world ; or what the toil  
 " Of her fam'd monarch, rudely sage, self-taught,  
 " His people's teacher, studious to diffuse  
 " Thro' Russia's savage waste, dark and unform'd,  
 " The cheering rays of mild humanity,  
 " If lawless rule, and rude barbaric sway  
 " Still hold th' imperial throne, to perilous height  
 " Advanced, and tott'ring with excess of pow'r  
 " Precarious ? See, the vagrant sceptre strays  
 " From hand to hand, unknowing where to rest.  
 " The son, to empire born, his hopes unripe,  
 " Falls helpless by the father's stern decree.  
 " Nor shall the plighted oath, or sacred chrism,  
 " Or still more sacred Innocence, protect  
 " The cradled majesty. Great Peter's throne  
 " To dark intrigue, and armed violence,  
 " And female faction, lies an open prey.  
 " But lo ! the youth, whom rival nations woo'd,  
 " Contending which should serve him, lo ! he comes,  
 " Of aspect mild, and heart humane, intent  
 " From thought-debasing vassalage to raise  
 " His people, and to bless the world with peace.  
 " In still suspense the warring kingdoms wait  
 " His high award. But ah ! what sudden gloom  
 " Blots the fair scene ? I see a Fury rise,  
 " From deepest Hell she rises, fired with dire  
 " Ambition, vengeful hate, and jealous rage,  
 " Remorseless. To horrible acts the daring fiend  
 " Adds tenfold horrors ; of th' Imperial Dame  
 " The form assuming, of his throne and bed  
 " High partner, mother of his infant heir,  
 " Dear pledge of mutual love. Impetuous forth  
 " From her lord's gates, from the connubial bow'r  
 " She bursts, and tossing in the tainted air  
 " Alecto's Hell-enkindled torch, inflames

" To wild sedition and rebellious arms  
 " The madding multitude. Oh ! see ! he falls  
 " From his high state ; he dies. The parricide  
 " Triumphant reigns ; and with the solemn show  
 " And sanctimonious mockery, her foul deeds,  
 " Unblushing, in Religion's holy garb  
 " She masks. Yet more, insulting heav'n and earth,  
 " The living and the dead, the sorceress weeps :  
 " With loud lament, and ostentatious grief,  
 " Theatric, o'er his livid corse she weeps.  
 " Such tears the ruthless monster of the Nile,  
 " More hateful in false semblance of compassion,  
 " Sheds o'er his mangled prey. O God ! avert  
 " Far from Britannia, from her friends, her foes,  
 " Such crimes portentous : suffer not the tongue  
 " Of blasphemy presumptuous to revile  
 " For one's enormous guilt the general work  
 " Created fair, arraigning with bold blame  
 " Thy justice, and thy slow-suspended arm."

But learn, ye Britons, with observance due,  
 With holy estimation, and deep awe,  
 Your country, your religion, to revere,  
 Your laws, your liberty. Ye princes, learn,  
 That not the vain acquist of boundless sway,  
 Too big for man to wield, for angel's grasp  
 Too big, but fair equality of rule,  
 But pow'r, obedient to the rein of Law,  
 To Reason, Justice, Faith, true greatness gives,  
 Gives true authority to kings. Here fix  
 The butt of your ambition ; hither aim  
 Your whole intent. Be this your majesty,  
 Your strength : in this your safety stands ; in this  
 Your happiness, your virtue, and your praise.

It is not the least singular circumstance connected with the foregoing lines, that, although originally printed under Spence's name, and expressly alluded to by Bishop Lowth as Spence's production, *they have been ascribed to Lowth himself*, at that time Bishop of Limerick ; who was generally reported to be the real author, and was said to have communicated them to his friend, the Professor of Modern History, for publication

among the Oxford verses. Such is the tradition ; and we have some reason to believe it well-founded, having seen a memorandum in the hand-writing of a celebrated collector, (a man of learning, one well versed in the literary history of that day, and whose acquaintance with the parties rendered him a very credible witness on such a question,) in which he expressly says they were "*written by Dr. Lowth.*"

## THE DRAMA.

### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

#### *The Law of Java.*

THE *Law of Java* is a musical play from the pen of George Colman the younger, and it has very naturally occasioned a considerable interest in the public mind, as coming from the author of the *Heir at Law*, and the *Poor Gentleman*. A great name has its disadvantages, for it certainly serves to point out defects and deficiencies with a more

inveterate force and truth. The admirers of Miss Mac Tab, the lovers of Dr. Pangloss, the worshippers of Mrs. Brulgruddery, are set a tip-toe in expectation to find objects as attractive in the new work as their first favourites ; but not a trace, or a very slight one, of the powers that originated the Brulgrudderys, the Dowlasses, the Ollapods, now remains ;—and the *Law of Java* is indeed a disappointment !



When George Colman was truly George Colman the younger, he was one of the pleasantest men alive; witty, inventive, original! And as we always rather incline to the memory of what is estimable and excellent, than to a dejected contemplation of what is real and indifferent, we will just say a few words upon the dramatist that *was*, and get as hastily as possible over the dramatist that *is*. The peculiar forte of George Colman lay in his combination of extravagancies of character, in his *breadth* of humorous dialogue, and in his improbable but laughable situations. Ollapod, in the *Poor Gentleman*, is a compound (we should say a *mixture*) of medicine, cavalry, jargon, and sporting allusions, and with this whimsical complement of pursuits, the character whirls through five acts, "ever pleasing, ever new." Dr. Pangloss, Lord Duberly, Lady Duberly, Mr. and Mrs. Brulgruddery, Caleb Quotem, are all the same violent yet whimsical caricatures of character, and all possess individually certain points which separate them from the mass of common men. Of the humour of the dialogue a thousand instances might be chosen; for there is no writer who surpasses George Colman in the merry extravagancies and increasing inventions of conversation. He piles load upon load of jolly exaggeration! Dennis Brulgruddery's account of himself in the first scene of *John Bull*, in which he relates to his servant Dan his birth, parentage, and education, is perhaps the richest building up of delightful lies and humorous enormities in all Colman's works. What a birth! What a parentage! What an education! "He is brought up to the church," for "he opens the pew doors:" he is "turned out for snoring at sermon time,"—for "he awakens all the rest of the congregation!" What clusters of *non sequiturs*! Dan devours up his discourse with the greediness of a Desdemona—but still the house affairs and Mrs. Brulgruddery call him thence. Pangloss's lesson to Lord Duberly is certainly another and an admirable instance of outrageous and triumphant humour. The broad ignorance of the Peer, contrasted with the pedantic and nice vanity and quickness of the Tutor, makes the finest display of absurdities possible.

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Of the ingenuity and pleasantry of the situations, each early play affords abundant proofs: but where such characters are created, the situations cannot avoid being powerful and striking. Dennis Brulgruddery, with his Irish wife and Yorkshire serving-man, living on a heath in Cornwall, in a public-house, without a customer, is a farce of itself. Such a monstrous compound is by no means common. And Trudge's discovery of Wowski, in *Inkle and Yarico*, is very delightful and full of contrast. It is like a reverse of Titian's *Mistress and the Negro*. Dr. Pangloss's contemplation of himself in a Tandem with a terrier between his legs, and Stephen's relation of the storming of the pigsty, and washing the little singed pigs in milk, are vivid *descriptions* of situations, which are quite as real and amusing as incidents themselves. This extension of situation to the second and third degree evinces the hand of the master. There is no pure and quiet comedy in George Colman's writings, no delicate delineations of the human mind in the trials and severities of life, or in its finer points of mirth; but he never affected these deeper accomplishments of dramatic writing, and it can therefore be no matter of accusation against him that he was deficient in them. He wrote to make mankind laugh;—and he succeeded beyond any other dramatic writer of any age.

There is one species of Drama for which George Colman has a strong predilection, and which we do not very greatly admire, and that is, the sentimental, half humorous, and half musical play;—such as the *Mountaineers*, the *Surrender of Calais*, the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Africans*:—under this class indeed, but immeasurably inferior to its predecessors, comes the *Law of Java*. The anxiety to include all the talent of a theatre, must, we conjecture, have been the origin of this grasping and unnatural style of writing. Mr. Young, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Mathews, and Mr. Liston, were in the receipt of salaries, and might as well be employed to the utmost, and therefore, desperate blank verse and broad humorous prose were jumbled together to allow of this assemblage of tragic and comic actors on

the stage at once. The Mountaineers and the Surrender of Calais were the best of these nondescripts, but they were written by their author in all the freshness of his genius and his youth. The Africans was a tame and extravagant Opera,—but the dramatist was then old enough in his mind for retirement. There is a time when it is becoming in an actor to retire; there is also a time when it is no less becoming in an author to quit the stage. John Kemble and Tom Cribb have taken Nature's hint and quitted their laborious and noble professions;—George Colman the younger has come forward in his later years, like Mendoza, to try a contest, with enfeebled powers, and to suffer a defeat.

The Law of Java is a musical, serio-comic piece, in three acts, with very many characters, and few incidents. In humour, in spirit, in originality, it is decidedly unfit to be named with the previous works of its author, and we should have been glad to see it published with another name. In Colman's real youth, he prefixed the name of Arthur Griffinhoof to some of his lively productions, and now, as if in the perversity of human nature, he glares out his true name, on pieces which Mr. Griffinhoof would have shuddered at. The plot, if plot it can be called which plot is none, is founded on the distresses of a young native of Macassar and his wife, who fall into the hands of the Emperor of Java. The lady is an unconquerable lady of the Emperor's Harem; and the husband, in his visits to his better half, is caught by the guards, and sentenced to death, which sentence is however commuted for a journey to the poison tree, the common punishment of Javanese criminals. He luckily meets with his father, a Hermit, at the entrance of the desert, and as happily obtains an urn of the *mirabele* vegetable syrup, from a returning and dying criminal. The hero and his papa get back to court just in time to save the youthful wife, who is almost persecuted to a stupor. By an old law, it is discovered that the Emperor is bound to grant the criminal's request; and he, of course, requests the life of Zaide, his wife! The reader knows the sequel. The intermediate scenes are

composed of captains of the guard, and flashy feeling dons:—and there is a sort of Henry Augustus Mug in an English servant, Pengoose, written on purpose for Liston. With the exception of this character, all else is monstrous, tedious, and feeble!

Pengoose is a travelling servant of Cambridge University, chosen by some student as a valet, and left destitute at Amsterdam—to find his way about the world as he can. He is fond of making memoranda for a tour; and in these "*mems*" consists all the humour of the character. Liston was admirably lax and ridiculous in the part, and his flat face quite pointed all the blunt jokes of the author. The actors did their utmost for the piece; they seemed to remember George Colman the younger. Miss Tree was beautiful, and pathetically powerful in her acting of the Macassar wife; Miss Stephens was lively as her friend. Jones bustled through a young soldier with considerable adroitness, and Abbott looked portentous in the Emperor of Java.

The scenery was not remarkably good; and we do not anticipate a long run for this "*last of the Romans*."

#### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Kean has taken two new parts in the course of the last four weeks; Don Felix in the Wonder, and Cardinal Wolsey in Henry the Eighth. In the latter character, he wanted dignity of person, although his soul at times towered to an immeasurable height. In the former part, he was as gentlemanly, airy, and pleasant as the most polished comedian we ever saw in the part. He played Don Felix for the benefit of Miss Tidswell, who retired from the stage after forty years' hard service. *Retirements* begin to thicken. Liston is going to quit! Mathews is banishing himself to America (where he will be lost!)—Mrs. Davison is taking a final benefit—Miss Tidswell is gone!—It is like a general *shutting up* of shops; and we only wait for the farewell addresses of Claremont and Chapman, to pull off our own critical caps, and retire ourselves. Why do not certain Magazines make their formal departures, and take benefits in their last numbers!

## REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE vast quantity of materials which this month presents to our choice almost "puzzles the will." Seldom, perhaps, has there been so much music "going" in London, and certainly never more of novelty: to the facts then without further preface.

At the King's Theatre *Mose in Egitto* has been metamorphosed and brought out (with some slight additions from other works of Rossini) under the title of *Pietro l'Eremita*, and it is rendered very effective; no contemptible proof of the power of situation and circumstance in aiding art, for, as an Oratorio at Covent Garden, scarcely was there ever a more complete failure. "O, Sir," said a conductor, as celebrated for his quaintness, aptitude, and power of illustration, as in the line of his profession, "it is a great matter for a man to be able to throw his arms and legs into a note," and straightway Peter the Hermit starts up to confirm the worthy conductor.

The scene is laid in Egypt, about the time of the tenth century, where the crusaders, prisoners of Noraddin (*Zuchelli*) are forbidden by him to depart, and the land of Nile is covered with miraculous darkness, the Divine punishment for the persecution of Pietro (*Cartoni*) and the Christians. The scene is opened by Noraddin, whose apprehensions are excited by this visitation, and he promises the hermit to permit them to depart if the light be restored. Light instantly re-appears at the prayer of Peter. Orosmanes (*Carioni*), the son of Noraddin, has secretly espoused Agia (*Madame Camperese*), a Christian convert; hence this prince, agitated by the fear of losing his beloved, represents Peter as a magician, and works upon his father to break his promise, and to compel the Christians to remain. He contrives, by the assistance of his agent, Iameno, to excite a sedition, and the people demand the detention of the captives.

Noraddin yields to their importunities in spite of the entreaties of Fatima (*Madame de Begnis*), his Sultana. The Christians being assembled for departure, under their leaders,

Pietro and Lusignano (*Begrez*), near Damietta, Noraddin recalls his vow, and Pietro menaces a fresh punishment in the destruction of the city by fire, which is immediately fulfilled.

The fluctuating Noraddin is again solicited in behalf of the Christians by Fatima, and she admits that a degree of conviction is mixed with her fears of the Deity who works such great marvels. Noraddin, seized with alarm at the impending conversion of the Sultana, promises to hasten their departure, threatening them at the same time with death if they linger. The Sultana announces this decree to Lusignano. At this moment Orosmanes enters, and learns from his father the return of an embassy, dispatched for the purpose of demanding the hand of an Arabian princess which has been pledged to Orosmanes. He receives this news, together with that of the meditated departure of the Christians, with the deepest melancholy. He seeks to conceal Agia, but is observed by Lusignano, who, at Pietro's desire, communicates the circumstance to Fatima. She pursues the fugitives to their subterraneous retreat, and brings them back.

The length of the opera here occasions a considerable contraction of the entire drama. Some of the scenes are blended, much of the last part entirely omitted, and the catastrophe changed.

The Christians and their opponents are all assembled, and Pietro is threatened with death by Orosmanes, who is himself struck dead by a thunderbolt at the moment when he is about to draw his sword to slay the hermit. The grief of Noraddin and Agia gives opportunity for some fine musical expressions, and the celebrated prayer, *Dal tuo stellato soglio*, is abstracted from the omitted third act to conclude the piece. The general effect of the music is, perhaps, more excellent than its particular parts, though it is commonly esteemed to be among the best of Rossini's works. It is certainly the finest of any of his serious compositions which have been performed in this country. The situations are often

highly productive of passion, and the music is exceedingly expressive. Of such a kind are the duets between Orosmanes and Agia, Noraddin and Ratima, and Noraddin and Orosmanes. Some of the concerto pieces are also very beautiful.

*Mi manca la voce*,\* and *Dal tuo stellato soglio*, are fine combinations of melody and harmony. There are several duets, particularly one between Noraddin and his son, in which Zuchelli manifested fine science. Great praise is due to the singers. Camporese, in her recitatives, gave magnificent proof of her expressive power, and Curioni was very successful. This opera introduced Signor Zuchelli to an English audience, who is a novelty of some rank. His voice is a bass of most tremendous volume and extensive compass, yet scarcely so fine in its quality as that of Angrisani. He has considerable flexibility, but excels most in the sustained and declamatory parts. He is more defective in his shake than any performer we ever heard. Signor Zuchelli appeared at one of the opera concerts, but the stage is clearly his proper region.

At the Ancient Concerts Handel's *Why do the nations*, and part of Polypheme's fine business were allotted to him. Signor Zuchelli speaks English better than most Italians (indeed he was born and remained some years in England), but the style seemed new to him, and he appeared to be alarmed and ill at ease. In the orchestra he therefore sang to less advantage than on the boards of the King's theatre.

Another new, and even more attractive performance has been produced in the *Otello* of Rossini, given for Madame Camporese's benefit, on Thursday last. The plot is considerably altered from that of Shakspeare. Otello is secretly married to Desdemona, the daughter of Elmiro, a senator of Venice; she is designed for Roderigo, the son of the Doge.

Iago is a rejected lover of Desdemona, and he pretends to favour Roderigo. At the return of Otello from a triumphant expedition, Elmiro proposes Roderigo as a husband to Desdemona, when her attachment to Otello is discovered. Iago, by representing that a letter and a handkerchief, sent by Desdemona to Otello, are intended for Roderigo, works upon the Moor to determine on the murder of his wife, which he accomplishes by stabbing her in bed. Soon after, he is made acquainted with Iago's treachery, the pardon of the senate for his marriage, and Elmiro's consent; every thing promises happiness, when he undraws the curtain, exposes to view the corpse of Desdemona, and plunges the dagger into his own heart. A scream of horror from all the dramatic personæ concludes the piece, in a manner quite new to the Italian stage. It is difficult to say which is the most powerful agent in this very effective drama, the music, the situation, the singing, or the acting; but we never felt so thoroughly disposed to admit the supremacy of musical tragedy as upon this occasion. The acting of Madame Camporese, and of Curioni (whose morning face, by the way, bears a very strong resemblance to the busts of Shakspeare) was superb, and their singing had more of true feeling than we ever remember to have witnessed since the days of Tramezzani in *Sidagero*, and of Grassini. The music is extremely difficult of execution, it is made up of divisions, and in compass is often terrible. It has less of melody than is common to Rossini. The translation of *A poor Soul sat sighing*, is heavy and tiresome, by the repetition of no less than four verses; nevertheless, the audiences of this house have very seldom, indeed, felt so deep an interest in an opera. It will, we presume, supersede Pietro.

Signora Cinti is arrived from Paris, but has not yet appeared. Her

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\* This it was that gave rise to the late dispute between the two prima donnas. Madame Camporese opens the piece with the solo, *Mi manca la voce*, which words were no sooner pronounced than Madame de Begnis whispered loud enough to be heard by the singer, *E vero!* and the harmony is said to have been enforced by a return box on the ear from Madame Camporese. This part of the story we doubt, for Madame Camporese is as dignified in her manners as elevated in her profession. Her singing powers are certainly exalted by every other requisite more than by voice. So far De Begnis was right.



beauty has hitherto been more celebrated than her singing.

The opera subscription concerts have begun, but have not met very great support. At the second, which took place on the 6th of May, four German females, Mesdemoiselles Fransma, Dessaur, F. Praga, and E. Praga, sang a duet, an air, and finale, in Italian and in German, but they had not been sufficiently cultivated to please in a country where the finest vocal talents of the world are at this moment concentrated. A not less singular novelty was the introduction of a French comedy, *Frontin Mari garçon*, between the acts of the concert.

We announced in our last report the performance of Messrs. Kiesewetter and Mazas, at the Philharmonic. The former violinist appears to have improved in delicacy and in facility of execution, in which he is transcendent, even since last season. He is a great favourite with the profession as well as the public. Mr. Mazas is powerful and rich in tone, and altogether an artist of the first rank. At M. Sapiro's benefit concert he played a concerto, wholly upon the fourth string. This extraordinary conceit is, we are told, the invention of Paganelli, an Italian violinist, of whom report speaks in the highest terms. M. Mazas accomplished his task in a masterly manner; the subject *Di tanti palpiti*, was pleasing, the execution powerful, yet neat. He took the harmonics with great truth of intonation, and with fine tone, and, upon the whole, we found much to admire, where we expected only surprise. Mr. Lafont, another accession to the violinists, is also come to England, and he purposes to give a grand concert at the King's Theatre in June. We have heard him in private, and he has a fine hand. His tone is particularly rich, and his playing is delicate in taste, and elegant in fancy. He appears to avoid the extremes of execution, and is content with exhibiting a bold, finished, and classical style.

The Benefit Concerts have been uncommonly numerous and of the first order: never, perhaps, was there such a competition of talent. So numerous indeed are the claimants for public favour, that, since the first week in May, not a single open night

was or is to be found for new comers. Mr. Greatorrex and Mr. Sapiro were compelled to share the same night. The Philharmonic and the Opera Concerts have the alternate Mondays; the Ancient Concert and Madame Catalani both take the Wednesdays. But Madame Catalani rules supreme. At her nights there have been present never less than 1000 persons, and the orchestra has exhibited the novel appearance of rows of ladies sitting rank above rank upon the steps erected for the musicians, who are seen to rise, as it were, out of a grove of feathers, flowers, turbans and diamonds, which obscure half their dimensions. These concerts have little to recommend them, except the GREAT IDOL herself, and whatever is superadded is listened to with such lax attention, or rather with such utter disregard, that it were far better not to be in at all. Mr. Kellner, a bass singer, not absolutely new, but yet not much heard in London since his return from Italy, sang at the third. His comic duet with Begrez, *All' idea di quel metallo*, was murdered by the slowness of the time in which it was played; and indeed, it seemed, as Signor Arionelli says of marriage, "quite out of his way." His voice is sound and good without being powerful, or indeed in any circumstance distinguished as pre-eminent. His manner is that of a man who understands thoroughly what he is about, but who is a little too ambitious to display all and more than all he is able to do. Thus his Italian song was injudiciously chosen, because it was continually deformed by notes in his falsette, (which mixture poor Arnold used to call "Bubble and squeak;") and his own composition, *The Goat-herd of Appenzel*, had the same defect. At this moment, perhaps, there is no place in the vocal department more necessary to be filled than that of a principal bass singer; and Mr. Kellner seems to us to possess as many of the requisites as any of the candidates, but his success will materially depend upon his yielding his own prepossessions to the confirmed and established predilections of his hearers, and more especially to those of the conductors of concerts. Of Madame Catalani herself, we have so recently spoken at large that we could scarce-



ly do more than repeat our former opinions. There are no new facts, so narrow is the range even of her astonishing talents. Different songs afford only different modifications of the same qualities and powers. At the last of the concerts she sang *Comfort ye my people*, in the traditional English manner, received from the time of Handel himself. This concession to English feeling was judicious, but we should have preferred a more legitimate application. *Comfort ye my people* is written for a tenor, and is never so effectively sung, no, not even by Catalani herself, as by a tenor; and when the same Oratorio contains so sublime a composition for a soprano as *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, it looks something like a conceit to select the tenor song. There is scope enough even for Catalani, without *Non piu andrai* or *Comfort ye*. If this prodigious singer does actually retire at the close of these concerts, she will retire in the zenith of her powers.

Signor Ambrogetti, that prince of whim, also retires from public life. His last concert was given "at the mansion of the most noble the Marchioness of Salisbury, under the immediate patronage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent," on the 6th of May. There was a complete concentration both of talent and of fashion. All the Italian singers in London were present, and Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, and Mr. Sapia assisted into the bargain. The Rooms were more than crowded, and it is said, the Marchioness's party consisted of nearly 500 friends in addition to those of the Signor himself.

Messrs. Cramer's Concert was held in the Great Room in the King's Theatre on the 9th, and was very fully attended. The particular treat on this occasion was a duet on two Pianofortes, played by Messrs. Moscheles and J. B. Cramer. It was indeed a grand trial of skill. The music was part of a duet, written by the latter, with a Rondo superadded by the former, and excessively difficult. No two styles can well be more distinct. Mr. Moscheles is remarkable for force, elasticity, and rapidity; Mr. Cramer for smoothness, delicacy and feeling. We need scarcely say, that both exerted themselves to the utmost, nor must we omit Mr. Dizi's

air with variations on the *perpendicular* harp; the tone was remarkably fine, and the execution delicate and beautiful.

Mr. Greateorex and Mr. Sapia's Concerts were both on the succeeding evening to Messrs. Cramers'. No two concerts could well be more opposed. Mr. Greateorex had selected the finest serious English compositions, with a slight intermixture of Italian, principally comic, for the sake of Signor Ambrogetti. Mr. Sapia's was almost entirely Italian. At Mr. Greateorex's, Mr. Kalkbrenner played a Fantasia with such fire, brilliancy, and perfection, as to set his claims upon an equality with the highest, whencesoever they may come. One of the most delightful things we ever heard was Dr. Cooke's Echo Song from the Passions, which was repeated this year, having first been introduced last season on a similar occasion. Miss Stephens sings from the Orchestra, and is accompanied by the organ; the echo is Miss Travis, who is accompanied by a smaller instrument placed at the opposite end of the room, in the King's box. The effect is really exquisite, though it did not quite equal that of the last performance in precision. Nothing strikes us with more amazement than the support such concerts enjoy. On this evening, both the Argyll and the Hanover-square rooms were filled with nobility and fashion.

At Mrs. Salmon's Concert, on the 17th, notwithstanding the King's visit to Covent-Garden, there was a similar display; indeed, the Great Argyll overflowed, and the ante-rooms were occupied by the company who could not obtain admission into the Concert Room. This was one of the finest concerts of the season. Messrs. Moscheles and Cramer repeated their duet with even higher effect, produced probably by the smaller space to be filled as well as by the practice gained through repetition. Mrs. Salmon made great exertions. She sang seven pieces all in different styles, and in some variations on *The Last Rose of Summer*, composed by Bochsá expressly for her, displayed marvellous powers of execution. Her voice is absolutely a violin, and in facility, and delicacy, and sweetness of tone combined, she surpasses Catalani herself as much

as Catalani exceeds all other singers in majesty, volume, and richness. Catalani awes, Mrs. Salmon delights, her audience.

Having thus conveyed some faint notion of the quantity, succession, and novelty which have satiated the musical world of the metropolis, although new trains are still appearing, we must turn to the publications, at this time not less numerous. From these we can only select, promising, however, to make good hereafter our unavoidable omissions.

The Scotch air *We're a' Noddin* is become extremely popular, more, probably, through the dispute concerning the property, raised by Mr. Hawes, than from its intrinsic merit. Messrs. Kalkbrenner, Latour, and Klose, have each taken it as a theme for variations. The composition of the first named gentleman is in the form of a fantasia. The novelty and variety, as well as the immense difficulty of its combinations, are its principal features, while vast scope is given to the expressive powers of the performer. Great science is displayed in the treatment of the subject, its several parts being constantly kept in view under different and ever-varying forms. We consider the piece as very characteristic of Mr. Kalkbrenner's style of execution. Mr. Latour has adopted the same air with variations, adding an *ad lib.* accompaniment for the flute. He has also arranged the beautiful Polacca finale in *Tancredi*, as the 12th Number of the Operatic Airs. Both pieces possess the elegance of Mr. L.'s manner; and the latter, from the beauty as well as the sweetness of the additions, is particularly agreeable. Mr. Klose terms his piece, *L'Esprit du moment*, a bagatelle of an easier description than the former, but possessing much that recommends it to the notice of young performers. Mr. Kjallmark has arranged the Russian air from the National Melodies, with variations for the Pianoforte. There is some imagination in the adagio, and the piece is on the whole very pretty, but the subject is hardly fitted for the theme of a Pianoforte lesson. We have the same objection to *Those evening bells*, set by Mr. Ries as a duet. In the latter, the variations are for the most part consonant with the expression of the original, but its simplicity can only be injured by any additions, however able in other respects.

The spirited Air, *To Ladies' Eyes*, from the Irish melodies, has been chosen as a subject for variations, by Mr. Hummel. They are brilliant and showy, with perhaps rather too much of sameness. An easy flute accompaniment adds to their effect.

*La Danse; a Divertimento for harp and flute*, by Mr. Dixi. The piece opens

with a cantabile introduction of great sweetness; its passages, as well as those of the variations, are divided between the instruments. The theme is simple and graceful, and is treated with much elegance. We doubt not but that this duet will become a favourite. *Charmant Ruisseau, a French Air, with variations for the harp*, by C. A. Baur; a piece that unites brilliancy and effect with easy execution, and, although it cannot boast much originality, it will please from its simplicity and melody.

*Sixth Fantasia à la mode for the pianoforte, on the Air, Gentle qui l'Uccellatore*, by Mr. Ries. The piece commences with an allegro in bold and spirited style, containing a few bars of the subject thrown in with much ingenuity. The theme is a lively Air of Mozart's. The variations appended by Mr. Ries are, without exception, the best we have ever seen from his hand. They are full of the gaiety and animation of the subject, and contain a constant flow of melody. The adagio is well contrasted with the spirit of the preceding and following movements, and, while it preserves the air, gives a totally different character, and is beautifully expressive. The piece concludes with a scherzando variation of much effect.

Mr. Rochsa has published another Fantasia for the harp, combining the extraordinary power and force of his execution with delicacy and grace. He has also arranged the Airs from *Otello* for the harp and pianoforte, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for the flute and violoncello. Mr. Latour has adapted selections from *La Gazza Ladra* for the pianoforte and flute.

*Sul Margine d'un Rio, with variations for the pianoforte*, by Plo Cianchetti. This beautiful Air has been already arranged by many composers of eminence. Mr. Cianchetti has made it a vehicle for rapid execution, during which, he has carefully preserved his subject, and has avoided the path of other writers, except perhaps in the second variation, which bears some resemblance to the third in Mr. Latour's very beautiful lesson. We are sorry to see the piece so carelessly printed.

*Due Cori del Celebre Metastasio con Musica ad una voce del GG. Ferrari*, elegant morceaux, more in the manner of a better age than the publications of the present day; they have melody and variety in a short compass, an airy accompaniment, and other strong recommendations of a more general nature.

*Protegete O Santi Numi*, a terzetto, by Liverati, is a canon in a free style, but impressively written, and capable of much effect. It presents no difficulties in execution.

*Chi è colei che s'avvicina*, a comic bass song by Rossini, represents an editor in all the embarrassments of solicitation from the

various claimants to his notice. He is beset on all sides.

I Bassi, tenori, le primi cantanti,  
Le Mamme, gli amici, le ninfe dansante.  
Uno tira di quà,  
L'altro tira di là,

till the poor journalist is almost beside himself. This song possesses the characteristics of Rossini's manner, melody, and rapidity of articulation and execution.

*Io di tutto mi contento*, is a comic duet from Mosca's opera lately produced. It pictures the shifts of a lover who has engaged himself too far with a lady, but who is anxious to misrepresent his qualities in a way to make her reject him. His candour is, however, overmatched by her's; for she declares that his avarice will only enable her to spend the more freely, and that if he is prone to use the cane, she will not be backward, "puni e schiaff," says the damsel, "anchio so dar." The music is very lively, though, as a whole, not equal to Rossini's duets in the same manner.

Mr. Charles Smith (of Liverpool, we

presume,) has published three songs, *The Sea Boy's Dream*, *the Love Bird*, and *Why comes he not?* The first is manifestly founded on Attwood's justly celebrated cantata, *The Soldier's Dream*, and the want of originality is therefore a great drawback. Mr. Smith's song is imaginative, in many parts striking. It is, however, impossible to divest the mind of the recollection of its predecessor, and the dissatisfaction we experience at every step diminishes the pleasure the performance might otherwise give. The others are both pleasing and expressive.

*When I think of my own Green Glen*, by Mr. Turnbull, is a pretty song.

*Stay, O Stay, thou Lovely Shade*, a glee by Mr. S. Webbe, is a learned and fine composition.

*To thy Love*, a madrigal, by Sir J. Stevenson, is a successful imitation of that style, and is happily imagined. The melody is very pleasing, and there is a vivacious quaintness about it that is exceedingly agreeable.

May 20, 1822.

## NECROLOGICAL TABLE,

FOR 1821.

Among the reminiscences associated with the date of 1821, will be found names of powerful interest; some of these belong to the historian, rather than to ourselves, whose purpose it is to record only those who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art. Yet there are two which, although they do not come within the immediate scope of our necrology, we cannot pass over in entire silence. The first of these is that of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the hero of the republic, the founder of new dynasties, the imperial master of France, the humbled exile of St. Helena! He died on the 5th of May. The second is that of CAROLINE, the unfortunate Queen of England, who died on the 7th of August.

**ACHERD.** A learned naturalist, director of the physical class in the academy of Sciences at Berlin, and member of several foreign Academies. Died at Kunern, April 22, aged 69.

**ANGUS, WILLIAM.** Landscape engraver, pupil of the late William Walker, who was eminent for his productions in that line. One of his principal works is his collection of "Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry," 1787—1815. Died October 12, aged 69.

**BALLANTYNE, JAMES.** The celebrated Edinburgh bookseller, and proprietor of the Border Press, an establishment from which have issued several of the most popular and remarkable literary productions of the present day. Mr. Ballantyne for some time conducted the Kelson Mail, a paper originally established by his elder brother James.

**BANCROFT, EDWARD BARTHOLOMEW, M.D.** was educated to the practice of medicine, and is well known by some pro-

fessional works, especially by his *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colours*, 1794. Having resided some time in the West Indies, he wrote a *Natural History of Guiana*, in South America, 8vo. 1769; and an *Essay on the Yellow Fever*. Dr. Bancroft did not confine himself to scientific subjects, for in 1770 he produced a Novel, in three volumes, entitled, *Charles Wentworth*. Died at Margate.

**BARTLEMAN, JAMES.** A singer of distinguished excellence. An admirably discriminative estimate of his merits as a vocal performer, and scientific musician, is to be found at page 661 of our second, and at page 569 of our third volume. Died April 15, aged 54.

**BARTSCH, ADAM.** Knight of the Order of Leopold, Aulic Counsellor, and Director in Chief of the Imperial Library at Vienna. This indefatigable connoisseur was well known to all print collectors by his valuable work, *Le Peintre Graveur*, &c.

20 volumes, 8vo. which is a valuable addition to the literature of that branch of the Fine Arts to which he more particularly devoted his time and talents. Just before his death he had completed another useful publication, in two volumes, 8vo. *Anleitung zur Kupferstichkunde*, (Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of Engravings): a work that may be considered as an excellent grammar of the art, and as affording much information within a small compass. His own etchings amount to 505. Born August 7, 1757. Died August 21.

A portrait of Bartsch will be found in the third volume of Dibdin's Biographical Tour.

**BARRETT, DR.** Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. For an entertaining account of the eccentricities of this singular character, the reader is referred to page 53 of our present volume.

**BONNYCASTLE, JOHN,** Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was author of several popular works in the most useful branches of the mathematics. The principal of these are, *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, 8vo. 1789; *General History of Mathematics*, from the French of Bossut, 8vo. 1803; a *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry*; and a *Treatise on Algebra*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1813.

**BRIDEL, LOUIS.** Preacher in the French Church at Basle, and Professor of Oriental Languages at the academy of Lausanne. His principal works are, *French Translations of the Book of Job*, of the *Psalms*, and of the *Fifth Canto of Dante's Inferno*; an *Essay on the Jewish Chronology*, and a variety of Papers in *Le Conservateur Suisse*. Died at Lausanne, in the month of February, in his 61st year.

**BROUGHTON, ROBERT.** Captain of the Royal Navy, author of *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean*, 4to. was descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire. He accompanied the celebrated navigator Vancouver in his *Voyage of Discovery*, at which period he himself discovered many lands and islands during a short time that his own vessel was separated from that of Vancouver. He afterwards explored the coast of Asia, between latitudes 35° and 52° N. and surveyed several parts that had been unnoticed by La Perouse. In 1809 Capt. Broughton commanded the *Illustrious*, 74 guns, in the *Walcheren Expedition*; and in the following year was sent against the Isle of France, in the conquest of which settlement he had the honour of sharing. After the peace, he was appointed Colonel of Marines. Died at Florence, March 12, in his 59th year.

**BRYAN, MICHAEL.** An eminent picture collector, and a writer on the Fine Arts, was born at Newcastle, April 7, 1757. In 1781 he accompanied his elder brother to Flanders, where he continued to

reside until 1790, and became acquainted with the sister of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, whom he afterwards married. In 1794 he again visited the Continent for pictures, and in 1798, was employed to dispose of the Orleans collection, which he sold to the Duke of Bridgewater, the Marquess of Stafford, and the Earl of Carlisle. In 1812 he commenced his *Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, 2 vols. 4to. Died March 21, aged 64.

**BURNEY, REAR ADMIRAL, FRS.** was eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burney, the elegant historian of music, and brother to Dr. Charles Burney, the Hellenist, and Madame D'Arblay, the distinguished novelist. The Admiral was not an unworthy member of so literary a family; his *History of Voyages of Discovery* displays extensive reading and research, as well as geographical knowledge. He published also another work on the *Eastern Navigation of the Russians*. Died suddenly of apoplexy, November 17, in his 72d year.

**CALCOTT, JOHN WALL, Mus. Doc.** and Organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was author of a *Musical Grammar*, and of a work entitled, *Statement of Earl Stanhope's System of Tuning Keyed Instruments*. Dr. Calcott's musical compositions have been universally admired for the science and genius they display. Died May 15.

**CAPPE, MRS. CATHERINE.** This lady, who was the relict of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, of York, wrote several religious publications, and one or two works relating to charity schools, and female societies.

**COSWAY, RICHARD, RA.** An artist of distinguished celebrity.

**CROME, JOHN,** a native of Norwich, was a landscape painter of no ordinary merit. Of humble and obscure origin, he had the merit of acquiring a respectable independence by his application, and of rising to eminence in his profession, by the native vigour of his talent. Mr. Crome was one of the founders of the Norwich society of artists, the first provincial establishment of the kind in this country: he also formed several very excellent pupils. Died April 22.

**CROMWELL, OLIVER,** was a lineal descendant of the Protector, being great grandson of Henry, his fourth son, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and MP. for Cambridge. This gentleman is author of a very recent work, entitled, *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and his sons, Richard and Henry*, illustrated by original letters, and other family papers: with six portraits, from family pictures, 4to. 1821. At one period of his life he practised as a solicitor, but of late years relinquished all professional employment. Died at Cheshunt, May 31, aged 70.



**EDRIDGE, HENRY, ARA. and FAS.** was born at Paddington, August, 1769. This artist's peculiar forte lay in his miniatures and water-colour portraits, which are recommended by a particular delicacy of execution. His performances in this line were very numerous; he did not however confine himself to it exclusively, occasionally cultivating his taste for landscape and picturesque scenery. Of his ability in this branch of the art he left some beautiful specimens, in a Series of Views taken during a Tour in Normandy, in the years 1817 and 1819. Died April 23.

**FENTON, RICHARD.** This gentleman was a barrister by profession, and was the author of an *Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, 4to. 1811. He also accomplished the very laborious task of translating *Athenæus*, an author hardly known by name to the English reader. This translation, however, has not been published, but the manuscript is deposited in the library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, at Stourhead. Died in November.

**FIORILLO, DOMENICO,** the author of *Geschichte der Zeichnenden Kunst*, &c. His *History of Italian Painting*, although serviceable as a work of reference, contains but little originality or deep research, being principally a compilation from the numerous Italian writers on art. As an artist, he was entitled to but little praise either for the composition or the execution of his subjects; nor did he avail himself, as he might have done, of his long residence in Italy. Died Sept. 10th, in his 74th year.

**FUENTES, GIORGIO,** a native of Milan, early distinguished himself by his attachment to painting; and, after his first studies, directed his attention to scenic decoration, a branch of the art that was then raised to importance by the talents of Galliani and Gonzaga. Died at Milan, in July, in his 65th year.

**GEYER, LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTIAN,** a painter, actor, and dramatic writer of considerable repute in Germany. Painting was his earliest pursuit, and that to which he was more particularly attached. Yet a passion for theatrical amusements, and the hope of finding the stage a more lucrative profession, induced him to become an actor. As a dramatic writer, his compositions, although not numerous, were successful. Born at Eisleben, Jan. 21, 1780; died September 30.

**GILII, FILIPPO LUIGI,** was born at Corneto, 14th March, 1756. He was a canon of the Basilica of the Vatican, and superintendent of the Observatory founded by Gregory XIII. His principal studies were natural history, botany, and particularly astronomy; and he wrote many treatises on scientific subjects. The Museum of natural history which he had formed was bequeathed by him to the Lanciai library.

**GREGORY, JAMES, MD.** Professor of the practice of physic in the university of Edinburgh, RCP. FRS., &c. was born at Aberdeen, 1753, and was the eldest son of the late Dr. John Gregory. In 1776, he was appointed professor of the theory of physic in the university of Edinburgh, and on the retirement of Dr. Cullen was chosen to succeed him. Besides some professional works, he published, in 1792, two volumes of *Philosophical and Literary Essays*; and in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, a paper on the *Theory of the Moods and Verbs*. Aged 68.

**HARGRAVE, FRANCIS,** one of his Majesty's counsel, and Recorder of Liverpool. This gentleman, who was bred to the bar, was a writer of considerable eminence on legal subjects. His law books and MSS. were some years ago purchased by parliament, and deposited in the library of Lincoln's Inn.

**HENNIKER, JOHN MAJOR, LORD HENNIKER,** an Irish peer, baronet, FRS. and FAS. was born 1762, and succeeded his father, the first Lord Henniker, in 1803. His lordship contributed a paper to the 11th vol. of the *Archæologia*, on *Bicknacre Priory*; and published also *Two Letters on the Origin, Antiquity, and History, of Norman Tiles stained with Armorial Bearings*, 8vo. 1794.

**HOLROYD, THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BAKER, LORD SHEFFIELD.** Early in life this nobleman became the friend of the celebrated Gibbon, whose *Memoirs* and *Posthumous works* he published in 3 vols. 4to. His lordship was a practical agriculturist, and likewise the author of a variety of publications on Commercial and Political Subjects. He was created an Irish peer in 1780; an English one in 1802. Died May 30th, in his 80th year.

**INCHBALD, ELIZABETH.** This lady (whose maiden name was Simpson) was originally an actress, and made her appearance on the Manchester stage at the early age of 18. Her person was beautiful, her talent was considerable, yet she was not destined to become a first-rate actress: she therefore left the theatre and commenced dramatic writer; here she was more successful, for her productions in this line, which are rather numerous, present some of the last scintillations of that "expiring art," Comedy. As a novel writer, her pen was less prolific, for she composed only two works of this description; but these are of very superior interest, and her "Simple Story" may be regarded as a standard and classical work. In private life her reputation was unblemished. Died Aug. 1, aged 65.

**JAMES, CHARLES (Major),** a writer on military subjects, and a poet of some talent. His chief work is his *Military Dictionary*, which has passed several editions. His poetical pieces appeared in two



separate collections, one in 1789, the other in 1791 : among these, his lyrical effusions possess much merit. His Epigrams frequently enlivened the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. Died April 14, aged 56.

**JORDAN, CAMILLE.** This celebrated orator, and political character, was born at Lyons, Jan. 11, 1771. He first visited Paris in 1790 ; and in 1793, when Lyons opposed the tyranny of the national convention, first displayed his eloquence. After the siege of Lyons, he retired to Switzerland, and from thence came to this country, where he formed a connection with Erskine, Fox, &c. and studied our literature, legislation, and constitution. Subsequently he went to Germany, where he also became acquainted with several of the first literati. In 1800, he was recalled to France, and opposed the pretensions of Buonaparte, then First Consul. During the imperial government, he lived in entire seclusion, occupied solely with literary pursuits. Attached to the Bourbons, he endeavoured to promote their restoration, 1814. Died 19th of May, in his 51st year.

**KEATS, JOHN,** a young man of distinguished genius as a poet. He died at Rome on the 28th of February, 1821, in the 25th year of his age. His works are, "Poems," published in 1817; *Endymion*, published in 1818; and *Lamia*, and other poems, published in 1820. Memoirs of his life are announced, to be accompanied with a selection from his unpublished manuscripts, which, when they appear, will be so particularly noticed in this Magazine as to render any further account at this time unnecessary.

**KING, FRANCES ELIZABETH.** This excellent woman, who was relict of the late Rev. Richard King, and sister to Sir Thomas Bernard, was author of *A Tour in France*, 1803; and of several religious and moral publications; viz. *The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Human Happiness.—Female Scripture Characters*. 2 vols. 18mo, &c. Died Dec. 23, aged 64.

**KNOX, VICESIMUS, DD.** a distinguished writer on subjects of education and Belles Lettres. His Essays obtained for him great reputation by the eloquence of the language and style; his *Winter Evenings' Lucubrations* are also a very agreeable collection of papers on literary topics. He also formed those popular compilations the *Elegant Extracts*, *Prose*, *Verse*, and *Epistles*. As a writer on religious subjects and divinity, he has not published much; but his productions in this line have been highly commended by those two eminent prelates, Horsey and Porteus. In his political opinions Dr. Knox was a whig. Born Dec. 8, 1752: died Sept. 6.

**LINDSAY, REV. JAMES, DD.** was a native of Scotland, and succeeded the celebrated Dr. Fordyce as pastor of the presbyterian congregation in Monkwell-street,

where he officiated 35 years. He published a few single sermons, but no work of particular importance. His death, which happened on the 14th of February, was very sudden; he expired while attending a meeting at Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross street, convened for the purpose of considering Mr. Brougham's projected bill on the subject of Education.

**MAISTRE, JOSEPH COMTE DE,** Minister of State to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, Plenipotentiary to the court of St. Petersburg, &c. &c. was born 1753, at Chambery, of which city he became a senator in 1787. On the invasion of Switzerland by the French, in 1793, he quitted his native country. In 1799, he followed the King of Sardinia to the island of that name, and, in 1803, was appointed plenipotentiary to the Russian court, where he continued till 1817. His writings have done much for the cause of catholicism; and no one has scrutinized Voltaire more keenly. Died at Turin, Feb. 15.

**MALHAM, REV. JOHN,** vicar of Helton, in Dorsetshire, was a native of Craven, in Yorkshire; at the Grammar-school of which place he received his education. He wrote and edited a variety of useful publications.

**MARCHENA, ABBÈ DE,** died at Madrid, in February; for a sketch of his character, see page 314 of our 4th Volume.

**MORGAN, REV. THOMAS, DD.** was a native of Langharm, Caermarthenshire, where he was born in 1752. Independently of being the author of some Discourses and Hymns, Dr. Morgan wrote for several years the Reviews of Foreign and Domestic Literature in the *New Annual Register*; many of the articles in the *General Biography*, commenced by Dr. Enfield, and subsequently carried on by Dr. Aikin, &c. and was likewise a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Died July 21, in his 61st year.

**MURRAY, CHARLES,** an actor of considerable talent, was son of Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, Secretary to the Pretender, 1745. He was originally intended for the medical profession, but his attachment to the Drama induced him to relinquish his original destination.

**NEILSON, REV. W., DD. MRIA.** Author of several useful publications for schools; *Greek Exercises*, and *Key*; *Greek Idioms exhibited in Select Passages from the best Authors*, 8vo.; *Elements of English Grammar*; besides these, he wrote an *Introduction to the Irish Language* and some single Sermons.

**PAGE, R. M.** at one period an artist of some celebrity, terminated his existence in poverty about the latter end of last year.

**PALMIERI, ABBATE VINCENZO,** Professor of Theology at Pisa and Pavia, obtained considerable notoriety by supporting doctrines not very favourable to the Church

of Rome. His Treatise on Indulgencies has been translated into several languages ; but the work which has conferred on him most honour is his Treatise on the Truths of the Gospel.

PERRY, JAMES, a distinguished public journalist, of whom some account was given in our Number for January. To Mr. Perry belongs the honour of having raised the character of the daily press in respectability, giving to it an influence it did not before possess. He also considerably improved the whole system and routine of newspapers, rendering them a much more prompt channel of intelligence than formerly. Independently of his immediate professional studies, he possessed a general taste for elegant literature, of which there is sufficient proof in a very extensive and valuable collection of books which he had formed, and which have since his death been disposed of by public auction. Died December 5th, in his 65th year.

PECHEUX, LAURENCE, first painter to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, director of the school of painting, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, and Knight of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. Of his talents as an artist he has left a fine monument in the beautiful Frescoes which he executed at the Villa Borghese. Died at Turin, in July.

PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH. This lady will not be remembered so much for her own productions as for having been, during a long series of years, the friend of the celebrated Johnson. As a writer, though occasionally lively, she is frequently frivolous and flippant. Died May 2, aged 82.

POLIDORI, J. W. MD., author of the *Vampyre*, a tale, which on its first appearance was assigned to Lord Byron ; an *Essay on Positive Pleasure* ; *Ximenes*, or the *Wreath* ; the *War of the Angels* ; and a few other poetical productions. Died suddenly at his lodgings in Great Pulteney-street.

RENNIE, JOHN, was born June 7th, 1761, at Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland. In his earliest youth he discovered a taste for mechanics, and commenced life as a millwright, but fortunately soon afterwards connected himself with the late Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. On the death of Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Rennie succeeded him in many public works, and was soon at the head of the list of civil engineers. He had now sufficient scope for the exertion of his talents ; nor did he neglect the opportunity that now presented itself of acquiring fame as well as emolument. The London and East India docks, the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, Leith, &c. the Bell Rock Light-house, the Quay at Woolwich, above all, the Waterloo bridge,

are indisputable proofs of his genius, and will perpetuate his name. M. Dupin has published a necrological memoir of him. Died October 4.

RICH, CLAUDIUS J., late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad, to which office he was raised before he had completed his 17th year, in consequence of his uncommon literary attainments and great merit. His *Memoirs of Ancient Babylon* display great historical erudition. Died at Shiraz, October 5, aged 35.

RIGBY, EDWARD, MD. An account is given of this gentleman at page 683 of our fourth volume.

RODRIGUEZ, an eminent Spanish Astronomer. He was appointed by the Spanish government to assist Biot and Arago in measuring an arc of the meridian ; and was for some time engaged in astronomical pursuits at both London and Paris. Died, aged about 45.

SALMON, ROBERT, (born at Stratford-upon-Avon, 1763,) deserves to be recorded, on account of his numerous mechanical improvements for the purposes of agricultural and rural economy. Died Oct. 9.

SCOTT, JOHN. The particulars of the life of this gentleman, author of *The Visit to Paris*, *Paris Revisited*, *The House of Mourning*, a poem, and late editor of the *London Magazine*, are too important to be given in that brief space to which our present article would limit us. We wait with anxiety for the appearance of memoirs of his life, from the pen of one who is of all persons the most competent to undertake such a work, and when these are published, we shall recur to the subject.

SCOTT, HELENUS, MD. of the Hon. East India Company, and First Member of the Medical Board of Bombay. Dr. Scott was an admirable chemist, and as a practical physician did much for the study of Pathology. It is to him that we are indebted for the practice of exhibiting, both internally and externally, the nitric and nitro-muriatic acids, as well as other agents of a similar nature, in siphilitic and hepatic diseases, and in maladies incidental to the climate of India. Died November 16, on his voyage to Van Diemen's Land.

SCOTT, Rev. THOMAS, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, born at Brayloft, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, February, 1747, was author of several valuable theological and religious works. His *Force of Truth* is a popular publication, and has been frequently translated. Many of his writings were in reply to the objections raised against Christianity by infidel and speculative authors ; such are his *Answer to Paine* ; *Rights of God*, &c. ; but he will be best known as a commentator on the Holy Scriptures. His edition of the *Family Bible*, on which he was employed for thirty-three years, has been frequently

re-printed, and is a work of great ability and merit.

**STEPHENS, ALEXANDER.** This gentleman, who was a native of Elgin, in Scotland, where he was born, 1757, was educated to the profession of the law, which he abandoned for that of literature. Mr. Stephens was an author from choice, being possessed of handsome property. Died February 24.

**STEVENSON, WILLIAM, FAS.,** was a bookseller at Norwich, and for many years proprietor of the Norfolk Chronicle. He was much attached to archæological pursuits, and the study of ancient architecture, to which he contributed much by his valuable supplement to his edition of Bentham's *Ely*. Died April 13, in his 72d year.

**STOTHARD, CHARLES ALFRED,** son of Thomas Stothard, Esq. RA. was an artist and antiquary of considerable eminence. His pencil was chiefly employed in delineating specimens of ancient costume, and on similar subjects, which were most congenial to his predilection for antiquarian inquiry. Of this description is his *Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*, a work of great interest, and supplying much information. In 1819 Mr. Stothard exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries his drawings from the Bayeux Tapestry, accompanied with an *Historical Memoir*. A short time previous to his death he had contemplated a work intended to illustrate the reign of Elizabeth. On the 28th of May, while copying a window in the church of Bere Ferrers, for a series of illustrations of the county of Devon, in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, the ladder on which he stood broke, and, falling against a monument, he was killed on the spot.

**THURSTON, JOHN,** was a native of Scarborough; he designed a number of book-plates for popular works. Died, aged 48.

**TWISS, RICHARD.** This amusing tourist was born at Rotterdam, April 26, 1747, where his father, who was an eminent English merchant, resided. His works are *Travels in Portugal and Spain*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1772; *Tour in Ireland*, 1775; *Trip to Paris*, 1792; *Anecdotes of Chess*, 1792; *Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1805. Died March 5.

**VENINI, (L'Abbate) FRANCESCO,** Professor of the University of Parma, was a mathematician, philologist, and poet, and the author of several highly esteemed works. Died at Milan, April 5, aged 83.

**VINCE, Rev. ARCHDEACON, MA. FRS.** Plumian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, known by his various writings on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

**VOIGT, JEAN CHARLES GUILLAUME,** was an excellent naturalist, and director of the mines at Ilmenau, on the subject of which he wrote an *Essay*, his latest production. He died at Ilmenau, January 1, in his 68th year.

**WALKER, ADAM,** Lecturer on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. This gentleman invented a variety of useful contrivances, machines, &c. viz. engines for raising water; improved method of pumping vessels at sea; wind and steam carriages; the empyreal air-stove; the celestina harpsicord; the eidouranion; the rotary lights on the Scilly Islands; a boat to work against the stream; a curious weather gauge, &c. Died February 11, aged 90.

**WALTERS, JOHN,** Architect. His principal works are, a beautiful Chapel, in the pointed style, on the London Hospital estate; the Auction Mart, by the Bank; and the Parish Church of St. Paul, Shadwell. In naval architecture he invented a diagonal truss, with metal braces to be placed on the bottom of the vessels. A discovery of considerable importance. Died at Brighton, October 4, aged 39.

**WEBER, ANSELM.** This celebrated composer was born at Manheim, 1766; he was at first destined for the church, and passed through a course of theological studies, but his attachment to music preponderated, and determined him to embrace that as his profession. He afterwards travelled with the celebrated Abbe Vogel through Holland, England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; became director of the band at the theatre at Berlin; and subsequently, on his return from Paris, in 1805, was appointed leader at the Chapel Royal at Berlin. He set to music many of the pieces of Goethe and Schiller; for the last he composed the music of *Hermann and Thusnelda*. His operas had great success. Died March 23.

**WHITAKER, Rev. THOMAS DUNHAM, LL.D. FSA.,** an eminent Antiquary, Historian, and Classical Scholar. In the former character he has been excelled by few with respect to research, interest, information, and taste: in proof of this, it is but necessary to name his histories of Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire, and *Loidis in Elmete*. As a writer of modern Latinity, his *De Motu per Britanniam Civico* is a work that confers honour on his pen. Born, June 5, 1759, at Rainham, Norfolk. Died, December 18, aged 63.

**ZETLITZ, JENS,** was a native of Norway, and a Danish poet of some eminence. Some of his lyric effusions are esteemed the happiest specimens in this class of poetry that Denmark has produced. Born 1761.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THERE is no foreign news this month of any interest whatever. By the arrival of a Gottenburgh Mail, it is stated, that a declaration was expected at St. Petersburg to be immediately issued by the Emperor Alexander, detailing the steps which he had taken for the maintenance of peace, and that this was to be followed by some important decision, as to the nature of which, however, we are left in the dark. The Paris papers state, that the language of the Porte had latterly become pacific; that in a note lately addressed by the Reis Effendi to the English ambassador and the Internuncio, the Divan acknowledges the obligation which it is under of conforming to treaties and of evacuating the principalities, which latter operation it states shall be commenced without delay. There is not, however, one word to which we can affix any official authenticity.

In France affairs continue in the same unsettled state, in which probably they will remain until the death of the present king. An election tumult of a serious nature took place at Lyons, during which the military were called out, the celebrated Marseillois hymn was sung, and cries of Vive Napoleon II. were uttered. These are portentous omens. The elections for the Chamber of Deputies have terminated in Paris and its adjoining department almost entirely in favour of the Liberals; Talleyrand and De Cazes have both lately been to Court, and by their junction it is supposed the Ultras will be dispossessed of power. The head of the late administration, the Duke de Richelieu, died after twenty-four hours' illness of a brain fever; he was a man of mediocre talents, but high in the confidence of Louis.

We are likely, it seems, to have the novel spectacle of a war between Russia and America. The dispute has arisen with respect to some territorial arrangements. Russia claims the sovereignty of the whole North West Coast of America within certain points, and prohibits the entrance of any foreign ships within the space claimed, and declares that she

will consider all vessels as wilfully contravening this her claim which have left an European port since last March, or shall leave an American port after the 1st of July next. The Americans have expressed their great amazement at this claim, and declare that the territorial line between the two countries ought to have been settled by commissioners appointed on each side. To this the Russian negotiator replies, that Russia being *herself* very well acquainted with the line of boundary, had no occasion to give or take any trouble on the subject. America, as might be expected, dissents from this logic, and threatens desperate deeds if the Russian claims shall be acted on. Thus matters stand at present.

His Algerine Highness threatens a declaration of war against Spain, on the alleged smallness of the tribute which he at present receives from that country! What does this Ultra Legitimate savage demand tribute for? It would however be a thousand pities that he and Ferdinand should quarrel.

The last arrivals from the United States bring intelligence of rather an unpleasant nature from China. It seems there has been a serious difference between Captain Richardson, of his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Topaze*, and the native Chinese. The dispute arose at the village of Lintin, about twenty miles above Macao. The frigate's boats had gone on shore to water, when some difference arose between the seamen and the natives, who attacked the crew with bamboos and other weapons. Under these circumstances, Captain Richardson felt under the necessity of opening a fire in order to cover the retreat of his crew, the result of which was, that thirteen of the Chinese were either killed or wounded. The frigate and a large country ship were left lying at Lintin with their boarding netting up, under apprehension of an attack from the natives.

Russia has just promulgated a most rigorous Tariff, by which almost every article of British manufacture is excluded from her ports!



The accounts from Ireland assumed latterly so distressing a character, that the English people have felt themselves bound to come forward and alleviate the affliction as far as was possible. London, ever forward in every office of patriotism and humanity, set the example, which has been most liberally followed by almost every part of the kingdom. A princely subscription is hourly accumulating, the first fruits of which have been already transmitted to the wretched sufferers, and have, we hope, long ere this, alleviated the miseries of many. Feeling as we do the most unqualified admiration of the noble and characteristic spirit which originated this munificence, we are yet bound to ask why it is that Ireland should call for its exercise? Why is it that a country which ought to be the main stay of the British empire, should prove only a burthen and an affliction? Why is it, that an island upon which Providence has literally squandered every blessing of soil, of climate, and of facilities both for manufactures and commerce, should thus stand a naked, desolate, and famishing pauper before the world! Surely there must be some reason for this phenomenon.

The Lord Primate of Ireland is just dead. He met his death in a manner melancholy enough, having received laudanum in place of medicine by mistake from the hands of his wife, whose affliction since amounts almost to derangement. The Bishop's will has been proved, and his personal property sworn to be under 220,000l.!! It was Feneion, we think, who, when on his death-bed, being asked whether he would not make a will, replied "No, I die as a Christian Bishop ought to die, without money and without debts." The late Primate of Ireland was the youngest brother of Lord Bute. The Archbishop of Cashel is also dead, and so is Doctor O'Beirne, the Bishop of Meath. The latter was a Roman Catholic priest once. They have a saying in Ireland, alluding to their religious incapacities, that the Protestant religion is the best to live in, and the Catholic to die in. We are glad to hear that Doctor Magee, the Bishop of Raphoe, is to be promoted to the Archdiocese of

Dublin. He is a good man, a learned divine, and possessed of consummate ability; his work on the Atonement is considered one of the most learned theological productions of the century.

The Prince and Princess of Denmark have arrived in England, and were received most hospitably and magnificently at Court. Rumour ascribes their visit to a nationally interesting cause.

The printers and publishers of the John Bull Newspaper have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of 100l. each, for libels on the late Queen. One of them, who put in an affidavit of ill health, had his sentence commuted to a fine of 300l.

Our Parliamentary report for the last month contains much matter of importance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer having pledged himself to the reduction of two millions of the existing taxes, proposed a scheme for the purchase of decreasing annuities on naval and military pensions to the amount of five millions, out of the fund arising from which he proposed to meet the intended reduction. The contract, however, after having been successively offered in vain to the Bank, the South Sea company, and the speculative part of the commercial community, fell to the ground. Under these circumstances, the minister has proposed to meet the emergency in the following manner. Out of the 5,000,000l. by which these pensions are now defrayed, he intends that 2,800,000l. should be paid for forty-five years to public commissioners appointed for that purpose, and that those commissioners should, from time to time, sell so much of such annuities every year as may enable them to pay the annually decreasing amount of the pensions. As to the reduction in the taxes, the first tax to be taken off is the salt tax. This tax at present amounts to fifteen shillings a bushel, which is now to be reduced to two, thereby causing a diminution of thirteen. Government surrenders by this reduction a revenue of 1,300,000l. and retains 200,000l.; as the present amount of the tax is estimated at 1,500,000l.

The next reduction is in the lea-



ther tax ; the remission proposed on this subject, is of the duties imposed during the American and late wars. The present amount of this tax is 600,000*l.* and of this one half is now to be taken away, leaving, of course, one half still available to the government.

The tonnage duty, bringing in a revenue of about 150,000*l.* is to be entirely removed, which will certainly afford a considerable relief to the shipping interest, a circumstance of much congratulation ; her maritime interests are, in every point of view, of paramount importance to Great Britain.

The next and last tax to be removed is the Irish window and hearth tax. Our readers may recollect that on Lord Londonderry's arrival with his Majesty at the pier of Howth, he pledged his honour to a public spirited individual who demanded the boon, that he would do his best to have this tax removed, and the noble Marquis has certainly redeemed his pledge creditably. We are glad of it on every account. No man in existence *owes more* to Ireland than the Marquis of Londonderry. These taxes amounted only to 250,000*l.* and were, both in their operation and in their collection, most oppressive. The window tax was most unwise and most unproductive compared with its evil effects ; it caused the closing up of the windows in many houses, by which ventilation was impeded and disease produced. It was called in Ireland, by way of distinction, the *Typhus tax*, as to its operation the inhabitants chiefly imputed the pestilential malady which lately raged there. While on this subject, we have no hesitation in saying, that with proper economy in the collection, a saving might be made to the Irish public of at least one-third of the existing taxes. Will it be credited that, in some of the taxes in Ireland, where 200*l.* are collected, 100*l.* goes into the pockets of the officers and collectors !! Yet such is the fact. We may hereafter return to this subject.

A document has been laid on the table of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Hume, which presents a statement of our newspaper circulation that would otherwise

appear almost incredible. It is an account of the stamps yearly furnished from the stamp office, to the London and provincial press. By this it appears, that the London newspapers printed in the year 1821 amounted in number to 16,254,534, and the provincial newspapers in the same year, to 8,525,252, being a total of 24,779,786 ; the duty on which amounted to 412,996*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* ! In the year 1801, the London and provincial papers taken together amounted only to 16,084,905.

By another paper, it appears that during the two years which have elapsed since the re-enactment of the Alien Act, in July, 1820, only four persons have been sent out of England under its provisions—a small number, certainly, considering that by a parliamentary return, no less than 25,000 foreigners are now residing in this country. We believe the persons so deported were connected with the establishment in St. Helena.

A motion was made in the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, on the subject of a Reform in the representation of the people in parliament, which, after a short debate, was negatived by a majority of 105. The minority, however, was very respectable. The numbers were, for the motion, 164—against it, 269. This, we believe, is the greatest division which has yet taken place on the reform question.

A very useful and necessary bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, by Mr. Bennet, namely, a bill for throwing open the present monopoly of public houses. The provisions of the bill are, we think, unnecessarily long, but its main object is that which we have stated. We need only adduce one fact to prove how systematic the present monopoly is : by a return to the House of Commons, it appears that out of many thousand houses annually licensed, not more than *three* new houses have been added in each year to the original number ; the same houses only being licensed from year to year. Surely this is monstrous.

By an official return made to parliament, it appears that the total exports of Great Britain for last year exceeded the amount in the pre-

oeding year, to the amount of three millions and a half; there was, however, in the imports, a comparative decrease of half a million.

Mr. Canning brought forward a measure in the House of Commons which has been successful in that house, and may be said, though by a side wind, to have established, there at least, the justice of the claims to further concessions on the part of the Roman Catholics. He obtained leave to bring in a bill to provide that peers of the United Kingdom, being otherwise duly qualified, might exercise the right of sitting in parliament, without taking the oath, or making the declaration recited in that bill. This oath and declaration are the tests which have hitherto operated as disqualifications upon the admission of Roman Catholics into parliament. Leave was given to bring in the bill; and after many animated discussions, it was carried through its different stages, by small but increasing majorities, and finally transmitted to the House of Lords. The Duke of Portland takes the custody of it in the upper house. Its success there, however, is more than problematical; the bishops, with one exception (Norwich), are hostile to the enactment; and even independently of them a considerable majority of the lay peers are understood to be opposed to it. This bill was certainly the least objectionable manner in which the principle of Roman Catholic emancipation could have been presented for the acceptance of parliament—the number of candidates for eligibility are few—the prejudices annexed to ancient family and high rank, and the associations inseparable from renowned achievements, are favourable, and the measure has the recommendation of being exclusively beneficial to the English peerage, as the Irish who could derive under it are *elective only*—but still as an acknowledgment of the grand principle, it is almost certain that the attempt will now prove abortive. It will, in all probability, be the last parliamentary experiment of Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, as we perceive by a speech of that gentleman at the anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, that his departure for India is certain.

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Mr. Lennard and Mr. Warre respectively brought forward motions in the House of Commons, on the subject of our diplomatic expenditure. The first embraced the general question, and the second referred to the particular appointment of Mr. Wynne to the Swiss Cantons. These motions were supported on the grounds that retrenchment under the present circumstances of the country had become absolutely necessary in every department, that the expenditure of our ambassadors much exceeded the exigencies of their station, and that by an analogy to foreign countries, particularly to America, it would be found that government was guilty in this respect of great comparative extravagance. During the debate, Mr. Tierney stated his conviction, that a saving to the amount of 150,000*l.* might be effected in the branch of our foreign diplomacy. To these arguments it was replied, that the appointments had not latterly departed from their former scale; that at the five courts of France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the Netherlands, which now formed the quintuple alliance upon which the peace of Europe rested, expensive duties devolved upon our ambassadors, who were bound to sustain by their establishments a rank and splendour suitable to the character of the great nation they represented; and that there was no analogy whatever between the magnificence necessarily attached to the representatives of a monarchy, and the simplicity which characterised a republican form of government. It was also contended, that this subject was exclusively vested in the discretion of the executive, with whose right of general controul the proposed interference would be unbecoming and unconstitutional. The debate was pursued with considerable vehemence, and ended in Lord Londonderry's unequivocal declaration, that if left in a minority, he would retire from office! This was a threat which it was understood the noble Marquis had on previous occasions frequently made in private; but this, we believe, was its first public promulgation. On a division, in very full houses, ministers had a majority on Mr. Lennard's motion of 127, and

2 X

on Mr. Warre's of 106; so that the country will still have the benefit of the noble Marquis's continued official services. We should perhaps state here that by a paper lately laid before the House of Commons, it appears that this country paid last year for diplomacy the sum of 265,962*l.* including 82,642*l.* for pensions! In 1792, the total charge was only 113,989*l.* including 11,486*l.* for pensions. Fortunately, his Lordship abstained from a similar menace in the debate on the subject of the postmasters general, which was again perseveringly urged by Lord Normanby, who succeeded in convincing the house that the well-paid duties of this office might be adequately discharged by one individual—a truth indeed almost axiomatic, as one of the postmasters, Lord Clancarty, has been for the last two years necessarily absent on his diplomatic mission to the Netherlands; the consequence was, ministers were left in a minority; and Lord Salisbury, who, in the phrase of Mr. Tierney, “had served the country for many years, and was willing to serve it on the same terms to the very end of his life,” was obliged to retire. This is to be followed up by the dismissal also of one of the postmasters general in Ireland; but with respect to a proposed similar arrangement for Scotland, Lord Londonderry declared, that as the postmaster there had other duties to perform, besides those of the post office, any similar reduction in that country was impracticable.

A bill has been brought in by Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary, for the temporary relief of the Irish by the employment of their poor. The specific measure empowers the Lord Lieutenant to advance on presentments the sum of 50,000*l.* for the making and repair of roads and other public works in Ireland. The bill was carried unanimously through the Commons, and, in consequence of the

suspension of the standing orders in the House of Lords for the purpose, it passed into an act with unusual expedition. Although there was no opposition to the bill, its introduction caused some passing remarks upon the causes which rendered such expedients necessary, one of which, and a prominent one, was stated by Mr. Plunket to be the rapacity of the Irish landholders; several individuals in both houses generously undertook the Herculean task of defending these gentlemen, on grounds, which, if they could be established, would cause, we have no doubt, very universal satisfaction amongst the tenantry of Ireland. Lord King seemed to think that Mr. Plunket's proposition was not quite general enough—his Lordship said he thought the observation ought to have run thus—“the rapacity of the Irish landholders is great—that of the Irish church is greater,—and both are exceeded by the rapacity of the government.”

A motion was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Hume, on the subject of the Ionian Isles; in submitting which, the honourable member made heavy complaints of the expenditure of the government, and the abuses practised there under the present system. He moved a string of resolutions, reciting the circumstances under which these Islands were consigned to the protection of Great Britain, and pointing out some of the particular abuses which it was his object to correct. To these was added an address to the Crown, praying for an inquiry into the government of these islands. Ministers denied the accuracy of Mr. Hume's statement; and on a division, the motion was lost by a majority of 152 to 67. It appears since, by a statement of Sir Thomas Maitland, the governor of these islands, that they are at present under martial law.

May, 26.

## MONTHLY REGISTER,

JUNE 1, 1822.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE discussions upon the agricultural distress have been continued almost day by day in the House of Commons throughout the present month, and with but small approximation to any beneficial results. The loans to parishes, and the expenditure of a million in the purchase of British corn to be warehoused, are schemes as completely exploded as we foresaw they would be. Indeed they fell by their own weakness, and were trampled to death without remorse, by those who affected to uphold them so long as they appeared to have any show of strength. Thus the member for Norfolk turned round upon the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Noble Lord turned round upon Mr. Irving, as the real author of the proposal for warehousing, which the Marquis had undertaken to submit to the House, but from which he withdrew his support, after having for a time made it his own by moving its adoption. This tends to prove the hesitation and uncertainty under which ministers have laboured, and still labour, and the total want of a principled foundation in their minds, upon which to build any practical scheme of relief. The latest view Lord Londonderry has taken of the subject, is to be found in his endeavour to establish, as a general principle, that it is expedient to curb importation, should importation ever be found necessary, by such a fixed duty as shall preclude the introduction of foreign corn at low prices. His Lordship appears to wish, that such a duty should be imposed as will forbid all possibility of foreign wheat, for example, being sold in England under from 65s. to 70s. per quarter, and to this, as a general but temporary proposition, the House assented. The Marquis, therefore, has prepared his bill upon these grounds, and the exact rate of duties is to be fixed hereafter. This scheme, however, will neither satisfy the grower nor the consumer. It is too low for the one, and too high for the other. At present, and for some time to come, such an act is likely to be wholly inoperative; because, should the ports be opened, the quantity of foreign wheat, already in

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warehouses, which will come into the market under no duty at all, except the holders choose to accept the option of taking it out at a duty of 15s. per quarter, when the average price is 65s. will suffice for a more than an average deficiency of supply. Nevertheless there are good grounds to suppose, that importation is nearer than is generally apprehended. The following are the reasons to be adduced. Up to the year 1816 inclosure was very general. It then ceased. From 1792 to 1818 inclusive, it is found, that on average annual importation of grain of all sorts, to the amount of upwards of 1,400,000 qrs. took place, besides the introduction of flour and meal, to the amount of 338,000 cwts. The importation in 1817—1818, amounted to an annual average of 3,322,266 qrs. grain; 960,123 cwts. flour and meal. The price fluctuated from 109s. 1d. to 84s. 4d. in these two years. It is, therefore, assumed that a quantity of the English growth, equal, or nearly, to the quantity imported, more than the average, was displaced by the English farmer holding back, while the importing merchant was selling; for in the month of March, 1819, no more than 957 of foreign wheat remained under the King's lock. The stock thus held back has therefore been added to the surplus of crops above the usual average, and thus the glut has extended to the present hour; but the supply by sea to the London market, has not for many weeks past equalled more than one half (hardly indeed so much) of the usual average. It is therefore to be inferred, that the stock is exhausted, while an increasing population, and a decreasing state of cultivation, a consumption probably augmented by cheapness, together with the demand which the destruction of the potatoe crop in Ireland must originate, will soon put to proof the disputable question of the relation of supply to demand. From the facts we have recited, it should almost seem probable that the ports must open before the period assigned by the Marquis of Londonderry, (two or three years) though their immediate opening will

be prevented by the coming harvest, and the prices perhaps be still further depressed by the operation of the circumstances above mentioned. Before the publication of our next Report, the terms of the act will be settled, and its provisions will then be clearly understood. At present, the general impression is, that no benefit will be derived, either to the landed interest, or to the country.

A decision relative to tithes in Norfolk has created a great sensation, and if supported by future decisions, will produce a most important change. Hitherto, it has been customary to assess tithes at the rate of almost one-fourth of the assessment on arable land. Dr. Bulwer, the applicant to the court, endeavoured to establish this as a maxim; the court, however, decided that there was no rule of law for assessing tithes, at a proportion of the assessment of land, but that all property was assessable at its *productive* value.

A proposition has been made by Mr.

Crisp Brown, a great maltster of Norwich, to work his houses, for any farmers disposed to sell malt to their labourers, at the reduced price of 5s. per bushel, the trade ready money price being 6s. Mr. Brown is able to produce 6000 bushels per week, which he calculates will supply as many labourers for a month, and thus he proposes to increase the consumption of barley, and augment the comfort of the cottager. The example is worth following.

The crops are looking generally well, but begin to want rain, particularly in the light land districts. The wheats are, perhaps, the least promising. Preparations are now every where making for turnip sowing. The crops of grass are abundant. Stock is selling ruinously low, and in Smithfield, on Monday last, fell to a degree not experienced for a very long course of years.

May 25, 1822.

## HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR APRIL AND MAY, 1822.

DURING April and May, only a few successional crops require the attention of the horticulturist, his main ones being inserted in the previous months: weeding, thinning, and keeping his tribes "in order strict and due propriety," claim his chief exertions; and these cares are in no small degree increased by the mild temperature and genial showers of the present season; so rapidly indeed do the weeds advance, that the extirpating hoe needs to be the gardener's constant *vade mecum*.

April 20.—The vine (*vitis vinifera*) is expanding its empurpled leaves. 22. Honesty, or moonwort (*lunaria*), is in flower; this common yet not inelegant plant, will flourish in any soil or situation however impoverished and bleak. 24. The black currant is presenting its blossom to the bee: 26. As are also the jeannotin and codlin apples; of all the varieties of this fruit there is a promised abundance—"yet uncertain as a lover's vow." 29. The fragrant flowers of the red, and a few of the white lilac, are gradually expanding. The new sprung leaves of the sweet chestnut (*fagus castanea*), in their turn, are playing wanton in the breeze. The double white, the yellow, and some others of the earlier tulips, are fully opened; but the more illustrious varieties will not blow for some weeks. This tribe is the gayest offspring of floriculture, it is here—

———— Where beauty plays  
Her idle freaks, .....  
..... and while they break  
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist  
marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

April has fled before the wings of Time; and although during its stay we felt some of the piercing gales of Winter, yet they were his last struggling sighs—violent, but transitory; its last days, "like those of the lovely, were peace:" so fervently did the sun beam upon its departure, and on the arrival of its successor, that the fires on our hearths were gladly extinguished; so joyous came "fair May, the grace."

May 3. The flowers of the hawthorn (*crataegus oxyacantha*), of the horse-chestnut (*æsculus hippocastanum*), and on the 6th, those of the honeysuckle "betrayed their loves before the God of Day." As this is the season when flowers are plucked from their parent stems, to wither by degrees as bouquets on side-boards and mantle-pieces, it may not be unacceptable information, that they will much longer retain their vigour and fragrance, if a small portion of common salt (six grains to a pint) be added to the water, and a small portion of the stalk be cut off at intervals of three or four days. 9. All the varieties of the strawberry, "plant of my native



soil," are now opening their blossom in healthy profusion; their runners likewise are extending on all sides: this power of extension is one of the faculties assigned by nature to the vegetable world, as a substitute for the power of loco-motion; by this gift plants have a full compensation for being stationary, since in whatever direction most nourishment is to be obtained, thither the roots proceed, and to arrive at it, will pierce the hardest intervening soils; they have even been known to penetrate the foundation of walls and overturn them. 15. The pendant columbine (*aquilegia vulgaris*) and the bold-faced peony have as-

sumed their gayest attire. 17. The lily of the valley has opened "her snowy bells," fair, modest flower—

————— She nor affects  
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun,  
She to no state, nor dignity aspires,  
But silent and alone puts on her suit,  
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for  
which  
We had not known there was a thing so  
sweet  
Hid in the gloomy shade.

*Essex.*

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, May 22.)

THE legislative measures which are intended as the commencement of a new commercial system, almost diametrically opposite to the principles which have so long prevailed, are already in progress; and there can be little doubt, that a very great relaxation of the rigorous prohibitory enactments of our navigation laws will take place. It is natural that a great diversity of opinion should be manifested on a subject in which so many interests are involved. The prejudices (if so they must be called) in favour of the prohibitory and restrictive system, have become so deeply rooted, have so "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength," that those who still fondly cherish them, are unquestionably entitled to indulgence and regard. Though we are ourselves no advocates of the exclusive system, we cannot but acknowledge that when it has been so long acted upon, great caution may be necessary in departing from it, even in favour of one demonstrably better in itself. It has been acknowledged, that our example has induced other nations to adopt a similar plan; but it may be asked, will those who have followed our example in one instance, be equally ready to follow it in another? May they not be disposed to continue their prohibitions to our detriment, though we have relaxed ours in their favour? Believing, as we do, that the adoption of a more liberal system will really be advantageous to this country, we throw out the above remarks, as an instance of what may be adduced against it; and at the same time, as a hint of the propriety and importance of securing a reciprocity from foreign nations, when we adopt measures that are to benefit them, as well as ourselves. We allude especially to Russia. The preamble to the new tariff states that His Majesty has become sensible that the

permission to import foreign manufactures may in time prove injurious to his own subjects, and to the manufactures which have greatly increased, but yet are in need of special protection. With this view, and considering the measures taken by other States for the same end, His Majesty has had a new tariff drawn up. We regret to say, that this tariff is peculiarly injurious to England; and, in the opinion of those who are most interested in it, will go near to put a total stop to our import trade to Russia. Almost every article of English produce, or manufacture, is either wholly prohibited, as refined sugars of every description, or loaded with duties nearly equivalent to prohibition. Whether Russia may be induced to adopt a more liberal system towards us, is, we think, very problematical; for it must be recollected that she has been less affected by our system than almost any other country, as her staple articles of export are such as we need, and have therefore not burdened with any exorbitant duties. Yet the Russian government seems to feel that some apology was required for adopting so rigorous a system; for in the half official Petersburg journal, the *Conservateur Impartial*, we find a long article, stating that the Russian Government considers the principles of a free trade to be as beneficial in practice, as they appear just in theory; that the Congress at Vienna in 1815 had sanctioned these principles, as likely to relieve the evils which Europe had suffered under the yoke which had oppressed its commerce, during a period of ten years: but though almost all the governments declared their intention to introduce more freedom of trade; experience and more accurate calculations soon induced them not to renounce the prohibitive system. The examples of England, Austria, France, and Prussia, are

then quoted, as making it necessary for Russia to return to that system which all the powers seem to have recognized as necessary.

We find by the latest accounts from the United States, that the celebrated Russian decree prohibiting the ships of all nations from approaching within 100 miles of the north west Coast of America, as low as 51° north latitude, and the other extraordinary pretensions set forth in that decree, have given rise to a very animated official correspondence between the President and the Russian Charge d'Affaires. If both parties persist, war seems inevitable. The President declares the navigation of those Seas to be a part of the American independence, and the Russian says, that if an American ship ventures into them, it will be seized, and confiscated. The question is most important, and we shall not be surprised if the American Government should send some vessels to make the experiment.

The English government has decided to admit the flag of the Independents of South America to trade with this country.—This, though not an actual recognition, is certainly a great step towards it.

**Cotton.**—The cotton market has been very steady throughout this month, and some sensation has been excited by an expectation that an additional duty will be imposed on Brazil and American cotton, on the 5th of July next. The purchases in these four weeks have been between 12 and 13,000 bales. The prices having been little varied, it will be sufficient to annex the report for the week ending May 21.—The market was steady early last week: towards the close several considerable purchases were made by speculators for re-sale in this market; the purchases are nearly 3500 bales, viz.—2900 Bengala 5½d. and 5½d. very ordinary 5½d. and 5½d. fair and good fair, 6d. to 6½d. good; 600 Surats very ordinary leafy 5½d. a 6d. 6½d. and 6½d. good fair, and a few very good 7½d.; 180 Pernams 11½d. fair, to 11½d. good, and 54 new Orleans 10d. and 10½d. all in bond.

At Liverpool, in the four weeks ending May 18, the sales were about 34,000 bags; the demand was, however, duller in the last week, the sales being only 6600 bags.

**Sugar.**—The sugar market has been languid for some weeks, and in some instances prices have experienced a decline. The stock in the warehouses is greatly reduced, and likely to be still lower for some weeks to come. There are now hardly 6000 hhds. and trs.—The sugar market was languid and uninteresting last week; very few samples were on show, as the stock is

so much reduced, that many eminent houses have no sugars for sale: the buyers appeared however to have a sufficient supply for immediate use and did not even make enquiries as to the prices, &c.

This forenoon (21st) the market remains in the same depressed state, and though very few Muscovades are on show, yet purchases may be made a shade lower than last week.

The public sale of Barbadoes sugar this forenoon, 71 hhds. 6 tierces, sold freely at full prices, good white 73s. a 74s. 6d. middling 64s. a 69s. yellow 62s. 6d.

There was some interest excited in the refined market on Friday, on account of the minister having stated in the House of Commons that he did not believe the late Russian Tariff printed in the daily papers was a genuine document; that he did not suppose such prohibitions in some cases, and high duties in others (imports from England), would be carried into effect in Russia.\* The market was firm, but yesterday and this forenoon the holders appear again anxious to effect sales at a small reduction in the prices.—Molasses are steady at 27s.

By public sale last week, 534 chests Havannah were offered, but nearly the whole was taken in; fine white at 38s., middling and good 35s. a 37s. 6d. It is since reported that the whole are sold by private contract at 35s. 36s. and 37s., which is lower than the previous market prices—426 bags Bourbon sugar went off last week at a reduction of 1s. a 2s. per cwt.; fine yellow 24s. 6d., good 22s. 6d. and 23s., brown 19s. 6d. and 20s.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

April 27 .....	33s. 6d.
May 4 .....	32s. 10½d.
11 .....	34s. 8d.
18 .....	32s. 10½d.

**Coffee.**—In the last week of April, the market became very heavy, at a decline of 1s. to 2s.; during the following week, Jamaica further declined 3s. or 4s. Demerara and Berbice 2s. to 3s. St. Domingo remained unchanged, ordinary sold 99s. a 101s.; good ditto 102s. On the 7th instant, there were four public sales, consisting of 557 casks 425 bags; the whole sold freely, the Demerara and Berbice 2s. higher, and generally the market greatly improved as to the demand; 60 Bags Brazil, good ordinary pale, sold 100s. a 101s.; St. Domingo good ordinary 102s. a 103s. 6d., broken 98s. a 100s.; the very ordinary descriptions of Jamaica sold at low prices; fine fine ordinary, but rank, realized 109s. 6d. a 110s. 6d., good mid-

\* We shall be glad to find this to be the case, but we fear from our foreign correspondence, that the Tariff, as printed, is substantially correct.

Selling 132s. 6d. a 139s. 6d., fine middling 150s. a 152s.; Demerara and Berbice sold 129s. 6d. a 131s. 6d. for good middling, 123s. a 125s. for middling.

In the following week, the demand greatly improved. The prices were also better, and the result of the public sales on the 14th showed an advance of 2s. in British plantation, while the foreign fully supported the previous prices.

The public sales of coffee, brought forward last week, were considerable, consisting of 844 casks and 1481 bags; the whole sold with briskness, fully supporting the previous prices, except a large parcel of ordinary St. Domingo coffee, which found no buyers at 100s.

There were two public sales of coffee this forenoon, 50 casks British Plantation, 85 casks 712 bags foreign; the former, Demerara and Berbice descriptions, sold with briskness, at very full prices; 132s. for good middling: the latter was entirely St. Domingo, and went off rather heavily, but no reduction in the prices was submitted to; coloury was taken in at 106s. good ordinary in bags chiefly taken in at 103s. and 103s. 6d. ordinary at 101s. St. Domingo coffee continues to press upon the market: the ordinary at rather lower prices: all the other descriptions fully support last week's currency.

*Oils.*—Oils are generally heavy and little business doing: for Greenland there are however some enquiries, and, for parcels here 20l. has been realized: for arrival several inconsiderable contracts are reported at 22l. generally there are several buyers at that price, but they cannot purchase on such low terms.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The state of the market has been unfavourable throughout the month, and the prices of both rum and brandy have declined.

*Tobacco.*—There has been some speculation in tobacco, owing to an expected contract with the French government. The letters from Paris announce that the government has in fact contracted for 2387 hhds. at good prices; but this intelligence has not produced any effect on our market.

*Rice.*—By public sale this forenoon 270 half barrels New Carolina of fine quality sold with much briskness; all at 31s. 6d.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The tallow market has been in a very languid state. The early arrivals from the Baltic have tended to depress the prices; yet the extremely low prices, and the probability that this depression will act as a check on importation, occasioned several buyers to come forward last week; and the public sale of Friday, 424 casks Odessa yellow candle tallow, went off with considerable briskness: the first lots 34s. 6d. and 34s. 8d.; afterwards the prices advanced 35s. and 35s. 3d.; the nearest price of St. Pe-

tersburgh yellow candle tallow has since been 36.—In hemp or flax very few sales are lately reported. Letters were yesterday received from St. Petersburg, dated 5d instant; the Exchange was lower, it was quoted a fraction below 9½d.

*Corn.*—We can but repeat the remark we made last month, that the only fluctuations that have taken place are such as arise from the state of the supply. Our tables show that the average prices have rather improved.

Aggregate averages of the six weeks preceeding May 15th which regulate importation.

Wheat	45s. 2d.	Rye	19s. 11d.
Barley	18s. 2d.	Beans	21s. 6d.
Oats	16s. 5d.	Pease	22s. 11d.

East India Company's sale, 13 May.—Pepper, 1,130 bags Company's black, sold at 7½d. a 7½d.; 1,300 do. scratched; 1,174 do. Private Trade, 6½d. a 7½d.; Saltpetre, 830 tons, Company's, 26s. 6d. a 29s. 6d.; 170 do. scratched; 410 Private Trade, 26s. 6d. a 29s. 6d.; Cinnamon, 550 bales, 1st quality, 7s. 6d. a 7s. 9d.; 110 do. 2d do. 6s. 1d. a 6s. 2d.; 328 do. 2d do. scratched; 323 do. 3d do. 5s. 7d. a 6s.; 174 do. 3d do. 5s. 1d. a 5s. 4d.; Cloves, Licensed, 3s. 3d. a 3s. 6d.; Mace, 50 casks 1st quality, 5s. 1d.; 150 do. 1st do. scratched; Licensed, 4s. 9d. a 4s. 10d.; Nutmegs, 158 casks ungarbled, 3s. 7d.; 355 do. scratched; Cassia Lignea, 8l. 9s. a 9l. 5s.; Ginger, 14s. a 14s. 6d.

The only alteration since the sale is in Cinnamon, which is in request, but there are no sellers at the sale prices.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Archangel, 12th April.*—The opinion entertained at the close of the last season that prices would advance, has been confirmed with respect to most of our export articles. The last purchases were *Tallow*, at 106 r.; *Potashes*, 86 r.; *Hemp*, first sort, 87 r. second 75 r.; *Linseed*, 19 r.; *Bristles*, Petersburg Brake, 72 r. Archangel Brake, 48 r.; *Crown Bristles*, 115; *Mats*, 300 to 350 r. per 1000; *Pitch*, 115 cop.; *Tar*, 7 r. to 6½ r.; *Corn*, prices nominal, viz. Wheat on the spot, 15 r.; Oats 5 r. per Chetwert; *Train Oil*, no contracts made; the price is expected to be about 8 r. per pood.

Our contract trade may be considered as ended, as almost all the Russians have returned home, and therefore little will be done till the arrival of the barks: these will most probably arrive this year sooner than usual, though we have had pretty sharp frost for some days past, which, however, cannot be lasting, as the season is so far advanced. The winter has been mild in this country beyond all example, and there is said to be no ice at all in the White Sea. We cannot exactly state the amount of the contracts concluded dur-

ing this winter, as many bargains have been made privately; but they may be estimated at, Linseed, 40,000 chetwerts; Tallow, 35,000 poods; Potashes, 5,000 poods; Pitch, 50,000 poods; Mats, 250,000; Hemp, from 10 to 15,000 poods; Tar, 10,000 barrels; Flax, 10,000 poods; Bristles, 800 poods; Russia Leather, 700 poods; and had there been sellers of some articles earlier, more would have been disposed of, as there was no want of orders.

The new supplies expected are about, Linseed, 50 to 60,000 chetwerts; Tallow, 125,000 poods; Hemp, 60,000 poods; Potashes, 10,000 poods; Flax, 20,000 poods. But we have still remaining 50,000 chetwerts of Linseed; and 26,000 poods of Tallow. We do not expect any corn, the prices in the interior being so high; but we have still in hand 80,000 chetwerts of Wheat, 22,000 of Oats, and 25,000 of Rye.

The prices in summer will depend on the accounts that may be received from abroad; at present we do not think they can be much higher than those last paid; but that some are likely to decline. The prices of tallow will chiefly depend on those of London. If they keep up in England, they must advance here, our stock being so small.

*Riga, 12th and 20th April.*—*Flax*, still in demand, Druiana and Thiesenhausen Rackitzer, 41 r. to 41½ r.; cut Badstüb, 37½ r.; Risten Threeband, 30½ r.—*Hemp*. Ukraine clean, to be delivered after the opening of the Wrake, 102 r. ready money, are asked; for Polish clean, 107 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 82 r.; Polish, 87 r. Ukraine Pass, 72 r.; Polish, 77 r. These are the prices asked; those offered are all 2 rubles lower.—*Hemp Oil* offered at 95 r.; without buyers.—*Potashes*, 50 r. per ship pound have been given for a small parcel of Polish crown.—*Tallow*. For yellow crown candle tallow, 130 r. are asked; there are no buyers of white and soap tallow, and the prices cannot be stated.

Of import articles, good middling white Havannah sugars have been lately sold at 17½ cop. on four month's credit. Light grey French salt was last sold at 55 r.; St. Ubes, 68 r.; fine Liverpool 66 r.

*Hamburgh, 4th May.*—*Cotton*. High prices have been given this week for Georgia. The supplies of Brazil and East India accumulate, and but little is doing.—*Dyeing Woods*, &c. But very little has been doing in Indigo. The price of Logwood is unsteady. Several parcels of Fustic have been purchased, and better prices given. At an auction of Bahia Brazil wood yesterday, all was sold at much higher prices than in February, considerable sales, at better prices, having been previously made by private contract.—Thus this article, as was to be expected, seems to be recognized as a useful material for

dyeing. There are buyers, but no sellers, at the prices of the sale. Gum Senegal is still without request. Of best silver-grey cochenille there is but little in the market, and at advanced prices.

*May 11.*—*Coffee*.—At the beginning of this week very little was doing, yet the better descriptions have not only kept up, but even risen a little; the inferior sorts are rather lower.—*Dye woods*, &c. Some parcels of logwood have sold rather lower this week. The greater part of the Quercitron bark, lately imported, has met with a pretty rapid sale. There is also rather more demand for gum Senegal.—*Spices* of all kinds are not much in demand; yet pepper and East India ginger maintain their prices.—*Rice* remains firm in price.—*Tea* remains firm in price. There has been a pretty brisk demand, especially for the finer sorts.—*Sugars*. But very little is doing in Hamburgh refined; yet the prices remain as before. Strong middling lumps in loaves, of which our stock is small, keep up at 9 to 9½ d.; but inferior kinds will hardly fetch 8½ d. Good middling white crushed lumps have been sold at 9½ d. Treacle not to be had under 9½ d.

The demand for raw goods becomes more and more dull, being limited to the small quantity wanted for our refineries. Hence most descriptions have again declined ½ d. Good middling brown Brazil have been sold at 6d. and white ditto at 8d.

*Dusseldorf, 25th April.*—By our latest accounts from M. Holtzschue, agent of the German Rhenish West India Company, dated from Port-au-Prince in Hayti, the German cotton goods have given great satisfaction at Hayti, and obtained the highest prices given for the English. A second cargo has just been dispatched thither, on board the Hamburgh ship Concordia, Captain Hertzner. The third cargo, which is now preparing, is intended for Mexico.

*Carlsruhe, May 3.*—The continually increasing rigour of the prohibitory system of France is felt to be so highly injurious to the trade and manufactures of the Grand Duchy of Baden, that a motion has been made in our diet by Mr. Bassermann, to take measures of reprisal. After showing the necessity of such a proceeding, he moved to address the Grand Duke, requesting him to order a project of law to be laid before the Chamber,—1st. To prohibit the importation of every article of French produce or manufacture, and even to lay such heavy transit duties on them as should be equivalent to a prohibition,—2d. To adopt similar measures against Prussia, Holland, and England.

As an instance of the heavy duties imposed by Prussia on German produce, it is stated that Virginia tobacco is cheaper in Rhenish Prussia than the tobacco grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry. By Allan Cunningham, Author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, &c.

The Works in Verse and Prose of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. With Notes, By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Published from the originals in the possession of his Grandson, the Earl of Essex. 3 Vols. crown 8vo. with portraits.

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Mr. Lewis, Teacher of Chess, is about to publish Elements of that interesting and scientific Game, in one small Volume, elucidated by Diagrams.

## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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*Gazette—April 27 to May 21.*

April 27.—Beley, J. Birmingham, dealer. [Turner, 5, Bloomsbury-square. C.  
Bleay, J. Marston, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer. [Robinson, 32, Charter-house-square. C.  
Carlell, C. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, carpenter. [Brouley, Gray's-Inn-square. C.  
Carter, M. Forton-Mill, Southampton, miller. [Minchin, 8, Verulam-buildings, Gray-Inn. C.  
Cole, T. and R. Priest, Jun. Norwich, warehousemen. [Tilbury, Falcon-street, Falcon-square. C.  
Flner, F. Drury-lane, grocer. [Flower, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street. T.  
Freethy, T. Acton, Middlesex, baker. [Hill, Welbeck-street. T.  
Mottram, J. Bristol, hop-merchant. [Poole, Gray's-Inn-square. C.  
Nash, J. sen. Clandon, Surrey, farmer. [Parmer, Bedford-row. T.  
Smith, A. J. and I. Shepherd, Brerley, Stafford, ironmasters. [Tooke, Gray's-Inn. C.  
Smith, R. Frome West Woodlands, Somerset, innholder. [Perkins, Gray's-Inn. C.

Vaughan, T. Chorley, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. [Appleby, Gray's-Inn. C.

April 30.—Amis, J. Bromyard, Hereford, victualer. [Hilliard, Gray's-Inn-square. C.

Bentley, T. and E. Bentley, Leicester, brace-manufacturers. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.

Cruso, T. Norwich, linen-draper. [Tilbury, Falcon-street. C.

Davis, G. East Stonehouse, Devon, ship-builder. [Raine, Temple. C.

Green, I. Birmingham, ironmonger. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.

Henth, W. Chendle, Stafford, grocer. [Barbor, 123, Fetter-lane. C.

Horsley, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. [Constable, 10, Symond's-Inn, Chancery-lane. C.

Prothero, J. Monmouth, shopkeeper. [Gregory, 12, Clement's-Inn. C.

Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-road, merchant. [Atcheson, Great Winchester-street. T.

Sarman, F. Crowle, Worcester, maltster. [Williams, 9, Lincoln's-Inn. C.

Watkins, W. Norton-juxta, Kempsey, Worcester, corn-dealer. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. C.



## BIRTHS.

- April 18. At the Rt. Hon. Henry Goulburn's, Betchworth Park, Surrey, Mrs. Spencer Percival, a son.
19. In Upper Wimpole-street, the Rt. Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce, a son.
23. The lady of Dr. Uwina, of Bedford-row, a daughter.
25. In Hereford-street, the lady of Captain Hatton, RN. a daughter.
26. At his house in Lower Brook-street, the lady of Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart. a daughter.
30. At Uffington-house, near Stamford, the Countess of Lindsey, a daughter.
- May 8. At Castle-house, Great Torrington, Devon, the lady of A. W. J. Deane, Esq. a daughter.
4. At his Lordships house, in Piccadilly, the Countess of Roseberry, a daughter.
- The lady of the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel, a son.
5. At his seat, Cuerden-hall, the lady of R. Townley Parker, Esq. a son.
6. The lady of A. Trevor, Esq. a son.
7. At his house, in Devonshire-street, the lady of James Alexander, Esq. MP. a son.
9. At Thomas' Hotel, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Lane Fox, a daughter.
- At Kew-green, the lady of John Bishop, Esq. a son.
12. In Bernard-street, Russell-square, Mrs. John George Parry, a daughter.
13. At his seat, near Exeter, the lady of Alex. Hamilton Hamilton, Esq. of the Retreat in Devonshire, and of Hullerfirst in the county of Ayr, a son.
15. At Rushall, Wilts, Lady Poore, a daughter.
- At the Vicarage, Bedford, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Jones, a daughter.
20. In Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Colonel Hugh Baillie, a son.

## ABROAD.

At Rome, the lady of T. W. Dickinson, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- April 18. By special license, at Maple Hayes, Sir William Amcotts Ingilby, Bart. of Ripley Castle, in the County of York, and of Kettlethorpe Park, Lincolnshire, to Louisa, daughter of John Atkinson, Esq. of Maple Hayes, in the County of Stafford.
20. By special license, at All Saints, Hereford, Richard Jones Powell, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, eldest son of Richard Powell, MD. of Bedford-place, Russell-square, to Martha Clee, only surviving daughter of the late Wm. Downes, Esq. of Hinton, near Hereford.
20. At Little St. Mary's, Durham, the Rev. James Blackburn, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Egauford, in the county of Durham, and of Ronaldkirk, in the county of York, to Jane, widow of the late Martin Dunn, Esq. of Durham.
23. At Kildale, Edmund Turton, Esq. of Larpool Hall, in the County of York, and Bradsted-place, Kent, to Marianne, only child of Robert Bell Livesey, Esq. of Kildale, in the County of York.
24. At Southampton, Hants, the Hon. and Rev. James Noel, fifth son of Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart. to Caroline Penelope, fifth daughter of the late Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. of Corsham-house, Wiltshire.
27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, George Rust, Esq. of Huntingdon, to Sophia, daughter of Henry Peters, Esq. of Beckworth Castle, Surrey.
30. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, E. C. Woodbridge, Esq. son of J. Woodbridge, Esq. of Charlwood Park, Surrey, to Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. Herbert, of Henrietta-street, Bloomsbury.
- At Marylebone Church, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Rev. Robert Morley Master, AM. to Frances, Mary, eldest daughter of Geo. Smith, Esq. MP. of Seladon, Surrey.
- May 1. At Sunning, Berkshire, William Ward Heathcote, youngest son of the late Rev. C. T. Heathcote, DD. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Burton, Esq.
2. At Marylebone Church, William Selby, Esq.

youngest son of the late Thomas Selby, Esq. of Biddlestone, Northumberland, to Juliana, youngest daughter of the late Major O'Brien, of Bath.

- At East Barnet, Sir Thos. Whelan of Dublin, to Alicia, youngest daughter of Edward Egan, of Usage-house, Herts.
- At Bath, Major General Sir W. Inglis, KCB. to Margaret Marianne, eldest daughter of Major Gen. Raymond.
6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. George Porcher, Henry Porcher, Esq. of Arlington-street, to Sarah, second daughter of John Pearse, Esq. of Craig's-court, Charing Cross. Also the Rev. J. Edwin Lauce, to Madeline Louisa, only surviving daughter of the late Jonas Dupree Porcher, Esq. of Winslade, Devon.
6. At Halberton, the Rev. J. Eagles, AM. of Wadham College, Oxford, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Henry Manley, Esq. of Manley, near Tiverton, Devonshire.
8. At St. Clements Dances, William Wastell, Esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to Agatha Whalley, youngest grand-daughter of the late Rev. W. Barclay.
9. At Bray, Mr. George Bretton, of Maidenhead, to Anna Maria, only surviving daughter of Lawrence Norman, Esq. Mayor of that corporation.
13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, William Turner, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, only son of W. Turner, Esq. of Chapel Tyod in the county of Dublin, to Maria Elizabeth Frances, daughter of the late John Morris, Esq. of Eastington, in the county of Pembroke.
14. At Marylebone Church, the Rev. Edward Orlebar Smith, Rector of Holcut and Salford, in the county of Bedford, to Julia, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Willis, of Bletchley, Bucks, and sister of John Flemming, Esq. MP. for Hants.
16. At Hornchurch, Essex, Henry Tweed, Esq. of Rumbold, to Mary Johnson, eldest daughter of Wasey Stersy, Esq. of the same place.

## IN IRELAND.

At Raphoe, the Rev. Hugh M'Neill, AM. Rector of Albury, Surrey, one of the Chaplains to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and son of A. M'Neill, Esq. of Bally-castle, to Anne, daughter of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Raphoe.

## ABROAD.

- At St. Helier's, Jersey, Uduy Passmore, Esq. of London, to Sophia, second daughter of R. B. Poussett, Esq.
- At St. Omer's, A. B. Earnest Vandechout, Capt. of Engineers, in the French service, to Anne Emilia Gregorie, second daughter of David Gregorie, late merchant at Dunkirk.

## DEATHS.

- April 18. At Southampton, George Tate, Esq. of Burleigh hall, in the county of Leicester, and of Longdown, Hants.
29. At his house, in the City Road, Capt. A. F. Baillie, RN. aged 90.
- At the Herald's College, in his 92d year, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King at Arms, which office he had filled since April 1784.
- May 2.—At Wellington, Shropshire, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Elizabeth King, daughter of Edward Earl of Kingston, in her 60th year.
5. At his house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, in his 68th year, the Hon. and most Rev. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Primate of all Ireland. His Grace, who was the fifth, youngest, and last surviving son of John Earl of Bute, was translated from the See of St. David's to the Primacy of Ireland in December, 1800. His death was occasioned by a fatal mistake made by a servant, who delivered him a bottle containing some preparation of opium, instead of the medicine intended for him. It was swallowed without examination, and so powerful was its effect, that although medical aid was almost immediately obtained, it was too late to prove of the least service.
6. From the bursting of a blood-vessel, Lieutenant George Carey, of the 24th regt. Bengal Native

Infantry, son of Richard Carey, Esq. of Newmarket, in his 30th year.  
 7. In his 10th year, Samuel James, eldest son of Mr. D. V. Rivers, of Cirencester-place, Fitzroy-

ie Rev. William

L, aged 67, Mat-  
 rancepeth-castle,

law, Bryanston-  
 -Virginia, Esq. of  
 island of Jamaica.  
 year. Dr. John  
 at Middlessex Mi-

b, second daugh-  
 -CL.  
 , Robert Glenay,

d, Upper Brook-  
 -g.  
 ret Augusta, the

re 80th year, Mrs.  
 John Norris, Esq.  
 he same county.  
 at Hon. Sir John  
 Brittain.

ibury, aged 30,  
 years Commander

ev. Thos. Dalton,  
 d Northwood, in  
 sting, in Sussex,

aged 33.

— At Milton-house, near Peterborough, in her 70th year, after a protracted illness, the Countess Fitzwilliam. Her Ladyship was Charlotte Ponsonby, youngest daughter of William, second Earl of Besborough, and his lady, Caroline Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire.

18. Aged 62, Charlotte, wife of Samuel Welch, Esq. of Bromley Common, Kent.

27. At Woodland Villa, near Bath, Hugh Smythe, Esq. third son of the late Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnell, and Mary, daughter of Hugh Lord Clifford. In 1803, Mr. Smythe, married Lucy, second daughter and co-heiress of the late Edward Sulyarde, Esq. of Haughley-Park, Suffolk.

17. In his 70th year, William Merle, Esq. of Collier's Wood, Surrey.

16. At Burton Hall, Yorkshire, in her 24th year, Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. Wyvill.

19. In her 30th year, Mary, the lady of Thomas Belt, Esq. of New Boswell-court, Barrister at Law.

— At Windsor, aged 82, Mrs. Hunter, mother of H. L. Hunter, Esq. of Beechhill, Berks, and of Sir Claudius Hunter.

20. In child-bed, Mrs. Anna Nelson Haast, eldest daughter of Mr. Turnerell, the sculptor.

#### IN IRELAND.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Meath.

At his house, in Rutland-square, Dublin, his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.

#### ABROAD.

At Tours, in France, aged 19, Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Henry Bache Thornhill, Esq.

At Valparaiso, aged 22, the Hon. Chas. Legge, Lieut. of his Majesty's ship Conway.

At St. Petersburg, Dr. James Leighton, jun. of an inflammation of the lungs.

At Cape Town, on his passage from India, Lieut. Col. John Stuart Jordan, of the 10th Regt. Bombay Infantry, and of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, after 25 years of important services, during which he obtained the repeated thanks of the Governor-General, medals and other distinctions.

At Paris, aged 80, the celebrated Abbé Sicard, Director of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Frank Thompson, Esq. only son of the late James Thompson, M.P. for Evesham; in his 26th year.

At Berhampore, in the East Indies, Captain Thos. Binny, of the 13th Light Dragoons.

At Brussels, La Comtesse de Bathe-Chanoinesse, only sister of the late and aunt of the present Sir James de Bathe, Bart.

At Murat, Major General Hurdeman, brother to Captain Laelus Hardyman, R.N. CB. who so gallantly supported the honour of the British Flag in the capture of the French frigate, *La Force*, off the Sand's Head.

At St. Vincent, Andrew Rose, Esq. Secretary Register.

At Bombay, at the house of Alex. Bell, Esq. Member of Council. Thos. Morris Keate, Esq. Judge and Magistrate of Surat, by whose death the Hon. Company has lost, an able and upright servant, and his relatives and connexions a most valuable friend.

At Benares, Major William Blakr, of the 13th Regt. of Native Infantry, Bengal.

At Paris, Robert Burton, Esq. of Hotham and North Cave, Yorkshire, late Member for Beverley, and eldest son of General Christie Burton.

At Sea, Captain Thos. Borradaile, of the Hon. E. India Company's ship *Ingalls*, after a long illness, with which he was attacked on leaving China.

On his journey to Bangalore, whither he was proceeding for the benefit of his health, Sir Samuel Toller, Knt. Advocate General of Madras.

Thomas Burth, Esq. of the county of Kildare, and Mr. Watkins, drowned by being upset in a storm, in the Bay of Naples. Mr. B. was nearly related to the Earl of Blessington, and to the Earl of Clancarty.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. John Thomas, instituted by the Bishop of London, to the Vicarage of Great Burstead, in the County of Essex.—The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Beresford) is advanced to the Primacy of Ireland; the Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. Magee, will be Archbishop of Dublin; the Bishop of Down becomes Archbishop of Cashel; and Archdeacon Blisset is to be Bishop of Down.—The Rev. W. Upjohn, instituted to the Vicarage of Syham, Norfolk, on the presentation of T. F. Clarke, Esq.—The Rev. T. Hill, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, presented by the Dean of Lincoln to the Vicarage of Chesterfield, vacated by the death of the Rev. G. Bosley.—The Rev. W. Vaux, M.A. late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, appointed Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in the room of the Rev. C. Lloyd, DD. Regius Professor of Divinity.—The Rev. W. B. Whitfield, BD. Fellow of St. John's College, Cam-

bridge, presented by the Master and Fellows of that society, to the Rectory of Lawford, in Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Wood.—The Rev. H. C. Crespigny, collated by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, to the Vicarage of Neathhead, vacated by the death of the Rev. A. Barwick.

CAMBRIDGE.—At a full congregation, May 17, a grace passed the senate to present a petition to the House of Lords against the Roman Catholic Peers' Bill.—The Rev. George Palmer, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College, presented by the Master and Fellows of that Society, to the Rectory of Harlton, in Cambridgeshire, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke.

OXFORD.—The venerable C. Daubeny, Bachelor of Civil Law, sometime Fellow of New College, now ~~Warden~~ of Winchester, and Archdeacon of Sarum, created Doctor in Civil Law, by a decree of convocation.



*Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.***RESULTS.**

**BAROMETER** { Maximum..... 30.36 April, 2d, Wind NE.  
 { Minimum..... 29.82 Do. 23d, Do. SW.

Range of the Mercury..... 1.14

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month ..... 30.006

..... for the lunar period, ending the 21st instant..... 30.003

..... for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination ..... 30.120

..... for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination ..... 30.004

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury ..... 4.470

Greatest variation in 24 hours ..... 0.870

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 19

**THERMOMETER** { Maximum..... 73° April 30th, Wind SE.  
 { Minimum ..... 33 Ditto 9th, Do. NE.

Range..... 39

Mean temperature of the Air..... 51.41

..... for 30 days with the Sun in Aries .... 49.66

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 25.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 50.06

**DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.**

Greatest humidity of the Air ..... 90° in the evening of the 16th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto ..... 38 in the afternoon of the 6th.

Range of the Index ..... 52

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. .... 50.1

— at 8 Do. .. AM. .... 64.6

— at 8 Do. .. PM. .... 68.5

— of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock .... 61.2

Evaporation for the month ..... 3.860 inch.

Rain for Ditto with the gauge near the ground..... 2.570 ditto.

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high ..... 2.270 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, NE.

**A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.**

A clear sky, 24; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 16; an overcast sky without rain, 6½; rain, 5—Total, 30 days.

**CLOUDS.**

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.  
 22 16 23 — 24 24 15

**A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.**

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
3	7	2	3½	4	4½	2	4	30

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR APRIL, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

## GENERAL REPORT.

The former and latter part of this month was fair, with easterly winds; and the intermediate time alternately wet and dry. The quantity evaporated is equal to that of some summer months; yet, from the prevailing NE. winds and slight frost, which we anticipated in our last report, the mean temperature of the air was not progressive as through the winter season, but rather retarded; however, it is  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  above the mean of April for many years past. As a natural consequence of the NE. winds, the mean temperature of spring water is a quarter of a degree below that of last month, which, as it respects the advance of the spring, is retrograde. The swallows arrived here on the 27th instant, twelve days later than their arrival last year. The mean of the hygrometer, as well as the great evaporation, shows that the air was very dry on fair days; and the mercury in the barometer was uniform and gentle in its elevations and depressions. We do not remember seeing, for many years past, a

greater assemblage of millepedes, slugs, snails, and worms, than now infest the ground (the caterpillars, too, are rapidly increasing in number); and they have been very voracious and destructive of the young garden plants, where precaution was not taken to get rid of them. Their numerous appearance was expected after the sun's rays had acquired power to warm the ground, from there having been scarcely any penetrating frost through the autumnal and winter months. Some blighty vapours have visited this place, but the succeeding rains have kept the profuse fruit blossoms clean and healthy.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 2 *anthelia*, 3 *parhelia*, 5 solar, and 2 lunar halos, 3 meteors, 5 rainbows, hoar frost on eight different mornings, and 4 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 2 from NE., 1 from S., and 1 from SW.

## DAILY REMARKS.

April 1. A slight frost early, and fair, with a brisk and very dry wind from the north.

2. A fine day, with a brisk NE. wind: overcast by night.

3. AM. overcast, and nearly opposite winds: PM. fine, with plumose *Cirri*, which, after diverging to their greatest extent, descended, and passed to *Cirrostratus* after sunset, when they had a very red tinge. A lunar halo appeared for several hours about  $7^{\circ}$  in diameter, composed of three rings of colours, viz. yellow immediately round the moon, green and red.

4. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and a light breeze from NW.

5. Sunshine through the openings of *Cumulostratus* clouds, which, in accumulating, let fall a few drops of rain at noon: a fine night.

6. Fair, with a dry wind, and various modifications of clouds; the passing *Cirrocumuli* in close white flocks had a fine appearance by moonlight.

7. A light hoar frost by sunrise, and a fair day: heavy *Cumulostratus* by night, and a NE. wind.

8. Fair, but a cold NE. wind, and a few drops of rain from an inoculation of the clouds at noon.

9. A slight hoar frost early; and the day and night as the preceding. At 4 PM. a faint but perfect anthelion appeared opposite to, and nearly of the same altitude

as the sun, upon a dense *Cumulostratus* cloud.

10. A slight hoar frost early, followed by a hard gale from the NE., with a sinking barometer, and the day mostly overcast with *Cumulostratus*: a shower of rain in the evening, and one trained meteor; and a clear sky by night.

11. A continuation of the very dry NE. gale (see evaporation column). AM. fair. PM. a solar halo, followed by an overcast sky, and rain in the night.

12. AM. overcast with *Cumulostratus*: sunshine in the afternoon, and a rainbow, whose apex was only a few degrees above the horizon: rain in the night.

13. A fair day, with a strong breeze from SW.: overcast by night with attenuated *Cirrostratus*, through which the stars were visible.

14. Calm with faint sunshine, then an attenuated veil of *Cirrostratus*, in which a solar halo appeared: cloudy and light rain at intervals by night.

15. AM. overcast and opposite winds, the upper one from SW.: PM. steady rain.

16. AM. light rain and wind from NE.: PM. fine, with one anthelion, calm, and much dew.

17. Sunshine with *Cirrocumulus*, &c. and a variable wind, besides an upper current from the westward: the night as the preceding.

18. Hear frost early, and a fine morning, with linear and plumose *Cirri*, *Cirro-cumuli*, and opposite winds, the upper one from SW.: PM. mostly overcast with *Cirrostratus*.

19. Hear frost early, and a fine day and night, except a little light rain at noon.

20. Hear frost early, and a fair day, with various modifications of clouds: rain by night.

21. Two coloured *parhelia* with white trains at 8 A.M. formed in very light *cirrostrative* haze, (not a perceptible cloud) their respective altitudes being  $24^{\circ}$ , and their *radii* from the sun's centre  $24^{\circ}$ ; nearly afterwards a solar halo: PM. steady rain, and a gale from the south in the night.

22. A fine day, with a solar halo and a *parhelion*; heavy showers of rain after sunset.

23. Two rainbows early, and light showers of rain, followed by a fair day and night, and a freshening wind. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc reflected a bright copper-colour this and the two following evenings, till she set.

24. A.M. fine, but windy: PM. showery and two rainbows. The dark part of the

moon's disc was much brighter this evening than last.

25. A.M. light rain and a gale from SW. PM. fine.

26. A sunny day, with a solar halo in the afternoon, and a lunar halo in the evening: overcast with attenuated *Cirrostratus* by night, followed by rain.

27. A.M. light rain and wind from the southward: gleams of sunshine in the afternoon, and overcast by night. Several swallows appeared here in the afternoon from the southward for the first time this spring, which is not so early as was expected from the mildness of the season, being 12 days later than they first appeared last spring.

28. A.M. overcast and misty: a sunny afternoon, and a shrouded sky after sunset, followed by dew.

29. Fair, with distant *Cirri*, nascent *Cumuli*, and hot sunshine, till late in the afternoon: a clear sky after sunset.

30. A cloudless day and night (except a few small *Cumulus* clouds at noon), and a brisk gale from NE. The sunshine was unusually hot to-day for the latter end of April, the thermometer in the sun's rays having risen to  $98^{\circ}$ .

### COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT.

ON	Paris. 17 May.	Hamburg. 14 May.	Amsterdam 14 May.	Vienna. 4 May.	Nuremberg 9 May.	Berlin. 11 May.	Naples. 19 April.	Leipzig. 3 May.	Bremen 18 May.
London ...	25-20	96-6	40-6	9-54	fl. 10-1	6-23	584	6-16 $\frac{1}{2}$	613
Paris .....	—	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	58	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	fr. 119 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	22-95	—	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg ...	182	—	35	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	146	153	42	147	134
Amsterdam	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	137 $\frac{1}{2}$	138 $\frac{1}{2}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	47-50	139 $\frac{1}{2}$	126 $\frac{1}{2}$
Vienna ...	261	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	—	40	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	58-10	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Franckfort.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	100	111
Augsburg.	250	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	57-75	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Genoa .....	473	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	19-5	—	—
Leipzig ....	—	—	—	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	511	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	98	57	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	557	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	41	—	—	—	49-30	—	—
Cadiz .....	15-50	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	431	—	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15-50	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15-60	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	557	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

### COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 May.	Breslaw. 8 May.	Stockholm. 3 May.	Petersburg. 26 April.	Riga. 26 April.	Antwerp. 15 May.	Madrid. —	Lisbon. 27 April.
London .....	152	6-22 $\frac{1}{2}$	11-32	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	39-11	—	51 $\frac{1}{2}$
Paris .....	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	548
Hamburg ....	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	38 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amsterdam .	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	42 $\frac{1}{2}$
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2820

# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From April 30 to May 21.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-5	12
Ditto at sight	12-2	12
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-6	12
Antwerp	12-1	12
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-2	37
Altona, 2½ U	37-3	37
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-20	25
Ditto, 2 U	25-50	25
Bourdeaux	25-50	25
Frankfort on the Main	154	155
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	9	
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-10	10
Trieste ditto	10-10	10
Madrid, effective	37	
Cadiz, effective	36½	
Bilboa	36½	
Barcelona	36	
Seville	36½	
Gibraltar	30½	
Laghorn	47½	48½
Genoa	44	44½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	40	40½
Palermo, per oz.	118	
Lisbon	50½	50½
Oporto	51	51½
Rio Janeiro	46	
Bahia	51	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	3	14	6
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 11½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 0½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£0	0	0	0	0	0
Champions	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oxnobles	0	0	0	0	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 29, to May 20.

	April 29.	May 6.	May 13.	May 20.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	32 6 to 41 0	30 0 to 39 9	30 0 to 38 3	31 0 to 35 3
Sunderland	31 6 to 41 6	31 6 to 41 6	31 0 to 41 0	9 0 to 0 0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS. By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

April.	ay.	May.
20	4	11
44 3	7 46 8	
19 8	5 20 8	
18 10	7 17 5	
16 1	5 17 4	
21 11	4 22 4	
16 1	8 22 11	

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from April 22, to May 18.

1  
16  
4  
6  
4  
3  
7  
1

## Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

## Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4 10..1
		6 to 1 16
10 to 4	0..3	18 to 5 0..1
		8 to 1 16
0 to 4	6..3	4 to 4 8..1
		7 to 1 17

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at	ewgate.	Beef	8d. to 2s.	8d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.	
Veal	2s.	8d. to 4s.	0d.	
Pork	2s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.	
Lamb	4s.	0d. to 4s.	4d.	
adenhall.	Beef	1s.	8d. to 2s.	8d.
Mutton	1s.	10d. to 2s.	4d.	
Veal	2s.	8d. to 4s.	4d.	
Pork	1s.	8d. to 4s.	0d.	
Lamb	4s.	0d. to 4s.	8d.	

attle sold at Smithfield from April 26, to May 20, both inclusive.

least.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
775	1,758	122,220	1,630

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(May 21st, 1823.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£.	
<b>Canals.</b>					<b>Bridges.</b>				
Andover.....	5	—	388	100	Southwark.....	20	—	7256	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	1332	100	Do. new.....	58	7 p.c.	1780	50
Ashton and Oldham.....	100	4	1799	—	Vauxhall.....	15	—	2000	100
Basingstoke.....	5	—	1280	100	Do. Promissory Notes.....	100	—	84,000l.	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	—	54,000l.	—	Waterloo.....	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	600	21	3000	25	— Annuities of 8l.....	35	—	5000	50
Bolton and Bury.....	95	—	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.....	35	—	3000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	4	958	150	— Bonds.....	102	—	60,000l.	—
Chester and Blackwater.....	98	—	460	100	<b>Roads.</b>				
Chesterfield.....	120	—	1500	100	Barking.....	30	—	200	100
Coventry.....	1000	443	500	100	Commercial.....	105	—	1000	100
Croydon.....	2	—	4448	100	<b>East-India</b>				
Derby.....	105	—	600	100	Branch.....	100	5	—	100
Dudley.....	65	—	2000	100	Great Dover Street.....	40	1 10	400	100
Ellenmore and Chester.....	61	—	2673	135	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	2000	50
Brewnash.....	1000	48	281	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	65
Forth and Clyde.....	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	—	1	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	—	1000	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	81 10	1 6	3702	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	—	<b>Water Works.</b>				
Grand Junction.....	245	—	11,615	100	East London.....	100	—	3000	100
Grand Surrey.....	55	—	1521	100	Grand Junction.....	55 10	2 10	4000	50
Do. Loan.....	104 10	—	60,000l.	—	Kent.....	31	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union.....	21	—	2840	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1000	—
Do. Loan.....	100	—	19,327	—	South London.....	20	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3006	100	West Middlesex.....	54	—	7540	—
Grantham.....	145	—	740	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1300	100
Huddersfield.....	13 10	—	6312	100	<b>Insurance.</b>				
Kennet and Avon.....	18 10	10	25,328	100	Aldon.....	50	2 10	2000	800
Lancaster.....	27	—	11,800	100	Atlas.....	4 15	—	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	890	12	2,879	100	Bath.....	575	40	—	—
Leicester.....	290	14	545	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	200	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	85	4	1805	100	British.....	40	—	—	250
Loughborough.....	8400	170	70	—	County.....	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray.....	221	11	250	100	Eagle.....	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	European.....	30	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire.....	165	10	—	100	Globe.....	133	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures.....	100	—	—	100	Guardian.....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire.....	70	3 10	—	100	Hope.....	4 5	—	40,000	50
Naith.....	420	28	47	—	Imperial.....	90	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts.....	—	—	70	25	London.....	27	1 4	3000	25
Nottingham.....	200	13	—	150	London Ship.....	19	1	31,000	25
Oxford.....	670	89	20	100	Provident.....	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest.....	70	3	—	50	Rock.....	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	40	—	30	—	Royal Exchange.....	200	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's.....	31 10	—	134	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale.....	52 10	3	51	100	Sun Life.....	28 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury.....	170	9 10	—	125	Union.....	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire.....	125	7	80	—	<b>Gas Lights.</b>				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	71	50	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	71	4	6000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	706	40	—	140	Do. New Shares.....	65	2 12	4000	50
Stourbridge.....	210	9	30	—	City Gas Light Company.....	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon.....	11	—	2647	—	Do. New.....	60	—	1000	100
Stroodwater.....	405	28	—	—	Bath Gas.....	17	16	2500	20
Swansea.....	100	10	538	100	Brighton Gas.....	20	—	1500	20
Tavistock.....	90	—	350	—	Bristol.....	28 10	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2070	—	<b>Literary Institutions.</b>				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	—	75	1000	200	London.....	27	—	1000	750
Warwick and Birmingham.....	220	10	1000	100	Russel.....	10 10	—	700	250
Warwick and Napton.....	210	2	980	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	250
Wilts and Berks.....	4 10	—	14,288	—	<b>Miscellaneous.</b>				
Wilsbech.....	60	—	128	105	Auction Mart.....	23	1 5	1000	50
Worcester and Birmingham.....	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company.....	23	2 10	1207	100
<b>Docks.</b>					Golden Lane Brewery.....	10	—	2289	80
Bristol.....	14	—	2900	140	Do.....	6	—	2447	50
Do. Notes.....	100	5	200,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	15	1	2000	150
Commercial.....	80	3	8132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class.....	90	4	—	—
East-India.....	100	8	430,000l.	100	Do..... 2d Class.....	74	8	—	—
East Country.....	81	—	1038	100	City Bonds.....	—	5	—	—
London.....	100	4	8,114,000l.	100					
West-India.....	100	10	1,200,000l.	100					



